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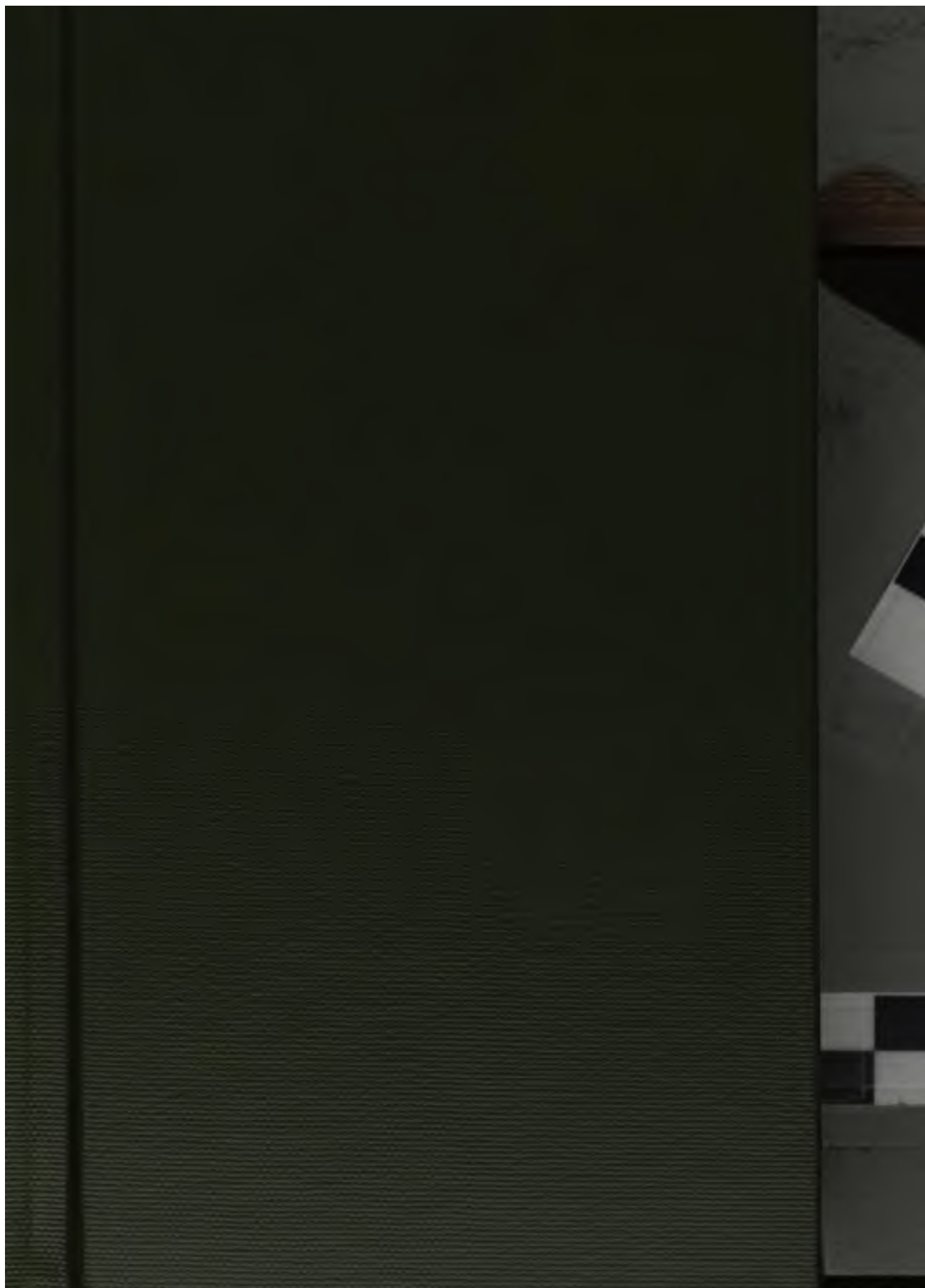
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BENTLEY'S  
MISCELLANY.

VOL. XXXIII.

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## BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

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### TO THE READERS OF "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."

It is now some twelve years since—do not be afraid, my excellent old friends; I am not going to draw two chairs down to the front of the stage and begin a long story, from such an approved commencement to a dramatic narrative: I am not going to add that "a child was committed to my charge," or "your father, then plain Mr. Vernon, came to reside in this village," or "a pocket-book containing notes to a large amount was placed in my hands." I leave such confidences to those respected gentlemen, Mr. John Cooper, Mr. Tilbury, and Mr. Diddear, who, being indeed all honourable men, have told more stories in their lives than would well be believed. I was simply about to observe that it is now some twelve years, since, in fear and anxiety, I sent my first paper anonymously to "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY." For six or seven months I heard nothing about it, but at last, to my great pride and glory, it appeared; and this was the date of my *début* in the literary world. And in these pages I found my first patrons.

As such, I need scarcely add, the career of the "Magazine" has always been a matter of some interest to me. My long association with it was broken on my departure for the East, in 1849. After that, other occupations caused me almost to forget that I possessed such an article of household use as an inkstand; and I might have continued in this oblivious vein, but for an application made to me by my old literary host, to introduce a few colleagues to you, with the new year, in these his pages—light steel pen free-lances, with whom I have already skirmished—and I hope without ever inflicting a wound beyond what a very thin skin caused, and that never intentionally—on other fields.

This is why I have once more the pleasure of meeting you. I am not editing the "Miscellany," and I cannot promise any regular series of papers. But if you will allow me, I shall be most happy, from time to time, as other calls upon me will permit, to put such light *pabulum* before you, as you may, I trust, find passingly agreeable to the palate and not too difficult of mental digestion.

To the majority of my readers I must be personally unknown: but to speak for my good intentions, I would humbly put forward a worthy simple-hearted gentleman, who lived at Islington and once passed a cold night in a slipper-bath up in a tree—a patient pretty girl who endured a great deal for her brother's sake, when she was a governess in Fitzroy Square—and a *moyen-age* student who assisted a guilty Marchioness in her flight across a frozen



river in France and over blocks of ice that turned round as her foot touched them; long before we found that there was actually a Mrs. Harris, and that she had accomplished the same feat, albeit with a different object, across the Ohio.

When this number is in many of your hands the old year will be at its last gasp. That its past joys may be doubled, and that the *souvenirs* of its sorrows may fade away, day by day, to each and all, is my earnest wish.

ALBERT SMITH.

LINES ON PASSING MYTELENE.

I ROSE from my couch at the break of day  
To welcome the morning's smile,  
For I could not slumber the hour away  
When it dawn'd upon Sappho's isle;  
But all that show'd to the pensive light  
Was a rock that was mute and bare,  
And its gloom was increased to my aching sight  
By the thoughts of the days that were.

Oh, where! I exclaim'd, is the classic fire  
That honour'd and cheer'd thy soil,  
That hallow'd the tone of thy Muses' lyre,\*  
And ennobled thy peasant's toil,  
And the learning that beam'd from thy letter'd land  
Over Greece's polished sphere,  
And the spirit that mock'd the proud command  
Which the Romans sought to rear?

The breeze that once wafted thy Sappho's song  
Now echoes the captive's chain,  
The shore which the sage once stray'd along  
Now views but the arts of gain;  
To a barb'rous bigot the spirit bends  
Which laugh'd at the threats of Rome,  
And the nymph whose fame reach'd the world's wide ends  
Is forgot in her fallen home.

The reflection was sick'ning; I turn'd away,  
And in silence my couch resought,  
Uncouth to my eye was the smile of day  
For it flouted my gloomy thought;  
And shall man, I indignantly cried, regret  
The close of his mortal doom,  
When the glory of empires partakes his fate,  
And is swept with him to the tomb?

\* Sappho was called the tenth Muse.

ASPEN COURT,  
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Story of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER I.

LIVING IN ONE'S FRIENDS' RECOLLECTIONS.

THE clock at St. James' palace has struck eight, and many gentlemen who design to dine at the \* \* \* \* \* Club, are studying the *carte*, performing, meanwhile, that curious series of grimaces and frowns, with which an Englishman helps himself to invent his dinner. The cabs and broughams have been arriving rather thickly during the last quarter of an hour, from which it is gathered that the dinner-bell is sounding in the House of Commons.

"Who's up, Ambergate," inquires an exceedingly handsome young gentleman in black, with an inconceivably faultless white cravat, of another young gentleman of similarly irreproachable appearance, who has just come in, and looks round with an expression of hopeless, yet manly despair, at finding all his favourite seats occupied.

"Philip Bobus is speaking, Freddy Belt," replies Lord Ambergate, "and likely to speak. And have you ordered your dinner, Freddy Belt? I'll dine with you. What have you ordered? But I don't care. Waiter, I will have whatever Sir Frederic has ordered. Here comes Acton Calveley. Bobus, of course, Acton?"

"Good for an hour and a half, at least. He has several hundred-weight of papers with him. You two fellows can't have dined; I saw Ambergate in the House half an hour ago."

"No, you come here. Belt has ordered my dinner, let him order yours.

"I don't care. Very well. I meant to dress. But I don't care. Palestine soup, Belt? That's the only thing on my mind."

"Be relieved, then, for here it is."

"Divide, to-night?" asked Sir Frederic Belt.

"Well, Whipham was mysterious, and didn't want me to go away. He mumbled something about somebody being unwell," said Lord Ambergate. "This is not the wine old Boomerang was hooraying, and letting off fireworks about, the other morning?"

"Yes it is, though," said Frederic Belt.

"Now, upon my word," said Calveley, very earnestly, "something must be said to Boomy. One don't expect a middle-aged heavy to know much, but he has no right to stand on that rug, and tell gross untruths. To hear him exult about that wine, you'd



have thought the committee had broken into the Prophet's cellar, and seized the stuff with the musk seals, which the houris are keeping for me and the other blessed."

"Since Acton went to Jericho, or wherever it was," drawled Sir Frederic, "there has been an east-wind constantly blowing through his brains. I hoped his book had exhausted all his stock of Orientalisms."

"The book is a charming book," said Acton Calveley.

"O, mind, I'm not dispraising it," said Freddy Belt; "on the contrary, a reviewing man told me there were several things in it that surprised him. I forgot to ask him why? Here's Tom Crowsfoot—how well that fellow wears! Bobus, Crowsfoot?"

"The Bobus! You may be interested in hearing that he has reached his fifth orange. William Lyndon has bet me that Bobus makes up the dozen."

"A quarter to nine," said Ambergate, thoughtfully. "No, he won't. I'll go halves with you, Tom, if you like."

"There's a good lot of colonies, here and there," said Freddy Belt, "and it's the colonies he's on, is n't it?"

"Well, yes," replied Lord Ambergate; "at least sugar, and refining in bond, whatever that is, and differential duties—I know I heard something about them—and tonnage, which I suppose is some other colonial production."

"Bought a yacht, and knows no better than that," said Tom Crowsfoot, laughing.

"Eh? Ah!" said Lord Ambergate, after a pause. "Do you know, I didn't look at it in that light? Yes, ships, of course. By Jove, I've a great mind to go down and speak on the question."

"I tell you what, Ambergate," said Tom Crowsfoot, "I'm old enough to be your father, and so I don't mind catechizing you."

"The Earl himself never did," observed his lordship; "I suppose he was afraid I should tell him my belief as to a parent's duty to his children, especially the eldest, a subject upon which he is in a painful state of obfuscation."

"See, here, Ambergate," said Tom; "I want to ask you something, all for your good. What do you let yourself be seen speaking to a lawyer for, in a public thoroughfare?"

"Lawyer, lawyer!" replied Ambergate, musingly; "I don't know what you refer to. Let's see. I met Kingsilver the other day, congratulated him on being made a judge—do you mean that?"

"No," said Tom, "I never heard anybody call *him* a lawyer. This was to-day, in Bond-street; I saw you myself."

"O, by Jove!" said Lord Ambergate, sitting upright, and speaking so loud, that several men looked up from their diners; "I'm devilish glad you mentioned that. I want to tell you something, and it deeply concerns your interest, Acton Calveley."

"How good of you to think of it at last, then," said Calveley.

"Ah! don't talk in that way," replied Ambergate; "you know what a beast of a memory mine is. But, I say, this is a fact, mind. Henry Wilmslow's all right again."

"Henry Wilmslow!"

"Henry Wilmslow!"

So exclaimed together, Calveley and Sir Frederic. Tom Crowsfoot, being an older man, made no further demonstration than that of opening his bright black eyes a little wider than usual, and slightly compressing his thin lips. I have some notion that Tom did not believe in the possibility of anybody ever being quite all right. He knew that he had never been so during thirty-five years upon town, though one fortune to start with, one by marriage, and one by legacy, had not been bad material to work with.

"All right," persisted Lord Ambergate; "and the lawyer Tom speaks of was Penkridge, partner to the great city attorney, Molesworth, of whom you may have heard."

"I have," said Tom Crowsfoot, quietly. Perhaps he had, Molesworth having had occasion to outlaw Tom, at the suit of a leash of jewellers, in days when Tom was younger, and liked to see his presents glitter behind the footlights; he had got over that weakness, however, long ago, and some beliefs akin to it.

"Well, you all remember Wilmslow, I fancy, though he is years older than any of us. He used to come here, sometimes, when I first joined this club, but I believe it was a little risky, and that if a card was brought up to him, he fidgetted, and seldom stayed long—you know the symptoms—came on Sundays, too, which is sometimes a greater proof of a man's invisibility than your never seeing him. Finally, he vanished, and his name has got out of our list, *pour cause*."

"He married Jane Tracy," said Tom, "but that was when he was in the Guards. Deuced handsome fellow then—a little too row-de-dow for my taste—but showy, and plenty to say, such as it was. In fact, I don't know that Wilmslow wasn't about as pleasant a fellow as a noisy officer in debt can be."

"Not a bad match, that Tracy girl, at least for him," said Frederic Belt; "for he was up to his ears then, and she had fifteen hundred a-year. And I think there was something about a claim to a large estate in Gloucestershire, or somewhere, which, I suppose, however, was all moonshine."

"Just what it wasn't, Freddy Belt, and what I'm coming to. Jane Tracy was co-heiress to this very estate, supposing her claim was valid. It slept a long time, but at last Molesworth, this lawyer, took it up in earnest. It seems he has a way of succeeding in things."

"Rather a useful faculty, I should say, in a lawyer," said Calveley, "and not bad for anybody to have."

"Authors on the East, particularly," said Ambergate. "Well, Molesworth has been prosecuting this claim of Jane Tracy's, and with his usual luck. The estate, which is that of Aspen Court, in the best part of Gloucestershire, is worth five thousand a-year, and the law has given it to our friend, Mr. Henry Wilmslow."

"He'll soon run through it," said Tom, composedly; "I see how it will melt away in his hands." And he thought how easily three fortunes had melted in his own.

"Why," said Sir Frederic, "you know Wilmslow's had a lesson.



I suppose he's a sort of ass, but he must be over fifty, and has been awfully hard up, which, at that time of life, is the deuce. Then he has a wife and some children, not that *they* would make much difference in his going on, perhaps, unless he were personally worried. But I should say the chances are, that he will clear off a bit, and save and be selfish in the country. He will, if he is n't a blockhead."

"He let me in about some infernal insurances," said Acton Calveley. "I was just of age, and he talked me over, and so I became one of his securities."

"It doesn't say much for the electors of Wobblebridge that they have chosen a man who, at any period of life, could be talked into anything by Henry Wilmslow," said Tom Crowsfoot; "but that won't do, Master Orientalist. Wilmslow talked to somebody else besides you."

Acton Calveley coloured a little, and drank a glass of claret.

"I was a great fool," he said, frankly, "but I have paid for my folly. I wonder whether I shall get anything out of him now."

"See an attorney, and be quick," said Freddy Belt. "If you come down upon him at the moment of his good fortune, you may snatch something. I say, isn't it odd no fellow has come in from the House lately? Waiter, bring the paper."

The invaluable document which allows our legislators to dine in peace, or to hear Alboni's second act, was brought him,—the written return, which is supplied to the clubs and the opera-houses, of the state of the House of Commons at certain periods of the evening. But it contained no more than they knew.

Nine o'Clock.—*Colonial Restrictions Bill.*—(Second Reading.)

Mr. BOBUS speaking.

*House rather empty.*

"We should hear," said Ambergate. "Whipham would send, of course, if necessary. Have some more claret."

"Perhaps, now Wilmslow's up again, he'll stand for somewhere in Gloucestershire," said Sir Frederic; "it would be just like him. I knew Jane Tracy a little, and rather pitied her than not, when I heard she was to have him."

"We know a bad husband or two, I take it," said Tom Crowsfoot, smiling.

"There are such persons, I am told," said Frederic Belt, who had been divorced himself, and the cause of divorce in others; "but you will find that it is invariably the wife's fault."

This was unanimously assented to; Tom Crowsfoot, who, as a gentleman, really wished to do justice, appending to his verdict,—

"That is to say, you know, that it is her fault *somehow or other.*"

"As regards poor Mrs. Tracy," said Acton Calveley, "though of course we should find it was her fault if we went to the bottom of the story,—for, as the sultan remarked in the Eastern tale—"

"Please, Calveley," said Lord Ambergate, deprecatingly, "there will be a new edition of 'Puffs from the Narghilè,' and then you can use all those stories without annoying friends who do not read your works."

"I was going to say," continued Acton, unperturbed, "that, though Mrs. Tracy's faults doubtless were the cause of Wilmslow's being a donkey, and extravagant, and faithless, and so forth, the woman has managed to keep them very secret, for she appeared to me the most patient, affectionate, allowance-making creature I ever saw; and I believe her to be so."

"One never knows what to believe in this world," said Tom Crowsfoot; "she may have added to her other offences by hypocrisy. Some women are bad enough for that, I am told, besides having read so in books."

"Jane Wilmslow has had a hard time of it with the precious Henry," said Acton. "And though I should perhaps lose by it, I should n't mind hearing that the estate comes to her for her separate use, and that he can't touch a shilling of the rents. How's that, Ambergate?"

"I don't think it's quite that, but Penkridge said something about Molesworth having made Henry Wilmslow sign some deeds or settlements, and so managing that he cannot proceed to instant duckery and drakery. I say, here's Jimmy Vulture with an opera-glass; see how he is glaring round the room. We're wanted, I believe. Here, waiter, ask Mr. Vulture if he is looking for us. What is it, Vulture James?" he said, as a remarkably ugly little man, with a bald head, fringed all round with yellow hair, hurried up to the table.

"Come down at once," he said, in a fierce whisper. "There's the deuce and all to pay; Whipham's tearing his hair!"

"Well, he has n't much, so that amusement won't last him long," said Calveley. "But what's on? Is Bobus down?"

"An hour ago and more; but come on," said Mr. Vulture, nervously, "I've undertaken to bring you."

"But did you happen to count how many oranges Bobus had sucked?" said Tom Crowsfoot, making ready, however, to be off. A practicable man that Tom Crowsfoot.

"Oranges! Come, Lord Ambergate, there's a good fellow," pleaded Vulture; "Sir Frederic, pray make haste!"

"My dear Vulture," said Freddy Belt, "we are not promised places if we help Whipham well through this session."

"But if you think I am to have one, it would be good-natured to help me," said Mr. Vulture, obliged to bring out his private hopes as an argument with the loungers.

"Nay, if you make it a personal thing, Vulture James, we'll save the colonies and the country to oblige you. But you won't say what has happened?"

"Bobus was taken ill, and obliged to stop. Lord Malachite got up to answer him, but broke down; but those fellows are whipping, and though M'Dangle has promised to do his best, I don't suppose they'll hear him, he's such a bore. You see every-



body's away, as no one is expected to care about those cursed colonies enough to sit out a debate."

"No, that's true enough," said Lord Ambergate. "Colonies are a great mistake, to my mind. However, we must go. Calvey, I'll take you down, if you like, binding yourself, that is, not to tell one Eastern story between this and the House."

It is satisfactory to know that they arrived in time for the division, and that the claims of her Majesty's colonies were, once more, indefinitely postponed. Bobus was beaten.

## CHAPTER II.

### ASPEN COURT.

I HOPE that in time you will like the old house in Gloucestershire, but I am obliged to say that it has no particular beauty to recommend it to you at first sight. It stands half way up a gentle elevation, is surrounded by woods as old as itself,—for the Dryads of Aspen have as yet never shuddered at the sound of dice,—and it is of no exclusive style of architecture, though the Elizabethan is predominant. The fact is that the owners of Aspen Court, for the time being, have made such alterations as they deemed desirable for safety or comfort, with the boldest disregard for keeping and *coup-d'œil*. And therefore, though a very good idea of the general character of the house may be imparted in a few words, nothing save tinted plans and figured references (which might be a little in the way if introduced here), could guide a stranger through the labyrinth of rooms which one owner has thrust out, and another has piled up, and a third has hung on, wherever it has seemed convenient, during a couple of hundred years and upwards, to make such supposed improvements. But if you will be good enough to imagine an exceedingly long red brick front, with a monstrous door in the centre, protected by a portico, and will draw along this front two lines of windows, originally uniform, but now varying from the modern French double window, to the simple old diamond lattice with its hazy glass, and including in their motley ranks those huge ugly square staring sashes, with twenty-four square panes, which you see in the cuts to story-books of Queen Anne's time—the dapper windows of ordinary suburban architecture—and, quite at the east end, two openings with only a couple of very large panes in each, the latest improvement of all,—you will have a tolerably accurate notion of the front of Aspen Court. There are but two regular stories, but, above the front, there rises a mountainous mass of tiles, beneath which are innumerable attics, and though in that red waste you scarcely notice the loopholes which light these chambers, yet, when sunlight falls athwart the house, the tiny glasses sparkle out, and the roof becomes the feature of the edifice. Tall chimneys and short ones, with variations of sturdy stacks, and even of pert pipes, garnish this mountain, and, in short, an eye which by instinct loves regularity, or has been trained to look for style, is teased as mercilessly at Aspen Court as at any place I have ever seen.

Behind this front, and running from it at right angles, are two rows of buildings, even more irregular in point of architecture, but keeping their lines tolerably straight. That on the west side is chiefly composed of stables and other offices, over which are apartments for servants, store-houses, and lumber-rooms. The line to the east side is of a better character; there is a series of good, but prim-looking rooms on the ground-floor, and on that above it are some more pleasant and more modern apartments, with Venetian blinds, and balconies for flowers outside the windows. Part of this range of building is quite modern, and has been whitened, and some rustic work and a verandah have been introduced, and there is a chintzy, cottagy look about this portion, in spite of its being set in the midst of red brick and stiff style. The ground thus enclosed on three sides is really a great-grass plot, but is so thick with trees, and is so studded with flower mounds, and rustic-workcases full of scarlet geraniums, that we see but little of the green, except just round a clear quiet pool in the centre, with water-lilies and gold-fishes. Three or four classical statues, erected in the age when men stuck up Latin inscriptions in their arbours, and talked about their Muse when they made rhymes, are still standing among the trees, but have been somewhat damaged, from having been used as targets by schoolboy marksmen, whose pistol fingers have long been straightened for ever. This grass-garden is sheltered from observation by the inhabitants on the domestic side, by a very lofty trellice, covered with rich creepers of various kinds, which indeed have formed so massive a screen that additional bulwarks have been necessary to prop it up, and it sometimes waves in the wind like a gigantic Indian fan. A tall thick hedge completes the quadrangle, but a gap seems to have been sliced through it, and, passing on, we find the garden continued up the gentle slope, and terminated by a cluster of old trees which crown the height.

But there is one feature more, which we must not forget to notice, though the foliage encloses it so completely that it might almost escape a careless observer. Turn round, now that we have reached the limit of the garden, and at the east end of the house, and now of course to your left hand, you will make out a low, white spire. That is the church of Aspen, it is attached to the house, through which its owners have a private entrance to the little aisle. The church has been unimproved amid all the improvements of the mansion, none of whose owners have reproached themselves, like the Hebrew king, that while they had a house of cedar, the ark dwelt in tents. It is a quiet, little rude old edifice, round which the moss has clung with an affection time has but increased, and the almost shapeless interior, disfigured by undertakers' hatchments, and by sprawling texts from the Proverbs, is not without a solemnity, to which the obscurity, caused by the over-topping woods around, contributes much. Few rays of sunshine fall upon the rough pavement of Aspen Church, or aid the eye to decipher the last memorials of the Tracys of Aspen Court. Many of these are buried here, and there is one tomb, of old date,



which seems strangely costly, with its kneeling rows of figures, and its gilded legend, for its place in this remote nook. Later monuments are also here, but chiefly mural, one of them bearing a long Latin inscription to the memory of the man who erected the undressed statues, and is full of sibilant superlatives, which seem to hiss at the adulation they record. We have also an urn, and a plump but desponding Virtue hugging it, the particular Tracy whose ashes, after his body had been burnt (as usual in England), are supposed to have been placed within, having been one of the patriots whom Walpole did not find unpurchasable, and the profits of whose sinecure added many acres to the Aspen Court territory. The last in date is a neat tablet from Regent Street, and came down in a box by the Bristol mail.

Every respectable old family house is haunted. I suppose it would be common-place to present this fact in a different form, and say that few old families are so happy as to escape, for a long series of years, that guilt, or the imputation of that guilt, which generates superstitious terror among their dependents. Assuredly the Aspen Court family is not one of the exceptions. For, in addition to an apparition, of which I am not disposed, just now, to speak, though, before a reader reaches the end of this story, something will have to be said about it, there is a little ghost in the family, and one in which I do not know whether to believe or not. The rustics at Aspen, the small village which lies about half a mile from the house, have a very painful story about this spectre. They allege that a poor little child, who was wilfully and systematically terrified into idiotcy, and who died in one of the paroxysms of agony produced by a hideous figure which its guardian brought to the foot of its bed in the dead of night, may be seen, at the same hour, leaping about the church in which that wicked woman's last bed is made, and mopping and mowing beside the grave in the hope of repaying its own torments in life. And for the first portion of this frightful story I fear there is too much foundation.

And so much for the general aspect of Aspen Court. With the interior, so far as it is possible to understand it, we shall become acquainted as we go on. But the great hall of the Aspen mansion is entitled to be mentioned at once. We saw the portico, through which we reach the great door of the house. Throw that door open, and you are at one side of an enormous chamber, extending right and left of you. At the extreme end are a few stone steps leading up to the doors of other apartments. Opposite you is a huge chimney-mouth, with its ancient fire-dogs, and with massy carving above and at its sides. The hall is very lofty, and on the side opposite the windows are numerous family portraits, of several generations. There are also portraits at the ends of the chamber, on each side of the smaller doors. Above, and all round, hang armour and weapons, as pikes, carabines, and swords, which have done their work in their time. They were nailed up here soon after Naseby. A young lord of Aspen was there, and they brought him home to die of a pistol-shot fired by a dying Ironside whom he had cut down in the fight. His mother caused all her

tenantry to fix up their arms here on the day of his funeral, saying, with a calm sorrow, that "Aspen had done enough." The large red curtain, at the opposite corner, and on your right, covers an arched opening, which leads to the other parts of the house. Near that curtain is an old clock, of singular elaboration. It is French, and very old, and having once ceased to perform its work, there was no hope for it, for not in Gloucestershire, and perhaps not in London itself, was there a mechanic who could deal with these mystic arrangements. The mere hour of the day the machine told, but haughtily, and at a corner, as if such a trumpety piece of information were beneath its learned dignity. But it told much deeper things. The age of Luna, and her aspect to Sol, and that same Sol's own aspect on snow-fields, or wheat-fields, as the case might be. And the day of the week, and of the month, and of the year, and the Dominical letter, and some of those dates which theology so queerly borrows from astronomy. And the zodiac is there, with its procession of starry beasts and babies, and a Virgo, with whose prim prettiness several generations of boys have fallen in love in that hall. And a curiously wreathed barometer once curled itself, like a great red vein, round the face of the clock, but the red liquor has long been dry. The old clock tells nothing now but the hour at which it died; and even this is doubtful, for the other revelations in no reasonable way coincide—the month is December, and the sun is scorching down upon a golden harvest—and it is the second Sunday after Easter.

And now come back to the door of the great hall and look out. Rich acres lie before you, and all belong to the domain of Aspen Court. Beyond this smooth lawn, and beyond those grey oaks, and beyond all that green pasture where the cattle are feeding, and far away to where you see broad water,

"The Severn swift, guilty of maiden's death."

Aspen Court means half a parish and a score of farms, and such a list of freeholds, leaseholds, and copyholds, as nobody, without the aid of the steward's rent-rolls, can pretend to give you. Allow that the gentlemen at the club were justified in thinking that Henry Wilmslow had been lucky.

### CHAPTER III.

#### A LAWYER'S OFFICE, AND SOME OF THE CLERKS.

THE offices of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge, the solicitors, of whom mention has been made, were "situate, lying, and being" (as new young gentlemen who studied the law therein thought it rather witty to say) in one of the streets near Red Lion Square. Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge were most respectable practitioners, who chiefly attended to "conveyancing," but had a few profitable old Chancery suits in their keeping, in respect of the costs of which they by no means forgot to attend for the Accountant-General's cheques, just before his door in Chancery Lane closed for



the long vacation. They did not refuse to attend to common law, but it was put out to nurse, and a common law-clerk was kept, in order that those interested in the fate of their causes might receive tolerably plausible answers. Nor was this precaution unwise, for valuable clients have been frightened away, by their advisers presuming too much upon the ignorance of the outside world as to the technicalities of law. There is a tradition of a very athletic attorney, who instead of being, as usual, after the hounds, came to office one day in the working partner's absence, and unhappily seeing a very rich and litigious client of the house, drove him away for ever, by replying to his inquiries about one of his actions, that he believed, in point of fact, that the livery of seisin had been duly stamped, and that they were only waiting for the Chancellor to issue his mandamus for the examination of the casual ejector. Therefore I think that Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge were quite right in paying a wiry little man, whose only weakness was waistcoats, the sum of two pounds a-week, to avoid any such accident.

Then they had a head conveyancing clerk, a wonderful old gentleman, Mr. Ghirk, who could carry in his head the most complicated details of a pedigree, never turning a circle into a lozenge, or confounding the scion who died *sine prole*, with one who died single. But he was so dreadfully stupid about everything else, that having once, on his birthday, it was supposed, invited one of the articulated clerks to spend an evening with him, that young gentleman, in the abjectness of his terror, consumed so many glasses of brandy-and-water for the purpose of qualifying himself for the interview, that his employer, on happening to summon him through the speaking-pipe, was answered by a defiance, through the same organ, to instant combat for nominal stakes. Mr. Ghirk was entitled to demand the assistance of any of the articulated young gentlemen whenever he pleased, which was very seldom, for he held their legal powers to be in the highest degree undeveloped. The "conveyancing" duties of the office, the marriage settlements, and the mortgages, and the wills (if the explanation should be serviceable to but one lady, I am amply repaid) was, however, really done by a most mysterious gentleman who resided in Clement's Inn, and was called a conveyancing counsel. It was he who prepared, for a comparatively small remuneration, those mighty documents which were so awfully costly to the clients of the house. He again kept a hungry looking clerk, who copied the greater part of such matters from forms his master had by him, the latter merely revising them. And the clerk again was usually assisted by one or more gentlemen of education, who paid a hundred guineas each for leave to sit in the dark room in Clement's Inn, and copy out "precedents," which the clerk put into shape for his master, and his master revised for Mr. Ghirk, and Mr. Ghirk carried home to Mr. Molesworth, and Mr. Molesworth laid in parchment before the clients, and the clients signed and paid for. Not that the labours of the educated gentlemen were unrelieved by manly sports and necessary refreshment; for, when there was more than one of them (which the clerk hated should be the case), they soothed

their instructor's mind by fencing and pugilism in the outer chamber, especially when he had clients with him. And when there was only one, he usually balanced chairs until they fell down, performed gymnastics with the fire-irons, knocked at the window when pretty girls went by, and generally solaced his scholastic life. And whether the number were one or more, the hungry clerk was always being sent out for pale ale.

Mr. Limpet, "the gentleman who attends to the Chancery department," is a tall, dark, handsome man, slightly bald. He never speaks above his breath, but if he have a remonstrance or a reprimand to bestow, he does it in a short, severe, but courteous letter, of which he keeps a copy. He returns all salutations with great accuracy, but never joins in or even hears any joke which may be in the course of manufacture when he happens to come into the large office. He has a separate room to himself, with double doors, and it is understood that he would prefer that any one coming in should previously knock, a wish which has, at various times, occasioned unhappiness, and utterances of rebellious sentiment among inferior clerks suspected of democratic tendencies, and of going on Sundays to political lectures. A daring article gentleman will sometimes insist on telling Mr. Limpet an anecdote, but its reception is very freezing, and the chances are that a quiet piece of matter-of-fact, or chronology, on the hearer's part, demolishes the basis of the story, and the lively young man goes away discomfited. Mr. Limpet is perfectly master of his duty, but there is an impression that he submits to it as a sort of humiliation, having designed himself for a diplomatic situation. An occasional word, rather savouring of the protocol, will find its way into his letters, and when these are being copied into the letter-book before they go out, the copyist, especially if one of the more ignorant of the group, remarks, with intense sarcasm, "Lord Palmerston again to-day, a few."

The article clerks are at present three, Mr. Molesworth having the two esquires whom law allows to the certificated knight, and Mr. Penkridge having one only. Mr. Lobb and Mr. Chequerbent, by respective payments of one hundred and twenty pounds each, to the revenue, obtained the privilege of paying three hundred guineas each to Mr. Molesworth, and for five years may lawfully copy as much of "the trash of an office" as they can bring themselves to do, at the end of which period, they will be examined in the Law Society's Hall, and if not plucked, may pay to the revenue about fifty pounds more, and then will be let loose to revenge themselves on clients of their own. Mr. Lobb is very quiet, has a round white face, round eyes, and a round figure generally. He takes great pains to learn the law, and would make progress, if his mind were not so bewildered by his financial operations. His father, a country clergyman of some property, allows him three pounds a week, but stipulates that he shall keep an account of the way it is spent. So an average of two hours of Mr. Lobb's time every morning is spent in balancing his pocket-book, and the speculation "where that threepence went to," runs all day like a vein of cop-



per through the gold mines of Fearne and Sugden. He has also another affliction, he writes verses, and when a new penny periodical commences its five or seven weeks' life, Mr. Lobb, under the anagrammatic signature of "Bolb," is always thanked in the first notice to correspondents. On its publishing day he always contrives an excuse to be in Holywell Street rather before the first number can be folded, and will almost risk having "been wanted," than come back without the damp publication. He will be very melancholy all the afternoon if his verses have not appeared, but the following morning begins to count the days before the next number will come out. His poetry, like that of all beginners, is either expressive of the most abject misery, or the most heartless flippancy; but neither class of lyric precisely indicates Mr. Lobb's condition, as he eats a very hearty dinner at the Verulam every day at two, and in the evening talks very rationally to the family with whom he lodges on Islington Green. But he has, in all probability, a common-place, honest career before him.

What Mr. Chequerbent has before him, except the blotting-paper, on which he is drawing most irreverent caricatures of the whole establishment, it may be difficult to say. He has no father, but, as he puts it, keeps a guardian, who, having article'd him to Mr. Molesworth, and arranged for the quarterly payment of a rather handsome allowance to Mr. Chequerbent himself, seldom sees or hears of his ward, except when the latter has outrun the constable so desperately that the bailiff takes up the running. What Paul Chequerbent does with his money is one of the mysteries to his companions, and indeed to himself. He seldom has any in his pocket, is in debt to his tailor, his bootmaker, his bookseller, and even his landlord, besides being sorely tormented by small creditors, who make him as indignant as his good-nature will allow him to be, that they should pester him for such pitiful sums. Mr. Lobb offered to keep his accounts for him, one week, but speedily resigned his post of Chancellor to the Chequerbent Exchequer, scandalised, it was supposed, at the expenditure of secret service money, but he never would tell. Paul is a dark, jolly-looking, strong built, young fellow, with a large nose, and an incipient grin perpetually ready to expand into a hearty laugh, when his small but beautifully regular teeth will show to advantage. He affects a little of the sporting character and style, wears tiny gold horse-shoes for studs, and a stick like the handle of a hunting-whip. But his reputation as a turf-man, which at one time was rather high in the office, was sadly damaged by an accident. Somebody suddenly asked him the meaning of a "handicap," and Mr. Limpet unluckily chanced to be in the room. Mr. Chequerbent, with some hesitation, explained that it was rather a technical expression, the meaning of which varied in different counties and at different races, and was not easily defined in a few words, but the inquirer knew what a jockey-cap was, well, it was not exactly that, but had to do with the colours of the riders, and depended on whether they were amateurs or regulars. Mr. Limpet looked up, heard this lucid solution very quietly to the end, and then said a

few words, which caused Mr. Chequerbent to grow quite red, and offer him, rather loudly, a bet on the point. Mr. Limpet slightly bowed and retired, but Paul's incessant reiteration, for the next hour, that they saw Limpet was afraid to bet him, did not work in a very reactionary manner, and Paul had hardly recovered his position up to the date of the last Derby. His brilliant account of that great national event, however, in every detail of which he was utterly wrong, except as to the fact that *Epaminondas* was first and *Bung* second, did him as much service as a dashing speech in the House does to a politician of tainted character.

The third article young gentleman, Mr. Carlyon, is nearly through his term of years. Very little is known about him in the office, except that his friends are understood to reside abroad, and that he has a small set of chambers in Lincoln's Inn Fields. Tall, slight, and with well cut features, rather of the Southern than the Saxon type, he may already be called a distinguished looking person, and probably will become more so, as the lines of his face deepen, and the expression, now a little listless, hardens into gravity. The face is full of intellect, and the smile, when it comes, has scarcely so little of sarcasm in it, as the smile of one whose antecedents have been happy, should hold at that age. He is perfectly courteous to every one, but makes no advances, and invites none. He has, in conversation, shown himself to be a scholar; and Mr. Lobb, with a laudable wish that his next poem in the "Weekly Sampler of Song and Stitch," should be *sans reproche*, has requested his perusal of the lines. Mr. Carlyon has read them, has suggested, that "from van to rear" is hardly a recognised mode of describing a scene on board ship—has hinted that there are some impediments to the coupling dawning and morning in wedlock, and has returned the poem as otherwise unobjectionable. Lobb will not show him any more lyrics. Carlyon has evinced some acquaintance with theatrical matters, and Mr. Chequerbent having obtained an order, has particularly requested Carlyon to accompany him to Covent Garden. Carlyon has gone with him, and has given him supper at Lincoln's Inn Fields afterwards, and has even presented him with an autograph of Mr. Macready, on hearing Paul express a desire to have one; yet Chequerbent does not seem to care about much more of Carlyon's companionship. It was rather thought in the office that Mr. Limpet and Mr. Carlyon would suit one another, though the latter is so much more affable than the former. It is not so. Indeed, when the notion current touching Limpet's diplomatic ambition was mentioned to Carlyon, the latter showed some little curiosity, and certainly sought two or three opportunities of speaking to Limpet. But after these interviews, which were only on the business of the establishment, there was no effort on either side to improve the acquaintance. Carlyon was sometimes appealed to for an opinion on Mr. Limpet's protocol phraseology, but he seldom said more than that the words were perfectly legitimate, but that perhaps shorter ones would have been as explicit. Of Mr. Penkridge, to whom he was nominally bound, Carlyon saw little. Mr. Penkridge was a



timid kind of man, of considerable fortune, whose chief occupation and enjoyment was a menagerie of wild animals, which he kept at Sydenham, and on which he spent terrible sums, besides frightening himself about them in the most dreadful manner at least twice a-week. But Mr. Molesworth, who bore the real weight of the business, contrived that Carlyon, had he been inclined to waste his time, should have no chance of doing so. A man of the world, and knowing his man, Molesworth did not heap business around the young lawyer in a way which should make him feel that he was to drudge. He did so with Lobb, and Lobb worked with scarce a murmur. He would have done so with Chequerbent (perhaps softening *him* with an occasional invitation to Mr. Molesworth's hospitable house), but he found it was less trouble to neglect than to employ one who needed so much looking after. But he quietly admitted Carlyon into some confidences of importance, and having thus taken a sort of guarantee for the young man's co-operation, Molesworth, without displaying any such intention, made it clear to Carlyon, that to make that co-operation available, he must both study at his law-books and work at his desk. And Carlyon did both, to an extent which Molesworth was quite the man to appreciate, and sometimes to applaud. Probably not many solicitors pay so much attention to the character of the young men who buy seats in their offices, but Mr. Molesworth found his account in obtaining a first-rate officer. Keen, self-composed, and persevering, Carlyon, aided by the training incident to the practical study of his profession, speedily became qualified for entry, with perhaps more than average chances, for the great race of life.

Perhaps it is not necessary to say much of the other occupants of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge's horse-hair stools. There was Mr. Linnery, who kept the books of the house, and sorely worried Mr. Chequerbent for not keeping up his attendance-book, and transcribing its costs into their vellum volume. He made execrable puns, but was otherwise harmless. There was, also, Mr. Ratchet, whose business it was to make himself generally useful, and who had an instinctive knowledge when there was likely to be a press of work, upon which occasions he invariably absented himself, sending word that either he, or his wife, or one of seven sallow sandy sulky children, whom they were supposed to have reared for the express purpose of excuses, was lying at the point of death. The family, however, kept steadily at nine for many a year. Penultimately, there was Mr. Maunder, who was also engaged to do what he was bid. He wrote a beautiful hand, borrowed money from every new clerk, and was rather supposed to be an atheist, because he never swore, and because he had been detected in reading Voltaire's Charles XII. Finally, there was a young assistant named Spott, an undesirable name where its owner's companions are facetious. He was the general message and errand boy, and was believed to be in more of Mr. Chequerbent's secrets than was consistent with the dignity an articulated clerk should bear in transactions with his subordinates.

Such was the phalanx with which Messrs. Molesworth and

Penkridge made war upon society. Its members have been described at some length, because most of them will be heard of again, and one of them designs to claim no small part in the world's comedy of errors.

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS; AND MR. CHEQUERBENT'S ILL LUCK.

IT is a quarter past ten, and Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge's office is full and busy. Blotting paper is being adjusted, bundles of law documents are being enfranchised from the restrictions of red tape, and Spott is being abused on all sides for having filled ink-stands too full, or not having filled them at all, or spilled the ink in the process, besides receiving interlocutory reprimands for his general deficiencies of character, manners, and principles; all of which Mr. Spott receives with great meekness, and even cheerfulness, knowing that he is rather liked by the gentlemen, and that one or other of them is always doing him some good turn, and aiding him in his efforts for the benefit of the establishment at home, presided over by his mother, an indomitable and implacable laundress.

"Make up that fire, Spott, and then get away from it, will you," observes Mr. Chequerbent; "these February mornings make one shiver, don't they, Mr. Carlyon?"

"Fever month, too," replies Carlyon, "according to the Romans."

"The Romans were asses," returns Mr. Chequerbent.

A single blow from a little hammer here fell upon a small bell in a corner of the room, close to the ceiling.

"Go to the pipe, somebody" cries Mr. Lobb; "Mr. Molesworth's come."

Mr. Chequerbent, as nearest, pulled down a slide which covered the orifice of a small hole in the wall (like the large end of a telescope) and shouted up it.

"Sir!"

"Is Mr. Lobb there?"

"Are you in or out, Lobb?" asks Mr. Chequerbent, in a lower tone.

"Just gone out, I shall be in directly, almost. Chancery Lane," replies Lobb, hurriedly.

"Mr. Lobb is gone down the Lane, sir, for a short time, I think to the Master's office," Mr. Chequerbent states, up the pipe. Mr. Chequerbent hears a click at the other end of the pipe, which indicates that communication is cut off for the present.

"I know what he wants," remarks Mr. Lobb; "I sat up till past eleven copying it, but it is not half done yet."

"You said you were going to an Orrery, or some such scene of frantic dissipation, Lobb," replies Mr. Chequerbent.

"So I was, and I had got tickets for myself and the Miss Dingles, my landlady's daughters, and I promised myself a delightful evening, but I was obliged to give it up, to go on with this statement."

"Well, they are deuced plain girls, those Dingles," observes the worldly Chequerbent; "I don't know that there would be any great fun in taking them to see a lot of stupid transparencies, and to hear a hurdy-gurdy in a blanket, the performance enlivened by quotations from *Paradise Lost*."

"They are very intelligent girls," answers Mr. Lobb, "and converse very rationally on all subjects."

"So they ought," says the reckless Chequerbent, "considering their ugliness. By Jove, if an ugly girl doesn't talk out-and-out well, she ought to be prosecuted for being alive."

The hammer again.

"Is Mr. Linnery there?"

"Yes, sir," answers Mr. Chequerbent instantly, as Mr. Linnery never ventures to take any liberties with his employers.

"Ask him to step up?"

And Mr. Linnery, carefully locking his desk, and pocketing his bundle of keys, with a look at Mr. Chequerbent, which intimates that it is for his sake that this precaution is taken, goes out.

"He can't forget the fly-paper," says Paul, laughing.

"He could forgive it, and that was more," observes Mr. Carlyon.

"Pooh, anybody can forgive," replies Mr. Chequerbent; "you don't understand metaphysics. Forgiving is a mere act of the will—if a man likes to do it, he can."

"Can he?" asks Mr. Carlyon, thoughtfully. "Well, I hope you will always find it so."

There was a knock at the street-door, and a pull at the trigger, one of whose ropes and rings hung before each clerk, released the catch. Paul looked uneasily at the oval hole in the office-door. A stout-built, not over clean looking man, entered, and Paul managed to see that he was a stranger, before the others could quite make out the group.

"Good morning, gents," said the new arrival. "Is Mr. Chequerbent here?"

Nobody seemed inclined to reply, and Mr. Chequerbent himself stepped forward.

"No," he said, "Mr. Chequerbent is *not* here. Will you leave any message for him?"

"Oh!" said the other, "then you expect him in soon. I don't know but I'd as good as wait for him."

"Mr. Chequerbent is gone to Westminster," said Paul, "and thence he is going—where did he say, Mr. Lobb?"

"I—I—don't know," mumbled Mr. Lobb, trying to restrain his laughter. "Brompton, or somewhere."

"Brompton or somewhere; yes," said Paul, turning to the stranger, "those are the addresses he mentioned, so you know best whether you would like to wait. If you would," he added, "there's a chair."

This last piece of coolness settled the matter. But for it, the stranger, who had noticed Mr. Lobb's mirth, would have pursued his interrogations; but as Chequerbent carelessly pointed to the chair, and lounged away to the fire, the other said,



"Well, then, I'll look in another day."

"Any name?" asked Paul, carelessly.

"Smith," said the man, "but he would n't know it."

"Very well, Mr. Smith," said Paul; "Mr. Spott, write down that Mr. Smith called to see Mr. Chequerbent, and mind Mr. Chequerbent is made aware of it when he comes in."

"Yes, sir," said Spott, gravely.

The stranger went out, the office-door slammed, and then the outside door. As the latter clashed and fastened, Mr. Paul Chequerbent uttered a victorious war-whoop, snatched a very tall stool from under Mr. Spott, bringing that young gentleman to the ground, and then placing the tottering piece of furniture in the middle of the room, he seized a large ruler, and the cover of the coal-box, and, struggling up into a standing position on the stool, he struck a classic sword and shield attitude.

"Paul Chequerbent," he shouted, "as he appeared, defying his creditor."

"And praps Mr. Paul Chequerbent will appear to *this*," said a voice behind him. It was the stranger, holding the door in one hand, and a strip of printed paper in the other. The writ-server had evidently practised a *ruse*—still suspicious of the answer of the clerks, and of Lobb's laughter, he had gone out, banged both doors, but crouched down between them, to listen to the conversation which was to follow his supposed *exit*.

"I thought as much, somehow," said the stranger with a grin, "but you was preshus cheeky, master, you was, and if I had n't a thought of the double, you'd a done me. Any ways, I suppose you'll stand a trifle for the laugh?"

"The laugh," said Paul, considerably disconcerted; "I don't think this is the proper way of doing business."

"Nor do I, Mr. Chequerbent," said a grave voice, as Mr. Molesworth himself entered from another door. "A little mad, I think."

And the solicitor passed on to Carlyon's desk, while Paul, looking exceedingly red and foolish, descended from his elevation, not so easily however but that, to save the rickety stool from toppling over, he was compelled to drop the lid of the coal-box, and its clatter attracted another look from Mr. Molesworth, which just enabled that gentleman to see the writ thrust into Mr. Chequerbent's hand. Paul then made a hasty retreat into some mystic washing-room, and there dwelt in darkness until his employer had disappeared.

The solicitor was equipped for a walk, and you could see little of his face between his ample hat and the turned-up collar of his great-coat. A pair of searching grey eyes, and a prominent nose, reddened by a raw morning, were all that could be made out.

"Give me your arm down to the Strand, Mr. Carlyon," said he; "I want to speak to you. How quickly can you prepare yourself for a journey into the West of England?"

"Ten minutes to get to my place—five to pack a carpet-bag," said Carlyon, quietly, and without any affectation of smartness,—  
"and I am at your service."



"No, no, you are to have a little more breathing time than that. Besides, you will have a companion, perhaps a lady; I am not sure. Only be ready, and we'll send to your chambers. Oh, Mr. Lobb, I called for you, and was told you were out."

"Out, sir—no, sir, I have not been out since I signed the book on arriving," said Lobb, flurriedly.

"Who answered me, then?"

"I think it was Mr. Chequerbent, sir," said Mr. Ratchet, at whom the grey eyes seemed to be directed.

Paul heard the words in the darkness of his den.

"Some mistake," said Mr. Carlyon, "evidently. Mr. Chequerbent is usually so very careful in what he says about any one being out or in."

The interposition saved Paul, or perhaps Mr. Molesworth did not think the question worth pursuing. He intimated to Mr. Lobb that he had hoped to have found the statement complete and on his desk when he came, though to achieve this poor Lobb must have sat up good part of the night,—and he had paid three hundred guineas, too, for leave to sit upon that horsehair. Mr. Molesworth just glanced round over each clerk's shoulder, told Mr. Ratchet he was glad to find he was nearly through that settlement, which he was sick of seeing about, reproved Mr. Maunder for not keeping his papers in better order, told Mr. Linnery he should have something to say to him about the books, and desired him to be an hour earlier next morning for that purpose, and lastly, as Spott's eyes kept following him round the room, he demanded why, if there was nothing for that boy to do, he did not write new labels for the old bundles of papers, and thus improve his mind and his handwriting, and try to do justice to the people who employed him, and be a comfort and a credit to his bereaved mother. And having thus brought all the horses up to the collar, he added, in a good-natured tone, that they had better keep up good fires, for it was not weather to catch cold: and then went out with Carlyon.

"The fact is," said Mr. Molesworth, "that Wilmslow, who, between ourselves, is not a bit wiser than he ought to be, insists on going down directly and taking possession of Aspen Court. Now, as you did so much in making out the title, and laying the basis for the proceedings which gave him the place, it is fair that you should see the installation. So go down. You'll be bored with him, but Mrs. Tracy's a dear, sweet, woman, and I don't know whether you like children, but the three girls are something better than pretty. And you ought to see Aspen Court."

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## FUNERAL OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp.  
Hark ! 'tis the soldier's tread ;  
All around is a pause in life,  
Behind is the mighty dead.

Hush, breath ; hush !  
The heart says aloud—it comes !  
To the cry of the wailing horn,  
And the roll of the muffled drums.

Duty done.  
No grief, but many a tear ;  
For a nation, with reverent love,  
Has gather'd around thy bier.

Duty done.  
The commoner bares his head,  
And honour is paid by the crown ;  
For the soul of a great one has fled.

Drooping steed !  
Thou too hast done thy part ;  
No more shall his gentle spur  
Rouse up thy mettlesome heart.

Duty done.  
Noble and learned men,  
Princes, and priests, and peers,  
Shall we look on his like again ?

Duty done.  
Bear him with pomp to the grave ;  
'Tis a duty that lies on us all,  
To show how we honour the brave.

Brave, brave man !  
Wondrous the path he trod ;  
By him there was given us rest,  
And the praise we ascribe to our God.

## THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.\*

BY PROFESSOR CREASY,

Author of "THE FIFTEEN BATTLES OF THE WORLD."

## CHAPTER I.

BIOGRAPHY is history of the highest order. It may not indeed seem so in the eyes of the fatalist, who fancies that he beholds in all events and actions an inevitable sequence of general causes and effects; and who estimates the greatness of individuals merely by the degree to which each appears to embody the spirit of his age. But this abnegation of the power of individual free-will is as false in history, as it is pernicious in morals. Many instances might be given of men, who have stood forward and achieved greatness in direct antagonism to the spirit of the times in which they lived, who have turned the prevailing currents of Thought and Act, and left the stamp of their own innate energy and volition on the general record of the fortunes of their race.† The Athenian poet‡ who wrote that "Circumstances rule men and not men circumstances," was tainted by the sophistical school, and so was the English poet who has followed him.§ Guizot rightly says, "whatever external events may be, it is, after all, man himself that makes his world; it is from the ideas and sentiments, the moral and intellectual condition of men, that the world is regulated in its progress; it is upon the inward state of man that the outward state of society depends." And each soul is absolute in its own Microcosmus. It is not intended to assert that the character of a man's age has nothing to do with a man's character. On the contrary, few rise altogether superior to conventionalities; few exercise the independent power which each possesses; and few employ "the energy of will, the resolute endurance and self sacrifice" which are the elements of greatness. Even where this is the case, the *natura naturans* of the hero may be modified, may be accelerated or retarded in its development by the temper of the world around, in which, and upon which it operates. Unquestionably the greatest men will often, though not always, be found to have been largely influenced by the spirit of their age; but, as unquestionably each will be found to have elevated himself above his contemporaries by his own powerful individuality.|| And, without attributing too much to personal effort, we may safely follow the great historian of European civilization,¶ who, in allusion to one of

\* The Author reserves the right of translation of this work.

† *E. g.* Miltiades, Epaminondas, Arminius, Mohammed, Gregory the Seventh, Lord Bacon, and the Czar Peter the Great.

‡ Euripides.

§ Byron.

|| See Humboldt's remarks on Columbus.

¶ Guizot.



the Imperial Four, to the Emperor Charlemagne, has said, "that one distinct cause of the course of human events is the influence of great men. No one can say why a great man comes at a particular period, or the precise amount of his own spirit which he infuses into the development of the world, but the fact of such an influence is indisputable." To trace, therefore, the characters and careers of Great Men, is to examine the main-springs of the course of history. It is the study of causes, far more than the observation of effects. This it is which gives to biography its especial dignity as a branch of history, when biography deals with master spirits; independently of the superior interest which we feel in following the fortunes of a single fellow-creature, compared to that which we are able to keep alive when our subject is a State, an Age, or other similar generalization.

This work is devoted to Four of the great ones of mankind; to Four whom I have designated as peculiarly, as Imperially Great. I mean by this epithet that they have been lords of Action as well as lords of Thought. If intellectual preeminence and influence were alone to be regarded, it would be from among the chiefs of poetry and philosophy, and not from among Conquerors and Sovereigns that selections would be made. But the kind of greatness which is implied, when Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon are given as its types, may be best described in the words used by Sir Walter Raleigh, in his "History of the World," in reference to Alexander himself.

"So much hath the spirit of some one man excelled, that it hath undertaken and effected the alteration of the greatest states and commonweals, the erection of monarchies, the conquest of kingdoms and empires, guided handfuls of men against multitudes of equal bodily strength, contrived victories beyond all hope and discourse of reason, converted the fearful passions of his own followers into magnanimity, and the valour of his enemies into cowardice; such spirits have been stirred up in sundry ages of the world, and in divers parts thereof, to erect and cast down, to establish and to destroy, and to bring all things, persons, and states to the same certain ends, which the infinite spirit of the *Universal*, piercing, moving, and governing all things, hath ordained."

The attributes of greatness which Raleigh here points out are distinct; and they are each and all important. He speaks of Spirits whose prerogative it has been, not only to "cast down" and "destroy," but also to "erect and establish." The mere mission of destroying is comparatively unimportant. The Alarics and Attilas do not interest us on account of themselves, but on account of that which they overthrew. They were scarcely more than engines of havoc; they exercised little influence as arrangers of the present, and none as moulders of the future. They, and they alone, who have created as well as annihilated, claim paramount rank among the Magnates of mankind. Such men as Raleigh has described, not only challenge our admiration by the romantic daring of their aspirations and their sagacious energy in execution; not only do they fascinate posterity as well as their contemporaries by their



military genius, and their capacity for wielding as well as for grasping vast power; but it is even more interesting and valuable to watch them as Ordainers, as haters of wasteful and purposeless misrule: for "There are men whom the spectacle of anarchy or of social stagnation, strikes, and distresses, who are intellectually shocked thereat as with a fact which should not be, and who become possessed with an uncontrollable desire to change it and to plant some rule, some uniformity, regularity, and permanency, in the world before them. A terrible and often a tyrannical power, committing a thousand iniquities and errors, for human weakness accompanies it; yet a glorious and salutary power, for it gives to humanity a vigorous jerk, an admirable impulse." \*

We look up to these men as founders of enduring institutions; as promoters of Art and Science; as aiders of the progress of civilization. Not unmindful of their failings, their vices, and their crimes, we still rejoice in them as types of the strength of human nature, when we recognise not only the awe which each inspired in his day, but the permanent effects of his existence, which have been left on all subsequent generations of mankind.

Four men stand pre-eminent in the history of the world for these attributes of greatness. Two lived in ancient times; one in the times which we style mediæval; and one almost in our own age. The first of these was Alexander the Great, of Macedon; the second was Julius Cæsar, Emperor of Rome; the third was Charlemagne, King of the Franks and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the West; the fourth was Napoleon Buonaparte, the first Emperor of the French. These are the Imperial Four. The epithet was actually borne by the last three, nor can be considered to be misapplied to the "Great Emathian Conqueror," when we remember the meaning of the word "Imperium." It not only denotes power more than regal, but its primary meaning was the power of the sword and of victory. It is significant of strife and triumph, as well as of majestic authority. Feeble successors to the purple of the first Cæsar have assumed the Imperial title, and so have degenerate princes of the house of Charlemagne. Possibly the Napoleonist dynasty may hereafter on this point also furnish a parallel. But the title was well chosen by the founders of their empires, it well denotes their character, and it may, with equal fitness, be employed respecting

"The Macedonian, whom Dominion  
Followed as tame as vulture in a chain.  
The world was darkened beneath either pinion  
Of him, whom from her crowd of conquerors  
Fame singled for her thunder-bearing minion." †

Before comparing the Imperial Four one with another, in details of character and achievement, it may be useful to recall the leading circumstances of their biographies individually. Such a survey, if fully elaborated, and if made complete by examining the state of the world at the period when each of the Four came forward, and also

\* Guizot.

† Shelley's "Triumph of Life."

by tracing the impress which each left on after ages, would form in itself a not very imperfect, and a most suggestive and vivid sketch of universal history. At present it can only be briefly attempted; yet, immediately we commence our task, when we turn to the first in date of the Four, how much, besides the memory of his own actions, does the name of Alexander bring upon the mind!—In order to judge him adequately we are compelled to reflect on what the Eastern world was which he subdued, as well as upon the character of the European nations, whose forces he led to the conquest of the sister-continent. In that continent had been the primary abodes of the human race. Wealth and science, architectural grandeur and mechanical ingenuity, the pomp of monarchical power, the subtle organization and ceremonial splendour of sacerdotal authority, were first developed in the stately cities that grew up along the banks of the great rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Indus, and the Nile.\* They were the first seats of commerce; and it was in the rich alluvial districts near them that agriculture first flourished. Meanwhile the elevated plains, which form the vast centre of the Asiatic continent, were roved over by pastoral tribes, which not unfrequently assailed and subjugated the wealthy but less warlike inhabitants of the fertile lowlands, and of the cities with which they were studded. Here the conquerors settled, and became the founders of new dynasties, and the rapid acquirers of far-extended empire: but each dynasty, in a few generations, grew civilized and feeble, and yielded in turn to the assault of a new horde of nomade warriors from the central plains. All these great empires were absolute monarchies; in all of them education, literature, and science were controlled by a powerful hierarchy. The last and greatest of them, the Persian, had failed disastrously in its attempts to extend itself over Europe. It had encountered, as the vanguard of our continent, the energetic little Greek states, in which a civilization far different from the Oriental, and of a far higher order had grown up. Among the little civic communities of Southern Greece and their colonies republican institutions were almost universal, but with an almost infinite variety of detail, caused by the fluctuating predominance of the aristocratic and democratic elements. Unresting energy, as well as consummate skill, marked her statesmen. Daring originality, as well as the keenest perception of beauty and grace, characterised her philosophers, her orators and her poets.

The period of the splendour of Greece scarcely exceeds a century and a half, from the battle of Marathon, B.C. 490, to the battle of Chæronea, B.C. 338, two years before Alexander's accession to the Macedonian throne. But this brief period is one of unparalleled lustre, not only for the deeds that were done, and the military and political genius that was displayed during its Olympiads, but on account of the intellectual triumphs of the Hellenic race, and the imperishable empire over the realms of thought, which the poets, the philosophers, the historians, and the scientific writers of Greece

\* Ancient geographers generally treated Egypt as part of Asia.



then established. Some of these glories were achieved by Greek authors of an earlier, and some by those of a later date than the period that has been specified. But the meridian of Greek literary splendour coincides with the times of her political and military pre-eminence. Her physical power rapidly decayed. The little states into which she was subdivided had, by the middle of the fourth century before our era, exhausted themselves in incessant contests. Athens, the noblest of them all, Athens that had taken the lead in beating back the Persian invader, and that had once almost succeeded in making the Mediterranean an Attic lake, had been shattered by the disasters of the Peloponnesian war; and though she revived and retained some glimmerings of her former spirit, was crippled in material power, and still more demoralized in national character. Her former victors and rivals were equally decayed in strength. The power of Sparta had been broken by the blows which Thebes dealt it at Leuctra and Mantinea; and Thebes herself fell with the fall of her great leader, Epaminondas, and was fast subsiding into the insignificance from which the genius of that hero had raised her. No state capable of extensive conquest, or indeed capable of protecting its own independence against a vigorous attack, remained. It was certainly destined that the intellectual treasures of Greece should be diffused throughout the world, but it was not by the arms of Greece that this diffusion was to be accomplished. It was the mission of Macedonia to effect this great civilizing process in the Eastern world, as it was the mission of Rome to extend it in after ages throughout the West. In each instance the execution of this great task was mainly due to the genius of a single man; to the genius of Alexander in the first case, and to that of Julius Cæsar in the second. It was, moreover, chiefly by the genius of a single man, of Charlemagne, that the heritage of classic civilization was rescued, in mediæval times, from destruction, and preserved to mingle with the best elements of the Germanic character, and to become the civilization of modern Europe.

Alexander's father, King Philip, had by an almost unparalleled exercise of strength, courage, and indomitable tenacity of purpose, completed the downfall of the southern republics of Greece, and had raised his own kingdom, at their expense, to a position of avowed and recognized ascendancy. Before his reign the Macedonians, a collection of semi-barbarous tribes beyond the Cambunian mountains, had been regarded with contemptuous indifference by the civilized Hellenic states. It is difficult to pronounce positively on the ethnology of the Macedonians. It is certain that there was some affinity between them and the Greeks; and it is equally certain that there were in the Macedonian language, race, and institutions, many elements that clearly were not Greek, and that were most likely Thracian or Illyrian. Probably the Pelasgic element was the one which the Greeks and Macedonians had in common. I believe this to have an element of Roman nationality also. The royal family, however, at Macedon was regarded as truly and purely Greek, and was said to have migrated thither from Argos: a tradition not in itself improbable, and exhibiting an historical fact like

that of the Scandinavian Rurik and his descendants becoming the royal family of the Slavonic Russians.

Before King Philip's death he had created a military spirit, and he had organised a veteran army, with improved tactics and perfect discipline, in Macedon. He had crushed the resistance which the Athenians and Thebans made, when too late, to his ambition. He had procured himself to be recognized as generalissimo of the Greeks against Persia. His former military operations in Thrace and on the Hellespont, had involved him in hostilities with that empire; he had sent a detachment of his army into Asia, which was encamped on Mount Ida, and he was preparing to lead his full force thither, when he was assassinated in the year B.C. 336.

Attempts have sometimes been made, both in ancient and in modern times, to disparage the fame of Alexander by exalting that of Philip, and to insinuate that the father, if his life had been prolonged, would have accomplished at least as much as was effected by the son. But no one who scrutinises the character of Philip, can help observing, amid civil and military qualities of a very high order, a degree of caution, and a fondness for accomplishing schemes little by little, which are utterly inconsistent with the boldness of the marches to the Euphrates, the Iaxartes, the Indus, and the Nile. Philip would probably have merely sought to annex some of the western provinces of Asia Minor to the Macedonian monarchy. Above all, we cannot discern in Philip a capacity for those comprehensive measures of civilization and commerce, which form the peculiar glories of Alexander's career, and distinguish him so honourably from the vulgar band of conquerors. It is not in his own age, it is not on his paternal throne, that his equal in greatness is to be found, whether we test his greatness by what it was given him to effect, or by the better test of what he was in himself.

Alexander was at the age of twenty, when he was suddenly called to the throne of Macedonia. He had been carefully trained in all military exercises, and in the art of war; and had already signalised himself at the victory of Chæronea, and in the conduct of operations against some revolted tribes in the interior of Macedonia. He had also received the practical education of a statesman, and had been entrusted with the regency of Macedonia during one of his father's campaigns against Byzantium. He had enjoyed also the inestimably higher advantage of the tuition of Aristotle. He early acquired a proficiency in literature, and displayed a love of knowledge, which never ceased to show itself to the close of his life, even among his greatest perils, and most laborious cares. Vigorous in frame as in mind, he was largely endowed with physical courage, and the capacity to endure fatigue and privation. He was eager for honour, an eagerness which, with prosperity and adulation, degenerated into arrogance and vanity. He was naturally generous, both to friend and foe, and his moral character was free from those impurities which taint so foully many a classic name. But he was addicted to intemperance in drink, the national vice apparently of the Macedonian court; and he gave way to occasional gusts of anger, in which he perpetrated actions of ferocious cruelty. Without



agreeing with all the censures which Niebuhr pronounces on Alexander, we must adopt the remarks of the great German historian, respecting the murder of Clitus, and other crimes of which Alexander was undoubtedly guilty. "I do not comprehend how persons can excuse Alexander for those things by saying that he was an unusually great man: if he was so, was he not then responsible for his unusually great powers?"\*

Before Alexander could undertake the conquest of Asia, he had obstacles to overcome, and hostilities to meet, in Europe, which would have proved insuperable at the beginning of a youthful prince's reign, had not that prince possessed ability and energy of the very highest order. Sufficient attention has not been paid to this part of Alexander's career. His military fame is sometimes disparaged, on the plea that all his victories were gained at the head of Europeans over Asiatics; but his first campaign of 335 was conducted against European enemies, and among difficulties of the most formidable description. All the fierce and warlike tribes around Macedonia took up arms on hearing of the death of Philip, whose personal ascendancy alone had checked their inroads. Demosthenes roused southern Greece against the young successor to Philip's oppressive mastery; and even in Macedonia itself, a strong national party was opposed to Alexander's accession. Instantly and decisively was the commanding genius displayed, that so soon was to awe the world. He promptly assembled the Macedonian army and secured its allegiance. He crushed every attempt at treason by force and terror. He traversed Thessaly and the rest of northern Greece to the Isthmus of Corinth at the head of his troops; and summoning a congress of the Greeks, he compelled all the states to yield him the same recognition of supremacy which they had made to Philip. He then marched back against the Thracians, Illyrians, and other foes to the north of his dominions. He met and defeated them; but not content with repulsing their attacks, he resolved to invade their territories in turn, and to deal them such blows as should secure the tranquillity of Macedonia during his absence in the East. For this purpose he forced the passes of the Hæmus, the modern Balkan; he crossed the Danube, and everywhere compelled the barbarous tribes of the regions that now form the northwest of European Turkey, to submit to his authority. Returning thence, he subdued the Illyrian insurgents; and then, moving with unprecedented rapidity through Upper Macedonia, across the highest frontier mountains and Pindus, he appeared south of Thermopylæ, and quelled the fast-spreading insurrection which the Thebans and Athenians had reorganised against him while they believed him to be far distant, and entangled in war with the northern barbarians. Thebes, which had been before spared, was now stormed and destroyed by him; a fearful, but perhaps a necessary act of severity. Athens sued humbly for pardon; and Greece, though still nominally free, was now more thoroughly subject to the young King, than she had been after the day of Chæroneia to his father.

\* Niebuhr's "Ancient History," vol. ii. p. 348.

It was in the spring of 334 B.C. that Alexander commenced his Asiatic enterprise. He was then twenty-two years old, an age four years younger than that of Napoleon when he received the command of the army of Italy, and four years younger than that of Charlemagne when he undertook his first campaign in Aquitania. Almost all the great generals both of ancient and of modern times have commenced their military careers in youth. Besides the three great examples of this that have been already mentioned, the instances of Pyrrhus, Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, Gaston de Foix, Condé, Charles the Twelfth, Clive, and Wellington will readily recur to the memory. Julius Cæsar, who was nearly forty when he first commanded as pro-prætor in Spain, and Cromwell, who did not become a soldier until he was forty-four, are almost the only exceptions to the general rule. Nothing probably but the ardent temperament, the unbounded hope, and unclouded self-reliance which are the happy privileges of early life, could have buoyed the young Macedonian King to the perilous enterprise on which he staked his fortune and his life.

It is true that the Persian empire was rent with revolt, and weakened by every species of corruption and misgovernment; it is true that the retreat of the ten thousand under Xenophon, and the Asiatic campaigns of Agesilaus had displayed the inferiority of the Asiatic troops to European, but still the design, not merely to win a few towns and provinces in Asia Minor, but to overrun and subdue all the realms over which Cyrus or the first Darius had borne sway, with an army not exceeding 40,000 men, which it would be almost impossible to reinforce from home, was daring to the very bounds of temerity. The Persians had large troops of Greek mercenaries in their pay, which were no unworthy antagonists even of Macedonian veterans. Their resources in money and in native forces seemed inexhaustible; their fleet was far superior to Alexander's, so that there was every risk of his communications with Macedon being cut off, and a counter-invasion of his paternal dominion successfully attempted. Nothing but victory, not merely an advantage in a battle or a campaign, but victory speedy and decisive, victory followed up with the utmost energy and aided by the utmost good fortune, could save him from utter ruin. Fearlessly, though deliberately, he prepared for the bold venture. Having divided among his friends nearly all his possessions, so that as he told Parmenio, in the spirit of a poet, there remained for himself only the treasure of his hopes, he entered on the career which has gained him such an historical and poetical celebrity. Truly does Niebuhr say that Alexander and Charlemagne are the only men of history that have become poetical beings. "Alexander is for the East what Charlemagne is for the West; and next to Rustan he is the chief hero of the Persian fairy tales and romances. To us also he is a man of extraordinary importance, inasmuch as he gave a new appearance to the whole world. He began what will now be accomplished, the dominion of Europe over Asia; he was the first that led the victorious Europeans to the East. Asia had played its part in history, and was destined to become the subject of *Europe*."



## VESTIGIA RETRORSUM.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

THERE is a spot I call accursed,  
 Because my thoughts for ever wing  
 Back to its gloom, from whence they burst,  
 And settle on the loathsome thing.

The thick black pool, the waterfall,  
 Swart crags that nurture noxious vines,  
 The long, unbending, outer wall  
 Made by the solid depth of pines;

The reptile weeds that crawl about  
 The rotting shore, the glaring flowers,  
 Nauseous with odours, that give out  
 No grace of heaven's baptizing showers;

The hollow roar that fills the scene—  
 A sound caught up and smother'd in  
 By the close pines which rise between  
 The world and that unholy din.

Long ringed serpents idly loll  
 With haughty eyes that never wink,  
 Upon the oily pool, or roll  
 In horrid sports around its brink.

All creatures that abhor the day,  
 Find harbour in the rocky lair,  
 And all the foulest birds of prey  
 Light slowly down and settle there.

The moving powers of air bewail  
 This blotch upon earth's face allow'd—  
 Moan'd by the high o'erpassing gale,  
 Wept over by the flying cloud,

Cut by the edged hail that pours  
 With added wrath here, choked with snow,  
 Scathed by the thunder-cloud that roars  
 Its bolts down, blow re-echoing blow.



Still it arises—rocks and trees,  
Pool, waterfall, and rank-grown sod—  
Above my better memories,  
And frowns between me and my God.

This spot had once another look,  
Its sounds were as a choral psalm,  
Ere sin's and sorrow's hands I took,  
And walk'd between them, palm in palm.

Ah ! yes, her beauty gave the place  
A wondrous light, and my young rhyme,  
Fervid with love's creative grace,  
Brought on the spring before its time.

Yea, summer came while May was young,  
And smiled to see the lovers meet,  
And all her flowery censers swung  
Their perfumes round our trysting-seat.

Too soon the vernal bloom ! too soon  
The year's maturer charms ! their dust  
Whirl'd 'twixt us and the harvest-moon  
Ere autumn blew his frosty gust.

She fell—oh God ! I know not how—  
Fell from her over trust in me :  
The flowers had turn'd to dust, and now  
Our love had turned to misery.

Oh fool ! the promised fruit I sought  
Was ripening into sweetest use ;  
I snatch'd it ere its time, and caught  
Upon my lip but acrid juice.

Nature shrank from me all aghast,  
Men whisper'd as they pass'd my door,  
The precious lights of life waned fast,  
And heaven seem'd farther than before.

I would have done her right. We met :  
I own'd my crime, I urged her claim ;  
There was no ebb of love, and yet  
We turn'd aside with common shame.

We could not get our eyes to meet ;  
We could not link our hands again ;  
I talk'd, but words had ceased to cheat ;  
We parted—'t was relief from pain.

Priest, vow and ring, all things arrange—  
Shrewd brokers in our worldly mart—  
I tell ye, these are poor exchange  
To offer for a broken heart.

When winter heap'd her grave with snow,  
What right had I to make my moans?  
What right to hope a tear would flow,  
Or anger Heaven with selfish groans?

The vanish'd joy, the void of love,  
The heart that nothing fills within,  
The fear that dares not look above,  
Are reliques of my early sin.

Better beside her placid tomb  
This aching head for years had lain,  
And o'er my mound the winter's gloom  
Had snow'd a mountain from the plain,

Than thus to live—a life in death,  
That courts no peace and shuns no strife,  
A slow, dull drawing of the breath,  
A living you cannot call life.

I wonder not the dell is cursed,  
Upon this world a hideous blot,  
I only wonder earth ne'er burst,  
To swallow up the hateful spot.

The pool, the wood, the waterfall,  
The flowers, the cliffs, the gloom—my brain  
Whirls with a picture of ye all—  
I rise, and curse ye all again !

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## THE GHOST OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

A Legend of Amsterdam.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

PUFF!—puff!—puff!—from the glowing bowl of clay  
 Rise clouds of smoke  
 Enough to choke  
 As the Dutchman pulls away.

Sip!—sip!—sip!—what fragrant vapours pass  
 To the tippler's nose,  
 As the liquor flows,  
 And the Dutchman drains his glass.

Sip!—sip!—sip! and puff!—puff!—puff!  
 Of the weed to smoke,  
 And Schiedam to soak,  
 What Dutchman has enough?

Twirl!—twirl!—twirl!—the wheel goes spinning round,  
 As with anxious brow,  
 By the Dutchman's frow,  
 The worsted threads are wound.

Prose!—prose!—prose!—in one unchanging tone,  
 As the old frow sits,  
 And spins and knits,  
 The old frow talks alone.

Twirl!—twirl!—twirl! and prose!—prose!—prose!  
 What old Dutch frow  
 Has said enow  
 While round the wheel still goes?

Thus sat by the chimney Mynbeer Van der Schmellar,  
 A Dutchman renown'd for his excellent cellar  
 Of Hollands, Geneva, Schiedam, eau-de-vie,  
 Rum, whiskey, potheen, and whatever may be  
 The several other correct designations  
 Of all alcolohical known distillations.  
 And there sat his wife, a good motherly dame,  
 In a snowy white cap, and a tippet the same,  
 And a russet-brown dress of the best linsey woollen,—  
 Rather short in the skirts, but remarkably full in  
 The regions where Nature throughout all that land  
 Has lavish'd her gifts with so bounteous a hand:  
 And stockings and mittens, grey, warm, and well-fitting,  
 And all of the old lady's *own proper* knitting;



And shoes with high heels, and with very broad toes,  
And her tortoise-shell spectacles stuck on her nose.

Mynheer kept on puffing huge volumes of smoke  
And draining his glass, but Mynheer never spoke—  
Except when his frow's tongue a moment might flag,  
When Mynheer gave his head an oracular wag,  
And removing his pipe from his lips—but not far,  
Grunted out from the folds of his waistcoat a "Ya!"

The dame kept on talking as fast as she spun,  
'Twould puzzle to say which the faster might run,  
Her tongue or her spinning-wheel; truly the latter  
Effected some good by its voluble clatter,  
Which can't be pronounced of the old lady's chatter.

Well, Mynheer kept on smoking and drinking and dozing,  
His frow kept on chatting and spinning and prosing,  
The candle kept dancing and splutt'ring and flaring,  
The fire kept on crackling and blazing and glaring,  
The wheel kept on turning and twisting and twirling,  
The smoke kept on rising and rolling and curling,  
The grog kept on steaming and seething and reeking,  
The wind kept on whistling and howling and shrieking,  
The rain on the windows kept driving and pattering,  
Sluicing and dashing and hissing and clattering—  
When all on a sudden Mynheer and his frow  
Both started and looked—I can hardly tell how,  
But remarkably queer,  
As if struck with the fear  
That the Deuce or his tail were unpleasantly near!

For Mynheer and his frow they heard a sound  
That seem'd to come from out the ground—  
A low, deep sound—a kind of moan—  
More than a sigh—not quite a groan;  
But spite the wind and spite the rain  
They heard that sound again—again—  
Creeping up and creeping round—  
It *was* a most unearthly sound!  
It made their hearts beat loud and quick;  
It made their breath come short and thick;  
It made their blood appear to freeze;  
It made them shake in jaws and knees;  
It made their hair to stand upright;  
It made their cheeks and lips turn white;  
It made them sit and stare and quake—  
I don't know what it *didn't* make!

And then at the door there came a knock  
That gave them a kind of electric shock,

For both had read, and both well knew,  
 As a singular fact, and strictly true,  
 Whenever a ghost, an imp, a bogie,  
 Or other such unsubstantial fogie,  
 Is out for the night, and is paying visits  
 To mortals on earth, so particular is its  
 Extreme politeness, that ever before  
 It enters the chamber it knocks at the door—  
 Not a hurried rap, as a man's might be,  
 But a solemn, mystic—one ! two ! three !

And this was the kind of knock they heard;  
 But neither could utter a single word  
 To bid them "come in" or to ask "who's there?"  
 Still less did either poor mortal dare  
 To rise from their seats and to go and see  
 Who might the ghostly visitor be.

The handle turns, the hinges grate  
 (They haven't been properly greas'd of late),  
 And the room door slowly opens wide,  
 And a tall, black figure seems to glide,  
 As with solemn step he comes inside !

His face was white as driven snow—  
 'Tis said that a ghost's is always so  
 As fresh air's exceedingly scarce below,—  
 His eyes were dark in hue, but bright  
 With a glaring, piercing sort of light.  
 His lips were of whitish, bluish grey—  
 Like a winter sky's at the break of day—  
 And the only sign of life-blood seen  
 Was half-way the mouth and the eyes between—  
 For, strange as the fact, we undoubtedly think !  
 The tip of his nose was decidedly pink !

He wore a long black cloak, or gown,  
 With a hood drawn over his shaven crown  
 In many an ample fold, and round  
 His waist a snow-white rope was bound.

Stately and solemn he closed the door,  
 And stalked along the chamber floor,  
 And he took a chair, and he drew it near  
 To the Dutchman's hearth and the Dutchman's cheer,  
 And he seiz'd the tumbler and drain'd it dry,  
 And he set it down with a ghostly sigh;  
 And there came from his breath, and his clothes as well,  
 A nasty sort of a brimstone smell !

And then he gazed on the luckless pair  
 As both sat *shaking and shivering* there,

And he open'd his mouth and silence broke,  
And these were the words his ghostship spoke :

“ Don't fear, good *frow*, don't fear, good host ;  
I'm harmless though I *am* a ghost.  
It isn't for long they let me walk,  
And it isn't in graveyards I would stalk.  
I like good cheer,  
And I see it here,  
And you've nothing at all on earth to fear  
So long as you don't approach too near ;  
For I'm told by my comrades down below  
(I won't say *where*, but of course you know)  
That if hand of mortal is laid on one  
From the other world, his days are done !  
It dries his blood, it stops his breath,  
It freezes his marrow—the touch is Death.  
So don't come near me, but fill your glass,  
And let the glorious bottle pass ;  
For I'm come to taste the best Schiedam  
In all the city of Amsterdam,  
And if any one give me the liquor can,  
Why, Van der Schmellar, *you're* the man.  
So here's to you and your worthy frow—”  
And the ghost made quite a polished bow.  
“ And now, Mynheer, the *ghost* shall tell  
Of all that the living *man* befell : ”

#### The Black Friar's Story.

##### 1.

I was a pious, holy monk,  
And a holy life I led,  
Little I ate and less I drunk—  
The hard bare ground my bed.  
I told my beads, I read my book,  
Said pater, ave, credo,—  
Oh, none could holier live or look,  
Than saintly Father Guido.

##### 2.

I groan'd within my damp, cold cell ;  
Used ashes for pomatum ;  
I gather'd acorns as they fell,  
And when I hunger'd, ate 'em.  
I dressed in sackcloth for my shirt,  
And never chang'd my linen—  
For monkish virtue dwells in dirt,  
And cleanliness there 's sin in.



## 3.

The people to the convent flock'd,  
They came to seek my blessing:  
And rich and poor my cell-door knock'd  
And never ceased confessing.  
And who so blithe, and who so gay,  
Or who so envied *then* as one  
Who, heard and shrived, was sent away  
With Father Guido's benison!

## 4.

Fair damsels came in tears and grief  
And told how they 'd been sinning,  
And sought the holy monk's relief,  
In accents wondrous winning.  
They found him cold and stern in word,  
Their wicked deeds reproving,  
And many a virtuous precept heard,  
To better courses moving.

## 5.

Some sought to play off naughty wiles,  
The friar's heart to soften,  
And loving looks and wanton smiles  
They've given him—aye, often!  
But all unmoved the friar gazed,  
It seem'd to vex him, rather—  
The damsels went away amazed  
At such an icy father.

## 6.

And princes came and bid him claim  
Wealth, treasures in profusion;  
A kingdom he might almost name,  
For only absolution.  
Though wealth he deem'd but Satan's lure,  
He took their proffer'd treasures—  
But only to relieve the poor,  
And not for sinful pleasures.

## 7.

The brethren of the convent too,  
The rev'rend and the lay ones,  
All bow'd before the friar, who  
Had never miss'd a day once.  
In penance, fasting, self-imposed  
Corporeal flagellation,  
And such like acts his life disclosed  
For monkish imitation.

## 8.

And when the good Lord Abbot died  
(For abbots are but mortal,  
And ours for long had stood beside  
Death's slowly opening portal).  
Then all the monks with one accord,  
From novice to confessor,  
Cried out that *I* should be their lord—  
The abbot's right successor !

## 9.

So then I left my cold damp cell  
To occupy a dry one—  
'Twas where the Abbot used to dwell,  
And better air'd than my one.  
But still I lived a life austere  
And, if I'm not mistaken,  
The friars thought it monstrous queer  
The course that I had taken.

## 10.

They deem'd—I know the fellows deem'd—  
That now I wore a mitre  
I'd show I was not what I seem'd,  
And make my burdens lighter.  
They thought I'd taste the flowing cup,  
Enjoy the well-stored table,  
And daily dine, and daily sup,  
As most men do, when able.

## 11.

They thought perchance the better saint  
Would make the better sinner,  
And first display his worldly taint  
About the hour of dinner.  
But they were wrong—I stood the test,  
I left them to their messes,  
And while *they* feasted on the best,  
*I* dined on water-cresses.

## 12.

At last a sickness seiz'd on me,  
They said it came from fasting—  
I don't know what its cause might be,  
'T was very long in lasting.  
They put me in my narrow bed,  
And wept, but that was silly,  
Because they thought that I was dead,  
I felt so wondrous chilly.

## 13.

At last a fat and florid monk,  
The jolliest of friars,  
Whose nose proclaim'd the stuff he drunk  
(How rare are noses liars!),  
Cried out, "Why, holy brothers, why,  
He isn't dead or dying,  
You shouldn't stand, and stare, and cry,  
Instead of *cordials* trying."

## 14.

"Here, stand aside!" with that he felt,  
As quick as thought, or quicker,  
For what he had, and from his belt,  
Produced a cask of liquor.  
He placed it to my clay-cold lip,  
Alas! that fatal bottle!  
The liquor flow'd, and sip by sip,  
It gurgled down my throttle.

## 15.

I cannot venture to define,  
The exquisite sensations,  
Or tell the raptures that were mine,  
Imbibing those potations.  
I felt—I don't know how I felt—  
I've no description handy;  
But how it tasted! how it smelt!  
That best of cognac brandy.

## 16.

'Twas done; the liquor seem'd to fly,  
The fat monk look'd astonish'd,  
And said "My eye!" till some one by,  
His levity admonish'd.  
It cured me though—or help'd to cure—  
Thenceforth my languid fever,  
Found brandy ever the most sure,  
Most safe and swift reliever.

## 17.

I tippled oft, but all alone,  
A solitary sopper,  
I didn't dare a taste to own,  
In abbots so improper.  
Or, if at times, I shared my glass,  
It was when I bethought me  
Of him whose ready flask, alas!  
The wicked taste had taught me.



## 18.

*He'd* drink from morning until night,  
 From matin until vesper,  
 And never bring our deeds to light,  
 By e'en a single whisper.  
 But, ah ! at last they found me out,  
 For sin can't hide for ever,  
 Discovery *must* come about,  
 Be sinners e'er so clever.

## 19.

One day the monks had sought my cell,  
 About some convent matter,  
 I told them that I wasn't well,  
 And bid them cease their clatter.  
 But still they batter'd at my door,  
 All asking for admission,  
 When in a tipsy rage I swore,  
 I'd pitch them to—perdition !

## 20.

They broke the lock, they forced the door,  
 'Twas clear what they suspected,  
 And helpless, stretch'd upon the floor,  
 Their abbot lay detected !  
 And he who taught me first—the wretch—  
 The fatal drink to use—he  
 Cried out, “ Oh dear ! what *shall* I fetch ?  
 I fear his lordship's boosy.”

## 21.

They turn'd me out—at least I fled—  
 My pockets first well filling,  
 And then, oh ! what a life I led,  
 From morn till midnight swilling !  
 'Twas one incessant wicked round  
 Of riot and of revel,  
 And now I'm dead—why, underground,  
 I tipple with the —— !

And the ghost, as he named the unprintable word,  
 Laugh'd in tones the most hollow that ever were heard,  
 And he toss'd off his liquor, a tumbler full drinking  
 Unmix'd, without choking, or coughing, or winking.  
 Then filling another one up to the brim,  
 He smiled with a ghastly smile and grim,  
 And he cried to his host  
 “ I'll give you a toast,  
 A friend whose acquaintance I'm proud to boast.

So fill up your tumbler, my hearty old brick,  
And, hip ! hip ! hurrah ! to the health of Old Nick !”

He drain'd the glass as they stared in wonder,  
And just as he finish'd, a peal of thunder  
Rattled and rumbled and shook them all  
As if the old house were about to fall ;  
And Mynheer and his frow they trembled with “funk,”  
But the pale-faced, red-nosed, ghostly monk,  
Laughed out “Ha ! ha ! bravo ! bravo !  
The old one's returning thanks below !”

Oh dear ! oh dear ! what a terrible lot,  
To be face to face with a ghostly sot,  
Who drinks your liquor, the best you've got,  
And frightens you like—I don't know what ;  
While he tells you the wicked deeds he has done,  
And appears to consider it excellent fun  
To boast of his terms with the Evil One !

Again and again  
In fear and in pain,  
His tumbler of liquor they see him drain,  
Till the whole supply  
Was made to fly,  
A goodly quart of Schiedam drunk dry !

Slowly down his eyelids close,  
Like a mortal's in repose ;  
But who'd venture to suppose  
A ghost with such like wants as those ?

One by one his arms drop down,  
Resting on his jet-black gown ;  
One by one his legs extend  
Out beyond his cassock's end.

Gently back reclines his head,  
Upwards points his nose of red ;  
Opens wide his mouth and shows  
Tongue, and teeth in double rows.

Listen to the sounds so hollow,  
Rising from his ghostly swallow !  
Listen to the wind that blows  
Harshly through his ghostly nose,  
Like the distant thunder roaring—  
By Jove ! the ghost's asleep and snoring !

At length the good couple, with horror half froze,  
Creep out of the room on the tips of their toes,  
And grope down the stairs, though they shiver and shake  
Lest the noise that their steps in the corridors make



Should waken their visitor ! Slowly they gain  
The doorway, and slowly they draw back the chain,  
Then open the door, and then both rushing out,  
"Help ! Murder ! Police !" they both lustily shout.

Open fly windows and open fly doors,  
Out rush the people by dozens, by scores,  
Women and children and babies in arms—  
Always the first in the thick of alarms,—  
Old men and young men, and young women too,  
And small dirty boys who have nothing to do,  
People of all sorts ; save those that you seek—  
*Of course* no police, not the sign of a "beak."

And ev'ry one asks, "What the deuce does it mean ?"  
And ev'ry one 's told that a ghost has been seen !  
And women cry "Gracious !" and "Goodness ! Where is it ?"  
And where did it come from ? and whom did it visit ?"  
And the men don't believe it, at least so they say,  
But are rather inclined to keep out of its way,  
While the small dirty boys who 've got nothing to do,  
Cry "Crikey !" and look most alarmingly blue.

Then some with more courage—a very small band—  
And each with a poker or tongs in his hand,  
And each clinging close to his neighbour before,  
Go all in a heap to the haunted house door ;  
And then, step by step, as they climb up the stairs,  
They hear the loud snoring, which pretty well scares  
All their small stock of "pluck," but they still persevere,  
In spite of their growing sensation of fear !

They reach to the chamber ! the doors open wide !  
The hinder ones push on the foremost inside !  
And there by the table—yes, safe enough, there  
Is the ghost of the friar asleep in the chair !  
They mutter their pray'rs, and they hold very tight  
Their pokers and tongs, for they *are* in a fright !  
But the smallest among them, though largest in pluck,  
As if by a bright idea suddenly struck,  
Makes a dash with his tongs, with a jump and a shout,  
And catches the sleepy ghost fast by the snout !

Few words suffice to tell the rest :—  
His ghostship squeak'd, and then confess'd  
He wasn't dead, but all he 'd done  
Had only been "a bit of fun !"   
In short he own'd, though *very* drunk,  
He wasn't either ghost or monk !  
Which satisfied them all, and eased them  
Of all their fears, and rather pleased them—



Except poor Van der Schmellar, who  
 Could not forget 'twas sadly true  
 The ghost had drunk his best Schiedam—  
 "Mein Gott! the best in Amsterdam!"

## Moral.

To those who have never enjoy'd the delight  
 Of a call from the regions of spirits by night,  
 But who, nevertheless, may have some inclination  
 To witness a genuine "manifestation"  
 Of such non-substantials, I venture to hint,—  
 And they can't doubt the truth of a word that *I* print,—  
 They may find what they seek, at the cost of a crown,  
 For lately the ghosts have got lodgings in town!  
 It isn't *my* duty to indicate where,  
 But somewhere near Portman or Manchester Square;  
 And while *my* ghost had got a bad habit of napping,  
 These ghosts at the West End are given to "rapping!"  
 But I recommend much ere they part with their "rhino,"  
 To try a more simple expedient that *I* know,  
 For seeing a ghost:—'tis to go to the place  
 Which the national paintings are hung up to grace,  
 And in some of the scraped, scratch'd, "clean'd" canvas  
     that's there,  
 See the ghosts of the glorious pictures that were!  
 But for my part, I look on all spirits as sham,  
 Save the spirits I've faith in, like that of Schiedam!

## FAITH.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF JACOBI.)

WHAT do we doubt? the instinctive thought  
 By which the trusting bees are taught  
 To swarm around their guiding queen  
 To new abodes, and realms unseen?  
 Which, when the journeying stork takes wing,  
 And leaves us with departing Spring,  
 Tells of the far-off better land  
 Yet by his eager eye unscanned?  
 Thus FAITH the INVISIBLE doth view—  
 Alone the stable and the true!

ETA.

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

I JOINED from England, with a detachment of my regiment, the first battalion of my corps, at San Martinio do Obispo, in Portugal, on the 30th of September, 1810. We waded the Mondego, to avoid some French cavalry, and came up with our people on the left bank of the river, just after they had accomplished a night retreat from the position of Buzacco. The scene, being the first of the kind I had witnessed, was both stirring and animated. The well-bronzed features and muscular forms of our new comrades, and our soldiers, the light way in which they spoke of fatigue, privation, and danger, the heart's laugh loud and long, and the careless indifference of what the morrow might bring, indicated the right stuff for soldiers. Such men were not easily overcome, and even if worsted by overwhelming numbers, would afford the enemy no cheaply bought victory.

We were now within a short distance of the French army, whose name and exploits had carried terror throughout Europe, and who were once more invading an unoffending country's rights. In the great struggle resulting from such aggression I was about to take an humble share,—for “every little helps,” even down to the duties of a subaltern, when obediently and energetically performed.

The following morning, long before it was light, we were roused from our cloaks by bugle and drum, and sallied forth. The stars shone brightly, we hurried to our alarm-post, and marched to an olive grove outside the village. The division to which my regiment belonged, amounting to nearly 7,000 men, were receiving rations: the busy hum of so many voices, the glare from the bivouac fires glancing on the arms, accoutrements, and hard visages of the men, the dark olive foliage overhanging this picture of apparent confusion, struck most forcibly the eye of a novice. Soon, however, *one* roll of the drum silenced all the busy noise; we stood to our arms, and a bayonet might be heard to fall. The column moved slowly off; daylight discovered our whole army in full retreat by parallel roads. The unpractised eye, unaccustomed to view large masses, would estimate the columns, as seen in loose marching order, at <sup>the</sup> their real force, from the extent of ground they covered. <sup>on</sup> hill and dale, through heath and wood, clouds of air direction and line of movement; and even amidst <sup>the</sup>sts, the masses were to be detected by the glanc-  
um their arms, which, according to Horse-Guards' <sup>s</sup> thought necessary to keep as bright as the brass burban villa. New as this was to the uninitiating in comparison to the accompanying flight tuguese nation. It was a fearful sight thus to ation's panic. It looked as though no soul that



could move had remained behind. The strong, the healthy, and the young were in arms; the old, the decrepit, delicate women and young children, were on foot in flight, wandering through forest, heath, and mountain—in by-paths and cross-roads—over the face of their own fatherland, to avoid the destroyer. They carried on donkeys and mules, in their arms and on their heads, all of their small worldly chattels they could convey; the rest was buried or destroyed, and nothing was left to their foe but bare walls and empty habitations. The French might revel in a wilderness of dwellings—they were essentially masters of the soil, for none were left to share it with them. Portugal, as far as they occupied it, had become part of Napoleon's empire.

About mid-day a short halt ensued, and while thus resting, a numerous body of the staff of the army galloped by. At the head of this group a very remarkable and distinguished-looking officer cast a hawk's-eye glance at our column as he rapidly passed—this was Wellington! This first view quite realized my previously conceived idea of the hero of India, of the Douro, and of Talavera, now fresh from the field of Buzacco. This, then, was the mind, the main-spring, which moved not only an army, but a nation in its defence!

On the 5th we continued our retreat and passed through Leyria, the inhabitants of which had already fled; the town was left in an awfully desolate state; confusion and plunder had done their work, and the provost-martial his duty, by hanging two British soldiers detected in the act of robbing. An hour after our column had passed, the French cavalry came up with our rear-guard, and a skirmish ensued. Our light artillery were greatly pressed by the enemy, so as at one time to force them to hasten their pace considerably to avoid being cut off. After their retreat through the town, large casks of wine were extracted from the cellars and rolled into the streets, so as to block up the road, and by their contents to tempt the new-comers to *refresh* themselves. This expedient was hit on by Lieut.-Colonel Elley, D. A. Adjutant-general of Cavalry. Having been sent back with a communication to our rear, I happened to witness the commencement of this scene, which perfectly answering the desired end, was both effective and amusing.

Till now the weather had proved fine, although too warm for us, who were unaccustomed to it; but the evening we arrived at Aldea Gallega, the rains commenced, and came down in torrents such as are seen only in the south. We were forced to follow Corporal Trim's plan, and by an additional allowance (for want of better) of that detestable alcohol, called in Portuguese *agua ardente*, "we kept out the radical moisture by pouring in the radical heat." I slept this night close to my company, on the gentle declivity of a ploughed field; and having taken up my berth in a furrow, found, when I awoke next morning, that it had been turned into a purling streamlet, and had run in at my stock and out at my boots.

On the 8th we reached the small village of San Quintinho, at the foot of the position which Lord Wellington had long before pointed out and fortified. Here our division, for the first time since I had



joined them, was placed under cover. This was the place chosen by Lord Wellington to dispute with the enemy the possession of Portugal; and on this spot hung the future fate of the Peninsula.

On the 9th we halted, and were kept all day in constant readiness to turn out. Next day we moved to Sobral, somewhat in advance of our position, and where the acclivity commences.

On the 11th, accompanied by an engineer officer, I was sent, in command of a working-party of thirty men of my regiment, to mine a small bridge which crossed a stream about five miles from the village of Sobral, towards Torres Vedras. The engineer set us to work, but with most inadequate tools, which were soon rendered useless by the massive stone-work, and the strength of the cement. Whilst thus employed, Sir Lowry Cole's division (the Fourth) passed in rear of my party; and I perceived a general movement throughout our army, which was occasioned by the advance of the enemy. Our different divisions were moving into the alignment assigned to each: shortly after, a column of French cavalry made their appearance in front of the bridge. The tools my men had to work with were almost all broken; the engineer officer had left me; the rest of the army were moving to the rear, and a column of the enemy's cavalry was at no great distance in my front: situated as I was, some hours must have elapsed before the work could be accomplished; and no powder had been provided to load the mine when finished. In this dilemma, after due consideration, I determined to retire, as no good could result from our remaining.

We had scarcely come to this determination, when we perceived that some of the enemy's dragoons had passed a ravine to our right, and already occupied the road by which we had come. I now ordered my men to load, and we made for a vineyard, which we gained just as the advance of the column of cavalry had reached the bridge, and joined those who had passed the ravine lower down, and who intended to cut us off. Sending some of my men to straggle up the slope of the vineyard, as if we had all retired towards the heights, I concealed the others behind a stone-wall, within fifty yards of the bridge; and as the enemy reached this, and were crowding on it to pass, we gave them a well-directed volley, which unseated some, and rolled over the horses of others, and then moved quickly through the vineyard towards the hills. By this time it became quite dark, the rain fell heavily, and a thunderstorm commenced: our uncertain steps were guided, in a pitch dark night, only by the flashes of lightning. We wandered for hours among these hills, without a track to guide us, or a notion where we were, sliding in the rich clammy soil at every step we took: at last, by mere chance, we stumbled on a small mountain village, the principal house of which had been destined for Lord Wellington's headquarters. This was Pero Negro.

Here we found out the destination of our brigade from some of Lord Wellington's orderlies, belonging to our corps; and having procured a Portuguese guide, in about an hour we rejoined our battalion on the march, whilst wading a mountain-torrent. Shortly after we came to a few miserable cottages, into which our brigade,

together with one of German artillery, took shelter for the night. We had just made fires to dry and warm ourselves, when we heard an uncommon disturbance in the next hut, which was only divided from that we occupied by a partition of loose stones, doing duty as wall for both dwellings. It appeared that the ammunition of the German reserve artillery, commanded by Major Hartman,\* had been stowed away in this place, and that the large fire we had lighted had produced considerable alarm, its sparks having found their way through the loose stones into the next apartment, and falling on the caissons of powder: wet blankets were applied, which shortly set all right again. Two Portuguese soldiers, however, who had taken shelter amongst us, as soon as they understood the nature of the danger, made off, and, in spite of the inclemency of the weather, we saw nothing more of them that night.

An hour before daylight on the 12th we stood to our arms and our baggage was sent to the rear. Daylight broke, but still all was quiet, and our men proceeded to cook their rations. We occupied the ridge of a steep ravine intersected by vineyards; another hill rose in front of this, not quite so high as that on which our line was formed, but sufficiently so to exclude any view of the enemy beneath, we were consequently in like manner hidden from them. On this hill, separated from us by the valley, the advanced posts of our division were placed, consisting of the 71st regiment under Colonel Cadogan, and some Portuguese Caçadores; they were supported by the 42nd, the 79th Highlanders, and the 50th regiment; on the extreme left, in rear of some windmills, lay the Light Infantry of the Guards. All remained quiet till about mid-day, when the enemy, after rolling some empty casks up to their advance posts in our front, busied themselves by filling them with earth, and thus made a breast-work, behind which they collected a sufficient force to advance, and make a reconnoissance of our position; they came on with that spirited liveliness with which French troops always move to the attack; but the 71st and the gallant Colonel Cadogan were not slow to meet them, and in conjunction with the Caçadores drove them back. The colonel, at the head of his regiment, leaped his horse over the casks into the midst of the enemy, who were eventually driven down the hill faster even than their ardour brought them up. Thus closed the affair of the day, and no doubt their curiosity was satisfied, as never, whilst we held the position of the lines, did they again show any similar intrusive propensities.

One dark, windy night I was on advance piquet, not far from the large central fort; the French sentries after dusk were pushed to within some fifty yards of ours; the orders were not to fire unless the enemy made a movement in advance; we habitually found them equally civil, and a tacit understanding seemed to exist that we should not shoot one another unless absolutely necessary. An hour before daylight the general of the brigade visited my piquet; it was a hazy morning, and daylight broke slowly; a fog hung in the

\* Now General Sir Julius Hartman, commanding the artillery of the King of Hanover.



dells and over the undulating ground in our front; there was an upright rock at some little distance in advance of the piquet, which looked, in the uncertain light, like a French vedette with his long drab cloak; the general fell into this mistake, and thinking the presumed vedette had advanced too near, ordered me to fire. Knowing thoroughly the ground in my front, I ventured to assure him of his error, at which insinuation he was pleased to be angry and peremptorily ordered me to obey. Of course my compliance was immediate—but the echo of my sentry's shot came back as flat a denial of the presence of an enemy as the sound of a bullet against a rock could well venture to express in contradiction to a brigadier. At this moment Lord Wellington rode up; he asked what had occasioned the firing? the brigadier had an awkward excuse to make, and to avow his incorrectness of vision; Lord Wellington, turning sharply round, asked him "How old are you?" The brigadier replied, "Forty-four." "Ah!" said Lord Wellington, "you will be a great soldier by the time you are as old as I am." The future duke at that time was only forty-one. We remained unmolested in our position, but in constant readiness to meet with prompt attention any visit our opponents might think proper to pay us; for this purpose our men slept in their accoutrements and we in our clothes. An hour before daylight each morning we stood to our arms; the baggage was packed and sent to the rear—clear roads, a clear field, and no "impedimenta" was the order, and thus we remained till daylight made all objects distinct in the distance. Lord Wellington was with us almost daily before dawn, and generally took up his post with his telescope near our advance piquets, or at the large fort which looked down on Sobral and the enemy's posts, till satisfied by personal observation in broad daylight, that no movement of attack was contemplated by the enemy, after which he generally returned to Pero Negro.

Our village (if a few straggling houses could be dignified by the name), was composed of edifices built by no means with too great a nicety to the exclusion of cold or wet. The one I occupied, which might be taken as a specimen of the whole, was composed of two apartments, an upper and a lower one; the latter was intended for a stable, as is the custom throughout Portugal. Into this the men of the company I belonged to were packed, while in the upper room, divided from the lower region by a floor full of holes and of uncertain solidity, were quartered the captain, myself, another subaltern, and the assistant-surgeon of our battalion, a most enlightened man and charming companion. An external wooden staircase from the village street led to the half-demolished door of our garret; an opening like that to a hay-loft immediately opposite the entrance served as window, and the tiles, through which many an aperture was visible, admitted wind and water, the rain washing the officers before it reached the men below. Some husks of Indian corn occupied the corner on the left of the door; two others were filled by large wooden chests, formerly enclosing the worldly goods of the poor proprietors, but now made to serve us as table and bed;



a knapsack was our pillow, and our cloaks our covering. A whole army of fleas in close column were in previous possession of this apartment; they took up an imposing position under the corn husks; we were determined to dislodge them. They disputed the point inch by inch, and the encounter with so formidable a phalanx was not ended without the loss of blood on both sides, and although the main force had been routed, night after night much desultory skirmishing ensued. This, for the best part of five weeks, was our home; the French were more *al fresco*, with certain exceptions, than even we were, and as time jogged on, they huddled themselves.

In the evening we often rode to the advance-posts to hear their bands and see their parades; sometimes our gun-boats on the Tagus, under Lieutenant Frederick Berkeley,\* would wake them up with a cannonade from the river. About this time Lord Wellington received orders to invest Marshal Beresford with the Grand Cross of the Bath, in honour of which he gave a grand ball and supper at Mafra, to which all officers who could be spared from duty were invited. Being on out-piquet that day I was not of the party, but I heard it was to be regretted that more hunger than good-breeding was evinced by some of the invited, whose care for themselves was so great as not quite to follow the maxim of "eat what you please, but take nothing away." It would be hard, however, in this instance, that the faults of the few should be visited on the many; at the same time there could be no doubt that, in the too general invitation given by Lord Wellington, stronger marks of the kitchen and pantry preferences than those of the drawing-room were displayed by some of the guests.

On the 14th of November, in the night, after more than a month's sedative contemplation of our heights, our ravines, our forts, our breastworks and mined bridges, Massena broke up from before the lines of Torres Vedras. In vain had he cast a longing look to find a practicable entry—none such offered, and he retired in disgust: the grapes were sour!

On the 16th, we followed, and on our line of march, in the wine-house of a Quinta, midst empty casks, we found the body of a young French soldier; his face was covered with flies, his figure emaciated, as if he had died from inanition, his uniform in tatters, and without other covering he lay on his back on the ground where he had probably died and was left. Were it not disgusting by its irreverence, it would have been amusing to see the tricks they played with their own dead, stowing them away in all inconceivable places, enclosing them in large chests, placing them upright in full uniform in the recesses of houses and convents, tying them on to the top of windmills with their arms in their hands, pointed as if levelled at those who advanced, and, worse than all, throwing them down wells; one body, with its shako on, was found seated in the pulpit of a roofless chapel, with its musket in the position of presenting arms.

We reached Alemquer, where some little skirmishing had occurred that morning with the French rear; it was left totally empty,

\* Now Admiral Berkeley, M.P.

and in an extraordinary condition of filth; no windows, no doors,—all were destroyed for firewood; the weather was inclement as far as rain went, the roads frightful in respect to mud; not an atom of provender for man or beast to be had, Massena having been starved out of his position before he left it. After seeing our men under cover, several of our officers were huddled, by way of quarter, into the large room of a house in the main street, without fire or the means of making one. In a kind of hiding-place I discovered a sack of Indian corn, and looked on this as a prize for our poor horses and mules, till, on examination, I found fine pieces of glass industriously broken and mischievously mixed amongst it, so that it would have killed an ostrich.

Next day, in equally bad weather, and in the dark, we reached Cartaxo, and were stowed away under cover in an empty convent, with the same facilities of comfort as the previous night.

On the 19th, on assembling we heard that the enemy were only at some eight miles' distance, and that we were to attack them. The morning was fine and the report exciting. Our division, after marching some two hours and a half, came to the turn of a road leading down to a long causeway, which crossed an extensive marsh; above and immediately opposite we once more recognized in line and column and light-infantry order, ensconced in olive groves and in a strong position behind *abattis*, the persons we were seeking to follow with so much trouble in such very bad weather. The Light Division were to attack on our right, and we were to storm this long causeway. Old Brigadier-general Cameron (afterwards Sir Alan Cameron), who was jealous that our brigade instead of *his* was destined to lead the division, informed us that, in his opinion, if our brigade were to lead, "there would be very few left to tell the tale." With this admonition and in a disappointed mood he left us, and we were much amused at the gallant old soldier's manner of expressing his envy at being deprived of the post of honour.

The preparation for attack by the Light Division and ours was all made, and on reaching the head of the causeway of Calhariz, we received orders to load. The causeway was eight hundred yards in length; our orders were to pass the Rio Mayor, over which the bridge and causeway were thrown, in close columns of sections right in front (the width admitting no greater extension), and, on reaching three parts of its length, to jump the parapet on our left down into the marsh, throw out skirmishers, form line quickly, and storm the height before us; the Light Division were to attempt to pass these marshes lower down to our right; and Brigadier-general Crawford, although he tried to disguise it by hanging on his horse's neck, looked full of impatient anxiety to receive the order to advance—but it came not.

"Owing \* to a mistake of the road by a brigade of guns, the attack could not be made as was intended, and in fact ordered, and in the course of that night and the following morning so much rain had fallen as to render it impracticable to cross the Rio Mayor and

\* See the Duke of Wellington's Memorandum of Operations, No. 504.



its marshes. We still, however, continued to work on with our troops on the right of the position of Santarem, on which side it appeared most practicable to approach it; until the 22nd, when the enemy brought up troops of the 8th corps from their rear, and drove in our piquets beyond the bridge of Calhariz. From this circumstance, and others, of which we obtained a knowledge about the same time, it was evident that they had their whole army between Santarem and the Zazere, and not merely Regnier's rear guard, composed of the 2nd corps.

The question of attacking the enemy on their position of Santarem was then well considered, and the notion was relinquished, as the plan was impracticable at that moment on account of the state of the roads and rivulets, as well as because it was obvious that the enemy had their whole army collected in certainly the strongest position in Portugal. The original order to attack was only meant to take place on their outposts, to make them show their troops, their position, and their intention to hold it. This being countermanded, after three days' occupation of a few houses, called Vallé, on the 23rd of November our division countermarched to Cartaxo, which was Lord Wellington's head-quarters for the winter. The Light Division was left on out-post duty on *our* side this famed causeway, in front of Santarem. And this ended the campaign of 1810.

Head-quarters, Cartaxo, December 1st.

Here we were still riding at single anchor, ready to wait on our neighbours early or late, who, being only at a comfortable country visiting distance, might step in at our breakfast or dinner hour any day; we therefore for some time, both night and day, remained ready dressed and accoutred to meet them, and pay all possible and necessary attention to their requirements, and *that* at the shortest possible notice. In time things became more settled, and, finding that our French neighbours had become domesticated in their abode, and had ostensibly settled themselves down during the rainy season and bad weather, we in turn began to think of rendering ourselves a little more comfortable than empty houses, shutterless windows, and hinges *without* doors were likely to allow. We set about in our quarters improving the property of the inhabitants during their absence; for as yet they had not returned. As no fire-places existed, we built chimneys (assisted by the ingenious bricklayers of our corps), repaired doors, made window-frames and filled them with oiled paper. We concocted portable tables and chairs, and stretchers for bedsteads; and at last, after sleeping for three months in our clothes, actually had sufficient confidence and hardihood to go to bed. I shall never forget the comfortless feeling experienced in confiding my person, for the first time, to a pair of cold stark naked sheets. I could not sleep a wink. But at length we accustomed ourselves to repose in our beds, although all were prepared, at a moment's notice, to turn out of them.

Our men were quartered in an empty monastery on entering the town by the road from Lisbon, our officers in the houses near them. Sir Brent Spencer, who commanded *our* division, had a strange



aversion to the noise of drums, and, in winter quarters, ordered them on no account to beat. By some accident a bell, unstolen and unbroken, had been left by the French in the belfry of the empty monastic dwelling, appropriated as a quarter for one of the battalions; their adjutant, Fremantle,\* who particularly disliked Sir Brent's partiality for silence, was somewhat puzzled how the men and officers were to be warned for assembly, and, as he could not drum them, he satisfied himself by ordering the drummer to *toll* his battalion to parade. When it came to his knowledge, this ingenious substitute amused Lord Wellington much; it certainly was ridiculous enough on week-days (although more appropriate on Sundays) to assemble thus. Lord Wellington was very regular in attending divine service at our church parade, but always limited the time of its duration, saying to the chaplain, "Briscal, say as much as you like in five-and-twenty minutes, I shall not stay longer."

This winter I frequently dined with Lord Wellington, and, on the first occasion of doing so, my attention was naturally fixed on observing the manners and conversation of our chief; they seemed perfectly natural, straightforward and open. He conversed with liveliness on most subjects. There was at this period a light-heartedness of manner about him, which betokened more of self-confidence than anxiety or care, and which gave an agreeable tone to the society around him. Although upon his acts depended the fate of nations, few, from observation, could discover that he felt himself in a more responsible position than the youngest subaltern of his army. He seemed to enjoy the boyish tricks of those about him; weighty affairs did not appear to have impaired his zest for the playfulness or jokes of his followers. At table he seldom spoke of military matters, and never of passing events in Portugal; the news of the day from England, the amusements, or social state of Lisbon, or allusions to foreign countries, most frequently formed the topics of his conversation.

One day I met there Mr. Sydenham, a friend of Lord Wellington's, lately arrived on a visit to him. In the course of conversation at table this gentleman expressed his satisfaction at Lord Wellington's apparent good looks and health, and added: "With the details you have to think of, the numerous affairs, both political and diplomatic, you have to provide for, added to the military responsibility you have to bear, I cannot conceive how you can sleep in your bed?"—"When I throw off my clothes I throw off my cares, and when I turn in my bed, it is time to turn out," was Lord Wellington's short and characteristic reply.

The sudden change from a state of action and excitement where daily difficulties were to be overcome or daily wants provided for, to one of comparative inactivity in our winter-quarters, was flat and unprofitable. Without books or anything to break the *tedium vitæ*, the arrival of a mail from England was the great event. When newspapers reached us they were read with avidity; they contained old news of ourselves, besides endless speculative opinions on the

\* Fremantle, previously and afterwards A.D.C. to the Duke of Wellington.

result of the war, each in the plenitude of their simplicity, or, according to their own political views and interests. With one we were all glorious and successful, with another Lord Wellington was an ignoramus and we were all going to a place not to be named in print. On this account I know no position more irksome than that of an English general commanding an army in a distant foreign land. He has his country's enemies before him and his country's *friends* behind him, and it is difficult to say which show him, or desire to show him, less mercy. I am inclined to think the easier of the two to deal with is the enemy in front. Few can tell the harm that was done during this war by newspaper reports and extracts from the letters of officers from Lisbon and elsewhere, lingerers about the hospitals and depots, men both discontented and ignorant, who wrote all kind of trash, which by force of transit across the waves, was transformed into "important intelligence." Every Englishman admires and would support the freedom of the press, but as discretion is the better part of valour, so ought it to be of the power of journalism. The enemy frequently gained intelligence of importance to them through our papers, of which otherwise they would have been wholly ignorant; and at one time Lord Wellington even, in a dispatch to Lord Liverpool, expressed a hope that his own dispatches would not, on this account, be fully published.

Personal considerations now began to have weight with us, and our happiest hours were when the evening closed in and we met together; the inhabitants had begun to return to their homes, provisions had become more plentiful, and when dinner (the best we could provide) was served in our separate quarters among the various coteries, many a young happy face shone by the light of our merry wood fire—many a joyous evening of mirth and laughter was passed by the side of our stone chimney. Those days, alas! are now long gone: the space of nearly half a century is creeping on between them and us: different fates betided the different beings who then were warmed by the cheery spirit of youth and Lamego wine. Hopes, like our blood, ran high and gilded the future for us—but time and reality have cast deep shadows over those early aspirations. Where now amongst immediate friends are to be found Crofton, Jack Fremantle, George Fitz-Clarence, Paulet Mildmay, Gurwood, Tom Bligh, Wentworth Burges? All gone! The first fell in the sortie of Bayonne, the last in an enemy's embrasure, leading a storming-party at Burgos; the third of these died a member of the Upper House, the fourth a member of the House of Commons; Fremantle a general, Gurwood a secretary to the Duke of Wellington, and poor Tom Bligh died, not as he wished, in the field, but of protracted consumption at Valence.

Alas! time has made sad havoc among friends as well as foes, but memory peoples the earth again with them, calling back to mind all their wit, humour, hilarity, and good feeling, till one is tempted, as in the *ci-devant jeune homme*, to exclaim, "*Oh! ma jeunesse, ma jeunesse, où est ma jeunesse?*"

On the 23rd of January the Marquis de la Romana died suddenly, from bursting a blood-vessel as he was dressing to dine with Lord



Wellington. He had arrived not long before at Cartaxo in bad health, having left his corps of 10,000 men in the Alemtejo and at Badajos. He was greatly regretted, being one of the best, if not *the* best of the Spanish generals. Lord Wellington wrote, "In him the Spanish army have lost their brightest ornament, his country their most upright patriot, and the world the most strenuous and zealous defender of the cause in which we are engaged; and I shall always acknowledge with gratitude the assistance which I received from him, as well by his operations as by his counsel, since he had been joined with this army." Lord Wellington and his staff, besides many other officers, attended the removal of the body, which was taken down, on the carriage of a six-pounder gun, in funeral procession to Velhada on the Tagus. On this occasion I made the acquaintance of a very amiable man and gallant soldier, who not only acted but evidently felt as a chief mourner for his departed friend. General Don Miguel Alava had to deplore not alone the loss he had personally sustained, but that by which his country might suffer.

The surrendering of Badajos a few months after through treachery amply realized his fears. This Spanish nobleman's fate was singularly chequered. He had fought against Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar, as second in command to Gravina; on our entering Portugal and Spain he was attached to Lord Wellington, as Spanish aide-de-camp, to communicate with the Spanish armies, and during the whole of the Peninsular War he remained in the same post. His estates near Vittoria had been plundered and taken possession of by the French, and the battle subsequently fought there was on part of his property. When the war was over he returned to Madrid, and Ferdinand the Seventh, merely because he gave his Majesty some honest advice concerning the Cortes, rewarded his services by putting him in prison, where he remained forty days in close confinement. At the personal and urgent interference of the Duke of Wellington he was liberated; he afterwards became ambassador from the grateful monarch who had incarcerated him, to Louis the Eighteenth, and on the return of Napoleon to France he attended his Majesty in his flight from Paris to Ghent. Alava was present, in attendance on his old chief the Duke, at the battle of Waterloo, although he was diplomatically attached to the King of France. Here he was again wounded, notwithstanding which he dictated a dispatch to his sovereign, one of the best and most eloquently descriptive of any published of that great event.

Soon after Waterloo I met him at Paris at the table of the late King of Holland (then Prince of Orange); they had been brother aides-de-camp to the Duke in the Peninsula, their intimacy was great; the party was small, the weather was hot, and the wine was cool—old times were talked of; position was forgotten and sociability prevailed; the conversation was on the late great action, when the Prince said, forgetting that his old friend was now the representative of the Spanish monarch,

"Ah! Alava, what would the Spaniards have done, had *they* been at Waterloo?"

"Very much what the Belgians did, your Royal Highness."



In 1823, Alava formed one of the Cortes and was at Cadiz with King Ferdinand; being a clever and moderate man he did his best to accommodate matters on the arrival of the French under the Duke d'Angoulême, but he found it impossible, from the uncommon want of honesty in the character of King Ferdinand. Again he was exiled, his estates were confiscated, and he remained in banishment until recalled by the Queen Regent, on his being named to the Cortes. During his banishment he principally resided in England, and was a constant guest of his old friend, the Duke of Wellington, both at Apsley House and at Strathfieldsaye.

But to return from this digression, we frequently rode to our outposts at the causeway where our sentries and those of the enemy were placed, quite within conversational distance of each other. The French officers at first came across and conversed with ours, and even invited them into Santarem to attend theatricals they had got up among themselves. An order from Lord Wellington put a stop to this, however, for although evil communication *may* not always corrupt good manners, it is just possible that the very purest intercourse may be the means of conveying inconvenient intelligence. Among the idle clubs, which an assembly of officers off duty was called, there was a story current at the outposts concerning the Assistant Adjutant-general of the Light Division, who, at the table of General Crawford as his chief, used to ask the invited guests to drink wine, and looking the object of his intended attention full in the face would say, "Captain Taylor, a glass of wine?" The officers on comparing notes found that in like manner *all* had been so baptized, the fact being that Captain — called every officer whose name he did not know, whatever his rank might be, "Captain Taylor." When spoken to on this subject by a friend he replied, "Well now, what would you have me do? I don't know that their names are *not* Taylor; there is great probability that I guess right, and sometimes there is applicability when probability is wanting; and as for Captain, as Gibbet says in the play, 'that is a good travelling name,' and so when I don't know a man I *always* call him Captain Taylor. Were I to call out Smith or Brown, it might create confusion. Taylor is more exclusive and *fits* better; there are many of that breed most distinguished from Stultz downwards."

Such was the prattle of a merry, gallant, amusing, good-looking, and active man, now a portly, good-natured *bon vivant* general, who has served in three out of the four quarters of the globe.

This winter Cornet Strenuwitz, of the Hanoverian hussars, particularly distinguished himself on outpost duty, taking prisoners a whole French piquet, considerably more numerous than his own, without losing a single one of his party: he discovered that they were too far removed from their supports, and in the night he cut them off. To be outdone in alertness and manœuvre annoyed *Messieurs les Français* much; retaliation is sweet, and they laid a plan to circumvent the cornet. Unluckily for them, Strenuwitz knew the country even better than they did; and, having gained intelligence of their intention from a deserter, when in a dark night they advanced round his flank to carry off their prize, he and his

piquet were nowhere to be found. Disliking to advance too far, for fear of coming on our supports, the enemy were prudently withdrawing towards their own outposts, when they were surprised by a dashing charge, and cut down by a body of cavalry, coming from the very point on which they were directing their retreat: all of them, including their officer, were brought in prisoners to Cartaxo, more or less wounded. Lord Wellington was much pleased at this conduct, named Strenuwitz in his dispatches, and recommended him for promotion. (He distinguished himself again afterwards in a cavalry encounter in the south of Spain.)

Amongst others of my comrades I was a sportsman; woodcocks were numerous, and snipes were to be found on the low marshy grounds. We had at this time no dogs, but Lord Wellington kindly allowed officers of his acquaintance to take his; and we frequently did so, to our pleasure and profit; as not only the sport, but the result of it, when a good bag was made, was most acceptable, where luxuries for the table by no means abounded: many a pleasant hour was thus passed, which tended to maintain our good health, and increase our good cheer. In preparation for a day's sport, two of us were seated one fine morning at breakfast in my quarter, which was on the right hand, half-way down the main street, on entering the town from Lisbon; the windows looked on the street, but at the back there was an open space or kind of yard, with a well in common to many houses adjoining; we were in a hurry to proceed to our day's sport, but found our servants dilatory in making the necessary preparations for us. After sundry hailings and ejaculations, symptomatic of our impatience, one of our people at last came to us, with a face in which was depicted surprise, risibility, and disgust. On our inquiring what had happened, he replied,

"Oh, we have got him out!"

"Got whom out?" we asked.

"Why, sir, in drawing water, I had the misfortune to drop the camp-kettle into the well, and in trying to fish it out with a hook, I pulled up by the collar of his great-coat a dead French infantry soldier!"

We had been drinking the water for a month!

About this time we received a supply of Congreve rockets from England, which were to be experimented on by our army. Lord Wellington, thinking the enemy the best butt to try them against, rode down to a low, marshy piece of ground which ran between the river and the heights of Santarem, and was separated from the town and French position by the confluence of the Rio Mayor with the Tagus. We commenced operations, at which, amongst others, I happened to be present. The wind was high, and blowing freshly in our teeth; the height to which the rockets were to be directed necessitated a proportionate degree of elevation: live shells were attached to each rocket. After considerable preparation they were discharged; but, to our no small inconvenience, instead of presenting their flight towards the enemy, the wind carried them perpendicularly up, and then brought two of them back amongst us,—we



made off in different directions to give room for the shells to explode harmlessly. After this trial Lord Wellington, in the Peninsular campaigns, made no further use of deadly weapons of such uncertain direction; even in Belgium, in 1815, a brigade of rockets was sent out to him, but he turned three parts of the brigade into guns, saying, that he "preferred nine-pounders."

One day, soon after these experiments, on taking our usual ride to the outpost, we found that Marshal Junot had been wounded by the advance sentry of a piquet of Portuguese *caçadores*, as he approached, surrounded by his staff, within about two hundred yards of this post, and drew forth his glass to commence reconnoitring the ground and position; on this the *caçadore* sentry fired at him, and brought him down from his horse by a shot through the face. It being a good shot, the captain of the company rewarded the man with a dollar.

On the 4th of March, 1811, a private of the 24th regiment was condemned by a court-martial to be hanged for desertion and theft. The sentence was carried into execution on the 5th, in presence of detachments of the regiments of the First division, to which the culprit belonged, and the following order was promulgated from head-quarters.

Adjutant-general's Office, Cartaxo, March 4th 1811.

"1.—As the object in assembling troops in any station to witness a punishment is to deter others from the commission of the crime for which the criminal is about to suffer, the Commander of the Forces requests that upon every occasion on which troops are assembled for this purpose, the order may be distinctly read and explained to them, and that every man may understand the reason for which the punishment is inflicted.

"2.—As for the two years, during which the Brigade of Guards have been under the command of the Commander of the Forces, not only no soldier has been brought to trial before a general court-martial, but no one has been confined in a public guard, the Commander of the Forces desires that the attendance of this brigade at the execution to-morrow may be dispensed with."

Rumours came of the enemy being about to move; and having lost a valuable baggage-mule on our advance from the lines to the causeway of Calhariz, I now made it good by purchasing two at head-quarters, from Lord March.

On the night of the 5th of March, the campaign of 1811 commenced, by the enemy breaking up from their position at Santarem, and beginning their retreat from Portugal: every military motive existed to have induced them to take this step long before; they should have continued their retreat when they broke up from before the lines; but political reasons out-weighed all other considerations. Applying a common-place phrase to the explanation of a diplomatic motive, "What would Mrs. Grundy have said?" had they at once abandoned their original intentions, and retired from Portugal without a semblance of retaining it. Now all Europe, and Spain in particular, was Napoleon's Mrs. Grundy, in whose eyes he did not wish to display either weakness or failure. If the enemy pre-

ferred remaining cut off from their supplies and communications, and starving a little longer, instead of falling back to refit and refresh themselves for a future struggle, we, of course, could have no objection, especially as we were near our own supplies. The patience, prudence, and self-denial of our chief in forbearing to attack the enemy, and in bearing the opprobrium cast on him in consequence by the ignorant or foolish in England, was remarkable, but was now amply rewarded; for, ill-supported and inadequately supplied as he had been by the ministers of that day, still, by husbanding his resources, he had gained his object without risk or bloodshed, and all was prepared to follow up the enemy.

On the 6th, after three months' halt and at half an hour's warning, we left Cartaxo. Every corps of our army was now in full pursuit of the enemy. We entered Santarem, which had been the headquarters of the French army during the winter. We found things in better order than we expected, with the exception of a few houses the enemy had gutted and burned;—among other transmutations, we found a church turned into a theatre, with appropriate decorations. It was a fine, well-built town, superior in size and situation to Cartaxo. — As this last place will probably not again be mentioned, I may here say, that the British troops sent to Portugal by Canning, in 1827, found the town so little changed or improved, that even the names of the officers, and the official quarters assigned to them, were still to be found written in chalk on doors and window-shutters, as they had been left in the year 1810. For seventeen years they had remained uneffaced from the different houses; was this laziness, the economy of soap and water, or for the love of “auld lang syne?” I doubt the latter.

We reached Purnes on the 7th, and halted the 8th. It was a pretty village, romantically situated, with a stream running through it, and with some picturesque waterfalls not far distant. This village was in a wretched condition; the few inhabitants left in it, who either could not or would not fly on the advance of the French, or who had attempted a return to their homes during the occupation of the enemy, were absolutely starving; they had been robbed of all they had, and every violence had been done them.

If the result of the advance of the French into Portugal was calamitous, the scenes witnessed on their retreat were deplorable. Destruction, incendiarism, violation, and murder—in short, desolation marked their course. Their steps were traced by the conflagration of towns, villages, and quintas. From the mountain heights might be seen to rise the smoke from the valleys, where the habitations of the peasant and noble were alike consumed. If the enemy could not exist in the country, they had determined that nothing should be left for others.

While halting for further supplies from our commissariat near the banks of the Alva, I found in a roofless house, which had been destroyed by the flames, the body of a poor old man, who had been shot on his own threshold; a young woman, apparently *enceinte*, suspended to a beam, and a child of tender age lying at her feet, *with its throat cut*. And this was “glorious war,” as carried on by



the French in Portugal in 1811 ! Well might Lord Wellington, at this time, write as follows to Lord Liverpool, in reply to financial objections for supplying the necessary men and materials to prosecute the war in the Peninsula. He says, under date of Santa Maria, 23rd of March, 1811 :—

“ I shall be sorry if Government should think themselves under the necessity of withdrawing from this country, on account of the expense of the contest. From what I have seen of the objects of the French government, and the sacrifices they make to accomplish them, I have no doubt, that if the British army were for any reason to withdraw from the Peninsula, and the French government were relieved from the pressure of military operations on the Continent, they would incur all risks to land an army in His Majesty's dominions. Then, indeed, would commence an expensive contest ; then would His Majesty's subjects discover what are the miseries of war, which, by the blessing of God, they have hitherto had no knowledge of ; and the cultivation, the beauty, and prosperity of the country, and the virtues and happiness of its inhabitants would be destroyed, whatever might be the result of the military operations. God forbid that I should be a witness, much less an actor in the scene ; and I only hope that the King's Government will consider well what I have above stated to your Lordship ; will ascertain as nearly as is in their power, the actual expense of employing a certain number of men in this country, beyond that of employing them at home, or elsewhere ; and will keep up their force here on such a footing as will, at all events, secure their possession, without keeping the transports, if it does not enable their Commander to take advantage of events, and assume the offensive.”

The French being unable longer to occupy Portugal, Massena declared he would render it not worth living in ; and, as far as lay in his power, he kept his word.

On the 9th our division moved through Torres Novas, through a bleak and dreary country, in bad weather, and did not reach Píalva, where we halted for the night, till ten o'clock P. M.

On the 10th, again through bad weather and worse roads, we moved in the enemy's track to Caçares.

On the 11th, after being on the march from half-past six in the morning until ten o'clock at night, we bivouacked in the vicinity of Pombal. Being sent to communicate an order to one of our other brigades, I met in the dark, in an olive grove, a heavy dragoon of ours who had lost his way. He asked me where he “ could find head-quarters : ” the cavalry-man, to my surprise, had an English officer, in the uniform of his regiment, tied to his back. This was Lieut —, an Irish Catholic, belonging to the —th regiment, who had not long before deserted to the enemy, and had been retaken in the skirmish at Pombal that morning, and was now being conveyed a prisoner to Lord Wellington. It was proved, afterwards, that the man was insane, and we had the satisfaction never to hear anything more of him.

On the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, and 15th, there were very sharp affairs each day between the enemy and the Light, Third, Fourth,

and Fifth Divisions, at Pombal, Redinha, Condexa, Miranda, Foz d'Aronce, and the Ceira river. The commencement of that at Redinha was fine in the extreme. The day was clear and bright, the mountainous tract of country beautiful, and the ground on which we deployed and moved forward under fire of the enemy's guns, was extensive in space and grand in view. The Light Division were hard at work, as they always were, skirmishing with activity; the curling smoke rising from the hollow; the sharp rattle of musketry ascending from the woods and valleys beneath our front; the booming of cannon-shot through the air, and the echo of the whole from the distant hills; the solemn advance of our supports in three lines, by division, backed by columns,—oh! it was a noble and gallant sight to look upon, more like some pleasant movement of troops in review, than the deadly and destructive reality of strife; but, as we gained ground, the results, though favourable, left behind their marks of mischief. We marched past the dead, the dying, or the wounded, to that success which, at the time, made those casualties less heeded by the unharmed; but, like some rattling leap taken in a fox-chase, it did not do in soberer minds to look back on what you had gone over. The day was gained, the fatigue was passed, and rest at a merry bivouac fire refreshed the weary for the coming day and contest. They both came, but that of the morrow was not so exciting. The enemy, believing a larger force was on the north bank of the Mondego than merely Wilson and Grant's outposts, and having made some ineffectual attempts to pass the bridge at Coimbra, and some fords where they met resistance, abandoned their idea of retreating in that direction; and as the Third Division now hung on their left flank, they took the road from Condexa to the Puente de Murcella, burning Condexa as they passed through it.

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### THE DRAGON-FLY.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

It skims o'er the spring  
 With its changeful wing,  
 Now dark and now bright;  
 It has long charm'd my sight  
 With chameleon hue,  
 Now red, and now blue,  
 Now purple, now green,  
 Then a glittering sheen.

It flutters, it hovers,—no end of its flights—  
 But hush!—on a meadow flow'r now it alights!  
 There! there! I have caught it—I have it at last!  
 Well now, I'll examine it, holding it fast!  
 Why see! all its bright hues have vanish'd away,  
 And nothing is left but a dull dingy grey!  
 Ah, would you not each bright illusion destroy,  
 Never, never, my friends, anatomize JOY!

ETA.



## "WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?"

### A ROMANCE OF THE DAY.

EDWARD DE MONTMORENCY PLANTAGENET FITZ-OSBORNE was riding in Rotten Row. What dress that man wore! The world has its celebrities of a thousand different classes. Some are renowned for wit; some for valour; some for wisdom; some for knowledge; some for villany; some for philanthropy. But Plantagenet Fitz-Osborne (we can't always write all his names in full, though *he* did) was renowned for dress!

Now we can see a very intellectual man, in an awkwardly cut coat, and trowsers of the fashion of at least four years ago, sneer most sublimely as he reads this fact, almost as sublimely as Fitz-Osborne would sneer at the said coat and continuations.

"What an ass, to be remarkable for nothing but his *dress*!" says Intellectual.

We are not so sure of that. In the first place, we take it to be an axiom indisputable that to be celebrated for *anything*, a man must have talent of *some* kind. Think of the crowded state of society in which we live; think of the thousands elbowing and jostling each other in every walk of life, struggling and pushing, and treading on their neighbours' heels, tripping up those that are before them and scrambling into their vacant places, all driving at one point, that of surpassing their competitors!

Take the Church, ay, even the Church! From the Reverend Highlow Meek, the poorest of poor curates, to the Lord Bishop of Babylon, are they not all scrambling forward, not *only* for the loaves and fishes (in the vulgar sense of the words), but for the prizes, the honours, the distinctions of the profession? Yet how few are known beyond their own little circumscribed sphere of action, how few are celebrated for anything!

Take the Bar. Heaven have mercy on us! what a hungry set they are for fees and honours! How many attain sufficient of either for the world to know anything about them? About a score only, whose names have become "familiar in our mouths as household words."

Take Literature. Run over the list of new books daily issuing from the press, the catalogue of magazines and periodicals, with their dozen articles a-piece; the newspapers and their extensive staff of contributors. Where are the celebrities among the writers? Who are known? Fifty? We doubt it. And yet an author has the best chance of fame of any, for he can blow his own trumpet when he pleases, while at the bar he must hold his tongue till he is called on to speak, and in the church he must wait for somebody's "interest" to get him a living.

It is the same everywhere, even in trade. The celebrities are few, very few, and wherever they are, there also is generally supe-

rior intelligence of some kind, though in *this* case "capital" may sometimes be the only cause of the distinction.

To attain success in anything there are two essentials; first, to have a fixed object; secondly, to have abilities equal to the undertaking. It is astonishing how few men have even the first; how few concentrate their attention to one main object! But even if they do, how still fewer have the intellectual power of attaining it. Probably they are bad judges of their own proper line of action. It does not follow that Tom Slowtongue is a fool because he never could make his way at the bar with all the chances he has had. Probably Tom would have made a capital parson, with his sermons neatly written out, and to be decorously read to an attentive audience. But nature has not gifted Tom with the subtle power of misstating a case with all the appearance of transparent candour and truth, or of sifting the chaff (in two senses) of humbug from the really valid arguments in his adversary's speech. If you look to the lives of any great men you will be struck not only with their deeds, but with their own singular fitness for the peculiar profession in which they shine. It is true that the late Duke of Wellington said he should have made a better chancellor of the exchequer than he did a soldier; but we humbly conceive that he was vastly mistaken. By choice or chance he had certainly adopted the very profession for which his peculiar cast of mind fitted him. And so it has been with all the great lights of the world.

Now our many-named friend Fitz-Osborne had chosen *his* right line, dress, and he had thoroughly succeeded in it. Is there no evidence of talent in his success? Lay aside prejudice, my good reader, and own that there is. He couldn't preach as good a sermon as *you*, my good sir; nor could you tell a Schneider how to cut such a coat as his. He couldn't browbeat a witness or astonish a jury, like *you*, Mr. Horsehair; neither could you tell how to have your nether garments fashioned so faultlessly over the instep as Mr. Fitz-Osborne's, so that they move not the eighth of an inch from his patent leathers, even when he sits on horseback without straps. Don't tell me the merit is his tailor's and not his, else why are not the other well-dressed men about town equally well turned out? You might as well say that the merit of the Britannia Tubular Bridge belongs to the iron-smelters who executed the work, rather than the great engineer who planned it. And then, he is celebrated among the very men who *all* try to do the same thing — they own his talent and bow to it; and *laudari a viro laudato* is something in *any* department of taste.

Edward de Montmorency Plantagenet Fitz-Osborne was riding in Rotten Row, the observed of all observers, lifting his hat gracefully one moment to a Lady Matilda or an honourable Miss Jemima, and nodding familiarly the next moment to one of his own sex. Presently he was accosted by an equestrian who cantered up to his side.

"Ah, Fitz! my dear fellow, how are you?" said the new-comer, who was a stout, jolly-looking man, the very antithesis, in dress and demeanour, of Fitz-Osborne himself.



"How do?" drawled the dandy, who was not very partial to his friend, though somewhat afraid of him. He entertained the same kind of feeling towards him as a lady in gay summer's costume may be supposed to feel for an approaching chimney-sweep in the street, a kind of awful repugnance.

"Fine day—devilish pretty girl that," went on the new arrival, as he stuck close to Fitz's side, and ogled all the ladies to whom the latter lifted his *chapeau*. "I say, Fitz, I want you to come and dine with me on Thursday; I've got some foreigners coming; you and I shall be the only Englishmen; but the Frenchmen are first-rate fellows, I assure you, and the best-dressing men in Paris. They have heard of you, and particularly want to meet you."

Fitz-Osborne was flattered and delighted, and promised to attend the dinner without fail. He mentally resolved also to eclipse "the best-dressing men in Paris," or perish in the attempt.

"How the deuce that awkward cub Horsley can have become intimate with such men, I can't think," he reflected to himself. "And Frenchmen are so keen in their perceptions, and have such a vivid sense of the ridiculous; and what *can* be more ridiculous than Horsley's coats? Except, perhaps, his waistcoats or his trowsers—ha! ha!" and Fitz-Osborne laughed a lady-like laugh, as though he had perpetrated a joke.

Friday came, and the dandy commenced his toilette for the important dinner. We feel that our own powers are too feeble to do justice to the subject, and so we shall not attempt to describe the process of the young gentleman's "getting himself up." Homer was fond of describing his heroes equipping themselves for the field, but the passages in which he does so, always struck us even at school as the dullest (and the hardest to construe) in his poem. Virgil follows his example; and the most correct (perhaps, also, the most fascinating) of our own poets, Pope, gives the most charming pictures of Belinda at her toilet:—but a lady's toilet is entirely another matter—something far more ethereal and as much elevated above the vulgar male toilet, as Homer, Virgil, and Pope, are above the humble chronicler of the deeds of Mr. Edward de Montmorency Plantagenet Fitz-Osborne.

So we must even beg the indulgent reader to draw upon his own imagination for the portrait of Mr. Fitz-Osborne, when, after two hours and a half of careful labour, he considered himself perfectly equipped for the all-important dinner; and as he took the last look at himself in his Psyche-glass and another in his *cheval* ditto, fancied, in vulgar phraseology, that he "just *had* done it."

He stepped into his brougham and drove to St. James's Place, where his host resided, and in about five minutes the butler had announced his many euphonious names to the already assembled guests who, however, were only two in number.

"How are you, Fitz?" cried the host. "Allow me to present you to Monsieur Isidore Gaillard, and to Monsieur Jules Berthollet, very good friends of mine, and men of the most distinguished taste."

Fitz-Osborne bowed an English bow, which is a kind of spas-

modic twitch of the neck, the rest of the body being kept rigidly immovable. The Frenchmen bowed *very* French bows, which consisted of making their bodies into obtuse angles from the hip, and laying their right hands on the particular spot of their waistcoats beneath which their hearts (when Frenchmen have such things) are supposed to beat. It struck Fitz-Osborne that the bows were a little bit overdone even for Frenchmen; but he might have been mistaken, or, perhaps, it was merely the effect of the great respect they felt for a man so confessedly *à la mode* as himself, and to see whom they had expressed such an ardent desire.

"All right, Rivers; serve up," said the host to his butler, who lingered in the room.

Immediately afterwards they went to the dining-room, and sat down a *parti carré*.

"They *are* devilish well-dressed," thought Fitz-Osborne to himself, after many a stealthy glance at the Frenchmen's costume: "I wonder who they are—Gaillard—Berthollet—I do not recollect the names among any of the fellows in the set I knew at Paris. That Gaillard, by the way, doesn't take his soup quite in the way *I* like to see it done: but, perhaps, it's a new free-and-easy French style—it's bad though—they get so very 'tigerish' in Paris now."

"*A votre santé, Monsieur,*" cried Berthollet: and wonder-stricken was Fitz-Osborne to see him bowing and drinking to *him*.

"Hang it!" he thought, "are they going to bring back the vile custom we abolished long ago of taking wine together! 'Pon my soul I must go to Paris again and see what all these changes mean!"

By degrees the conversation flowed rapidly, Fitz-Osborne was deep in his favourite theme of dress with Gaillard, who astonished him by the taste and delicacy of his remarks—he had really quite a poetical way of describing every new and graceful peculiarity of costume, and was acquainted with the name of every fabric, and the name, too, of every distinguished "cutter" in every tailor's of importance in London and Paris. Fitz-Osborne almost began to fear that Gaillard would eclipse him in his own study! He had an odd way, this Gaillard, of saying constantly "in *our* profession, you know," which puzzled Fitz, who didn't know to what profession he belonged, and wouldn't have asked for the world: for when *does* an Englishman ask a question for information on any subject, from the political state of the foreign land in which he may be travelling, down to the time of day, though he may be profoundly ignorant of either, and anxious to know it?

Berthollet was talking to Horsley, but in a very different tone from that used by Gaillard towards himself; in fact, he was puzzled by the respectful manner, almost amounting to obsequiousness, with which they both addressed the host. And the idea of "a cub, like Horsley," inspiring such respect in two such "well-dressing Parisians," astonished him not a little.

While sitting over the claret, a note was brought in to Horsley, read it in apparent annoyance.



"My dear Fitz, can you excuse me? The fact is, there is to be a division in the House to-night on Lord John's motion, and they want every man they can get; they've sent up in haste for me, and I really think I *must* go, if you will allow me."

"Don't mention it," said Fitz: but he wondered why he did not apologise more to the Frenchmen than himself.

"By-the-by, Fitz, I have Markham's box at her Majesty's to-night. Will you take our friends, and I'll join you there?"

"Delighted," said Fitz: and the host departed.

Fitz's brougham was sent for, and he and the Frenchmen drove to the Opera. Passing up the grand staircase, they met one of the *attachés* to the embassy coming down. Fitz's companions lifted their hats most politely, and the *attaché* gave a nod. But Fitz did *not* see the rather astonished glance directed by that gentleman towards himself.

They entered Markham's box, and as the curtain was down, they did nothing for a few minutes but stare about the house. Many were the opera-glasses directed towards them, and much was the whispering going on apparently about them. Fitz set it down all to curiosity to know who the Frenchmen were, and he was quite right in his guess. He mentally exclaimed, "Yes! you'd be puzzled to pick out three better dressed men than *we*, I fancy." And he was not very far wrong in that supposition.

The curtain rose, and the opera went on; Sontag singing as divinely as in days of yore, and Lablache, the giant of song, seconding her with equal success. The Frenchmen were in raptures, as Frenchmen only can be, and slightly shocked Fitz's notions of good-breeding, which being completely of the English caste, consisted in being unmoved at anything from an earthquake to a pirouette.

When next the curtain fell, Fitz determined to pay a few visits about the house, and so, with apologies, he left his new friends for a time.

"Devilish well-dressed fellows those with you," said Colonel Filagree to him, in the omnibus-box,—"Frenchmen, I suppose?"

"Yes," responded Fitz, "very distinguished characters indeed,—scions of the *ancienne noblesse*, as you may guess by their air." Now the truth is, that poor Fitz knew nothing at all about his friends' pedigrees; but being considerable of a *parvenu* himself, he had a very great love of aristocratic birth, and therefore extemporized a genealogical tree for the Frenchmen on the spot.

"What names?" asked Filagree.

"De Gaillard and De Berthollet," said Fitz, carelessly, sticking in the "de's" himself.

"De Gaillard—De Berthollet—very odd—don't recollect those names among the *noblesse*, though I know Paris society pretty well," muttered the colonel, who was a terribly inquisitive old *beau*, and a perfect nuisance to a man in Fitz's position at this moment. "Gaillard—Berthollet—it seems to me as if the names were familiar to me too. Let me see;" and he went on muttering again inaudibly to himself.

Fitz didn't like all this; so he left the box and went to Mrs. Baxendale's.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Fitz-Osborne," said the lady eagerly, "I am delighted to see you, and so will Lavinia be," turning to her daughter, "for she is positively enchanted with the aristocratic appearance of one of your friends there. Who is he? what is he?"

"Which of them?" asked Fitz, innocently.

"Now, don't ask such a question, Mr. Fitz-Osborne," said the lovely Lavinia, a young lady of thirty-two, and a florid complexion and hair. "Can you pretend not to know *which* mamma means? Why, that tall handsome one, with the dark moustache, of course."

"His name's De Gaillard—one of the oldest families in France," responded Fitz, with perfect confidence this time, because he knew that Mrs. Baxendale and her daughter would devoutly believe every word he said, and be quite unable to detect any little departure from strict veracity.

"I was sure of it," said Lavinia; "there is something so unmistakable in high birth, and especially in Frenchmen of high birth—is there not?" Miss Baxendale's father was a man of fortune, and her grandfather had been a grocer. She didn't know that Fitz's pedigree was on a par with her own, nor did he know anything of hers; so that each believed in the other.

"Oh, certainly—decidedly," said Fitz. "By the way, shall I introduce him—or them, rather; for I can't bring one without the other?"

The proposal was received with the greatest delight, and Fitz hurried away for his friends. In a few minutes they were bowing and scraping and chatting in Mrs. Baxendale's box.

It was with difficulty they could get away from the fascinations of the fair Lavinia, who had almost as much enslaved Monsieur Gaillard's heart, as he had impressed her susceptibility.

"*Quelle chevelure!*" exclaimed he, as soon as they had returned to their own places, and referring to Miss Lavinia's hair. Fitz looked to see if he were quizzing; but the Frenchman was evidently in earnest.

Fitz-Osborne was so well-satisfied with the result of his first introduction of his new friends to ladies, that he resolved to take them elsewhere. So he announced to them, that if they would accompany him, he could call at several other boxes. They were delighted, but greatly astonished, apparently, at the extent of his acquaintance. "And the condescension and the affability of the English ladies," they said, "was beyond all belief."

It struck Fitz that Gaillard had a deuced odd way of expressing himself. "Condescension!—affability!" Well, he supposed it was very French; but he didn't like it; and he wished he really *did* know something more of them and their pedigrees.

However, they flitted about with him from box to box, and were introduced to a great many men, and one or two ladies. The men didn't appear to like them much; and Fitz heard young Ellison of the Guards whisper his opinion that they were "D—d snobs!" *which* rather disconcerted him; but the young ladies were very well



pleased with them. On the whole, however, he felt uncomfortable; there was an indefinable fear that it "wasn't all right" somewhere, and it would have given him great satisfaction if Messrs. Gaillard and Berthollet had bid him adieu; or, still more, if they had volunteered their own histories; provided such histories would have borne out his own account of them, and proved them to be veritably of the *ancienne noblesse*.

As they were sitting in their own box again, he observed that they had become more than ever objects of attention; and he greatly feared that they were by no means free from certain looks of surprise and half-suppressed smiles. He was getting very uncomfortable, and proportionally indignant.

Suddenly he thought he saw Horsley in a box on the pit tier—but right at the back as if desirous of keeping out of sight. He levelled his glass at the particular box, but decidedly there was no Horsley then. He could have sworn he *had* seen him.

"Very odd! why does n't he come to us? What's old Filagree laughing at? he's certainly looking up here. There's that young puppy Ellison, too, in the 'omnibus' grinning. And, hang it! if that Miss Tatham did n't regularly turn away from my last look, though we were almost *flirting* in her box a few minutes ago. There's her brother, too, scowling as if I had insulted them. 'Pon my soul this is getting very mysterious, and by no means pleasant."

He called the box-keeper for an ice to cool himself. He positively fancied he saw a suppressed grin on the man's face as he served him. He nodded to a friend in the stalls—his friend did not see him, or *would* not; it really appeared to him very like the latter. He was getting savage.

Messrs. Gaillard and Berthollet seemed perfectly indifferent to, and unconscious of, all that was thus vexing their new friend. The glances towards them they imputed to the circumstance of their being foreigners, and the sensation they had produced by their fascinating manners in the various *loges* they had visited in the course of the evening.

Right opposite their box was that of the Countess of Rosedale. The countess had come in late, and with her was the very lovely and accomplished Lady Emily Fairbridge, her daughter. These two ladies also were now decidedly looking towards Fitz much more often than might have been expected in ladies of such faultless breeding, and vain as the dandy was he could not impute their glances to admiration of himself, for he positively saw Lady Emily very palpably tittering. There were two or three men also in the box, and *they* seemed to be enjoying some monstrously good joke as if at *his* expense. This, coupled with all that he had witnessed in other parts of the house, exasperated him to such a degree that he determined to find out the meaning without delay, and if any insult were intended, to punish the *men*, at least, for it. So, assuming a cool and careless air, he asked his French friends whether they would allow him to present them to the countess and her daughter? The Frenchmen were overwhelmed at the proposal, asked him if he were serious in the offer, and *whether the customs* of his country allowed

him to take such a liberty? Fitz was rather disgusted at the idea of anything he thought proper to do being construed as a liberty by any one; but he imputed the question to the overstrained courtesy of the foreigners, and so he begged them to accompany him round the house to Lady Rosedale's box.

The obsequious box-keeper opened her ladyship's door and announced Mr. Fitz-Osborne's name. He entered, the ladies turned their heads, and seeing the two Frenchmen behind him, they rose from their seats and looked indignant. The men present scowled at him, but laughed too as if they could not help it, and the Countess said sternly,

"Mr. Fitz-Osborne, what is the meaning of this insult?"

Fitz stared and said, "Madam!"

Somebody nudged his elbow, and said, "Fitz."

He turned, and saw an intimate friend, who whispered, "You had better go out a moment, and ask your French friends *who they are*."

The tone struck Fitz, and he followed the advice with precipitation, and in a terrible state of doubt.

"Gentlemen," said he, "pardon the liberty I take, but—but—there is some mistake."

"Ah! I thought the countess would not allow it," muttered Gaillard; "it would not have been allowed in Paris, even in the hottest days of the *liberté, égalité, fraternité* republic."

"Not allow it, sir? what do you mean?" cried Fitz hastily. "who are you? *what* are you?"

"My name, as Monsieur is aware, is Gaillard, my profession is the same as Monsieur's."

"As *mine*, sir? I *have* no profession—I never had any, sir. I am a man of fortune."

"How?" exclaimed Gaillard, "then Monsieur is not an *artiste*, a—"

"*What?*" cried Fitz in a rage.

"Monsieur is not, then, to be plain (though it is not the custom in our country to call things by the vulgar name) Monsieur is not like ourselves, a tailor!"

"Tailor!" shrieked Fitz, and it's a wonder he did n't go *into fits* (forgive a bad pun, kind reader). "Go to —" we can't finish Mr. Fitz-Osborne's very unrefined peroration and objurgation.

The tailors *did* go—back to their box.

Fitz went home, and wrote a challenge to Horsley; but, after an hour's consideration he tore it up, for he felt that he dared not stay another day in town to face St. James's, which would be ringing with laughter at the absurd story of his ridiculous hoax, to say nothing of the dozen challenges that would be sent to *him* by the indignant brothers of the various young ladies to whom he had introduced his friends of the *ancienne noblesse*.

He dashed off to the Continent—not to Paris. His last draft on his banker is dated "Cairo," and nobody knows when he will return to England. Not yet!







*Adapted.*

COUNTESS OF LOVELACE.

*Daughter of the late Lord Byron*



## THE COUNTESS OF LOVELACE (ADA BYRON).

WITH A PORTRAIT.

ADA BYRON !

"The child of love, though born in bitterness  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements."

The ill-starred father, whose wail of remorseful sorrow was thus uttered in burning verse that found an echo, then and since, in many a heart, was, as such a poet should be, a prophet, when he added,

"But thy fire  
Shall be more tempered—and thy hope far higher."

Ada resembled him only in genius, and in that generosity and nobleness of feeling, which shone out from the midst of "all the madness" of her father's mind, and all his "faults," which the world was never slow to acknowledge. She inherited whatever was grand and good in his character; and even envy itself cannot but confess that, like the "archangel ruined," he could never divest himself of the divine part of his nature, which glowed in his undying numbers, when the subject he chose was worthy of them. Her heart, like his, was full of sympathy for others, of impatience of injustice, above all little views, and open to all liberal impulses. She had wit, readiness, and repartee; and her genius, although it had a touch of her father's, was, in the direction it took, more prone towards those remarkable acquirements which distinguish the mind of her mother. The power of melody which dwelt within her found for itself a voice in music, rather than in verse, and, like her father, whatever she did was grand and perfect in its kind. Her mathematical attainments were of the highest order,—an accomplishment which the wilful poet, in his angry moods, condemns in a woman, but which he would hardly have wished to see repressed, had he lived to be justly proud of the

"Sole daughter of his house and heart,"

of whom he made an ideal in his desolate heart, cherishing the portraits sent to him from time to time, the little lock of soft glossy hair, and whatever tokens his unhappy fate could yet allow him.

"All this was in his nature ;"

but, alas ! there wanted some tender, judicious friend to step between him and his anger fed by solitude and by self-accusation, as well as by imagined wrongs. If he had lived till Ada had been old enough to understand the exact position of her unfortunate parents, she would, doubtless, have been the angel of peace that might have preserved them from those "years all winter" which both had to endure.

No one who was acquainted with the daughter and the wife of the great poet, whose sorrows and whose faults a world deploras, but must feel certain that this is no baseless vision; for there existed in the heart of Ada so deep a fountain of goodness, that such a mission, had it been practicable, would not have been unfulfilled by her. It would be out of place at such a moment to express further conviction of the manner in which such ministry would have been welcomed by her who was the victim of

"The fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom."

It is too late!—the grave has closed over the erring father and the warm-hearted daughter; and the cloud destined to overshadow the life of one of the most injured, amiable, and patiently suffering of her sex, cannot now disperse—the gloom cannot be chased away; for though the storm has spent its fury, the sky so long disturbed can offer but transient gleams of consolation.

For long weary months the mother of Ada has kept incessant watch by the side of that couch on which her child lay in acute suffering—self-denying, devoting her whole attention, bent on the possibility of youth and natural strength prevailing, hoping to the last, and never quitting her melancholy post. It was otherwise decreed, and the

"Sole reward of so much love"

must be in the happy reflection of a sacred duty so resolutely and tenderly fulfilled.

Ada, in early life, had some of her father's tastes; she loved the sea, and delighted in the wild agitation of the waters; and she was also a fearless and persevering equestrian,—his long and rapid rides by the desolate margin of the Adriatic, were more than equalled by her untiring courses: and she felt the same exhilaration of spirit as he did when he laid his hand upon the mane of ocean, or gave the rein to his steed on the sandy Lido; but, alas! he fled from his own thoughts, while Ada bounded along full of joy and gaiety of heart, enjoying the pastime for its own sake.

There was something in her countenance, although she more resembled her mother, which recalled her father's expression at times. The brilliancy of eye and flashing glance, which gave animation to her words, were his; and a momentary similarity might be occasionally detected in the play of her features. Her gentle, refined manners were her mother's, as well as much in her personal appearance.

She could not be seen without exciting interest, and her conversations are treasured in the minds of many who casually met her. Perhaps it was nearly the last time she appeared at an evening party, that the writer of this brief recollection saw her, at a nobleman's house in the country, where her appearance was somewhat unlooked-for. She had come from her own country-house by railroad to pay her mother a morning visit, when the host alluded to laid an embargo on her departure, and insisted that she should make one of his guests for the evening. There immediately arose a comic



distress as to her costume, as she was in her travelling attire; all objections were, however, over-ruled, and by dint of a few bows of bright riband, and a black lace veil, her appearance was made as suitable as the case admitted.

Amongst the crowd of splendidly-dressed ladies that crowded Lord ——'s rooms, Ada's black robe was the more striking; and the writer was immediately led to observe her as one of the most picturesque and remarkable personages there. She sat near a heavy curtain of rich drapery; above her hung a classically-shaped lamp, whose soft light fell full upon her face: she was smiling and talking with animation; and the first impression was that she was handsome and brilliant-looking.

At the moment when she was thus observed she was conversing with Morier, the lamented author of "Hadji Baba," and said, *à propos* of some remark that had gone before, laughing gaily, as she spoke, in a tone that might well have been her father's,

"Oh, life, after youth is past, is like soda-water when the effervescence has escaped."

"Yes," observed one of the group near her, taking up the idea, "not like champagne, for what is left of that has still some spirit."

A laugh followed this sally, and Ada went on to speak of youth and its enjoyments.

"In youth," she continued, "one has such enthusiasm for things which appear so worthless and vapid in later life, and every trifling event is then an epoch with us. We look back with wonder on our former feelings!"

It struck me that this sentence was like reading a paragraph of one of her father's familiar letters. All she said was simple and natural, but there was thought in every word. She had requested that the author of a recent novel should be presented to her, and the encouraging manner in which she expressed her pleasure in his book evidently went home to his feelings; and he must have been infinitely gratified to hear her, with ready memory, run through the scenes, and recal the situations, dwelling on certain characters, and pointing out the parts which she thought most amusing.

The unaffected goodnature which had induced her to appear at this very party "without a bridal garment," was afterwards commented on in another sense; and her somewhat *bizarre* costume attributed to a desire to attract attention!—so popular is misrepresentation, and so tardy are people to give credit in the right place. Total strangers alone, however, could attribute to the amiable and single-hearted daughter of Byron any motives but those which arose from a desire to satisfy others, and afford gratification to all around her.

She lived much in retirement, occupied by her favourite studies; and her friends and acquaintances were all chosen from the most accomplished and the most liberal-minded. To all of these she was dear and valuable; and a melancholy void is now left for them in the society which her friendship and cheerfulness vivified and adorned.

## SOCIETY AND LETTERS IN 1853.

THERE is no year, or commencement of one, the aspect of which might more startle one of these fabulous sleepers for centuries, should he claim to awaken, than this present opening of 1853. Had he slept even but for one year he would find in public opinion and the state of the world's affairs sufficient change since the close of 1851 to amaze him. Let him but merely contemplate the vital question of a corn-duty buried, with the consent of the party which so bestrode it whilst living, and this alone might make the sleeper of a brief year rub his eyes out with astonishment. If he was a man who, like ourselves, sought intellectual entertainment and occupation, independent of politics, he would be highly pleased at a consummation which had at last removed that night-mare of political economy which has weighed upon all disquisition and discussion during the last seven years and more, and which has overlain so many lighter topics and pursuits, stifling all, even the broad grin of "Punch" and the vivacity of such noisy jokers as Albert Smith. Our very novelists' taste is for illustrating political theses. Charles Dickens had his eye upon the poor-law and got his head into Chancery, and Mr. Titmarsh dipped the light goose-quill of "Vanity Fair" into the sable ink-horn of a Jacobite plot.

We fear much, however, that the settlement of one grand disputed question of political economy will not prevent others from weighing upon us, and overshadowing that reckless confidence in our lot and juvenile enjoyment of such pleasures and holidays as it allowed, with a buoyancy that entitled our forefathers to style their country Merry England. Methinks there is undeniably greater gravity amongst us than there used to be, the gravity not of Puritanism, but of care. The great cause of this is the great fact of the times, viz., that every enterprize and every course in life have become far more difficult of attainment than they used to be. Fortunes are not so easily made; money is not so easily turned; intellect is not so easily rendered conducive to profit; eminence and competence are not so easily secured in any profession. The several classes of society have been made to discover this one after another. And trouble, despair, and clamour arose from each at the moment of enlightenment. It was the manufacturers one day, the squires the next. It at first involved all kinds of classes and professions, and even political economy was interpreted in their favour. But at last the big and ruthless public fell to calculations touching their own large interests, insisting upon them, and then good-bye to class-advantages.

This, we truly think, is the great fact, event, and turning point of the middle of the nineteenth century in England and elsewhere, and it is worthy of our consideration, not merely from its political



bearings as from those of its effects, which we sensibly feel on the fate, nature, and cultivation of letters, as well as upon the tone and character of society in general. Let us review each position in life and consider the immense changes wrought in them during the last twenty-four years. The produce of land has lost in England from one-third to one-half of its exchangeable value. The produce of most manufactures in England has done the same. So that as far as the interchange goes between food and the other commodities of life, the level is now pretty near where it was half a century ago, though the level of both be so much lower. But with prices have gone down profits, and leave but little of a standing surplus to each individual, however great that surplus may have become in the mass.

In forming an estimate, however, or writing a history of the vicissitudes of wealth, one of the most interesting that could be written, the present calculator or the future historian must bear in mind that the landed interest and the gentry have never received hurt or injury, without giving utterance to a loud cry of impatience and despair. We have but to look over the records of all that has been said and written in England for the last thirty or forty years, to be fully acquainted with all that has befallen the agriculturist. The capitalists have suffered more, far more, but they have said less, nay, have said almost nothing. The owner and the dealer in money is in fact a diplomatist in his calling. He is a very Machiavel at dissimulation, except that he hides his thoughts and veils reality, to avoid ruin rather than to work it. Even after a loss he has the proud carriage of a gamester about him, to let his head sink beneath the surface, and the breath of life itself be extinguished without giving utterance to a cry. You may see every day on Change, an example of the Spartan boy, who concealed the fox that was tearing out his vitals. Your man of land cries out, if a weasel but nibble at his extremities.

The most startling and surprising fact of the day, nay, of the century, is, that the English merchant, the old English merchant, as the character none can understand, has disappeared from our commercial soil. What are your great mercantile houses now, in London or in Liverpool? Commission houses, no more. The merchant princes are disappearing, not that they are ruined or that wealth and trade will not be found in unison hereafter as heretofore; but the mode of employing that wealth is undergoing a revolution. When interchange between different parts of the globe required the space of a year or half a year, when intelligence was equally tardy, when trade depended on the capital, the skill, the position, the conduct of the trader, the great interchange and profit by it was confined to few. But now London is within a month of Bombay, within ten days of Boston. A price current flies upon the wheels of steam, nay, upon what we can no longer call the wings, but on the lightning of the electric telegraph. Ships have been rendered cheap, not worth the keeping of the great traders. He can freight them at a far less rate. The business and character, therefore, as well as the *influence of these merchant princes exist*

no longer, at least as they were wont to do. They exist no doubt, and are multiplied, but they belong to a democracy of traders. The ideality and the aristocracy of commerce, such as poets have depicted—these are gone or metamorphosed into a far different class of beings.

This is merely a digression, a finger stretched out to show the immense social changes at work in these, the mid-years of our century, on those classes and influences of society, which are considered by some as destined to dominate over, and swallow up all others. Land, with the position of all those who live on it, has undergone great changes and will undergo still more. Money, with the fortune of the classes who possess it and employ it, has also had its revolution. Whilst, what the naturalists would call the parasitic classes, that is, those who live on the possessors of land and capital, of course partake in the changes of those on whom they depend.

Let any one contemplate, for example, the change that has befallen the proud profession of the law, and compare for a moment what that profession was twenty-five years ago and what it is now. The law was a fourth estate; the first and brightest in the public eye, as respected as Parliament itself, and far more interesting. The gains of its members were enormous, the prizes that might fall, even to secondary men, the greatest a monarch can bestow. All these fine prizes were the result of a system, the natural fruit of a tree. The fruit and the branches still remain, but the trunk is withered and the roots torn up. The great salaries of the judges were given them because less could not induce or recompense them to give up the emoluments of the law. But these emoluments are gone, and parliamentary economists will soon find out, that with them have vanished the pretexts for an expensive judicature. The law, as a great profession in England, has, in fact, been cut by the heel, and cannot fail to be lowered by the head. This alone is a stupendous revolution to record in the middle of the nineteenth century.

Having thus signalized the ruin of one of our great English professions, let us cast a glance at its sister professions, and offer some opinions as to their condition and fate. Contemplating, first, the profession of medicine, surely *it* cannot suffer, for the very good reason that it has ever been deprived in England of its just rights and legitimate equality. Whilst other professions led to the first dignities and emoluments of the state, a physician could be nothing but a physician. To become a baronet was considered a most extravagant honour to be awarded to the most successful practitioner; when George the Fourth, we know, in the case of Astley Cooper, declared that a coronet would be tarnished by being made to rest on the brows of a man of medical science. As connected with science, the study of medicine, in all other countries, leads to even higher fortunes, than law or even church. In England a medical man is almost precluded from any other ambition than that of putting together a fortune with as much rapidity and rapacity as possible. But even in this most legitimate and humble *aim*, the economy of the present age is likely to interfere. We



shall have free trade in medicine, probably, as in everything else. The public will exclaim against the exorbitance of fees and consultations, and physicians will have to send in their bills to be taxed, like those of the attorneys.

In considering the condition and fate of those large influential portions of society, filled by the learned professions, we should not forget that profession which is the most common of all, the profession of politics, which is changed, no doubt, but far less changed, than any one who had looked forward from 1831 could have supposed. Why this has been the case, would take some time to explain. But a few remarks may lead the inquirer to a solution of the difficulty. English politics in 1850 are precisely what English politics were in 1830, a bad profession, and an unprofitable speculation for any one who has not the advantage of aristocratic connexions. It is as easy now, no doubt, as it was difficult then, for a person unconnected with either great families or great fortunes to get into Parliament. A man can win the free voters of Westminster, or of Leeds, without either being a lord, or without ever having known one. But if the ascent from private life to Parliament has been smoothed, the ascent from Parliament to office is steeper and more difficult of being surmounted than ever. This, in fact, cannot be done by any, even the most superhuman efforts of individual energy. Association is indispensable to political success. And those politicians who start up from the ranks of the people, spend the better part of their lives before they learn first the necessity, and then the common rules and requirements of political association. Even when they do learn them, their constituents have not learned them, and do not like that system of compromise and management, the sacrifice of one principle or question in order to further another, which forms one of the necessities of political association. A popular constituency likes its member to be independent, that is to say, powerless and worthless. You cannot include the members of popular constituencies into any cabinet. And there, then, all men wander about, ambitious for office, yet incapable of it, discontented with men and things, mere misanthropes, condemned to nullity, to grumbling, and to isolation. The sight of able men so completely foiled and disappointed, alarms others from following in their path, and thus the great positions and prizes in politics, are left to those disciples of the aristocracy and the higher classes, who have got the habits and traditions of political management and association.

The distaste, that for twenty years, since the passing of the Reform Bill, has completely held every popular man from office, will sooner or later be surmounted. Perhaps the very moment in which we are writing, is that destined to mark and inaugurate as great a change. At all events, we do not think that the politicians will escape the movement, that is shoving on and letting down all professions and callings, that has not shrunk from diminishing both the revenues and the influences of the powerful country gentlemen, and that, as we have shown, has equally humbled the prince and divided the *substance of the merchant*. We might

speak of the fundholder, and depict in very moving and very lugubrious terms, what great spontaneous productions of gold in two hemispheres, at the same time, are likely to produce. But we have gone deep enough into politics and political philosophy, without getting into the quagmire of monetary disquisition.

In all estimation of the happiness and prosperity of a society, it is not so much the riches and comfort of the due portion of any society, which constitutes content, as the possibility and likelihood of men bettering their condition. If the whole population of England, or of any country, was at once gifted with competence, and then bidden to be stationary, that would not constitute a happy or contented society. Much more happiness and content would arise from much less competence, provided there was a manifest movement upwards, and each allowed facilities to ascend, according to the efforts of his industry or his talent. Nature abhors a void. Society abhors stagnation. Industry, without hope and life, without motion, is alike insupportable. This is the cause of French discontent. This is the origin of all the revolutions of that country. Property is greatly divided. There is no rich, but there are few poor. Almost all have the means of livelihood. But none have chance of rising. There is no opening, no scope, no career. Life for the modern Frenchman has no future either in this world or the next. He has no hold of religion, and no hope from industry. He flies, therefore, to anything which promises a change, to communism or to reckless insurrection.

England would be in a worse state but for its colonies, past and present. This it is which offers such riches for people who were literally poor at home. We hear persons complaining, that the colonies take from us not our poor, but our enterprising men and minds, with a little capital, who did nothing whatever with their enterprise and their little capital at home, and who had little enterprise and activity to turn their attention to land, whilst pent up within their narrow shores, as the Frenchman in his department. A clever man wrote the other day a clever book, called "Money and Morals," to prove that money accumulates faster than people can possibly have a mode of turning it. He was right. But he was wrong in devising means for getting rid of it. It is well able to get rid of itself in a country with a colonial empire like ours. For the United States are part of our empire. It is the colonial vent that gives escape to all the unused steam of our great intellectual and industrial workshop, and which gives security, activity, and health.

But, whilst admitting that our colonial empire abroad and principles of free trade at home, have made great openings for the industrious and enterprising to rise out of their class, and by their disappearance to foreign climes, left openings for active industry at home, which otherwise would have remained stagnant; there is still much to be desired, much that might be done. Whilst the classes of skilled labour and small capital are lured and whisked off to the other ends of the world in search of fortune, the great mass of the unskilled, mere agricultural labourer is left, with little of *that hope, excitement, and activity*, which sets in motion the classes



above him. The railroads, indeed, when they were cutting, offered large premiums for physical strength, and the powerful navvie was enabled to earn in proportion to his sinews, and to his willingness to exert them. But even this has passed away, and whilst it lasted, it was but a premium on the brute part of humanity, which led the said part of England into excesses and animal comforts, without any corresponding elevation of the class, of its morals, or its mind. With that great exception, the English clodhopper, not to speak of the Irish, remains pretty much what he was, unenlightened by education, unhumanized by contact with his superiors, without the means, or even the necessity, of being provident if he would. A minimum of wages whilst he can work, and the poor-house when his vigour fails, takes all that is ennobling out of him, and gives him the homely and every-day expression "no chance" in life.

There is another consideration, too, connected with this fact of the present state of England and of the English race throughout the globe, affording great advantages and facilities for men of industry and small means to rise from out of their class; it is, that the great facilities thus afforded are confined almost exclusively to the money-making faculty, and to the bettering of material condition. The same openings and facilities are not given to mind in England. The cultivation of the intellect in other countries is favoured by far more incentives than in England, by greater kindness and consideration on the part of government, and a higher position allowed and sanctioned by the institutions of the country. In England an effort in an inventive mind may, and often does, make a man's fortune, provided this mental ingenuity and invention be applied to matter; to mechanism, for example, in manufactures. There its worth is palpable, and it is remunerated. But mental effort for the improvement and elevation of mind itself, and of the moral being, is not prized, or rewarded, or excited amongst us. Whilst the available power of that talent, which a population like that of England must necessarily produce, is benumbed and neutralized by university routine, rigidity of rule, and test, and by a proscription of every effort, that is not made in certain schools and for certain causes. In a word, England offers every premium, facility, and opening for industrial and material improvement, activity, and ambition. Whilst for the mental, it has but a store of extinguishers and dampers, from downright persecution down to absolute contempt.

True as this assertion certainly is, it appears very strange that there should be cause or foundation for it, for certainly we do not labour to give our youth a material education. We are of all others the people that are miserably in want of any and every facility for material and scientific education. We learn religion, spirituality, the humanities, as the classics are called, with the taste that is bound up with them. Our youth get Locke to read, but never Franklin. But the elementary education, that is, whatever schoolmasters teach English youths, is humbug from beginning to end. It is words, it is fudge, it is trifling, it is *dilettanteism*. All we learn we learn from

the little world we get into, and not from school, unless indeed we become studious and reflective, and then we learn ourselves more in a week than lessons ever instilled or awakened in us through a tedious year. His philosophy, his morality, nay, his religion, a man learns from his fellows, not from his professor. And as the great difficulty of life is to live, the philosophy which teaches him to do it, becomes the first, and that is a very matter-of-fact science.

Even now, and for some time, a great and favourite cry, with regard to education, has been to make it practical, to give to youth that kind of knowledge which will be useful to him as a man, which will enable him to earn his bread. Certainly, bread-earning knowledge is indispensable, and life, from twenty upwards, will be for the most part of mankind a bread-earning life. But, methinks, education might not only give the proper elements for the bread-earner to make use of in his larder or cellar, but also some of those higher elements and ideas, which lift a man's mind now and then a little out of the mean road of his daily plodding path. From seven to seventeen I would give him also a little of the humanities, a little taste, a little philosophy, spell it feelosophy, if you like, with Cobbett. I would give a boy not only religion, but the ideas, which enable and illustrate every kind of spirituality. Liberals are justly annoyed to find religion nearly monopolize education, especially with the lower order; and they would go to the other extreme of a material secular education. Surely there is not only room for both, but room between. There is space for Milton and the Chevy Chase between the Psalms and the rules of arithmetic. The mind should be more educated, and the present age less material, in order to give a man mental food, taste, elevation, consolation, amusement. For we repeat the characteristic of the age is the increased difficulty of living; that which grinds down man to the lowest point of civilization and culture, is precisely the difficulty of living, as we see in the aborigines of Australia. Let us not furnish a moral imitation of them.

The reader will perceive that we are compressing in a few pages what might form the ample subject of a volume. The mental state, requirements, and peculiarities of England and the English at the present epoch would furnish forth a goodly work. We have room but for a slight sketch and general indication. Having touched upon the intellectual culture of the time, we may here indulge a rapid survey of the principal divisions of knowledge, mark how they fare with us, how they slumber or advance, what modification they are undergoing, and how they act on society, and are reacted upon by it, and what is likely to be their future influence and colour.

It is needless to say how dead metaphysical studies, and those of mental philosophy, have been in England for a long time. Such studies, to say the truth, have seldom if ever been pursued for themselves, but for the purpose of antagonism. They have arisen from either a wish to attack religion and the political system with which it was connected, or, on the other hand, to defend religion. Of late years, however, religion has been attacked more



on the side of philology than philosophy. It is the grammarian and the critic who have set themselves, like mice, to nibble at that great net of belief that encircles the world. And these mice have certainly shown a marvellous deal of ingenuity and pertinacity. But such enemies can only be combated in their own small way, and to take the philosophical cudgel to them would be useless. The stronger the blow, the more sure it would be to miss them.

In England two schools of philosophy have preserved a kind of somnulent existence, standing opposite one another in antagonistic attitudes, but without the spirit or capacity to strike a blow one at the other. These are the school of orthodoxy and the universities on one side, those of Bentham and his disciples on the other. It is astounding that, with the great talent of our Benthamites, they have not made a greater impression in England. They boast, certainly, the first philosophic intelligence of the day, in the person of Mr. Stuart Mill, and yet how limited is their following, how cold the devotion paid them. The fact is, that they are a popular party, or rather a party in popular interests, which is compelled to address those educated and thinking classes, which are of anti-popular tendencies. They would address the middle classes, but our middle classes know but two things, religion and business, and they like one in contrast with the other. To preach a utilitarian religion to them is to give them their ledger as a bible. And they consider this as a sarcasm and an indecorum. There is no class in England, by whom the school of Bentham has a chance of being listened to. And although as restorer of law and legislative reform, we see daily signs of the defunct veteran's influence, we do not find that his system of morals has made the least progress. Latterly there has been a notable pass of arms between John Stuart Mill and Dr. Whewell, on the fittest, truest foundation for ethics; and this controversy marks the state of the disputed question at the present epoch. The reply, or rather the remark, of Mr. Mill in the "Westminster Review," is a most remarkable piece of vigorous logic. He pounds Whewell in a mortar, although the university champion has, after all, the better cause. As far as concern the relations of man to man, the Benthamist is in the right. But with regard to the higher duties, which a man owes to himself, to his Creator, and to futurity, the Benthamist is at sea without a compass.

There is but one practical use and necessity for such disquisitions at present, and these are demanded and created by the want of education. What system of morality shall youth be taught? The religionists say the bible suffices. The liberals demand secular education;—yes, but what system of morals? It would be very desirable to learn or to teach, but unfortunately we have no system. That of Dr. Whewell is a house of cards. Whilst who could teach youth from Paley that expediency was a good foundation for morals? Or who could have the face to tell a boy, that such and such things were right to do, because it was supposed to produce the greatest happiness of the greatest number. If the boy felt himself of the smallest number, *he would* plead the right of the mi-

nority to follow his inclination. However applicable by the legislator, and useful as an antidote to prejudice of all kinds in his case, the Benthamist system of morality could not be taught to boyhood, without exciting in the first instance a broad grin, and, subsequently, much worse results. The defect of Dr. Whewell's system of morality would be, that although the boy might swallow it implicitly, it would not stand the logical acumen and improved reasoning of the man.

If we have thus not much to boast of in the cultivation of that highest branch of human knowledge, except the possession of such a mind as that of Mill, and such a work as his "Logic," we can lay the highest claim to excellence and effectiveness in the next important walk, that of the historian and the philosopher of history. No age has produced a writer superior to Macaulay. Either in force of language, and justice and originality of conception, in vividness of portraiture, vigour of narrative, no historian of any age or country can excel him. A great and popular historian characterizes and expresses the spirit of his age, better, perhaps, than any other kind of writer. And at present Macaulay, Thiers, and Bancroft, typify their respective countries more completely than writers in any other walk. Prescott, equally classical and talented, has chosen subjects out of the current of the age. But the other three, however antedated the histories of some of them, still echo the living sentiments, and arouse the sympathies and antipathies of the age.

All these float on the fair middle course of opinion. Thiers flatters every revolutionary prejudice, whilst avoiding both extremes. Bancroft adulates the spirit of sect. And if Macaulay has offended most of our extreme parties, it is a proof that he expounds the opinions of most independent men. Those who find fault with his Whigism, will find in Alison the true type of Toryism, Toryism too of the purest kind, which renders partizans more obstinate the more they are defeated, and which decries the law of progress as atheistic. As to fanatic love of democracy, Grote is equally remarkable. Grote has written the history of the people which carried the democratic principle farthest, and has always the most democratic characters of that democracy for his heroes. Mr. Grote upholds the wisdom of even the turbulent Cleon against Thucydides, and has even written an apology for the Athenians sentencing and poisoning Socrates.

There are other historic writers in England well worthy of mention; but we have instanced sufficient of them to show that the English language and race, in the middle of the nineteenth century are still what they have always been, preeminent and paramount in historic composition. In the philosophy of history, or in the induction of systems of human progress or duty from the facts of history, England has not been famous. We have no Montesquieu, no Machiavel, no Toqueville; and it is astonishing the bad and superficial books, which have been popular in England, and have been sold and read, because of the name of philosophy of history inscribed upon them, but of which they really had but the name.



We have had Bacon, however, and Bolingbroke, Hume and Burke; and we have had some and great reviewers. We possess a constitutional historian, in Hallam. And we boast Carlyle. Carlyle is a powerful writer, and an original thinker; but we scarcely consider him a landmark in the great progress of either human or national intellect. For, in fact, he is but an obstruction, and an exception. He does not start with his age or walk with it; he butts at it with the pertinacity of a ram, and runs his horny head against every man's hopes, every man's feeling, every man's ideas. And it is impossible to go over to him, and to believe in him, since he distrusts and vilipends all that is peculiarly characteristic and progressive in the age.

The aims of Mr. Carlyle may be in common with those of all liberals, to the development of popular rights and the popular mind. But he doubts of popular ability to action. He has no faith in the operation of mind, or in the power of mankind to work out its own happiness, freedom and prosperity in community of effort and equality of rights. This is what we believe in this age of constitutional government and balanced freedom, to have been achieved in the history of England and of its American colonies. But Mr. Carlyle has no belief in democracy, however regulated, or however mitigated. It can do nothing good in his eyes, unless a Mahomet, a Cromwell, or a Napoleon be leader to it. And no doubt the Cromwells and the Napoleons go the short way to work; but they do not go the sure one. Mr. Carlyle's belief is in the return of the heroic age, in the development of all popular virtues, and the accomplishment of all popular behests, by the means of their favorites or heroes, which it is the popular instinct to select. If so, we must take the seven million votes in favour of Louis Napoleon as a fair sample of the hero worship which is to advance mankind. All this is as much against the sentiment and experience of the age, as an essay of Alison's or a speech of Mr. Newdegate. We cannot, therefore, allow Mr. Carlyle to stand as a landmark of English ideas. He deserves to be elevated in effigy as high as his admirers please, but not in the great highway of human progress. His position should be in a by-road, or sequestered grove, whither men might wander to worship the specimen, the individual genius, not the intellectual wisdom of his land.

The name of Carlyle is no bad stepping-stone to facilitate the passage from philosophy to history, and from history to letters. In what position is England with respect to literature and works of imagination in this middle of an important century? The question is neither facile nor agreeable to answer. We have not long since buried the great men of an Augustan age; geniuses unrivalled in poetry and in prose; romancers unmatched in fertility, felicity, and beauty; critics on whose judgment the public used to hang and to abide. We have still men left, well worthy to keep company with the greatest of the past, but they are few. And the literary sky, instead of shining forth in the clear galaxy of a frosty and bracing night, shows but a planet here and there, the lesser lights struggling inefficiently to *pierce through* a dull and humid atmo-

sphere. The present cannot style itself an Augustan age. Still it is not one of decadence. There is at least this sound subject of hope, pride and ambition. And in fact genius itself might well stand uncertain and perplexed before the mighty change that has taken place in what is called the public. Twenty years ago that public was a mere narrow section of a highly educated class; but now that class has extended its numbers and its frontiers, so as to make the public a wide word. Whilst, far as an educated class extends, another and, we might say, almost an uneducated class of readers has sprung up beneath it, whose literary appetite is of tremendous force, swallowing everything brought within its capacity and its purse, at a rate of voracity which is at once astounding and exciting.

In consequence of the literature of thirty years ago being addressed solely to the educated section of the public, or to those in that section who had leisure to read and interest to spare, a very small portion of it, the reader had little of either love, sympathy or reverence for the author. There was class identity; Scott for the men of birth and gentle prejudice; Byron for the *blazé* man of fashion and pleasure; Moore for the Epicurean. Crabbe sung of the poor, but he looked at them from the drawing-room window. Southey, with the eye of a magistrate and a man of authority. But there was no genuine popular feeling, save in Cobbet; and his was the artificial and half-refined feelings of a politician, embittered by rancour. He had the monopoly of the popular vein, tainted as were the currents, and miserable was the use he made of them. Now, however, without a strong infusion of racy popular feeling, it is useless to write at all. Exclusive gentlemanly feelings have been harped upon till they are common-place; and that portion of the people, taken from the Newgate calendar, and dramatized on *ad nauseam*, would be considered equally unpalatable, unreasonable and untrue. A good book, a first-rate novel, tragedy or poem, must please two classes, or at least must please far beyond the limits of that narrow class, that once was, and still thinks itself, the arbiter of taste. The great secret of the success of Charles Dickens is, that he does write for the two classes, does captivate them, does command the sympathies and admiration of both whole educated and half educated, of the idler and the worker, of the club lounge, and the busy lawyer.

There is another extension of the reading public besides that which we have mentioned. It was formerly much more metropolitan, centred in London and the two other capitals of the empire, or amidst the society that congregated there in the months of winter or summer.

But there has arisen a country public, that honours no capital, and that no capital honours, on which the actions or the opinions of the capital have very little weight. And this is probably one of the great causes of the decline of the drama, though other causes were not wanting. The French drama is kept alive by the Parisian public, which is the French one in matters of literature and criticism. But the London public no longer holds the position with



respect to England. Whilst a theatre in a country town cannot be a permanent weight of attraction. The public has thus grown too wide for that concentration of interest and action, which the drama requires.

At all events, the genius of neither actor nor author is attracted to the stage. The wide and home-loving public prefer that drama that is brought to their sofas and tea-tables, no longer in five acts, but in from two to three volumes, and of which the imagination is taxed to produce the scenic, and give an imaginative stage to the personages which the novelist can call potently into life. The reader of the present day supplies what the stage and the scene-painter and the actor did of old. The novel is, in fact, the drama, as well as the poesy, of the day. But it, too, suffers from the broad notions of the public. For some writers address one class, some another; whilst the lower people have actually got novelists, and a literature of their own,—low, second-rate, trivial, immoral, but still addressed to the popular pocket and intelligence, and therefore prized.

Of poetry we had best say nothing. In the present age of transition the Muse has wisely gone to sleep. There is still a fine genius, who strings his harp from time to time, and extracts from it such beautiful and refined strains, as enchant his friends, men of poetic temperature and refined education. But of a truly popular flight, or, in fact, of producing poetry for the wide public, the Muse of the present day is incapable. She is even more a class Muse than that of the novelist.

We have now cast a rapid glance at the state of society, of mind, and of literature at the commencement of 1853, tracing an outline, and marking the most prominent points; more than these would require a volume. We began by the remark, that the world was now a more serious one, that the difficulties of life had become greater, even society had become more artificial and more mingled. We should add, that the stock of general knowledge that every one now possesses and carries about with him, is a much heavier burden, and made out of a much more serious and matter-of-fact element than in the old days of light hearts and empty heads. In the general review of mind and of letters, we find ourselves weakest in the extremes; we are deficient or careless in the highest and in the lowest walks, or rather in the most serious and most light. In other words, we have neither metaphysics nor spiritual philosophy; neither have we poetry—lyric, epic, or dramatic. Even in novels, fifty years' succession of them have somewhat exhausted the stock of both sentiment and life, narrowed as we are fortunately, and precluded from that test of human passion and position in which the French indulge. But if we are barren of philosophy and metaphysics,—if we are in such a state that Plato and Aristotle, arriving on a visit from Elysium, would really find no one to interchange a word or a thought with,—if it be even true that our staple of light literature is also exhausted and threadbare, we are rich in all that lies betwixt; in the useful, the material, the scientific, the economic, the politic, the historic, *the dramatic*. Whilst all other

racés have evidently gone wrong and fallen into hopeless abysses in their search after political and social well-being, the great experiments made by the English race in more forms than one, have proved eminently successful. It is plain that we have taken the right path of civilization, and that all others must go back to the point we started from, and adopt the rules we started with. Not that the English or American race are without their evils, their blunders, their imperfections. But they know how they are to be borne with, until they are examined and amended.

It is the success of our political efforts, and the development of our material state, which would most attract the admiration and wonderment of any of the Seven Sleepers who should awaken. Let us suppose that the sleeper had laid himself down a century ago. How far a-head in power, possession, and population was France then to us? The two countries were great, because throughout the extent of Europe there were no other countries. The Empire was in decadence, the little state of Prussia treading upon Austria and defeating it. Spain was in syncope; Russia and America, the Colossi of the present day, then had scarcely begun to exist. Pitt was then only commencing to secure the directing the naval power of Great Britain to the conquest of the French colonies, and to the consequent destruction of every great colonial power except England. Walpole then, as Peel now, had just disappeared from the scene, and a *mêlée* of clever men and parties were then, as now, disputing for succession. Literature was low then as now, and the age of Pope and Addison had expired. But the elder Pitt was speaking; Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson, studying. Beings of genius in all ways, and of all kinds, were then coming, or about to come, into the world. But, like the trough of the sea between two waves, the middle of the eighteenth century was, like that of the nineteenth, very low, and unmarked by any other than political genius. The sleeper who laid his head on the pillow then to awaken now, would thus find no little similarity of position. But what a different country to look upon, and how different a past, and how different a future!

The eighteenth century was spent by England in the development of its great middle and mercantile class, which, notwithstanding the picture that Addison drew of a man of capital and business opposed to his country gentleman, did not exist in 1700. The towns grew, but were not yet conscious of their existence in 1750. Lords did what they pleased with Parliament, and the only power that dared to criticise them, were confined to the walls of the coffee-house. But, strange to say, the most wilful and most Tory King that England ever had, that is, George the Third, did more to humble the influence of the aristocracy, and afterwards advance the sense and influence of the middle class, than any sovereign that reigned amongst us.

If it was the characteristic of the eighteenth century to develop the middle class, and communicate to it an experience, a wealth, an influence, and an intelligence, which had made itself felt; it *seems* the characteristic of the nineteenth century to develop the



working and the earning class,—that is, the true people. Let any one consider the few that possess the land, and possess capital, and compare with them the multitude that derive sustenance and livelihood in return for labour and exertion, from these deep, yet limited sources,—it is impossible to regard this without perceiving that the class of labourers have come so to outnumber and outweigh all others, that the respective numbers, dependency, and juxtaposition, become each day a greater difficulty, a danger, an enigma. That England will rise and get through the difficulty, we have no doubt, even although she has seen France explode, blow up into the air, and disappear, as it were, under the catastrophe. In France, too, towards the close of the last century, the middle class rose upon the shoulders of the upper; but it was to hate and to crush, to proscribe and to slay. In England the middle class gained its ascendancy at the same hour, but without using it to any bad or jealous purpose. The aristocracy remained as much respected, and as little shorn of influence as before, and if their relative position has been changed and modified, that has been done fairly, peaceably, and with common accord. It will be the same in the present century, as the interests and influences of the labouring class progress. We see this taking place in this century, and we see it without any diminution of good reserved for both upper and middle class. The sleeper, indeed, would have to remain some time awake, and to use his observation keenly, to get at the difference, for difference there is, between the positions of the aristocracy and of the middle class in 1750 and in 1850.

The sleeper would not fail to remember, that there was no such thing as a lower class question mooted in the middle of the eighteenth century; whilst he could not fail to observe that no other than lower class questions agitated England and Europe in the middle of the nineteenth. It was a lower class question that has just revolutionized France and convulsed Germany; that modified the Poor Law, repealed the Corn Law, and gave Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli the motive or the pretext for abandoning protection. What are the questions now moved? Education for the lower classes, franchise for the lower classes. Society is, in fact, uneasy and insecure till it has made them all happy and set them all to rights. Whether it will be able to do so, is another matter. The existence of the anxiety is one of the great characteristics of the time—is all that is here sought to be established.

We have said enough to mark the chief characteristics of the epoch. To enlarge upon them would be puerile. But as every word on the subject is more suggestive of thought, than a satisfactory solution of the inquiry, we may here pause, leave what has been said for meditation, and reserve the other portions of the subject as the comment of a future month.

## LAW STUDENTS AND LAW DINNERS,

BY A BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

MY DEAR FATHER,

My mother and yourself will be glad to hear that I yesterday went into the public schools for examination, and was plucked with much credit to myself and my college. As the term will soon be over, and I shall be obliged to go through London *to see my dentist*, (for my mother begged me to be careful about my teeth), I must beg you, although my allowance is not yet due, to send me a cheque for thirty pounds.

Your affectionate son,

WALTER D——.

According to the time-honoured story which most University men will recognize, this candid and veracious account of an actual occurrence was palmed off by a youth, who was a puppy, on his sire, who was a *parvenu*. The wag had a just and well-grounded confidence in the ignorance of the home department; for his gratified governor, as the legend runs, forthwith forwarded a check for forty, enclosed in a jubilant letter of congratulation from mamma. Now I was forcibly reminded of this facetious myth when my friend Hopewell, last term, wrote home for a largish sum of money, with a grave statement that he "had kept all his terms, read all his exercises, and was about to be called to the bar by the Honourable Society of ——." This august proceeding, on which Hopewell's success in life was supposed to depend, was to cost, as I know from bitter experience, little under a hundred pounds. The reflection did not strike me when I was called, nor, I dare say, Hopewell either; but it has occurred to me since, and will, methinks, visit him, that this amount would fit one out for the diggings or initiate us into an honest trade, which would help us in a colony when we are unable to dig, and ashamed to beg here. I have no doubt that Hopewell's friends are as sanguine about his success as the home circle at Beadenham on the hill were about mine. Ill-fated expectations, destined soon to be disappointed! I have been called to the bar now some three years or more, and have received two briefs, and those under rather strange, if not disagreeable, circumstances. The first reached my chambers in Lincoln Inn Fields in the middle of the long vacation when I was drinking very bitter beer, smoking long pipes and cheap cigars, and playing pool and nine-pins with the students at Heidelberg. My negligent servant (for clerk I had as yet none, I soon hired a fourth of one), having heard me discussing with Hopewell the respective merits of North Wales and Germany as places for summer sojourn, had become confused on the subject, or had as slight an acquaintance with maps as the writer in the "Morning Post," who, a day or two ago, after mentioning Demerara, informed us that the island was in a healthy state; for he enclosed the im-



mense document (called a *brief* on the principle of *lucus a non*, &c. as we used to say at school, or, as we said at college, "*Lucus dicitur quod non luceat*." Servius in Virgil, *Æn.* i. 441) to me and addressed it — — Esq., Heidelberg, North Wales. What ultimately became of it, Heaven only knows. Whether that fated brief, stirred by the demon of unrest, is wandering from provincial post-office to post-office among the descendants of Caractacus, or lies amid the lumber of the Dead Letter Office, I really neither know nor care. The highly respectable firm of Messrs. Seedy and Snatch, my uncle's solicitors, when they heard nothing of me, placed the brief in the hands of a rising junior, who had remained in town on the look-out for business, who beat me once for a college prize, and who, confound him! seems to have been in my way somehow or other ever since.

My sole appearance in court is connected with the only other piece of business I have ever had. I defended a gigantic navvie who had varied the monotony of domestic life by knocking down his wife with a three-legged stool, and kicking her when prostrate. You would vainly endeavour to imagine, dear reader, the pathos with which I dwelt on the melancholy nature of the unfortunate accident, the virtuous indignation with which I deprecated drunkenness, and the ingenious reasoning by which I sought to show that, although inebriety was not regarded as an excuse for crime or misdemeanour by the laws of this country, yet that, by the laws of nature, and reason, and common sense, it was doubtless a palliation. I confidently left my unfortunate client in the hands of the twelve intelligent men whom I had the honour to address, and I observed that if there *ever was a case for a jury to take into their own hands this was it*. An iracund assistant judge, on whose face had gleamed maliciously during my peroration a stereotyped sneer of the severest kind, (to use a colloquial expression) "*pitched into*" me furiously. He administered a caustic rebuke to me for having, as he said, endeavoured to depreciate the humanity and excellence of what no less a man than Sir W. Jones had parodied a line of Pope to call

"The gathered wisdom of a thousand years,"

and strongly cautioned the twelve intelligent men against the crude and dangerous opinions of a young and inexperienced advocate.

By-the-by, I ought perhaps to mention that the ruffian for whom I had received this grave censure was found guilty and sent to the House of Correction for a considerable time. I don't remember its exact duration, but I do remember that a diminutive, sharp-looking rascal of an attorney, who had given me the brief the night before, has never paid me to this day; and, if I give my opinion candidly, I believe never will. But why dwell on one's misfortunes? Hopewell has never had a brief yet. Why should he? My knowledge of law is below zero, and his is considerably below mine. I was in the second class of the Tripos and was seventeenth senior Opt. Hopewell only got a third at Oxford, and every one knows what a wretched affair that is. Besides I read one year with a conveyancer to whom I paid one hundred pounds, another with a special pleader

to whom I paid ditto. I attended evening lectures regularly, where I did not sleep more than other men; and on one occasion, after I had had rather more than my share of the hot sherry in hall, I took part in a moot, but was stopped by the lecturer, who confessed himself, amid the audible titter of my fellow-students, unable to see the drift of my remarks.

Now Hopewell only wasted fifty pounds upon a practising barrister, who never goes near his pupils, and Hopewell reciprocated the neglect by never going near him. He has never missed the Derby or Oaks, he has played whist, loo, and vingt-un incontinently; has been the constant *habitué* of theatres, and has, I fear, frequented casinos. What right has he to expect a brief? What could he do with it if he got one?

I have often thought of forging one, sending it to him, and then calling to watch his semi-joyous semi-sad perplexity at the conjuncture. I believe he would lay it nervously on the table and walk round the room, and gaze at it, as if it was some strange and rather dangerous animal of which he was more than half afraid. When he had once read, and as certainly misunderstood it, I can imagine the confused celerity with which he would borrow books and consult friends.

But what have I to do with briefs? What are the solicitors to me, or I to the solicitors? I have abandoned law for literature, and shall probably abandon both for the diggings.

I cannot say that the publishers are much better than the attorneys; but as I married a woman who had a little of what my humorous friend Singleton calls "pewter," I am therefore almost as independent of the men, who, with some high exceptions, toady big, and bully small authors, as I am of the men who starve juniors and feed seniors to repletion. My contributions to the magazines pay for my cigars, and, that I may not mislead any juvenile aspirant covetous of filthy lucre, I should perhaps mention that I usually smoke pipes.

This last confession may sound vulgar, and not at all what Tony Lumpkin calls "the genteel thing;" but I am a man of no family, and my name is a very ordinary monosyllable. My views on the question of pedigree are pretty much those of the Irishman, who said that one man was as good as another, if not better. As I don't actually reveal my cognomen, I don't mind giving you my address, and I am sure you will think me a very unpretentious person, when I tell you that I live in K—p—l Street, R—ss—l Square.

I must admit, however, that lowly-minded as I am, it is somewhat worrying to hear fellows say, or insinuate, that literature is not gentlemanly.

"I'll take you down to dine with my uncle, some Sunday," said the Honourable Humbug-Humbug with much suavity to me the other day; "but, for God's sake!" he added, "don't let out there that you write. Last night only, as I was walking home from Singleton's with Fitzhiggins, he informed me, with a hiccup or two, that '*No—man of family—would—write for money.*' I did not condescend



to mention to an individual who had reached the hiccuping phase the names of Byron, Scott, and a hundred more; for Fitzhiggins had too frequently filled, and as frequently emptied his tumbler, and poor Fitz is always aristocratic when he is drunk. It has been suggested to me, too, that there is a dash of disappointment in the sarcasms of this proud patrician: and malice has rumoured that this scion of an ancient house, having made unsuccessful overtures to all the London publishers, has not yet received an answer from the editor of 'The Worsted Stocking,' a *weakly* family journal, to which he petitioned to be appointed Transpontine Theatrical Critic.

Well, but this sort of thing can't be helped, dear reader, can it? Must we not sit quiet and console ourselves with the comfortable creed of the optimist, that "whatever is, is right?" A peer of the realm, though his pedigree be not half so long or so respectable, considers himself vastly superior to the country gentleman. The country gentleman looks down on professional men; and among professional men themselves, the rector condescendingly patronizes the curate; Serjeant Big-Wig never asks an attorney's clerk to sit down; and a physician indulges in the luxury of occasionally snubbing a surgeon. This sort of thing goes on down to the last step of the ladder. They are not a whit better at the base, than on the apex of the social pyramid. A learned head of a house once, when preaching before the University, informed his audience that one of the chief advantages of education was, that it enabled us to look down on our inferiors. The view taken on the subject by this enlightened divine, would apply equally to birth and wealth. This might against right, this looking down on inferiors, had its origin when all things else had,

"Quo tempore primum  
Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,  
Unde homines nati, durum genus,"

and will prevail, I fear, even in the Manchester millennium of cotton, coffee and crumpets, which is the dream and the aspiration of Messrs. Cobden and Bright.

But these profound reflections on modern society are leading me away from the subject with which I started. I was speaking of Hopewell's student career and my own, and as I sit here writing with my cup of tea by my side in the domestic drawing-room, my wife thumping the piano, and the piano (which I beg to state is not hired, but one I bought at Lord ——'s sale) dreadfully out of tune, I can't help thinking with a sigh of the regular irregularity of those jovial days, when the world of law was all before us, and every other man looked forward to being some day Solicitor-General. What warm political and literary discussion round the fireside! What suppers! Witness, ye emptied pewter pots of foaming ale—ye piles of oyster-shells—ye fractured claws and mutilated forms of lobsters! *Quando ego aspiciam?* When the piano's out of tune, and one's wife out of temper, can one entirely forget those festive scenes dedicated to Nox and Venus, where, with the beauties of the ballet, we danced with many twinkling feet in the temple

of Terpsichore, and (as your regular classical novelist would say) pelted the hours with roses?

As I am now a literary barrister retired from business, I hope it will be attributed to *esprit de corps*, and not set down to arrogance, if I venture to praise this jolly race of law students, to which I had once the honour to belong. Their antecedents are generally good, however eccentric their present, or doubtful their future. They may be classified infinitely. There are a few men who read very hard, far more who never read at all, some few who read moderately, many who are merely eating law dinners *pour passer le temps*, and to qualify for the county bench.

There are, of course, some black sheep in the flock, men who haunt places of low resort, who almost live in billiard-rooms. There are, of course, among them aristocratic snobs, sporting snobs, theatrical snobs, debating snobs, and every other type of that genus. But the majority are men, as I have said, whose antecedents are good, and whose relatives are respectable. They are, very many, of the university, who, if they have not helped themselves largely to the treasures of learning which Alma Mater opens to the diligent, have at any rate been humanized by their communings with the genius of the place. Here, too, they are certainly developed, and, I think, improved. They have, for the most part, laid aside the superstition of gentlemanliness. There is more of sense, and reality, and less of pretension and show about them. In fact, they are working out of the schoolboy phase, in which most men remain almost to the end of their college career. They don't here think it necessary to drink wine and smoke cigars, with a very distant prospect of being able to pay for them, but pay cash for the bird's-eye which fills the well-coloured meerschaum, and are contented with something warm in the tumbler after dinner. Instead of expensive dinners at hotels, and nights of unlimited loo, they will dine at the Cock on a steak or a chop for eighteenpence, and afterwards play a quiet rubber for low points.

But among my eulogies of students and my joyous reminiscences of student days, I cannot class my dinners in the Hall of the Hon. Society among happy memories. I don't care much about wine, but when it is placed before me I drink it, and, for many obvious reasons, I like it to be good. Now I remember (I have heard, by-the-by, that it is better now) that the sherry was a hot, salt, strong-brandied, fiery kind of liquor, which, taken even in small quantities, would soon (as I once heard a coachman, who was a wit, observe) wear out the coats of the stomach, and then begin upon the waistcoat. The *dura ilia messorum*, rather forcibly translated by Byron as "rigid guts of reapers," could not stand it long; and if they did not get some less noxious drug at the barristers' table, promotion would be more rapid, and longevity unknown among the luminaries of the law. The port was almost as objectionable as the sherry, sweet as molasses, new and fruity, but usually preferred, because it did not cause the eternal thirst produced by the other, and which I know from experience that reiterated tumblers of cold brandy and water could not allay.



Then again, I believe I was unfortunate in the men whose mess I chanced to join. As I was very unpunctual, my friends would not wait for me, and I used to be generally brought into close quarters with one or two of my favourite aversions. The number of the mess always reminded me of Dryden's Essay on Dramatic Poetry; but even if I could suppose myself *Crites*, I certainly never encountered either *Eugenius*, *Lisideius* or *Neander*. Shall I ever forget the man whom we used to call "the brilliant conversationalist?" and who, *ab ovo usque ad mala*, like Lord Castlereagh in Tom Moore's description of his oratory, went on

"Dealing out his small beer with the air of a chap  
Who thought it himself a prodigious fine tap."

Then there was young Dryasdust, who never condescended to open his mouth except on legal subjects; and who was consequently pointed out as a future judge. Then, worse than any of them, was the young barrister of much promise and a little business, who imagined that he shone in legal anecdote, and bored one with stories about how Mr. Justice So and So said the best thing ever said at the bar mess on the — circuit; how Hicks, Q.C., insulted two police magistrates, and an alderman, when he was an Old Bailey advocate; and how Serjeant Sticks so bullied an irascible witness, that the said witness threw an inkstand at him in open court. There was Sparkey, who told indelicate stories, without regard to the age or prejudices of his mess-mates. Another man, who punned execrably on everything that was said, and added insult to injury by laughing at his own witticisms. Then there were some men from Oxford and Cambridge who talked "shop;" about "when I was up at the University," and "our college," and "our set," &c. There was a man also who was wont to return from a three-week sojourn at Boulogne, and, on the strength of his European travels, wear a dirty incipient moustache and a pointed beard, and talk the wildest republicanism.

But Lousa is thumping away on the piano, and it is past twelve o'clock. I am sure she won't go to bed until I do, and if this *symphonia discors*, which is "making night hideous," does not cease, I shall have a message to-morrow from the two maiden ladies next door, or perchance another abusive anonymous letter. Besides, I have pretty well exhausted myself, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer observed the other night in his financial statement, in those whom I am addressing; and I have written enough to pay for my next box of cigars, so I must reserve for next month some choice *facetiæ* about Law Dinners and "call parties," and a few capital anecdotes about Baggs the barrister, who weighs nineteen stone, and has only missed three dinners in hall in twenty-three years; and of — Q.C., who when he was to be made a bencher, was informed that he must marry Lalage or put her away. Therefore, gentle reader, considering the lateness of the hour, I must, whether I have already set you to sleep or not, say good-night; and, as I remember that I am scribbling this late in December, wish you a merry Christmas, a happy new year, and all the compliments of the season.

### "THOSE DEAR BLACKS."

OF the literary incidents of the year which has just worn to a close, unquestionably the most remarkable has been the triumphant career of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was not only that the book sold, and perhaps is still selling by thousands and tens of thousands—that in the railway carriage, the omnibus, the steamboat, all kinds of people, from slow old ladies to fast young gentlemen, were to be seen poring over it with intense, perhaps tearful interest—that you saw it on everybody's table, in splendid Belgravian mansions and in remote country cottages—that everybody in fact, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, grave and gay, from one end of the island to the other, devoured it and digested it, remembered it and quoted it; it was not only we say that the book achieved this primary success, and was immensely read and appreciated, but that its appearance was followed, in due course, by all kinds of secondary successes. It provoked more than one imitation, whose success was only inferior to its own. The appetite for slave-literature, not satisfied by Mrs. Stowe's masterpiece, descended to such coarser viands as the "White Slave," and similar counterfeits, lacking the true stamp of genius upon them. Its popularity then manifested itself in new shapes. It looked out upon us from the print-shop windows, where Eva and Topsy smiled down even the fame of the great duke. In the music-shops it was ubiquitous; it filled the windows with new songs and new polkas. Every striking incident in the story was done into verse and set to music, and the names of the principal characters were given to new dance-tunes for our Christmas revels. Then it came out grandly at the theatres: scarcely a house that had not a dramatic version of "Uncle Tom." It was equestrianized at Astley's, it was melodramatized at the Adelphi. Then it looked out anew upon us in provincial towns, where "Uncle Tom Concerts" were given with immense success, and now we have "Uncle Tom" Almanacs on our tables to help us through the chronological difficulties of the new year which we enter on to-day.

In these and divers other ways "Uncle Tom" spoke out, and still speaks out, loudly and palpably to the outer senses, in the public streets and through the public journals. But other effects than these have been wrought—great moral effects. John Bull has been thrown into one of his periodical spasms of virtuous indignation. He has bethought himself again of the whole question of American slave-labour. The sufferings of "Eliza" and the woes of "Uncle Tom" have brought it all home to him again and he is no more, for a time at least, oblivious of the fact, that men and women on the other side of the Atlantic are sold like oxen and sheep. Mrs. Stowe's fiction has *told* upon the sensitive heart of John Bull.

"Example moves where precept fails—  
And sermons are less read than tales."



The evils of the slave-trade needed to be thrown into action to excite our flagging sympathies; and what Mrs. Stowe attempted, she achieved with marvellous success. Perhaps there was nothing in her book which we did not all know before; but we liked the manner of her telling. Genius truly did its work. "In her hands the thing became a trumpet." It gave no "uncertain sound," and it armed us for the battle. People who had never given a thought before to the miseries of slave-life in America, now seemed to be stirred in their inmost beings; new energies and activities were alive within them; and there were convulsive throes and spasms of humanity, where we had been accustomed to see only bland indifference and decorous repose. This was not a small thing to accomplish. Even if a genuine sentiment of compassion for the sufferings of the wronged or indignation against the wrong-doer has been awakened in the bosom of one in every hundred readers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" it is no small harvest of generous feeling that has been called into being by the magic wand of Mrs. Beecher Stowe.

And assuredly not the least of the manifestations of revived sympathy with those who suffer under the abominable system of negro-slavery in the United States was that gathering at Stafford House, on the 26th of November, when she, the owner of

" — the sweetest face  
That ever wore the stamp of beauty's grace,"

did, in that great ducal mansion, in the presence of many of the noblest ladies of the land, read aloud, and present for their adoption, an Address to the women of America.

It has been very much doubted whether this address was a spontaneous effusion of British humanity. Some, indeed, have roundly asserted that it came over from America cut and dried, and goes back merely endorsed with a number of aristocratic English female names. We do not care to inquire into this matter. But a much larger question has arisen out of it. It has been suggested, that if all the fair interceders of Stafford House, had thought more of the sufferings of their own country-women and less of the "dear blacks," they would have been truer to their sex, and more entitled to our veneration. The picture of Mrs. Jellyby, in "Bleak House," with her "mission" to regenerate the African blacks, eternally writing letters to Borrioboola Gha, whilst her children are tumbling down-stairs and getting their heads between the area-railings, and her neglected husband is drivelling into bankruptcy, is not an attractive one. This is what Mr. Dickens calls "telescopic philanthropy." It sees things only at a distance. Or, as poor Caddy expresses it, it looks at everything from afar off as though it were a church steeple. Now this picture of Mrs. Jellyby and her mission may in its details be somewhat overcharged; but she, nevertheless, represents a class, and the satire is not without its uses. Assuredly our English ladies have no need to use the telescope, if they desire to examine and to lessen human

misery and human crime. There is enough of both, Heaven knows! at our very doors—our streets are running over with them—the atmosphere is reeking with them. And charity—begins at home.

"Charity begins at home." Charity ought to begin at home. But it too often begins at Borrioboola Gha. It seems to want something new and strange and incomprehensible to work upon. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico* is its motto. It magnifies what it does not understand. There are people who think that they acquire a sort of personal importance by identifying themselves with some obscure regions, and some unknown people; as though the greater the geographical indistinctness, the greater the religious merit of their achievements. It is a great thing surely to be familiar with places and people of whom other people have never heard in their lives; and savages are—*so* interesting.

There is a vast difference between Mrs. Jellaby and the aristocratic ladies who met at Stafford-House to protest against Negro slavery in the United States; but the difference is rather one of degree than of kind. The telescopic philanthropy is not so far-reaching; but there is still something telescopic about it. The Address contains an acknowledgment that the dishonour and the crime of American slavery attaches to the women of England no less than to the women of America. The former are made to confess and deplore their complicity, and their eagerness to wipe it away is declared. We do not doubt the sincerity of the appeal, nor do we withhold our admiration from the appellants. But we cannot help thinking, that if they are eager to participate in the dishonour and crime of the evil things which are done under the sun, they need not go to the United States in search of dishonour and crime whereupon to fasten their complicity.

American slavery is a mighty evil—a rank offence, that smells to Heaven. And it is well that our Englishwomen should think of it sometimes. But gatherings of titled ladies, for philanthropic purposes, are not so common amongst us, that we can see them devoted to the woes of people living in a far-off country, under a foreign government, without grudging the distinction, whilst under our own government there is so much suffering to alleviate and so much wrong to redress.

It is well, we say, that Englishwomen should sometimes think of American slavery,—but not to thank God that they are "not as this (re)-publican." A little introversion of our moral perceptions at such times would not be otherwise than profitable, lest, when we have raised the telescope to our eyes, and, holding it there with a steady hand, are scrutinising with nicety all the far-off horrors of American slavery, we should haply hear a voice whispering in our ears, "And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and behold a beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite! first cast out the beam out of thine



own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye——"

"The beam that is in mine own eye!—and I should like to know, Mr. —, what beam I have in mine own eye."

"I should be sorry, Lady Arabella, to say or to think anything in disparagement of your eyes,—‘Sweetest eyes were ever seen.’ But will you come out into the streets."

"Into the streets!—how can you ask such a thing?—After dinner; and you see how I am dressed. And it rains too; I do not doubt,—for it is *always* raining,—and I never walk in the streets after dark. Besides, I am reading ‘Uncle Tom.’"

"For the seventh time?"

"No; only for the third. And I like it better every time. That dear Topsy! what a darling it is!"

"Quite—but, Lady Arabella——"

"I cannot help laughing over Topsy; and yet I ought not to laugh. How sad it is,—a child of her age,—with a soul to be saved,—one of those precious little ones whom He loved so much,—not made holy by the baptismal sign. Knowing nothing of God—of time—of eternity—of anything. (*Reads.*) ‘Never was born—never had no father nor mother, nor nothin’."

"‘I don’t know nothink—’"

"What is that, Mr. ——"

"‘I don’t know nothink.’"

"What are you reading, Mr. ——"

"‘Bleak House.’ Have you ever read ‘Bleak House,’ Lady Arabella?"

"I have looked into it,—But, as I was saying, Mr. ——, is not this dreadful? (*Reads.*)"

"‘How long have you lived with your master and mistress?’"

"‘Dun know, missis.’"

"‘Laws, missis, these low negroes—they can’t tell. They don’t know anything about time,’ said Jane. ‘They don’t know what a year is; they don’t know their own ages.’"

"‘Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?’"

"The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual."

"‘Do you know who made you?’"

"‘Nobody as I knows on,’ said the child with a short laugh."

"The idea appeared to amuse her considerably, for her eyes twinkled as she added—"

"‘I ’spect I grow’d. Don’t think nobody never made me.’"

"Is not this dreadful? Is not this something to stir the heart, Mr. ——, of every Christian woman—to excite us all to energetic action."

"‘I don’t know nothink,’ said Jo."

"What do you mean, Mr. ——? you are laughing at me."

"Indeed, I am not laughing, Lady Arabella,—I was only reading my book, as you are reading yours,—"

"It may be, Jo, that there is a history so interesting and affecting even to minds as near the brute’s as thine, recording deeds done on this earth for common men, that if the Chadbands removing their own persons from the light

would but regard it as being eloquent enough without their modest aid, it might hold thee awake, and thou mightst learn from it yet !'

"Jo never heard of any such book—(The Bible, Lady Arabella). Its compilers and the Reverend Chadband are all one to him.

" 'Here 's something to eat, poor boy,' says Guster.

" 'Thankee, mum,' says Jo.

" 'Are you hungry ?'

" 'Jist,' says Jo.

" 'What 's gone of your father and mother, eh ?'

"Jo stops in the middle of a bite, and looks petrified. For this orphan charge of the Christian saint whose shrine was at Tooting has patted him on the shoulder, and it is the first time in his life that any decent hand has been so laid upon him.

" 'I never know'd nothink about them,' said Jo.

" 'No more didn't I of mine,' cried Guster."

"And where did all that happen, Mr. — ?"

"Scarcely two miles off—in Lincoln's Inn, where the lawyers live."

"In England ?"

"Ay; in England—in London—in the next parish. My English boy is at least a match for your Negro girl—when you entirely overlay the former and set the latter uppermost, it strikes me, Lady Arabella, that you are putting things *Topsy-turvy*."

"You are merry, Mr. —."

"Indeed, I am not merry; I am very sad, Lady Arabella. But will you not come out with me in the streets?"

"How can I—how can you ask? Besides, what do you want there, Mr. — ?"

"Many things. In the first place I should like to catch such a fellow as Dickens's Joe, and bring him for you to educate."

"Me to educate !"

"Yes; you are horrified! But lend me your book for a minute. There" (*reads*) 'That 's you Christians all over. You'll get up a society, and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathens. But let me see one of you that would take one into your house with you, and take the labour of their conversion on yourselves. No; when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it is too much care, and so on.' Is that a true bill? Honour bright, it is in 'Uncle Tom.' It must therefore be correct."

"You are silent, Lady Arabella. I wish you would come out into the streets, you would not be silent long. I could show you some pictures of English slavery as dreadful as any in 'Uncle Tom.' I know you think, Lady Arabella, that there is no such thing as slavery among us, because men and women are not sold openly in the market-place, and advertised in the public papers. But there are slaves and slave-owners among us nevertheless; and many things quite as shocking. Our great towns—aye, and our small villages, too, are full of evils; and, if you would only lay down the telescope and look at them with your naked eye, you would see them swarming around you. You are one of the foremost of the sympathisers, who told your American sisters, the other day, that you look upon yourselves as sharers of the dishonour



and the crime of perpetuating slavery in the United States. You had better leave them to Mrs. Stowe's countrywomen to deal with as they think fit. Sympathy is a good thing any how. I would not wish the women of England to be indifferent to the sufferings of any part of the great family of mankind. They may take up the telescope now and then, when they have familiarized themselves to all the painful sights which are to be seen without the aid of a glass. We need not go to 'Uncle Tom' for heathen children and women-victims. Sit down to the piano now, play a *bravura*, and I'll be bound, Lady Arabella, that even in this lordly part of the great metropolis, your music is heard by some wretched members of both classes; for they grow, like weeds, about us everywhere. You will not come out with me; you shrink from that; but suppose you had taken the bold step, and trodden down for once all delicate doubts and conventional proprieties, thrown a cloak over your shoulder, put a bonnet on your head, taken my arm, and gone out into the streets, to search for crime and dishonour. We would cross over Pall-Mall, go up St. James's Street into Piccadilly, round by Waterloo Place, and home again, a circle of a little mile. Give us the power of some great genius out of the 'Arabian Nights' and a magic net wherewith to catch men—no, I am fishing for you, Lady Arabella, so we will leave the men alone—to catch women and children, there would be something, indeed, brought floundering to your feet, whereon to fasten your complicity in crime and dishonour. Great social evils are sometimes delicate things to handle; they bring you face to face with what is very painful and revolting; things to raise a blush of shame on womanly cheeks; things, from the very presence of which the gentle instincts of women, tenderly raised and nicely cultured as you are, shrink back with alarm. But American slavery has all these revolting features; the subject is not to be handled by those who are afraid of being brought face to face with what is hideous and shameful. If, then, you can face these subjects at all, let the women and children of our own island have the benefit of your bravery. Our streets are swarming with young heathens, like Joe the crossing-sweeper. They have never seen the bible; they do not know who God is; perhaps they have never known father or mother, or been kindly spoken to in their lives. They are just as much heathens and savages as the people of Borioboola Gha to whom you are talking of sending out a mission. If you have tears to shed for little children, shed them for our own, who are weeping around you everywhere:—

\* And well may the children weep before you;  
 They are weary ere they run;  
 They have never seen the sunshine nor the glory  
 Which is brighter than the sun:  
 They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom;  
 They sink in man's despair without its calm—  
*Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom—*  
 Are martyrs by the pang, without the palm—

Are worn as if with age, yet unretrievably  
 No dear remembrance keep—  
 Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:  
 Let them weep! let them weep!

"I doubt whether there are so many children and so little childhood in any place in the world as in this. You need not go to America for children to compassionate. Look for them in our own gutters."

"But I am taking you out, Lady Arabella, for your walk in the London streets. We have come to the crossing, and there is a bare-legged boy with a broom; he is something like Joe, only smaller; he is not the regular custodian of that aristocratic crossing—that worthy has done his day's work and has carried off his day's earnings and left his crossing to be taken possession of by the ragged urchin whom you see there, though he ought to have been asleep these four hours, on the look-out for the stray coppers of gentlemen leaving the clubs. But halfpence are scarce in gentlemen's pockets since postage-stamps came into fashion as club-change; and the night-work is not very profitable. He may, however, earn enough to procure a tolerably substantial supper of eel-pie and a night's lodging in one of those wretched piggeries, like Tom All-alone's, where fever is generated as in a hot bed, and moral diseases spring up as rankly and luxuriantly as those which only destroy the body. I should like you to take him home and catechise him a little. He might answer you, as Jo answered the questions put to him, 'I don't know nothink.' But it would be a lie. He knows a great deal. He knows nothing that he ought to know, but a great deal that he ought not. All sorts of wickedness comes natural to him. It is in his blood. It would shock you to hear him talk to a comrade—for blasphemy is the language of his tribe. There are hundreds and thousands of this precious family in London, children whose first articulate utterances are cursings and obscenities, and who grow up, never having gone to church, never having read the Bible, never having uttered the name of God except to profane it, never having done a decent thing in their lives. Is there no 'dishonour,' no 'crime,' Lady Arabella, in suffering this state of things to exist, almost at your very doors?"

"But we do not know that it does exist, Mr. —; we are not conscious of such things."

"Perhaps not—but is there no dishonour, no crime in your unconsciousness? Why do you not put down the telescope—why persist in looking at human misery, as though it were a church-steeple in the distance—something far, very far off?"

'Are there no beggars at your gates,  
 Nor any poor about your lands?  
 Go, teach the orphan boy to read,  
 And teach the orphan girl to sew;  
 Pray Heaven for an *English* heart,  
 And let the *distant Negro* go!'

"And now, Lady Arabella, let us go a little further. See that



slight figure moving hastily, but not with firm footsteps, along the pavement. She has a bundle in her hand. She has been toiling with unsteady brain and aching eyes and weary fingers since early morning, and is now carrying her work to or from her employers, perhaps not even now to seek her little bed in her wretched fireless attic, and certainly to rise early, jaded and unrefreshed to-morrow morning, in the dreary cold. There is only one kind of slavery worse than this, and, perhaps, she will come to it in time, thinking it a relief. That poor girl has sold herself for a wretched pittance, and is more hardly driven than any slave. She is not called a slave; but a needlewoman. Yet she is a slave, call her by what name you will. And is there no 'dishonour,' no 'crime' in such slavery? And have the ladies of England no 'complicity' in it. It is an old story, Lady Arabella—it has been often told, and I hope the ladies of England are better for the telling; but the 'dishonour' is not yet wiped away. Nor has it ceased to work grievously towards the growth of another still deeper dishonour—a dishonour and a crime in which the ladies of England may be startled and shamed to learn that they have any 'complicity'—but which, in reality, is a hundred times more their own than the slavery of the United States,—I take an old man's privilege in hinting at it. But I believe that our conventional delicacy on these points, is one of the grand causes of the perpetuation of this crying evil—the 'great sin of great cities,' as a thoughtful, earnest-minded writer of the present day is pleased to call it. We must not shrink from looking at it without the telescope; you are not to use your glasses now. Our little one-mile round brings us face to face with horrors, such as, paint them and decorate them, array them in rich vestments as we may, might appal the stoutest hearts when the length and depth of the misery and the crime are measured, probed, and revealed. You see that gay dress—you hear that hollow laugh. Ask your husband, Lady Arabella, when he comes back from 'the House' to-night—he is a Member of Parliament—and he will tell you that this is an evil which the wisdom of the legislature cannot reach. But, if you ask him how and why it is a reproach to the ladies of England,—how it is that their 'complicity' in the dishonour and the crime is established, I doubt not that he will tell you how you may diminish what I fear you cannot suppress. There are many ways, at all events, in which your thoughtlessness swells the great stream of pollution. Of whom is that class mainly composed? Why of those with whom you have most to do—those with whom you are most intimately associated, and over whom your influence might most easily be exercised—needlewomen of all kinds, and domestic servants. Yes, the women who make your dresses, who smooth your hair, and lay your bed for you,—these are they who people the streets with crime,—the great fallen sisterhood from the very mention of whom delicate ladies shrink back with horror and shame. Put away your telescope and inquire into this more closely. Ask yourselves if you take care that it shall not be. Do

you ever care to inquire, or to judge for yourselves, what is going on in your own households,—what corrupting influences may be at work under your very roof?

"These are very bad states of slavery, some of the outward and more decorous manifestations of which I have been showing you—and there are others, too, of which I could tell you. But think, Lady Arabella, of this one consummate curse of our Christian society,—and, when I have gone, open that volume, written by the author of 'Friends in Council,' called 'Companions of My Solitude,' and which I am glad to see you have upon your table. Stay, I will read you one or two brief passages (*reads*):

"In fact I do not know any one thing which concentrates and reflects more accurately the evils of any society than this sin. *It is a measure of the want of employment, the uncertainty of employment, the moral corruption among the higher classes, the want of education amongst the lower, the relaxation of bonds between master and servant, employer and employed; and, indeed, it expresses the want of prudence, truth, light and love in that community.*"

"I fear, Lady Arabella, that your 'complicity' in the 'dishonour' and the 'crime,' is very clear;—But hear another little passage (*reads*):

"The main cause of the sin on the woman's part is want—absolute want. This, though one of the most grievous things to contemplate, has at the same time a large admixture of hope in it. For surely if civilization is to make any sufficient answer for itself and for the many serious evils it promotes, it ought to be that it renders the vicissitudes of life less extreme, that it provides a resource for all of us against excessive want. Hitherto we have not succeeded in making it do so, but it is contended, and with apparent justice, that it acts better in this respect than savage life. At any rate, to return to the main course of my argument, it is more satisfactory to hear that this evil is a result, on one side at least, of want, rather than of depravity."

"And now for this truth in action. Here is the illustration—(*reads*):

"Any one acquainted with the annals of the poor will tell how familiar such words are to him as the following, and how true, on inquiry, he has found them:—'Father fell ill of the fever (*the fever*, the poor girl may well say, for it is *the fever* which want of air and water, and working in stifling rooms, has brought upon many thousands of our workmen), mother and I did pretty well in the straw-bonnet line while she lived, but she died come April two years, and I've been most starved since then, and took to those ways.'

"'You were fifteen when your mother died, you say, and you have no relations in this town?'

"'There is my little brother, and he is in the workhouse, and they let me go and see him on Mondays; and there is my aunt, but she is a very poor woman, and lives a long, long way off, and has a many children of her own.'

"'You can read and write?'

"'I can read a little.'

"Now, Lady Arabella, you see, as this humane and thoughtful writer has it, that there is 'a large admixture of hope' in this state of things, for it shows that to no small extent the remedy lies in the hands of people like yourself; but the greater the dishonour, the greater the crime, therefore, if, whilst you are looking at distant evils through the telescope, you will not bestow a



glance upon those which lie at your doors, or extend a kindly hand to raise the fallen ones who sink at your sandaled feet.

"America has many large-minded and great-hearted women. I think that you may safely leave this vile matter of American slavery in the hands of Mrs. Beecher Stowe (to whom be all honour!) and the countrywomen whose hearts she has stirred. Do not think, Lady Arabella, that you have a 'mission' to write letters, or send addresses to Borioboola Gha, or hug to your heart the vile fiction, that all the duties of humanity centre in 'those dear Blacks.' You will forgive my freedom—the freedom of an old man and an old friend. I know the goodness of your heart; and it is to your honour that it has been moved so deeply by the trumpet-notes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.' But I think you have made a mistake, and that you will do your duty more fully as a Christian woman, if you lay aside the telescope, and address yourself to the remedy of those evils which you can see with the naked eye."

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## THE WARDEN OF THE CINQUE PORTS.\*

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A MIST was driving down the British Channel,  
The day was just begun,  
And through the window-panes, on floor and panel,  
Streamed the red Autumn sun.

It glanced on flowing flag and rippling pennon,  
And the white sails of ships;  
And, from the frowning rampart, the black cannon  
Hailed it with feverish lips.

Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hithe, and Dover  
Were all alert that day,  
To see the French war-steamers speeding over,  
When the fog cleared away.

Sullen and silent, and like couchant lions,  
Their cannon, through the night,  
Holding their breath, had watched in grim defiance  
The sea-coast opposite.

\* From "Putnam's Magazine," Part I.—Published by Sampson Low, Son, and Co., London.

And now they roared at drum-beat from their stations  
On every citadel ;  
Each answering each, with morning salutations,  
That all was well !

And down the coast, all taking up the burden,  
Replied the distant forts,  
As if to summon from his sleep the Warden  
And Lord of the Cinque Ports.

Him shall no sunshine from the fields of azure,  
No drum-beat from the wall,  
No morning gun from the black fort's embrazure  
Awaken with their call !

No more surveying with an eye impartial  
The long line of the coast,  
Shall the gaunt figure of the old Field-Marshal  
Be seen upon his post !

For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed,  
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the destroyer,  
The rampart wall has scaled.

He passed into the chamber of the sleeper,  
The dark and silent room ;  
And as he entered, darker grew and deeper  
The silence and the gloom.

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar ;  
Ah ! what a blow ! that made all England tremble  
And groan from shore to shore.

Meanwhile, without the surly cannon waited,  
The sun rose bright o'erhead ;  
Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated  
That a great man was dead !

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## BROWN—A TRAVELLING PORTRAIT.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE wind is tearing and shrieking amongst the huge chimneys and creaking vanes of the old house, in whose most remote bedroom I am now writing. In the intervals of its anger, strange sudden noises on the stairs and in the galleries and about the panels of the walls—passing shudders, loud snaps, and indistinct murmurs, fill this part of the mansion with such an indefinite ubiquitous presence—such an uncomfortable sensation of midnight life, that I should scarcely be astonished to see the gaunt clock in the corner walk out from its place, and turn to the dying wood-fire, to warm its weights and pendulum. Its very ticking makes me nervous, and yet it would be worse if it stopped. Now and then the wind and the weathercocks—the shudders, and snaps, and murmurs—all come to a dead lull, and then I would give anything to hear a cab. The hour begins to boom hoarsely and heavily from the church down in the village, and comes throbbing over the canal, and through the skeleton copse up the park; but the wind stops its round before it reaches its full count, and then all the angry spirits of the air are screaming and whirling again in full concert. And my own thoughts are whirling too, and keeping them company.

Eighteen hundred and fifty-three! Thirteen years since I sat in this same room, at this same time, the night before I left home to throw my bread upon the waters. All that has since happened is passing before me, like the views of a magic lantern, and what a chequered phantasmagoria it has become! Can I collect one or two of those which stand out in the most vivid colours?

There is a long straight road in Italy. It is night, and the harvest moon is shining through the tall trees that border it. On either side are dense clumps of prickly acacias, tangled festooned vines, olives and tall Indian corn; and it is almost as light as day. We are stowed in a little old, rickety posting carriage, which is suddenly stopped with a jerk, that sends me, sitting with my back to the horses, into the presence, generally, of my *vis-à-vis*. The muzzles of eight guns are through the windows in an instant, and one touches my temple. The next minute we are pulled violently out and thrown down on the road. A sharp blade glitters in the moon, and I believe I am going to have my throat cut. It is by no means a pleasant moment; but I have been needlessly frightened. The gentleman especially in charge of me cannot get away two pins, and a chain that I have sewed into my cravat to keep secure, so he cuts the handkerchief through, and takes everything away altogether. Then we see our boxes disap-

pearing on the backs of fellows something between image-men and Fra Diavolos; and then we are all put back into the tumble-to-pieces trap, and told, if we make a noise before we get to the Adige ferry-house we shall be shot at once. We take the hint and are quiet. And so the 12th of August, 1840, is not the date of our deaths.

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The moon fades away; "twenty thousand additional lamps" supply its place, and the Vauxhall brass-band is playing "Off she goes!" And so she does, almost immediately, with a bang that paralyses us, as we find that there are four of us, a mile above the earth, during a storm, surrounded by fireworks, in the car of a balloon that has burst! London is below us like a vast ocean of stars; sparkling lamps mark the outlines of the parks and squares, and the river creeps like a huge black snake through the galaxy of points of light, crossed by glittering bars, which denote the bridges. But we are whirling round and round; and the outlines of bright dots appear to spread larger and larger, and we begin to see spires and roofs, all apparently rising up towards us, instead of our falling on them. Over our heads the vast body of torn silk is flapping and rustling and roaring like a loose sail in a storm. It will soon be over! Not a word is now spoken, but we sit clenching the cords, as if *they* could save us here, and biting our lips through in cold agony. "Hold fast! here's a street." The car of the balloon strikes the coping of a house, and then swings violently to the ground. We are thrown out ten feet away, but the netting of the balloon has caught some scaffold-poles, and catches us in its meshes. This would, however, have been of little service, had not the rags of the silk formed a sort of parachute, and somewhat retarded our fall. There are crowds of people running over us, for we are entangled in the netting; but at last a pocket-knife frees us, cutting my hand across at the same time, and then, being embraced by everybody, and tossed into a cab, we are whirled back to the royal property, to scare the people who, five minutes ago, saw us disappearing as an illuminated speck in the heavens. We have escaped making the 6th of July, 1847, another anniversary. "Waiter! some pale ale!"

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Deep awful solitude! A covered boat is lying under the bank of a broad river, whose turgid waters are gurgling amongst tall quivering reeds, and lapping the sides of huts and solitary tombs, which this flood has converted into so many islands. The moon is full, and so resplendent that northern eyes are dazzled by her spacious lustre, and strange constellations are gleaming with electric brightness, as they did in that solemn early Christmas-night, upon those who were watching their flocks. Now and then the wail of a wild animal, almost human in sound, startles the silence; and far off and away, along the stream, a hand-drum may be heard from time to time, beating the savage hymn of some strange religious festival. On the right is a trackless ocean of sand. We might travel for days and days beyond the sunset, and that mighty



expanse would still reveal itself further and further before us. There is nothing to break it, except those giant piles which gleam in the moonlight, as they did thousands of years ago. About the deck of the boat, half-clad tawny men are lying asleep, and at the prow some living things are scuffling about and fighting for morsels of broken food, but they are too much in the shade of the mast sail to be defined. And now a throbbing sound is heard a great way off: clearer and clearer; at last there is no bend of the river to intercept it; and then lights glisten on the waters, and the beating paddles propel a long swift vessel by our boat. It has passed in an instant. One of the half-clad tawny men lifted up his head as it went by; and from him I learn that the hopes and fears and joys of many dear hearts at home will be crushed or realized by the messages which the Overland Mail is now taking down the Nile for England!

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There is a confused series of pictures, like a dozen magic-lantern glasses put behind one another, and then looked at all at once—scenes of long, quiet, summer forest walks in Burnham Beeches, broken in upon by a swarming *galoppe* of Pierrots and *Pébardeurs*, mad with the ice-bound fire of Champagne Punch from the Café de l'Opéra Comique—of cold and weary nights in wretched cottages on the verge of a country parish, where an additional pauper was hourly expected to add another unit to the registrar's account of births and deaths; and feverish trembling times, in the depths of private boxes watching the progress of the play upon whose success that night so much beyond the comic author's mere individual glory depended; Heaven bless that pleasant party in the pit, whom I did not know, and who laughed and applauded so when the scene closed!—of quiet modest suppers from those tiny oysters on the Santa Lucia at Naples, when the last glory of the Mediterranean sunset streamed through Pausilippo, as the purple Vesuvius blushed in its decline; and of noisy whitebait dinners at the Crown and Sceptre, when we missed the train, and had an omnibus, and stopped at every hostel on the Old Kent Road to beer, and got home somehow—of long fearful lonely evenings of patiently endured work, brain-spinning fun by the page, with jaded spirits and failing hopes, and over-worked energies, however willing they were, always, to go into harness; and brilliant delirious nights of festival when the gray morning scared us as we drew the curtains, and its light fell upon the lobster-shells and empty foil-necked bottles, and wide lotus glasses that such ruby lips had kissed, and in whose crystal such bright eyes had been reflected—of warm lazy afternoons on the Golden Horn, too idle to move from the light *caïque* that shot over the blue waters of the Bosphorus, as they mirrored the hundred minarets and glittering pinnacles of Constantinople; and one unearthly cold daybreak struggle of dead determination and pain, with fluttering lungs and bursting arteries, over ghastly untrodden plains, and yawning crevices of ice and frozen hail, until Europe was at our feet, and the giant sentinels of the Alps dwindled into mere points below us as we stood on the monarch's crown.

I scarcely know whether this wild *tourbillon* of thoughts dejects or pleases me. By the way, I have never considered that it may weary the reader. It does, most probably; I have heard people talk about themselves, and always yawned; and there is no reason why my egotism should be more entertaining than anybody else's. The fire, too, is going out; and the paper must be finished to-night; and I must also answer this letter from a man who wishes to know "whether the Finsteraarhorn has ever been ascended, and if so, when and by whom, and if not, which plan I should consider the most practicable in the event of his attempting it with a party of friends in the ensuing autumn, and that a word in reply will suffice." The name of the writer is Brown.

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"Inns: Hotel du Monde, the best, but dear,—J. L.; Hotel du Nord, dirty, uncivil landlord, fleas.—J. H.; Hotel des Etrangers, decent, English landlady; Hotel de la Porte, Excellent *table d'hôte*, but make a bargain.—A. H."—*Vide 'MURRAY' passim.*

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In the foregoing extract we find the key to the code of what may almost be termed Brown's religion; for Europe is to him a vast continent intersected by roads terminating in hotels, and erected solely for tourists. Let us see who Brown is; and where I first met him.

Everybody who has crossed the Simplon on their way to Milan, will recollect the little inn at Baveno, opposite the landing place of the Lago Maggiore, where the boats lie that take tourists to the Borromean Islands and to Laveno, across the lake. They will remember, too, the scrambling old vine over the tumble-down trellis on the very edge of the walls where so many idle fellows talk, and go to sleep, all day long—the blocks of granite that have been chipped and chipped for years and never got nearer what they are, at some time hence, intended for; and the charming (at a distance) Isola dei Pescatori, which could furnish all the supernumeraries required for "Massaniello" at both the operas, at a minute's notice. By the way, a boatman told me that one of these *pescatori* in question—of that tribe who, to my mind, are always singing "How brightly breaks the morning" and recommending each other to speak low—married a wife from Manchester, and took her to his fishy home on the Lago Maggiore; and that when she died, he so felt her loss, that he went all the way back to Manchester for another and brought her home again with him, and that she is still there—perhaps listening to the guitars from the boats of the Borromeo family who are breathing fresh air on the lake, and looking at the snowy Alps rose-glowing in the sunset, and thinking of the Monday evening concerts at the Free Trade Hall! I believe this to be true; although, to use a favourite expression of Brown's, "there's nothing about it in Murray."

Well, this little inn at Baveno is as badly fitted up an establishment as any monopoly can be. But its lovely situation, and convenient position—especially after the old gaunt, dirty *Antica Posta* at Domo d'Ossola, where the trees are so badly painted



under the gateway, and the *salle-à-manger* is such a dismal, hot, fly-spotted, little oven, and the things all so nasty, and the attendance so bad, and everybody wants kicking into a remote future period—makes it agreeable enough. It was here I first met Brown.

I was sitting with a bottle of Vino d'Asti (two francs) on the small terrace over the gateway at this little inn at Baveno, finding out, for the first time, that the Isola Bella was the original of the home pictured by *Claude Melnotte* to *Pauline Deschappelles* in the "palace lifting to eternal summer" speech, when I heard in one of the rooms adjacent, the following observation, in the best Autumn French.

"Et ici—*garson*! Je name par cet biftake: c'est *tuff* (pronounced *toof*) compreneny. Teney, donney moi der *frweet*, et demandey ler blanchisseuse pour mes choses."

I don't know why, but I was certain this was Brown, and so it was: for presently he came out and sat down on the stone-balcony close to me, and lighted a cigar.

He was seven or eight and twenty; he wore a light Alpaca paletot, check trowsers, a brown wide-awake, and laced-up shoes. His *moustache* had got to that length which associates with it a gooseberry, that was not shaved for several days, and his chain and studs were those of the vortex of society. In his hand was "Murray!"

"Will you take a cigar?" he said, offering me a case evidently worked by a woman.

"Thank you," I replied, "I do not smoke."

"They are a cursed set of thieves here," he went on: "I paid twenty francs for a *voiture* from Domo d'Ossola, and we were all day coming. What have you paid?"

"Nothing—I walked."

"And what did you do with your luggage?"

"Carried it."

"Oh—I see; a knapsack. Is not that rather a bore?"

"On the contrary, a portmanteau would drive me mad."

Brown puffed his smoke into a ring, looked at the lake, and evidently took me for anything but a swell. Presently he went on:

"What do you think of Milan?"

It was a comprehensive sort of question, to which on the moment I could not very well reply; however, he saved me the trouble.

"Bairr's is the best hotel there. By Jove!—I call his dinners first rate. Rather jolly; the cathedral—not half bad, is it? The best ices in Milan are down by the corner, at the Café Mazza. Do you know, Murray don't say anything about them; he bores too much about pictures—I hate pictures; they're all alike; I can always do a gallery in half-an-hour: you are obliged to do it you know—you get howled at so if you don't. I make a point of going steadily through everything."

I knew he did; I had seen him at it often, with not a column of Murray missed.

Just then the waiter came with a communication to him from a boatman.

"Ah! oui," replied Brown. "Dites l'homme que j'il paeray quand mes choses sont lavi. Et où est le canard—donnez à boire et à manger au canard."

I could not exactly understand this; and my head was not much clearer when I saw the waiter pull a box from an old carriage in the yard, and exhibit therefrom a fine live duck.

"Is that a foreigner?" I inquired.

"No; I brought that from the governor's place in Kent. That duck has seen a devil of a lot of life since he left home; he won't see much more."

I was becoming more bewildered, but Brown fortunately went on.

"I have always had duck and green peas on my birthday, wherever I have been. When I am on circuit, if it so falls out, I always carry a duck about with me, and I tie him by the leg to the bed-post, and feed him up well, and, according to the weather, know exactly when to kill him that he may be in fine condition.\* Then, you see, you are sure of perfection. A tough duck is the greatest sell I know. That duck I hope to eat at Leghorn."

I suggested that with a short run on the railroad, instead of the baking Leghorn, perhaps duck and green Pisa would be more appropriate. But the joke did not make the *coup* I wished. In fact, Brown never saw it at all, for he merely answered,

"Ah! indeed; I did not know; why's that?"

And he ran over the leaves of Murray for an explanation, which not finding, he said,

"Did you ever cross the Furka?"

"Several times."

"By Jove! I was nearly lost there."

(A man seldom tells you about a tour in Switzerland without saying he has been nearly lost somehow, somewhere. Never believe him: all adventures have long disappeared.)

"I had a regular scamp of a guide—a fellow who knew nothing about the road, and we lost the way, and a storm came on, and we were up to our waists in snow, and he said, 'Monsieur, nous sommes, what is it?' and I took him by the collar and shook him out of his life, and said, 'Now, you rascal, if you don't find out the way, I'll take you to the police of the first town we come to, after I have broken every bone in your skin, and if you don't get a twelvemonth's jolly fun at the galleys before you can say Jack Robinson my name's not Brown.' That's the way to treat them, you know. By Jove! he found out the road fast enough. Nothing like it."

I thought so; but still I could not understand from what I had heard of Brown's French, how this long threat, with its idioms, was accomplished.

\* *A fact!*

(*To be continued.*)



## THE HISTORY OF A HEART.

A SIMPLE, short story, without guile or art,  
 To relate to my friends I intend—  
 The political history I would impart  
 Of a country well known ('tis a woman's weak heart)  
 From its infantine days to the end.

I have searched the old records (authorities great)  
 Of this heart in its earliest times :  
 But I find little worthy of note to relate  
 In its history, while in its primitive state,  
 Unchequered by troubles or crimes.

Its inhabitants,—wishes, and hopes, and desires,—  
 Passed their time in a lazy repose ;  
 Such undisturbed quiet the reader soon tires,  
 And simple and few are the words it requires  
 Their monotonous state to disclose.

In uncivilized bliss, they were peaceful and free,  
 While yet in their artless condition ;  
 Gay sights and fine playthings appear then to be  
 The only things wanting to fill them with glee,  
 The height of their trifling ambition.

But as these happy beings begin to grow older,  
 Their ideas and fancies expand :  
 To their childish affections they soon become colder,  
 And new ones arise ; until bolder and bolder,  
 Some government now they demand.

A most liberal view is the first one they take ;  
 For, contented with sober realities,  
 Certain persons, named friends and relations, they make  
 Their rulers ; and share out the heart, for their sake,  
 In a number of small principalities.

This plan succeeds well. Peace and comfort abound,  
 And their rulers are deemed quite efficient ;  
 When it chanced, of the heart while exploring the ground,  
 That some deep mines of tenderness hidden they found,  
 Which gave riches far more than sufficient.

For, on whom to bestow this superfluous ore  
 Is a question that causes much care ;—  
 For their sov'reigns already had got ample store,  
 And neither demanded nor coveted more ;  
 So of treasure they still had to spare.

To dispose of their riches by some sweeping measure,  
 They resolved on electing a king ;  
 A stranger, 'tis true,—but they served him with pleasure,  
 And brought to his feet all the rest of their treasure ;  
 Convinced, from his reign, joys must spring.

But no sooner was he well established in station,  
 When, instead of requiting their pains  
 By acting and reigning with due moderation,  
 And resting content with his just exaltation,  
 He resolved on augmenting his gains.

He very soon conquered his subjects' good graces,  
 And then, by a bold *coup d'état*,  
 All the other poor princes he pushed from their places,  
 Abolished of all Constitution the traces,  
 And drove their old rulers afar.

'Tis most strange to relate,—but the truth we must own,  
 That the people approved the exchange ;  
 They named him their Emperor, built him a throne,  
 And swore that he ever should reign there alone,  
 That their fealty never should change.

Though tyranny sometimes will other reigns dim,  
 And may get monarchs into a scrape,  
 Not so here ;—for his subjects obeyed every whim ;  
 Wishes, hopes and desires were all centred in him,  
 Nor e'er sought from his rule to escape.

So that now, having put every plan to the test,  
 They decided, without altercation,  
 That whatever the merits might be of the rest,  
 For the heart, a despotic rule ever was best,  
 And would give greatest joy to the nation.

Let republicans wail, in their loudest of tones,  
 That speak independence of state ;  
 In a word, the country I speak of disowns ;  
 For while such unlimited freedom it owns,  
 Little happiness can be its fate.

Nor can those who see, while its vast treasures share,  
 For by many a word 'tis decided ;  
 No divided allegiance the country can bear :  
 For a true woman's heart, all who know it declare,  
 Can be divided, but never decided ?

M. A. B.



## A DAY IN GENOA.

BY W. HOWARD RUSSELL.

I AWOKE with a feeble sort of conviction that my laundress, in my snug little attic, up three pair of stairs in Pump Court, which, by the by, for a comprehensive view of the whole subject of chimney pots, and for facility of observing the manners of the great Sparrow family, is not to be surpassed in the Temple, was trying to tilt up my iron bedstead, and spill me on the floor—an unusual proceeding on the part of Mrs. Chandler which considerably alarmed me.

Instead of the flocculent and watery-eyed visage of that aged and trusty hand-maiden, however, I encountered close to my own the moustachioed countenance of the conductor of the diligence, who was striving hard to awaken me to a sense of my position through the medium of my coat-collar as I reposed in the corner of the *banquette*, propped up by an oleaginous *padre* with whom I had not cultivated by any means such close relations as long as I could keep awake. The night was pitch dark, but a bright soft light beaming far above us cast its yellow rays far athwart the gloom over the toppling little waves which broke with a gentle rustling murmur on the beach close by. The light was from the Phare of Genoa, and the waters which marked the land by a flickering line of phosphorescent sparks might claim kindred with the Mediterranean—the classic sea of the world.

We were, indeed, just entering the glorious old city, which lay clasping the bay in its stony arms, asleep and voiceless. As the diligence rumbled heavily under the city-gate some dozen or so of brisk hairy little soldiers started out of the guard-house as a corps of reserve to two equally hirsute *douaniers*, who took the vehicle by storm in the most gallant manner, and immediately proceeded to investigate the recesses thereof, and to gather such information respecting the passengers as might be gleaned by aid of their passports. The conductor, who had wasted some very rough-sounding Italian on me and my friends in the course of the day, in several attempts to encourage a general conversation, which no doubt would have been quite successful but from ignorance of his meaning, seemed now in his glory. He said some very good things to the *douaniers*. First about the Englishmen—next about their properties and travelling apparatus, and finally he indulged in *facetiae* anent the various articles brought out for examination from time to time from the *penetralia* of the diligence. The *douaniers* laughed, so did the fat *padre* and the driver, and then the joke having run down the side of the coach to the corps of reserve there was a general cachinnation mingled with expressions of admiration and wonder at the wit of the conductor. At last, with a grand flourish from a

very attenuated trumpet, and an ecstatic bit of whip cracking, we rattled off through the grim archway over the uneven pavement into the city. A dim light hangs sadly at the corner of the street. What is that noble ruin, whose columns of white marble shine through the darkness and spread away on either side by the lofty walls till they are lost in the distance? "It is the Doria Palace, Signor,—sadly knocked about in the Revolution." While I was yet admiring its noble proportions the ray of the lamp was eaten up in the night, and we were again in darkness. It was as though one were driving through a city of the dead—Palmyra could not be more desolate—scarcely could it be more impressive. Street after street was passed, composed of houses such as the Anakim might have built had they known how. Their high fronts, with fretted stone-work, and frescoes just visible at intervals, as the lantern before the Madonna of the quarter happened to be well supplied with holy oil, left a notion of vastness and grandeur which daylight modified but did not remove. The stars shone out brightly at intervals but the houses closed in too much at top to allow one to see more than a section of the purpled sky all begemmed with Mr. Hind's new planets, and now and then I could only judge of the difficulty which the man who lived in the floor next the roof must have had in getting up to bed by catching a glimpse of his candle as its light wandered out from the open window far above our heads.

Presently we got into a more lively part of the town. Actually there is a living man—very dark and indistinct, but still moving along in owl-like silence, and seemingly anxious to avoid being seen as he goes by—then a broad stream of light flashes out from a doorway, and the eye is rejoiced by the sight of "an interior"—some half-dozen of the civic guard smoking and drinking wine round a deal table, in a dingy room with a great show of military paraphernalia on the walls, and a comrade outside propped up against his firelock. Two minutes more and we were in the very heart and centre of the establishment of *Bonafous freres—fatelli*, if you like—the diligence kings of northern Italy. A dozen ruffianly-looking little *commissionaires* are waiting for us. "You, sare, come wiz me to Hotel of London!" "I say, sare, no you mind—I say you friend of Albergo of Italia." "No, no, Croze of Malta—all English go to the Malte Cross." "He is blagar, signor, Hotel Fedor for Milord always." And so on till one was tempted to denounce every hotel in Genoa, and to regard the general utility of such establishments in conjunction with *commissionaires* as extremely problematical.

We soon quieted the Babel of tongues by taking down our knapsacks, shouldering our alpenstocks and trudging boldly out into the darkness to search for the Hotel Fedor. The dirtiest, meanest, and most paltry of all these poor little creatures instantly despised us. It must be confessed that the estimate of a *poor* Englishman abroad is not exalted. Milord, though somewhat snuffed out by Son altesse le Prince d'Isinglaski (Russe) is still a name of power in the courtyard, and in the office of every hotel-keeper from the Tiber—but poor "M. Browns," who has a small port-



manteau, "warranted solid leather," through the sides of which the brown paper stuffing is making itself familiar with external agents up in his little garret, which he chooses on account of the air and view, who allows his beard to grow that he may be taken for a native, and escape imposition—who sometimes carries a knapsack long after he has left Alps or Apennines—drinks all his bottle of regulation *table d'hôte* wine and nothing else, is suspected to be in the habit of breakfasting at a *café* in an alley round the corner, and who never takes supper—he who, in one word, is a needy Englishman, must be content with as much quiet impudence as he can well endure, having lost the only quality which makes one of his race or nation at all acceptable in the eyes of our good friends the subjects of foreign powers. And, upon my word, I must say, we in return, take full vengeance on Signor, Monsieur, or Meinherr, when he happens to lodge about Lisle Street or Soho, and addicts himself to Jim Crow hats, dirty boots and shirt collars, coloured in medium. We were regular Mawworms, however, and put up with the contempt in good liking, trudging off manfully through the dark streets. It was a period of mournful independence. San Marino itself in the great European polity could not be more free and powerless.

At last, by the help of perseverance, middling French and bad Italian we wormed our way through a network of streets, which seemed as though they had once formed part of a spacious city, which had been squeezed up by a great vice, and thus had been compressed together, and tortured into all sorts of lineal eccentricities, and arrived before a monstrous edifice, something between Horsemonger Lane gaol and a wing of Buckingham Palace. Not a light was visible, but a ring at the bell, which sounded as though it rang out upon a desert, summoned a stout black porter to the gate,—“Beds—he was not sure, but perhaps there might be some to spare.” One would think the Irish exodus had been diverted from its channel, and had mistaken the Hotel Fedor for a poor-house. How on earth else could that huge building have been filled. While the gentleman of colour was gone to ascertain the important point referred to, we had time to look around us by the light of a wheezy apoplectic-looking lamp that lived in a state of intermittent suffocation. We were in a large square court—at the side opposite the door a goggle-eyed river-god reposed over the waterless urn of his fountain. His beard had turned to moss-green, and glistening. The fountain was filled with paving stones, cabbage-stalks, and egg-shells, enough to have killed every Naiad in the Cephissus. The fine carvings and mouldings of the stone-work, wrought by some cunning hand to gladden the eyes of the republican noble, were defaced and broken; and instead of the glad rush of water from the gaping throats of the dolphins, a slimy vegetation hung pendant over the fountain. In fact, the whole thing looked nearly as hopeless, cheerless, and nasty as the celebrated force-pumps in Trafalgar Square on a squally December day. By the side of the fountain a broad stair-case of marble led up to the first floor—which extended on each side of

the quadrangle, propped upon pillars of the same material—somewhat on the plan, magnified very much in size, of an old English Inn, such as one catches a glimpse of now and then, on looking over the tops of wagons and drays in the court-yard of a hostelry in the Borough. Above this again was another quadrangle of columns, supporting another corridor and floor: above that again the arrangement was repeated till the eye was almost fatigued in calculating the height of the noble pile. “Mivart’s,” “Meurice’s,” “Long’s,” look once at the “Hotel Fedor,” and die!

One felt very much as Jack the Giant-killer, if he had not been so very little endowed with the bump of veneration, might be supposed to have done when he went in to sup in the Giant’s Hall. Yes! this hotel was once the palace of those grand searovers, the Doges of Genoa! Here they kept their state and revels; and up that stair-case swept many a time and oft the pomp and wealth, the youth and beauty of the pampered Republic. Here they celebrated their triumphs over the Queen of the Sea, or laid crafty plots against their rivals of Lucca, of Pisa, or of Florence. Here they prepared their plans of defence against the turbaned infidel, or gathered the councillors of the state, to guard against some insidious foe. All the subtlety, force, fraud, enterprise and courage of the Genoese was centred in this spot. Doria might here have sighed over the hopelessness of his long ambition, and Columbus might have gazed, as we did, on this seat of his country’s glory, ere he shook her dust off his feet for ever. And now Jones of the Stock Exchange writes disparaging remarks in the traveller’s book, about the number of stair-cases, the size and coldness of the rooms, the slipperiness of the steps, and “the want of comfort,” before he pays his bill of ten shillings for bed and breakfast; and Thompson of Liverpool asserts that “It’s a stupid hotel,” after a night’s experience. And upon my word, I would not blame either of them. It may have done very well for a Doge, if he was long in the legs, sure-footed, and in good condition, but for an Englishman, who has not served an apprenticeship to Bruton, a residence of any length in this sumptuous edifice would be distressing to a degree, unless he could manage to get a room somewhat less than a hundred feet from the ground. We found it so, I can assure you, as we followed the coloured “party” up to the *n*<sup>th</sup> floor, as my friend young Coddington of Jesus calls it, who is well up in algebra, and had a very near escape of being a wrangler.

My honourable friends were taken from me in an intricate passage, where four ways met, and were hurried through a massive door which shut behind them with a ponderous clang. I heard them shout, but as I could not decide whether it was for help or hot water, I hoped it was the latter, and marched on. Another flight—some ten steps of iron-grey stone, past a dark embayed narrow window with iron bars, through which the wind whistled fiercely, past an iron gate, round a corner and into my bed-room. It was commodious, certainly. Imagine a compartment of the London Docks cleared out—not that any one remembers anything about



that magic region but the headache he had the day after he returned from it—white-washed and with the chill off, and you may fancy, though it is quite as likely you will not, what sort of a place I had got into. In the remote distance was a white platform, which was my bed; a dark strip of something against the wall turned out to be a table; and two dark something elses were faintly identified as chairs. After a tour round my chamber, which revealed three grimy portraits empanelled in the wall—fierce men with ruffs and beards all alike, and a carved ceiling, I prepared to get to bed. Now it is rather desirable than otherwise for one to get off his boots before he turns in for the night. Mine were somewhat tight—travelling, not the boot-makers, had done it, gentlemen—I looked in vain for a *point d'appui*. The floor was polished stone, treacherous as glass—so after a brief but vigorous struggle I retired to a chair and impromptued a boot-jack. It was a hapless effort. The chair slid from me like a ghost—as I fell, I caught at the table—it came down with a hideous crash, candle, crockery, glass and all, and I was left on my back and in darkness. Salmoneus himself never made more noise—clang, crash, bang went the echoes on an extensive journey over the premises, followed by a little shivering imitation of smashing ewers and basins. I felt I had made a sensation, and with some indistinct fear that I should be turned out of doors or charged double for bed and breakfast, I groped my way between a lean sandwich of sheets and blankets, and before the excitement I had created among the dwellers under distant bed-clothes had died away, I was asleep again and busily engaged in fighting with a lifeguardsman, who was firing a park of artillery at me.

Morning came at last. I could not see much of it, for a wall close to my window with a spirited fresco of a saint with a ship in tow crossing the gulf of Genoa obstructed nearly all my share of daylight, and so I made my way down to the breakfast-room as speedily as possible. I dare say I should have felt very proud and poetical, as I moved down these grand corridors and staircases, peeping over the balcony at the terraces of pillars, and the tessellated pavement of the court-yard below, but I felt as insecure as a samphire-gatherer—the footing was perilous, and so I crawled down by the balustrade, wondering what sort of foot gear the old Genoese wore when they descended from their dormitories to *terra firma*.

The saloon was reached at last. It looked very like a large crypt which had been disinterred, window-shutters half closed, gloomy black walls, a huge cabinet at the end filled with plate and salvers which put one in mind of the armaments in an undertaker's shop, and dingy screens fencing off the breakfast-tables from each other. There were several parties of our dear countrymen there, who regarded us with that hostile air with which every true-born Briton regards his fellow-subjects on travel. They could not whistle defiance at us, as that expression of repugnance is only authorised in the open air, at concerts, in railway carriages, and in diligences; and so they read their "Galignani's" disdainfully, gathered themselves up in their chairs, in compact contempt, or

stared inquiringly, as much as to say, "What on earth took you abroad?" The best revenge, and the deadliest which you can take is to keep never minding them; we did so, and they soon become sociable, and having eaten a bad breakfast—redeemed, however, by good butter, eggs, milk, and grapes, we saluted our old friend the Neptune at the Fountain, who looked more woe-begone than ever, and sallied out into the daylight. Heavens what a change? The fierce hot sun was flooding the streets with a stream of heat and light. A whirling crowd of men, most of whom seemed on their way to a lunatic asylum, thronged through the narrow street. We were close to an open space, something between the Stock Exchange and a fruit-market. On one side stood a mass of merchants, with papers and bills of lading, and other commercial riddles of the kind in hand, engaged in all the dry details of buying and selling—bright-eyed, keen-faced Jewish-looking men, whose moustaches, beards, and open shirt collars alone distinguished them in appearance from the busy race inhabiting Houndsditch. The rest of the space, surrounded as it was by tall houses, coloured white or yellow, was filled by fruit-sellers, and by a miscellaneous assemblage of a lower order of barterers. Beneath enormous umbrellas of staring orange, purple, red and green—now plain, now striped with broad patches of these very decided colours, sat women keeping watch and ward over mountains of ripe fruit. Great golden pumpkins lay heavily on the ground; the rich melons, cut in two, poured out streams of clammy juice through the masses of pulpy seeds over the wicker baskets; peach-like grapes, blushing at the infant Bacchus within, through their soft downy coats of dimmed blue or gold, welled in glorious plenty from piles of great panniers; rosy apples, rough-coated almonds, mellow pears, and tough deceitful peaches, rose in mounds on every side, and the chestnuts cracked cheerily over the pans of charcoal. Pots of macaroni gurgled over portable fireplaces, and here and there a string of sausages coloured yellow or white (I suppose the hues are not natural, as I never saw anything like them in the London market), a small piece of pork, or a bit of doubtful meat, hung from a hook over the stall, showed that the Genoese are not vegetarians, even as Mr. Brotherton, and the Chartist poet. I would not keep a fruit-stall in Genoa for anything earthly. Such hard moments as the proprietors have! Not to speak of the English, who are always under the notion that their change is wrong, the habits of the natives must render the trade more exciting than profitable. Way here for this porter! A huge Livorian porter, with a heap of something incredibly big on his head, is rushing up from the docks. He is stripped naked, with the exception of the short pair of blue trousers, which reach to the knees. The muscles stand out on his swarthy back, arms, and legs, like whipcord—his eye flashes as he breaks through the crowd, swearing, I dare say, could I know but all in horribly profane language. The perspiration is pouring down his face, and falling in thick drops from his black beard. Suddenly he halts, dashes down his load, and seizes a bunch of grapes from the nearest stall. The woman—a fierce black-eyed



dame, in a yellow shawl and red petticoats, with long gold earrings, and dirty-ringed hands, screams out. It is a clear case of robbery. The porter holds up the grapes to his nose—he smells them—puts them to his tongue, all the time shouting at the top of his voice; then he dashes them down, takes up his load, and is off. Not so—the fiery-eyed dame screams after him; he returns, seizes the grapes again, squeezes them in his fingers, licks the juice this time, throws them down again, and is repeating the experiment of a departure, when the lady lures him back. This time he eats two or three of the grapes, spits out the skins in disgust, and is turning off, when the proprietress comes to terms. The scales are produced—the Roman yard—an angry argument ensues, and, finally, the porter goes off with as much grapes as one sees of a day in Covent-garden, for a small copper coin, the exact relation of which to a halfpenny in our money, I have never yet been able to discover.

“Corpo di Bacco.” Let’s get out of this inn to the right, and you are close to the port. You can see the slender lateen sail-yards and taper masts of the Mediterranean traders over yon noble piazza. For imagine (this time with some success, I hope) that Regent street still exists as it did in the old time, when it, too, had a piazza. Take one side of it, and build up the houses to twice and thrice the height, swell the familiar columns of the old street into arched buttresses, within which there is a cool arcade filled with shops, while above them tower the stories of the houses, painted in gay distemper, adorned with ornaments of plaster and marble, with Venetian blinds, and the windows and balconies with marble balustrades, and the names of hotels, merchants, and traders, richly emblazoned along the fronts. Extend such a row as this in a semicircle, as far as the eye can reach. Then going across the way, take the other side of Regent Street, as it used to be, and shave all the houses clean off above the piazza, leaving the latter with its walls and columns still standing. Change this piazza again to fine white marble with a noble terrace on the top, and with shops beneath inside the columns, thus forming a grand arcade, and shut out the view by its sweep at either end, as it bends round with the opposite side, and then you have the port of Genoa. I passed through a doorway in the arcade, and found myself on the quay; it was filled with shipping, mostly feluccas from the coast, but I saw some Spaniards, a few swaggering Yankees, a solitary Frenchman, and two Maltese; I grieve to say not a genuine Jack was visible. It might be picturesque enough to look at the wild savage seamen in their long red caps and quaint jackets; at Greeks or Sicilians gambling on the decks of their dingy vessels with bone-dice, or yelling over a game of moro; but I must plead guilty to a strong weakness in not being able to bear bad odours, and most assuredly there was enough to drive the least fastidious away from the port. The tideless sea struggled to float a load of animal and vegetable corruption that sweltered beneath the sun’s rays in the thick scum which floated on the waters, and the boldest Commissioners of

Sewers—I am astonished noblemen and gentlemen can ever dress in such boots and coats as I have seen them wear when mounting a ladder up a gully hole—must have beaten a retreat before the result.

And so we ascended to the broad terrace over the arcade which throws its graceful sweep round the curve of the bay, and strolled slowly along admiring the busy crowds below. What wonderful tints of colour through the arches of the buttresses on the opposite side of the way—what demoniacal clattering from all the tin-makers' and braziers' shops—what graceful light-footed women, whose faces make you regret that the long white veil they hold so deftly beneath the chin, does not cover, instead of surrounding, the sallow coarse features and garlic-devouring mouths of the wearers. There go a few lusty priests, like a swim of tench in a pond, round, greasy, and well-fed, with heavy sullen countenances and great powers of suction; a pompous *gendarme*, with his steel scabbard clattering martially on the flags; porters with bales on their heads of all imaginable commodities; a train of mule-carts with spiky shafts, projecting fore and aft, piled with wood or water-casks, moving steadily—not out in the road, but in the arcade, sending priest, soldier, and civilian to the wall in all haste; a company of infantry in drab-coats and dingy accoutrements, smart compact men, though rather frowsy-looking in so much light, going in all haste to relieve some post, and a crew of liberty-men lounging back, half tossed from the wine-shop, to their vessels.

The terrace at last came to an end; we descended and walked out towards the north-western point of the town, which stretches round the rapid curve of the bay, rising in terraced streets up the mountain sides, and gradually splintering itself into grand villas, whose marbles, conservatories, and ornamented grounds, could be seen from the spot we were at, through the clear air; while the vegetation of the olive, or the dark green of the vine all around, lent additional force to the bright hues in which most of them were painted. The impression was, that you were looking at some skilful model through a magnifying-glass. The sky was too blue to be natural. Who ever saw such a sea? Why it is nearly purple, and then again everything looks so close, so sharply cut, and so well defined, that it's not like what one is accustomed to.

A steamer, hull down, is dotting the silver line where the azure of the sky ends, and the purple of the sea begins with a little film of smoke. You can distinguish the funnel and masts, though the deck is on a level with the water-line. Surely, those feluccas, with great lateen sails, peaked up like some monster sea-gull's wing, are painted boats upon a painted ocean? No, they are creeping slowly along as the men pass the sweeps lazily along the surface; and the flash of the sunlight on the swell, as it undulates in the calm, shows there is life in the water. Look down into it, and see the shoals of small fish gliding through the fine limpen sea-weed, and the rocks at the bottom bearing their crops of sea-grass. Lo! there is their enemy; a fisherman, as well got up as *any* in the *Massaniello* of Covent Garden,—red cap, short jacket,



trowsers rolled up above the knee, stands beneath the old tower, on the end of a reef, managing the thin lines, which are stretched across from it to another projecting point elevated above the water, so that the hooks and bait hang just down to the surface. When a tiny little fellow rises, the line is hauled in, for fish are scarce, and the old saying is so far true as regards the waters of the bay, "mare san pesce."

Following the rampart or wall, which is raised above the beach, we came at last to a fort commanding one of the piers, which extends into the bay to form the harbour, and after some hesitation descended some stone-steps, which led us down among draw-bridges, flood-gates, chains, portcullis, dry ditches, and other engineering difficulties; but finally we emerged on the pier, at the base of which were two stone-cottages, almost buried beneath oars, nets, masts, and felucca yards. Some wine barrels lay around, and a few small open boats were moored by the quay. A fair-haired child, of three or four years of age, lay basking on the stones before the cottage, half naked, and turned himself round at the sound of our steps. The moment he saw the strangers he was off like a deer into the cottage, and out came a man dressed as a boatman, with rough, manly, handsome features, who suggested that we ought to take a boat. It was a famous idea, and in a moment more we were out on the water. It was easy enough to understand honest Angelo demanding where we wanted to go but not so easy to tell him. At last a happy reminiscence of the Latin tongue enabled me to explain our wishes, and "*traverso il baio*," seemed to be an excellent substitute for "across the bay" in the best Italian. Two strokes of the oar and the boat was floating in "liquid cloudless sky."

We were never tired of gazing down into the depths of purple blue over which we were gliding; so clear that, fathoms on fathoms below, one could see the ribbed sands, or the fish playing about, and yet apparently so tinged with colour, that every now and then one could not help taking up the water in the palm of his hand to satisfy himself it was not so. As the boat drew out from the land, skirting by the pier, where an old artillery man was engaged in trying to ensnare some three or four wary little fish that played with his line, bit the bait off the hooks, and then frisked round the naked barbs,—proceedings on their part which caused the veteran to curse and call them ill names—he was a Frenchman, and we could understand his bad language, in a way awful to hear—the amphitheatre of the city presented itself in ampler proportions, and the scenic effect of the view increased. Angelo became communicative. Animated by the success of his efforts to make us understand the depth of the water, he launched out into every branch of human knowledge with which he was acquainted, his incomprehensibility increasing in direct proportion to his energy. Suddenly resting on his oars, he removed the flooring of the boat, and seized that aggregate of animal horrors—slimy arms, legs, suckers, feelers, and eyes—called a cuttle-fish. As it struggled and twined about in his grasp, stretching out its

hideous limbs as if for help, he regarded us with evident satisfaction. "It was good to eat," he screamed, "excellent to eat, nothing like it—salted, though the signors would observe,—Heaven and the Virgin it was *so* delicious!" and finally the nasty abomination was restored to its hiding-place to my great relief.

Then Angelo explained the whole plan of the city to us. "There were the forts—the citadel, the strongest place in the world! Ha! if the French came down, their ships would go like that (a smack of the hands)! There, just there, on the spot, the English captain anchored in to escape being sunk in '48 by the braves." (By-the-by, Lord Hardwicke gave a very different version of the behaviour of the "Vengeance" 74 on that occasion. But this only shows how the same thing may differ in appearance when taken from opposite points of view.) "The shots whizzed across the bay, and knocked the Pamphili Doria palace all to pieces. The cannon—ha, he heard the roar of them yet! That was fighting; thousands and thousands were killed. They were buried there on that hill. The soldiers fought well, but the people, *Jesu Maria!* they were devils for it! Up there, that is the palace of So-and-so, the richest man in Europe, all his rooms with gold furniture,—knew those who had seen it. There was the hospital for the poor. Just look beyond the big fort to the right, that was the cholera burial-ground."

At this point Angelo became so wildly eloquent that it was impossible to understand him, and so we gave up all endeavours to comprehend his history of the epidemic (which lasted the rest of the voyage), after he had enumerated the deaths in Genoa at many millions in that one year.

It was pleasant to hear him chaunting away in such a wonderful manner, for it lulled one's feelings like the hum of Hyblæan bees. But at last the bounds of "*traverso il baio*" were reached. Angelo backed his boat through the surf, that broke on the steep pebbly beach with such alacrity, that we were able to cut and run for it before the natives of the little fishing suburb close by could make a descent on us for the purpose of carrying us on shore,—an object which about fifty of them came running down, stripped to the waist, and yelling like fiends, to accomplish, all for the small charge of one halfpenny.

Struggling over the polished round stones and loose shingle of the beach, we gained a point of rock some hundred feet below the sea-walls, which shut out all view of the town. The surf broke on a reef of rocks a little beyond, but there was smooth shallow water inside the reef coming up on the sand and flat stones to the very spot where we stood. The heat was intense. In an instant, as if by common consent, each man in silence took off his clothes, and threw himself into the cool water just inside the reef. Shall any of us ever forget that bathe? The spray flew in sheets of sparkling diamond drops high in the air above and fell like a shower of velvet on us, while the sea, pouring in masses of creamy foam through the crevices of the reefs, or thundering over their *highest* points, rolled in refreshing coolness along our safe retreat.



## DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, BISHOPSGATE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

## A SKETCH,

DURING A "BUSINESS MEETING" OF THE FEMALE MEMBERS OF  
THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

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No "spirit" from within reproves me,  
Say, rather, 'tis the "spirit" moves me !  
BYRON.

---

WOULD you gaze upon a vision,  
That may well be termed Elysian,  
Wend your way, with step sedate,  
Tow'rd the Ward of Bishopsgate,  
To Devon House, and take your seat in  
The Quaker Ladies' "Monster Meeting."  
Misnomer strange, that designation,  
For such an angel congregation !

Hush ! look around ! above, below,  
Like beds of lilies where they show,  
With downcast eyes, and modest mien,  
Brows as their gentle hearts serene,  
And vestments of each soberer shade,  
Of which the cushat's plumes are made !  
So free from this world's soil, they seem  
Like bright creations of a dream,  
On which life's passion, grief or pain,  
May never leave a moment's stain !  
But here I'm getting sentimental,  
And, what is worse, a "detrimental,"  
For gentlemen who wish to marry,  
Their suits will ne'er to angels carry,  
Warm, breathing forms of flesh and blood,  
On earth, being better understood !  
However, I but meant to say  
Like angels that have lost their way,  
They look, their silken sheen so sweet in,  
That oft I wish that "yearly meeting,"  
By visions such as this made dear,  
Would come a hundred times a year.  
With her whom Rydal's poet drew,  
"Angels" they are, though "women" too ! \*

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\* A spirit yet a woman too.—WORDSWORTH.

And yet it never was their way  
 To "dance," to "startle," or "way-lay,"\*  
 Albeit, to "warn and comfort planned,"†  
 And if their help-mates choose, command;  
 For "comfort" and repose commend  
 My bosom to a "bosom-friend,"  
 Would she "command" I'd not say nay,  
 But, like most married bards, obey!

Did men their placid beauty view  
 With the same eyes I've learned to do,  
 Though born high fashion's wand to wield  
 D'Orsay's of many a well-fought field,  
 Of such rich boons to be receivers,  
 They'd put on "drabs" and "broad-brimmed beavers;"  
 For such the penalty, they say,  
 All beaux must be prepared to pay,  
 Wishing to act with due propriety,  
 Who choose their wives from the Society,  
 And may not happen to incline  
 To visits grave of discipline!‡

Lo; where in shining troops descending  
 Unstudied grace with beauty blending,  
 The rustle of their silk and satin  
 Sending one's heart a pit-a-patting,  
 Into the murky street they glide,  
 Like some calm river's glistening tide,  
 Bearing along where'er it flows  
 Healing and freshness and repose:  
 The shallow brook may brawl at will,  
 But the deep stream is ever still,  
 By no disturbing eddies riven,  
 And in its face reflecting heaven.

\* A dancing shape, an image gay,  
 To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.—WORDSWORTH.

† A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort and command.—*Ibid.*

‡ Visits of discipline are paid to young female friends who are suspected of  
 an intention to marry out of the Society.

## NOTICE.

WE thank "T. C. D." of Dublin for his Communication.

Want of space has compelled us to omit several Articles and  
*Notices of New Publications.* These will appear in our next.









ASPEN COURT,  
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Story of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER V.

WILMSLOW OF ASPEN, AND JANE HIS WIFE.

"NOT a bit wiser than he ought to be." Such was Mr. Molesworth's estimate of Mr. Wilmslow. "Wilmslow"—as he could now write himself—"of Aspen Court." It sounded moderate, but then Molesworth was a lawyer, and had been for thirty years in the habit of selling his opinions at prices varying from three-and-fourpence upwards. And people who sell opinions, like people who sell various other articles, weigh them carefully, and seldom give overweight. Bernard Carlyon, who had privately formed his own estimate of the same fortunate personage, would probably have put the matter a little more strongly, but he, of course, was not young enough to abuse the clients of the house to the kindly-natured person to whom they were none the less dear for their faults and follies. But I may be as frank in telling all I know about Mr. Wilmslow as is consistent with propriety, and I am sorry to be obliged to append this little qualification, but there are some passages in the life of most men, not to say most guardsmen, which nobody would presume to write about, except in the newspaper one's daughters air for one while one is coming down to breakfast.

Lord Ambergate and the other statesmen at the club told us something of Wilmslow's history, with the charitable tone and cordial feeling with which, very likely this afternoon, or perhaps to-morrow, just as it happens, some other improvised committee of public safety, lounging at that or some other club, will discuss the history of Lord Ambergate, or Acton Calveley, or Tom Crowsfoot. Very well informed fellows all of them, and men who know the world, and are not to be humbugged, and all that sort of thing. But do they think, like Job's friends, that they alone are the people, and that wisdom shall die with them? Very likely Lord Malachite (who spoke against time last night, and was in a rage this morning because the reporters, who knew perfectly well what he was about, had not wasted much valuable space on his platitudes) is at this minute telling Slanglely Barker, the eminent diner-out, that Ambergate cannot raise any more money, and, in despair, has inhumanly threatened his father, that, if he will not pay his debts, he will rat, and spoil the poor old Earl's darling hope of getting rid of four of the pearls and pyramids in his coronet.

And Sir Allan Bilberry joins them, and, after some preliminary cackle about the war at the Cape, or the frightful shipwreck of emigrants, or something nobody cares about, says something else which makes them draw closer to him and listen. Perhaps he is only saying that Sir Frederic Belt's wife is wild with mortification at finding that Freddy has again deceived her, and that he still goes to a pretty little house in St. John's Wood, and has sent two cream-coloured ponies, with silver harness, there, during the past week. How they look at one another, and laugh at the fun. Sir Allan would not laugh, perhaps, if he knew what Slangley Barker said yesterday night at a dinner in Park Lane about that gallant officer's eminent services *after* an action, or his suggestion that he should be raised to the peerage as Lord Poultrice. And Slangley Barker himself might not talk quite so loud if he knew that every body in the club, waiters included, was perfectly well aware that he spent his hours, from last Saturday night but one, to the following Monday morning, in availing himself of certain Hebrew hospitalities in Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, which were in a manner forced upon him as he was leaving his chambers in the Temple, and only terminated by an arrangement which has locked up all his diamond studs and silver forks in an iron safe, with a little square ticket pinned to the parcel. Nor would Lord Malachite, who, having recovered from his rage, looks the personation of good humour, which he is, laugh quite so heartily at poor Lady Belt's grievances, if Acton Calveley, who has just come in, were to tell him what he told Doddy Butt on the stairs, namely, that Malachite's own beautiful wife was suspected of encouraging that remarkable politician's constant presence at the House, and absence from his own, for a reason which, if he knew it, might induce him to sympathize with Lady Freddy. Tiresias, or the Chevalier d'Eon, might be a competent witness as to whether women watch as vigilantly and sedulously over one another's fortunes and morals as men do, but until some such evidence appears, there seems no reason for believing that they equal us. We may be called triflers, but we will make answer out of Paley, and hold that nothing is a trifle that tends to the harmless gratification of many, and anybody who will not be convinced by Paley, is a mere infidel, and unfit to be argued with.

But we will put Henry Wilmslow's history into a little clearer form than was employed by his friends at the club. Had the matter rested with me, I would have given gentle, good Jane Tracy a different husband, and dear Emma, Kate, and Amy Wilmslow another kind of father. *Nascitur, non fit*, and we must make the best of him, and not be too hard. Superfine Tom Crowsfoot condemned him in his superfine way, but it was not for any cause which merited such utter condemnation, but because he was one of the style of men whom Tom detests. Mr. Crowsfoot has all his life been quietly wicked, not because wickedness is wrong, but because quietness is gentlemanly. Wilmslow was noisily wicked, but then he was noisy in everything. If he shut a book—to be sure it was seldom he had that trouble, but at any



rate it was always very soon after he opened one—he shut it with a bang. If he stormed the gentle heart of a *coryphée*, he did not do it, like Tom Crowsfoot, *moyennant* a bracelet and a plenipotentiary, but blundered about the dark wings of the Opera-house at rehearsal-time, and kept his great stamping carriage-horses pawing the Haymarket pavement opposite the stage-door, while his arms and motto edified the world at large. Humbug as he was, his laugh was as hearty as if he meant laughter, and his loud voice rang out over other voices, as if he had not a care or a fear in the world, at a time when his debts had made him so nervous that the most harmless lounge had but to wait at a corner to be instantly transformed, in Wilmslow's apprehensions, into a sheriff's officer bent on capturing him. It was his organization that made him noisy, and laid him open to Tom Crowsfoot's criticism. We will not take him at Tom's hostile valuation.

Henry Wilmslow was of an old family—the heralds gave him Hastings, but that they always think a man has a right to who can prove Bosworth, where unquestionably a Wilmslow laid lance for the Boar. But the family did not keep itself respectable, and we find it robbing under Elizabeth, and jobbing under Anne, and decidedly suffering no particular martyrdom for its principles in the interim. But if Hastings were a myth, and a Wilmslow did not charge the British army under William the Conqueror, he assuredly did under William the Heaven-born, and charged it to such an extent, in the capacity of a contractor, that he speedily realized a handsome fortune. This, Henry Wilmslow would have inherited, but unhappily for him, his revered parent, in the decline of his life, became startled at the evil means he had adopted in accumulating his gains, and sought spiritual consolation. Not, however, in the Church of England, or his fortune might have been spared. There unluckily intervened traditions of regimental chaplains, of whom, in his younger days, he had known two or three specimens, disgraceful to a body of which, however, they were not, even then, characteristic. Old Samuel Wilmslow, whose shrewdness now only partially helped him, insisted on regarding one poor tipsy creature, known in his regiment as the Reverend Cherry Bounce, and whose conversation was the commination service, undiluted, but with an extended social range, as a type of the clerical order. He paid dearly for his ignorant wilfulness, for having sought the counsel of a clever sectarian preacher, whose talents in his time achieved as much for his uncouthly-named sect as any member of the vaunted Order of Jesus ever effected for the Society, old Wilmslow's senses were first frightened out of him by the ultra-Calvinistic horrors his adviser judiciously conjured up,—next, he was completely alienated and isolated from his family,—and, finally, the bulk of his money was handed over—not bequeathed, the astute doctrinaires being up to the doctrine of mortmain—for the building and endowing meeting-houses for the “connexion” of which his theological friend was a shining light. So went the spoils of the British army, and the elder Wilmslow did not long survive their surrender.

In some Spanish play, a character observes, "The father sacrificed his property for his religion—the logical consequence is that the son has neither property nor religion." This would most likely have been Henry Wilmslow's case, although he had been withdrawn from Eton (where he had been sent in his parent's unconverted days) and, at the instance of old Mr. Wilmslow's religious adviser, had been removed from the sports of the Brocas, with a view to his being apprenticed to a pious woolstapler of the "connexion." But woman, who always mixes herself up for some good purpose in the affairs of this life, intervened. An old maiden sister of the ex-contractor, whom the high-principled and high church lady had detested all his life, first for his swindling, and secondly for his schism, took the Etonian out of the wool and bought him a commission in the Guards. Miss Albreda Wilmslow did more—she made him a handsome allowance, which she soon had to pay at least three times over, per annum; and notwithstanding this, she left the young officer all her remaining money. If she did this as much from dislike of her brother as from love of her nephew, the high-church lady was still right, for old Wilmslow deserved to be disliked, and young Wilmslow did not deserve to be loved.

Miss Albreda's money did not last Captain Henry very long, but he enjoyed himself while it endured, and while, after it was actually gone, one deluded discounteer retained the curious faith in its ghost which will at times avengingly beset those who ought best to know how completely a man is ruined. Wilmslow had inherited something of his father's shrewd, coarse nature, and could at times be bitterly hard, especially when there was a choice between withholding payment of a just debt, and spending the money on some unrighteous pleasure. At such a crisis he was proof against any pleadings, and took spiteful delight in feeling his sovereigns between his finger and thumb in his pocket, while solemnly swearing to a distressed tradesman that he did not that day know where to turn for five shillings, though he should be in ample funds next week. And then, having, as he imagined, deluded his creditor, he would go away and be himself deluded, slightly more successfully, by some Mademoiselle Helène or Juliette, whose poor little *meubles* had that morning been seized by a cruel landlord, whom *son bon petit Henri* had to pay out, and with whom (the barbarous wretch being, most likely, her husband or brother) she shared the spoil as soon as the captain had gone too far down stairs to hear them laugh. Then he went to Paris,—he talked French, by the way, with a very pure and bold English accent, like some of his betters,—and as he combined a couple of tastes which do not harmonize advantageously for the pocket, especially in France, namely, playing high and drinking hard, he scarcely could be said to visit the Continent for retrenchment. At home his rooms in Half-moon Street were open to all comers in the days of his prosperity, and when it became expedient to see who knocked, as it soon did, he still held hospitable orgy for any one who had no claim upon him. But it was a queer set that the



captain liked to have about him,—a bad set in fact,—I do not mean on the mere score of its members being remarkably good-for-nothing,—a qualification which would suit some very good sets we all know,—but in point of taste. He liked what is called the “artist-world,” but then he was incapable of comprehending either art or its nobler professors, and patronized any rattling scampish *vaurien*—if foreign, so much the better—who dressed like a Guy, told profane or immoral anecdotes, or both, sketched a caricature, blew a bugle, or modelled a *statuette*. A scamp of this sort, especially if he wore a moustache, smoked cigars all the morning, and could bang a terrific piano-forte accompaniment to songs of the *Quartier Latin*, sung as they sing in French *vaudevilles* (I mean abominably), was dear to whatever did duty for heart in Henry Wilmslow. Sometimes he would get a number of these people together, with ladies who dressed very charmingly, but whom one would not have otherwise proposed as models, except to Mr. Frost or to Mr. Maclise, and then, what with champagne and innocent *badinage*, singing, and cigar-smoke (which the ladies were good enough not to mind at all, and, indeed, rather to like, and sometimes to make), the evening glided very pleasantly into night, and the night into morning. And Wilmslow was happy, contributing his wine, his loud laugh, and sometimes his bad joke to the happiness of his respectable friends. These were not play nights,—the artists of Wilmslow’s set have not much to lose,—and if cards came out it was chiefly for conjuring or telling fortunes, or to show the trick by which the German Baron Sosterkite ruined young Loppy at Baden-Baden, and drove that excitable youth to shoot himself in the garden at the hotel. All this, and perhaps a little *écarté*, that time, which is short, might not be quite unimproved, was comparatively economical. But Wilmslow did play, in England as well as in France, and I am not quite sure in which he was most cheated. Certainly good Aunt Albreda’s money did go into quarters which, could she have known them, would have astonished her, though she had often declared that after the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the letting dreadful Dissenters into a Christian Parliament, nothing could ever astonish her, good old thing, again.

This was Henry Wilmslow for the years he was first on town. And as he is soon going to be married, it ought to be said that though he had lived hard, he had preserved his good looks. He was a tall, showy, rather effective looking man, with black hair and black whiskers, both redundant. He trained his hair with great care, and liked to show a broad shiny wedge thereof, rising from the parting, and crossing his head, flanked by a mass of neat little curls. He wears a wig of the same hue and fashion at the period of our story, but when Jane Tracy accepted him, she accepted the real thing. He always overdressed, and loved pins, and studs, and rings, of which at one time he had a stock that would have sufficed an opera singer’s private life, but they all gradually went away, for reasons, except some Palais-Royal rubbish, which competent judges declined to deem security for the little impromptu mort-

gages which Wilmslow occasionally negotiated. In short, he liked to be fine, but it did not occur to him, as to Benedick, that to go the finer, he must live a bachelor. On the contrary, we all know for what men of his class consider respectable women, with money, were created. Wilmslow early and easily made up such mind as he had, that when he should have gamed, and drunk, and smoked, and lounged, and done a few other things, until he was satiated, and nearly all his money should have gone, he would bestow himself upon some handsome girl—widow, if you like, he did not mind—with a fortune, which he could do what he liked with. Not that he proposed, in that case, to go on quite in the old way, a married man can hardly do that; besides, he should begin to be bored by the old set. He would have a house in town, and a place in the country, and occasionally be seen out with Mrs. Wilmslow—Lady Laura or Lady Clara Wilmslow, if the money happened to come with a title—and, on the whole, he would be quiet, but his wife must not worry him, or pry into his goings on. That was settled. A good many good-looking men have arrived at the same settlement, and, at this minute, are going through the same preparatory process.

Fortune often helps us, but seldom in the way we expect. Henry Wilmslow fully intended to slide pleasantly from his bachelor state into his wedded life. He thought it most likely that the thing would happen naturally enough. He occasionally went to parties, visited country-houses to shoot, looked into operaboxes. He felt very certain that either in a quadrille, or at a breakfast-table, or during an *entr'acte*, he should see the right woman, and what was of more consequence, the right woman would see him. The rest was matter-of-course, though the courtship business might be a bit of a bore—however, in good society, people do not “keep company,” and it would not last long. Mr. Molesworth has already remarked that Mr. Wilmslow of Aspen Court, at fifty, was not a bit wiser than he ought to be—the supererogatory wisdom could hardly be expected in Captain Wilmslow, of the Guards, at thirty.

Well, Wilmslow deserved his good fortune about as little as most young gentlemen. I suppose we shall agree as to that. He had flung Aunt Albrede's money away, after the manner of the prodigal son of the East, with such additional wickedness as civilization teaches the prodigal sons of the West. He was a *roué*—I would say rake, which is quite as good a word, but I am told young ladies allege that they have been raking, bless them, when their worst crime has been going to several parties, and prolonging the after-supper dances until three o'clock. I want a word that has no innocence within scent of it, and I do not want to call hard names. So we will keep to the French word, which, rightly understood, reeks sufficiently for our purpose. Henry Wilmslow was a *roué*—and one of the vulgar school. And this is the gentleman who expected the world to be so arranged, that a fresh, modest, beautiful, loving woman was to throw her purse at his feet, and herself into his arms, and be his slave and comforter for



the rest of his life. And what is more—it happened. The *Parcæ*, kinder to him than he could be even to himself, determined to give him another chance.

It came, however, when he was in fear and trembling, and thinking of anything, rather than affection and consolation. All Aunt Albreda's money was gone. He had sold his commission, and spent the produce. No more bills to be done. Mr. Shandon, the Christian usurer, would not speak to him. Mr. Issachar, the Jewish usurer, would not see him. Pactolus has ebbed quite out when these marks are visible. Actions, long since pressed to judgment, started up grim on all sides, and it was of no use Wilmslow's swaggering, now, and saying that the matter was in his lawyer's hands, those legal extremities having been washed of him and his concerns when it was found that he neither would nor could carry out any arrangement with a single creditor. He had long since exhausted the pockets of his friends, so far as they chose to exhaust them—the process was shorter than Henry could have imagined when in full flush, and when he had only to say he had no money about him, to hear a hasty “*moy dear fellow*,” and feel a friend's purse put into his hand. Besides, men began to look grave at his jokes, and even to hint that though they were not straight-laced, heaven forbid, there *were* certain outward proprieties—and he began to be left out of parties—and drags, on which he had often shouted and blown horns, were found to have their numbers made up for the race or the pic-nic. More signs, and donkey as, in some respects, Henry Wilmslow was, he could not help seeing that he was “going to the bad.” He was left, like Sir Walter Amyott, “alone with the pale ghosts of his dead joys,” and what was worse, the ghosts began to look remarkably like bailiffs.

Yet, one morning, as he was sadly shaving in his single, ugly, little misshapen room, in one of the streets near St. James's Square (for he had long since been obliged to evacuate his position in Half Moon Street, not entirely without loss of baggage), and thinking what an utter mistake the world was, and why they brought him lukewarm water to shave with, and what a pity it was he had not gone to more parties, and breakfasts, and boxes, and where the deuce he should dine, for he had but seventeen-and-sixpence (and he owed a washing-bill, and the woman was waiting down stairs, and *would* wait till he came down), and what that scoundrel meant by parading opposite and looking up at his window—it was very suspicious—and how impertinent the boot-maker in Piccadilly had been yesterday, when he tried to give him an order—I say, while all these things were passing through the miserable brain of poor Wilmslow, one of the best creatures in the world was preparing herself expressly for him, though she did not know it. Look at him. Look at that sallow, forlorn-looking face, with the moustache, which he has allowed to grow, making it still more pensive. See how slowly and sulkily he is putting on that dressing-gown, once gaudy, but now dingy. And now he lights a cigar, which does not draw well, and he is going to dash it away, as in

other days, but remembers that it cost threepence, which is money, and pricks it viciously with a Palais-Royal shirt-pin—yes, now the smoke comes out well. And now he takes up his poor balance of silver, and counts out the nine and sixpence for the washerwoman, and is in a shudder because one of the half-crowns looks bad; however, he will try to make the woman take it in the dark passage, and that leaves him eight shillings, and they look wretchedly few—but the abominable woman will not go, that is certain, and so down he goes to pay her. There is a visage of melancholy.

If he only knew how pretty Jane Tracy is looking, while in the well-appointed bed-room in Mr. Molesworth's house, then in Bedford Row (where she has been staying on a visit to Mrs. Molesworth), she is arranging her bright hair before the glass. What a rich brown that hair is, and what a quantity she has, and yet how easily and well she manages it, laying it right and left into great shiny folds, and twisting the remainder into a mystic coronal, the secret of which is known but to herself and those giraffe hair-pins. And how fresh she looks, and healthy, and English. Her figure is rather full, and if all were not so beautifully rounded, (especially those arms, which you can see, as Miss Tracy's hands are above her head, and the loose sleeves of the morning-dress slip back) you might almost be an ungrateful wretch, and think her too plump. But her hands are so white and small, and her foot—well, you cannot see that, but there stands a pair of tiny shoes on that chair, you can see them, and judge of what can be put into them. Jane is not called beautiful, though sometimes, when her face lights up with merriment—it is always full of kindness—and her blue eyes sparkle, and her laugh rings so pleasantly—one feels a great contempt for mere nomenclature, and if she is not to be called beautiful, you may keep your adjectives for your dolls in the *Annals*. And did you ever see a head more gracefully put on? Look, as she turns to answer Mrs. Molesworth, who is knocking at the door, to ask her to come down to lunch. And hear the cheerful voice that says, "In *one* minute, dear."

Jane Wilmslow's voice is not so cheerful now, for I have written of nearly twenty years ago. She is the mother of three daughters, whose father is that fallow ex-officer coming up from paying the washerwoman. If he only knew the *coup* he will make in a few hours.

He did make it, and in quite as simple a way as any which he had proposed to himself in his days of glory. With some vague notion of asking Mr. Molesworth (whose acquaintance he had made in the opera-box of the then manager of the King's Theatre—the fact was, that Molesworth was suing the latter, and remarkably friendly) for advice as to his affairs, he called in Bedford Row, and was asked to dinner. Whereby did Henry Wilmslow not only save his eight shillings, but did so fascinate Miss Jane Tracy—how, I never could understand,—that the result was matrimony. When this fact is arrived at, it seems waste of time to talk about the motives which produced it. Even Tom Crowsfoot



has admitted that Wilmslow was about as pleasant a person as a noisy officer in debt can be, and his loud manner may have imposed on Jane, who, being herself very guileless, may have taken Henry's clamour for the frank utterances of a cheerful, honest fellow. He had been a Guardsman, too; and Jane had not lived much in the world, and had little superstitions, perhaps, about officers; and then—I really do not like to write it—she was so good, and her goodness made it impossible that the country girl should at all comprehend Wilmslow's real character; but Molesworth had said that the captain had been "rather too gay," and it is my solemn belief that these words did no harm to the captain's suit. At any rate he wooed thrivingly, and Jane married him.

Mr. Molesworth could have prevented this, at least in the earlier part of the courtship; later, I am not so sure about it; but he did not choose to prevent it. Miss Tracy was his client, and his friend, but he would do nothing to keep her out of the arms of that scamp. Yet he knew all about Wilmslow, and about a good many other people of the Wilmslow kind. A manager of an opera-house knows as much as most men, and can tell a good deal to a confidential adviser who is supposed to be suing him. Besides, Molesworth had other means of ascertaining the precise social, moral, and pecuniary position of Jane's lover. That he did ascertain it, most accurately, there is no doubt at all; and having done so, he not only did not warn Jane Tracy of her peril, but he facilitated Wilmslow's progress in his suit. He lent Henry money, not much, but enough to keep him presentable, and he guaranteed the rent of some decent apartments for him. I think, too, that he met two or three men in Chancery Lane, and said something to them which prevented Henry Wilmslow from being driven to study racquets in seclusion and Southwark. He was always making Henry dine in Bedford Row, but, somehow, Molesworth contrived to be very careful not to ask any valued client to meet him; and it was observed that very little wine was drunk after the ladies had withdrawn, upon every occasion when Wilmslow was present. One might think Molesworth had determined that the gallant ex-captain should not spoil his own game.

Why Molesworth took this course may appear by and by; at present we have only to do with poor Miss Tracy.

She married Wilmslow, and soon found out what was meant by a man's having been too gay. Poor, dear, good Jane! She struggled with all a woman's noble obstinacy against her conviction that her husband was a good-for-nothing fellow, but the conviction was too strong for her. I shall not annoy you by describing the series of levities, wickednesses, and insults by which Wilmslow forced that conviction upon her. I have shown what he was in his bachelor days, and I would not have dwelt upon that part of the picture as I did, but that it was necessary to understand the man, and but that by explaining his nature while its developments had somewhat more extenuation, and somewhat less offensiveness, we might escape from delineating vice and folly when they had

darkened into crime and cruelty. Her fifteen hundred a year was speedily squandered, with the exception of two hundred, which Molesworth had thought proper to secure, and to secure in a way which enabled him to defy all Henry's attempts to get at the principal, and even to resist poor Jane's entreaties, when her husband had compelled the poor girl to ask that this little fund might be given up to him. The rest went as Aunt Albreda's allowance first, and then her legacy had gone, and as the commission money had gone, and every other sum that Wilmslow could lay hands on had gone. The hardships, privations, and humiliations to which a vicious spendthrift's wife is exposed, came heavily on poor Jane Wilmslow. Sometimes more heavily than she could well bear; for she never had the consolation of being loved, to arm her against all this world's storms, and to be her assurance of another world's peace. And, at last, though not without a desperate resistance on the poor woman's part, her husband took from her the power of loving him. All was at length over between them, except the marriage link, and Jane's never weakened sense of duty. But there was another love, which the vain, and vicious, and hardening man could not disturb or destroy. They had three children, girls, born in the earliest years of their marriage. Jane never had any more. To these children she became the angel which she would have been to their father, had his nature permitted it. To these children she devoted herself with an unvarying and sedulous affection, which neither his ridicule nor his threats ever turned aside from its holy course. She could tremble away from his taunting presence, and cry her very heart out beside her bed, but when she rose from her knees it was to go to the cot, or assist in the lesson, or arrange the walk, or to work at the little dress, or do some other kindness at which he had been scoffing. Not that he did not rather like his little girls, after his manner. Indeed they were so beautiful, and of such various beauty, that his vanity and his caprice could hardly but be flattered when he vouchsafed a glance at the group. Nay, he took the trouble to do his utmost to counteract his wife's teaching, and stooped to occasional fits of education in his own school, seasons at which poor Jane's heart was well nigh bursting. It needed not, however, for the wisdom of childhood served each child, in turn, better than its loving mother's wisdom had served her. They found their father out, and three more hearts, little, but warm ones, dropped away from Henry Wilmslow. Who could love that vain, noisy, passionate sensualist?

Troubles, thick and fast, hard troubles from abroad, harder in her uncertain home — so passed the first twenty years of Jane Wilmslow's wedded life. Had Wilmslow been asked what was the chief grief of their household, he would have answered, "Poverty." They were poor, sometimes miserably poor, but Jane's heart would have scorned to make that answer. I do not know any one word which would have expressed her misfortunes — two words would have done it, but she was too good to use them, for they were names of her husband.

But they have won Aspen Court now. No more poverty, at least.



## CHAPTER VI.

## AN EXPERIENCED PLAYER FACES A CARD.

THE Wilmslows did not leave town quite so soon as Mr. Wilmslow had intended. For a family which has long been struggling with difficulties, finds various small and sordid, but stubborn obstacles in the way of locomotion. A single man of limited means can walk silently out of his club, and into a shop in the Strand, buy a carpet-bag and some shirts, and a railway wrapper, and then there is nothing, but his fare, between him and any friendlier region he may decide on while his cab drives into the terminus yard. A rich master of a house in a west end square, can generally manage almost as easily, no matter how large his family, and if he keeps his dependents in proper terror and subjection, his carriage will be sent to the station in time to be hoisted upon its truck for the train which removes his august presence from the metropolis. But not so a group of five people, who have been trying to keep up appearances on the smallest and most uncertain income, and who can neither steal away gloomily, nor stalk away grandly. And but that we have had hints at disagreeables, enough and to spare, already, we might record how many of the petty miseries of human life oppressed the Wilmslows during the days preparatory to their journey. For Mr. Molesworth, to whom the family had for years had to look as to their only friend, and who had certainly advanced a long series of monies in dribblets, just large enough to keep the Wilmslows from actual want, had not thought it necessary to be very liberal in providing funds for their journey. He admitted that considerable sums would be coming in soon from the estates, but at present there was nothing tangible, and although he was prepared to do what was requisite, they must really husband everything, and, in short, the poor lady of Aspen had a trying time of it. The first considerable sum, indeed, which Molesworth handed over for the expedition, Henry Wilmslow so pitilessly reduced by a sudden fit of billiards in Leicester Square, and by buying himself a magnificent cloak with sables, that the balance was not worth talking about, and, accordingly, he would not talk about it. Then Jane, of course, had to go and plead with the lawyer for more, and though he was always gracious and kind to her, even in days when she was most compelled to pester and waylay him for supplies, he was not very open-handed. However, clothes were bought, and Emma, Kate, and Amy, who had never been dressed as they ought always to have been, were made to look very nice (they had in a dress-maker, and worked away with her in a bed-room, for their respected papa made it so disagreeable by joking with her, and otherwise, besides smoking, that there was no sitting in the parlour), and Jane herself, but that she looked worn and weary, would, in her new dresses, have reminded Henry Wilmslow of their old days, if his hard blood-shot eyes had held a gleam of kindness in them. But by the time the dresses were ready, and new boots and new bonnets were bought, and divers

other things which it may not be necessary to catalogue, and of which, for some years, I am afraid the poor dear girls' catalogue was a brief one (and such as their mother was quite ashamed to stick on the inside of the lid of their boxes, at the few periods when she could afford them a school), and when the landlady was paid in full, and the butcher paid half, and the baker up to Christmas, and such heaps of small bills had been settled, that it was an irritating mystery how others should still keep dropping in, some with piteous, some with bullying *vivá voce* introductions, Mrs. Wilmslow's patience, and Mr. Molesworth's money were very nearly exhausted. But at length all was done, and the morning actually arrived, when the female part of the family set forth with the luggage, it being hardly necessary to say that the haughty Mr. Wilmslow, in his cloak of sables, had abandoned them to their own devices, and had departed to Leicester Square for a final game at billiards, or that he met them at the station, rather flushed with liquor, but looking bold and imposing, as he swaggered up the platform in his mighty cloak, discharging a very large oath at a very small newspaper-boy for running against him. He had never cared about Jane, and his wife had long learned to care only for doing her duty to him, and of course it did not occur to either to be proud of the other. But as they stood together, waiting while the carriage glided up, a good many looks were directed towards them by other passengers—Jane was pronounced the model of an English matron, only it was a pity, people thought, that she looked so pale, and Henry was conceived, from his sables and his haughty bearing, to be some kind of Ambassador, a sonorous title, to which folks who have not seen much of embassies attach extraordinary ideas of majesty.

To those who are unluckily acquainted with Wilmslows of their own, it may possibly occur as curious, that my Mr. Wilmslow did not, as soon as Aspen Court was decreed to his wife, immediately proceed to encumber the same. A man whose wife has just had an estate of 5000*l.* a year adjudged to her, is surely lord of many men's purses, and need not go very far to look for their obliging holders. Do you think that Henry Wilmslow did not remember this? And when the first supplies the solicitor sent to Mrs. Wilmslow had been squandered, and the Ambassador was quite clear that no more would be forthcoming for his personal benefit, he did march off, savagely, to Mr. Shandon, the Christian usurer, of whom mention has been made, and attempted a negotiation. But as he seemed to want the money so very much, and did not even pretend to hesitate over the price at which Mr. Shandon proposed to sell his gold, the latter gentleman began to suspect a downright swindle, and after making an appointment with Wilmslow, went off to Molesworth, which Henry had particularly requested him not to do. I do not suppose you and I care what passed between an attorney and a bill-discounter about a scamp—enough to say that Wilmslow got neither money, nor discount wine, nor a Wardour Street Correggio, nor Birmingham jewellery, from the excellent Mr. Shandon, but he did get a



special invitation from Mr. Molesworth to call upon him at a given hour. And when the Ambassador came forth from that audience, he looked exceedingly irate, but thenceforth he tried to raise no more money.

They departed for Gloucestershire. But the delay occasioned a slight change in the intended arrangements. Mr. Carlyon did not accompany, but preceded them. Mr. Molesworth thought that it would be more pleasant for Jane (for whose comfort, except in the article of matrimony, he had always shown more concern than it was his custom to exhibit for anybody but his own family) to find the Court prepared to receive her. So, a day or two after his first intimation to Carlyon that he was to go to Aspen, he sent for him, and said,

"Do you shoot, Bernard?"

"Yes, upon occasion," said Carlyon. "But the capital gun you gave me three years ago has seldom come into use, lately."

"I—gave—you?" replied Molesworth, apparently endeavouring to recal the circumstance. "Did I? Do you know, I had quite forgotten it?"

Carlyon did not know—nor even believe it. However, he only said,

"Wilkinson never made a better. Lord Clamperville, I think, told you that I did not do any discredit to your present, when we were at White Oaks."

"So he did, now you mention it. Oh, ah! he said you were a dead shot, I remember. Well, I dare say you are tired of dawdling backwards and forwards after those Wilmslows, though Mrs. Wilmslow does speak so much in your favour. Go off at once, and bang away at the pheasants and partridges. She will like to find a well-filled larder. Can you be off by to-night's train?"

"Certainly. But as for the pheasants and partridges," said Bernard, glancing at the "Law Almanac," which hung behind Molesworth—"this is the 10th of February."

"Is it?" said Molesworth. "Never mind if it is."

Quite understanding this, Carlyon said,

"There are some things which should be attended to, if I am to be away long."

"Anything Lobb can't do?"

"Not for a week or so. After that, the Lampton abstract must be taken up in earnest, and that I am afraid is rather over Mr. Lobb's head."

"He deserves to have it laid over his head, if it is. I wish he would learn some of your quickness. However, we will say nothing about the Lampton affair just now—leave Lobb a memorandum of what he must do. I'll take care he does it. And we'll write to you, if necessary. Linnery will give you any money you want. Take three hundred pounds."

"Three hundred pounds?" repeated Carlyon, distinctly, but without evincing any surprise.

"Yes. Of course you will not let Master Wilmslow know

that you have so much money with you, or, indeed, a shilling more than you need. But if Mrs. Wilmslow seems to want, let her have what she likes—in fact, you can lead up to it, if you see reason. Only not a farthing to him, except from me, direct. Would you like to take Chequerbent with you?"

"Just as you please. No doubt I can find work for him in the muniment room at Aspen—there is one, you mentioned."

"Did I? I don't remember it, but you recollect everything. Yes, rather a queer place, and the old tenants told queer stories about it, hideous noises, gnashings of teeth, bewailments, and so on—founded in cats, I dare say. Turn Chequerbent in there for an hour or two each day," said Mr. Molesworth, "and let him sort the old papers, and make a schedule of them—at any rate, make him seem to be doing something. Don't let him fall in love with either of the little Wilmslows—are they not nice children, Bernard?"

"Charming," said Carlyon, "though I suppose they would hardly thank you for calling them so. Miss Wilmslow is eighteen, she tells me."

"A dignified age, looked at by twenty-five. I am fifty-three. But they are very good girls, and, considering the scrambling way they have been brought up, they have some admirable notions of things. Their mother is a jewel;—if ever you marry, Carlyon, try for such a girl as Jane Tracy was, and treat her better than Henry Wilmslow has treated her."

"Well, sir," said Bernard, "I believe that you helped Captain Wilmslow to that lady; should you have another like her in your gift, and think my qualifications at all equal to his, I dare say you will remember me."

"Who says I helped Wilmslow to his marriage?" demanded Molesworth, sternly.

"Why," said Carlyon, "was not the acknowledgment part of that exceedingly neat speech delivered by Mr. Wilmslow at the dinner you gave us in Furnival's Inn, in celebration of his victory."

"A blatant drunkard," replied Molesworth, angrily. "Does his wife tell people the same?" he asked, turning with quickness to Carlyon. But quick ball or slow ball, Carlyon's bat was ready for it.

"I imagine that her marriage is nearly the last thing poor Mrs. Wilmslow would care to talk about," he said.

"I don't know that," replied the lawyer. "Perhaps she may talk to you about it, for you seem to have made yourself a favourite in that quarter. If she does, I should like to know whether she thinks I had much hand in the match."

"I will remember," answered Bernard. "I think, however, that there is another subject on which she is much more likely to talk to me. I mean the state of Mr. Wilmslow's affairs, now that we have gained the estate. Have you any instructions for me in this case, or am I supposed to know nothing?"

"How much *do* you know, Mr. Carlyon?" asked Molesworth, putting his hands together and looking steadily at Bernard.



This time the latter seemed a little surprised.

"I rather imagine," he said, "that I know as much as there is to be known in the matter."

"Very probably you do," said the solicitor; "still, with your good will, I should like to be informed what that comes to. A client's affairs are important things, and it is well to have no mistakes. I wish you, should Mrs. Wilmslow put the questions you expect, to tell her the exact truth, and I should also like to know the way you propose to put it."

"If the exact truth is to be told," said Carlyon, somewhat dubiously, "the statement will be simple, namely, that Mr. Wilmslow's affairs are precisely where they were, except that, in addition to old debts, he owes an enormous mass of costs, and that Aspen Court, not only by right, but also by deed, signed by the Wilmslows, is actually the property of yourself."

While Bernard Carlyon was saying this, Molesworth's strongly-marked face and keen lips evinced such obvious discomposure, on the part of the solicitor, that the younger man became convinced that something was going wrong, but he could not understand what. When he had finished, Molesworth looked hard at him for a minute, and could not help seeing that there was a genuine expression of surprise on the intelligent features. Mr. Molesworth then walked about the room for some time, breathed hard, looked carefully at all the prints on the walls, but without recognizing any one of the chief justices and chief barons there suspended. Then he gazed at Carlyon a little more, and then his mind was made up. He resumed his seat.

"Bernard," he said, "I do not mind admitting to you that I expected a different answer, and that what you have said convinces me that I have made a blunder, for I know you to be incapable of obtaining information clandestinely. Let me know how far my blunder has gone. What is your authority for the statement you have made?"

"Your own hand-writing," said Carlyon, still more surprised.

"Ah!" said Molesworth, who now knew all about it, "I see. You found a bundle of papers, from me, sent to your place, and among them was one marked *A. C.*, and the words *destroy this*."

"Precisely," said Carlyon, "and of course I have destroyed it."

"Ah, but you have read it first!" said Molesworth, "and you have an excellent memory. Now let this be a warning to you through life. Never be in a hurry, if you can help it, and never be in the dark, if you can help it; but above all, never be in a hurry and in the dark at the same time. I was putting these papers together for you the other evening, and my lamp went out. I rang for another, and the mischief was done while Spott was running for it. I laid my hand on that paper, which I fancied I had placed in my drawer, and it slipped into your bundle, which I sent off hastily as I was going home. I explain this to you for a reason."

"One which I can divine, sir, I suppose. I have accidentally become acquainted with what I was not intended to know."

"Neither you nor any one else at present," said Molesworth. "I tell you that in confidence. The deeds were not prepared in our office, but in—in Wales, in fact," said Mr. Molesworth, "that no one might chatter needlessly. But you have the secret, such as it is. Do you know that one of the greatest will-causes in the books was lost by just such an accident in 1817?"

"All that need be done," replied Carlyon, "is to revert to the question I asked you. Supposing that Mrs. Wilmslow makes the inquiries I anticipate, have you any instructions to give me as to the reply?"

"There is a little more than that," said Molesworth. "If this had been merely an ordinary business secret, a mere private affair which was not to be talked about, I should have gladly confided it, as I have done scores of other private matters, to your management. But there were powerful reasons against my doing so in this case, or rather, against my confiding it to any one living. I prepared the deeds myself; they were engrossed with blanks and filled up by another hand, who knew nothing of their contents."

"And the signatures?" thought Carlyon; but he said, "We have taken similar precautions once or twice before, and I have frequently heard of their being used in the country, where stamp-officers gossip, and other subordinates can cause annoyance in families by talking of business-matters."

"But this is a more important affair than an aristocratic mortgage or a shabby marriage-settlement," said Molesworth. "And as a man of honour who has become accidentally possessed of a secret, you will, I am sure, be glad to give me your solemn and sacred promise that you will never reveal what you have learned, and will act as if no such transaction had taken place."

"If you think it necessary to exact such a promise," said Carlyon, "pray do. I make it as solemnly as a promise can be made."

Molesworth's eye went over his ample table, and Bernard, tracking the glance, observed it rest upon a very small and very dusty red volume. However, Mr. Molesworth thought better of it, and did not propose to Mr. Carlyon to take an oath of secrecy.

"I am quite satisfied with your assurance," said the lawyer, "and we will speak as if the affair were forgotten. If you are questioned at Aspen Court, and I agree with you that it is more than likely, keep as near to facts as you can. Explain that Mr. Wilmslow is so much involved by twenty years' extravagance,—you need not be mealy-mouthed,—that though they will soon have a competency, it must be some years before they look upon themselves as resident landowners, or dream of spending a tenth of their income. I have impressed this upon him already rather strongly, and she is fully prepared to hear it, and, besides, will accept any statement made by you. Let me hear from you as soon as the Wilmslows have arrived, and you have anything to say. And so, a pleasant journey to you. And I tell you in all sincerity, that though certainly I had not designed the revelation which I have



made to you, I do not regret it now. Perhaps you may see in it an additional reason why I wish you to go to Aspen Court. If you don't, no matter. So be off,—take Chequerbent, and God bless you." And he shook Carlyon's hands with a cordiality he seldom evinced except to valuable clients, with whom that fervid salutation was sometimes found very telling, as they went away saying what a good-hearted man Mr. Molesworth was. I do not mean to say that such was precisely Bernard Carlyon's observation as he left his employer.

"I am to have the pleasure of your company into Gloucestershire, Mr. Chequerbent," said Carlyon, as he entered the clerks' office.

"Sir, you do me proud," replied Paul, with a bow of mock gravity. "Should I be indiscreet in inquiring what party's pig has departed this life now?"

"How exceedingly vulgar you are in your conversation, Chequerbent," said Mr. Lobb.

"All spite—miserable spite," returned Paul; "because by reason of my profound knowledge of law, and of my generally felicitous method of transacting business, I am selected to go into the country, and you are not. Where are we going, Mr. Carlyon?"

"To Aspen Court."

"I'm agreeable," said Mr. Chequerbent. "When?"

"To-night at eight. Will you dine with me, or meet me at the station?"

"The latter," said Paul, "for reasons, one of which is, that you have a habit of taking popular thoroughfares, and passing certain shops, which just now I find it convenient to eschew."

"But I will go any way you like. Besides, it will be dark."

"No, thank you. I will meet you at the train."

"Very well; don't be late, please."

But Paul was late, so late that the bell rang, and the whistle sounded, and the train went off, taking Carlyon, but not Chequerbent. Bernard wondered where his intended companion was, but perhaps hardly regretted his absence, as it gave him ample opportunity for considering the interview of the day. And he thought it over and over as he rushed across the western counties, and had by no means dismissed it from his mind when he fell asleep, and consequently dreamed that Mr. Molesworth and Mr. Wilmslow were fighting for the Ambassador's cloak of sables, which suddenly turned into a parchment deed, and exploded with a bang. Morpheus was certainly the first inventor of pantomime tricks, and perhaps that is why it is so easy to go to sleep at a pantomime.

Reaching Bristol, Carlyon left the railway, and struck across the country for Aspen Court. When he arrived, it was the forenoon of a fine February day. The sun was bright, and even warm, and the sky was cloudless, though its hue was rather of a faint lilac grey than a glowing blue. There had been a white frost, and it still clustered in shady nooks and holes in the grass, but it

was melting away from wet roofs, and from the shining leaves of the evergreens. A dim mist hung on the horizon, and brought out the defined forms and tracery of the leafless trees. The roads were well-dried and firm, the genial moisture slightly deepening their brown hue, and freshening the mould in the little village-gardens. The birds twittered on all sides, but the only song was that of the lark. Crocuses and double daisies, yellow and crimson, were the chief flowers to be seen, but the shoots of the trees were green and bursting, and all promised an early season. Carlyon had an eye for these things, among others, though the fields of the Inn of Lincoln are scarcely favourable to the study of rural nature.

## CHAPTER VII.

## WHAT TENANT WAITED IN ASPEN COURT.

THOSE who had been expelled from Aspen Court, and of whom we shall hear more before our story is over, had abandoned it somewhat in haste. No sooner was the final decision given, which assigned the right of ownership to the Wilmslows, than the old house was evacuated by the wrongful holders. This speedy surrender had been by no means necessary, for Mr. Molesworth would have afforded them ample time for leisurely retreat, nor was it, in a worldly point of view, very judicious, for few persons would be inclined to give them credit for the feeling which dictated so hurried an abnegation of a claim previously maintained with English sturdiness. We rather like to see people, who do battle at first, hold on to the last, and vindicate original error by gallant obstinacy. And if the condemned garrison had chosen to continue in possession, Molesworth would have offered them reasonable terms. He manifested no eagerness to dispossess them, and would, as soon as the rights of his clients were finally admitted, have permitted the previous owners to remain on sufferance, or as tenants, as long as they pleased. Of this, indeed, he made no secret, and of his placability the defeated party had been duly apprised. But they would accept no favour, nor remain by permission where they had dwelt by right. Twenty-four hours after formal intimation that Aspen Court was another's, the late owners had taken their last look at its mountainous roof, and sparkling windows, from the carriage which was hurrying them away. The legal forms incident to a compulsory change of ownership were performed by a country agent of Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge, and when Carlyon drove up to Aspen Court the house appeared uninhabited. After considerable waste of energy in shouting, and rapping, and rattling, at every point where noise seemed likely to be of any use, and having awakened nothing but the echoes, Bernard determined on escalade. Causing the driver to place his portmanteau in a shed, and dismissing the man, Carlyon scaled a low wall, and thence, over some of the offices, he made his way to the top of another wall, which bounded a portion of the great garden at the rear of the house, and which boundary connected a set of stables with the servants' rooms. He was,



therefore, on the west wing of the mansion. The height of the wall was considerable, but Carlyon was active and fearless, and in a minute more he was standing, rather flushed, upon the walk behind the tall trellice, of which mention has been made. It looked naked enough now, and the frost was steaming from the lattice-work.

But still there was no sign of an inhabitant, and Bernard traversed the garden, and examined every window and door in the rear, without better success than he had met in the front. The doors were fast, and the lower windows secured by shutters. The birds followed him curiously from point to point, taking up positions on the trees near the house, and twittering their commentaries on the stranger's conduct.

At last, after a very careful and repeated scrutiny of all probable and improbable entrances, Carlyon said—

"Well, *viam inveniam aut*—and so forth, a motto which has served me once or twice before in my time. Do you happen to understand Latin, birds?"

And thereupon, struggling up upon a window-sill, and thence springing to the crooked arm of a tree that stood near that portion of the east wing which has been described as fitted up in cottage style, he ascended the tree until he was about on a level with the flower-balconies projecting from the first-floor windows.

"The leap's not very much," he said, "but, if that woodwork is rotten—and most things are in this world—"

And so he came down the tree again; but a thought struck him. He searched the yard and outhouses, and speedily found a plank, which he brought to the tree, and again ascending, dragged it up after him, and getting to his former elevation, dropped the plank, so as to form a bridge from the bough to the window.

"Bold is the wise man, but not overbold, says the proverb. Now, Wisdom, keep your head steady."

And with a few swift steps Carlyon crossed his bridge and stood up close to the window; the balcony, however, bent and cracked beneath his weight, and some of the wet mould fell down upon the stone path below.

"Quite as well not to have trusted you," said Bernard. "But the window is fast, and my destiny is burglary, after all." And dashing in a pane of glass with his elbow, he pushed back the bolt, and lifted the sash. He then sprang into the room.

In this fashion did Bernard Carlyon make his first entrance into Aspen Court.

He found himself in a small but comfortable apartment, from which the gay carpet had not been removed, and in which there were a few articles of modern furniture. A looking-glass had obviously been wrenched down from above the chimney-piece, while on the table, and on some gilded brackets, circular spaces, less dusty than the rest, showed that a room, carelessly kept, had lately been denuded of its ornaments.

Carlyon, turning to the right, made for the front of the mansion. He passed through a long range of rooms, dark and dusty, and

came to the angle of the house. Pulling open a door covered with red baize, he emerged into a gallery running the whole length of the front, but not in the front itself. It was lighted on one side only, and that the side which looked upon the garden. A dark oak-floor, highly polished, and with a narrow rivulet of India matting flowing along its centre, narrowed nearly to a point in the perspective. There were several doors, set deep in the opposite wall, and towards the centre a gap, and a massive oak-rail, indicated a broad staircase. Carlyon stood at one end of the gallery, and close to him, and nearly occupying that end, was a large window, against which the branches of a yew-tree incessantly brushed and rustled. This looked upon the churchyard, and the white church tower itself rose behind the yew. At the far distant end there was also a window, but filled with stained glass, whose many colours gave Bernard the idea that the gallery was an enormous kaleidoscope.

All was silent, except the restless rustling of the yew-tree, which kept rubbing itself up against the house, as an affectionate cat brushes along its master's hand. Bernard walked on, trying the doors in his way, but they were locked. He reached the stair-head, and found two flights of the broadest and easiest black oak stairs, meeting and turning at an ample landing, lighted from above. Around on the walls hung some very large old paintings, of which little could be discerned, except that in the centre of one of them time had spared the figure of a white sprawling naked baby, held up, in a black hand, by one leg, from which it might be inferred that in the adjacent darkness lurked Solomon, delivering his judgment in the celebrated case of the *etairai*. Some aged maps and charts, with elephants, many miles high, populating the Sahara, and grinning sea-monsters of still greater vastness, sporting in the Atlantic deeps, garnished the lower portion of the stair-wall. Carlyon, descending, came to a passage under the gallery, and running in the same direction, but instead of traversing it, he drew aside a large red curtain to his left as he reached the bottom of the stair, and found himself in an arched opening, and looking into the great hall of Aspen. It was tenantless and still. The family portraits along the walls were staring out with their energetic superciliousness, the wonderful clock stood paralysed and self-contradictory, the huge chimney-piece showed the remains of a wood-fire, which had been, and was gone. The loneliness was something more than mere negation of life—there was an actual deathlike presence in the old deserted hall.

Bernard stood for some time contemplating the scene, until its influence began to grow upon him; and even when he crossed the hall, his step was quicker, and not so decided as it had been in the chambers and gallery. Very weak, no doubt, and sentimental, in a young and healthy man, to own any difference of feeling in one large room and in another, except as regards draughts, and you, Captain Hawhaw, would have lit a cigaw, and you, Mr. St. Wardour, would have grimaced at the pictures. Only, you see, Nature will *not* be consistent, and make all her men to one pat-



tern—your own. However, I have nothing to do with reasons. I only record that Bernard Carlyon stepped very hastily across the hall to the great door, and unhooked chains, and lifted down bars, and pulled back bolts, as speedily as he could, and felt glad to throw open that huge gap, and let the sunshine come streaming in, and overflow the place with its cheerfulness. And a stranger afar off, who saw that mighty breach suddenly made in the front of the mansion, would have observed a light figure emerge from it, and spring through the portico, and quite out upon the broad gravelled path, as if escaping from a pursuer. Such was Bernard Carlyon's first progress through the old house at Aspen.

Needless to say, that the first of such sensations was the last with Carlyon, or that he speedily re-entered the house, and explored its open chambers, high and low. And having finally convinced himself that the place was utterly abandoned, he proceeded to make arrangements for the reception of its owners. He placed an old couple, from the neighbouring village, in temporary possession, and, obtaining a horse, crossed the country to the nearest town, where he enlisted the services of the necessary tradesmen. Carlyon's knowledge of business and decided manner greatly facilitated the rest, and having selected a set of apartments, such as he thought Mrs. Wilmslow would prefer, in a very few days he was prepared for her reception. Five or six rooms, on the west front, had in that time been made to look very comfortable. Carlyon carried out the spirit of his instructions from Mr. Molesworth, even to the extent of telling a couple of eager, smiling, red-handed country girls, strongly recommended to him by a farmer with whom he had made acquaintance, that though he could not undertake to engage them, he advised them to be in the way when Mrs. Wilmslow arrived. For a bachelor, he really contrived to forget very little that was absolutely wanted.

The superintending these arrangements occupied most of Bernard's time, but he contrived to make himself acquainted with the features of the estate, and of the country immediately around. He was surprised to find that no servant of the late occupants, no steward, wood-bailiff, or even gamekeeper appeared to assist his investigations, or to ask for renewed employment. Such was the case, however, and on inquiry in the village, and elsewhere, he was unable to learn that such officials had ever been engaged for Aspen. The tenants had paid their rents at the Court. What had to be done upon the estate was always done suddenly and well, but by strangers, who arrived, did it, and departed. The game, which was plentiful in that county, and severely preserved all round, was neglected by the owners of Aspen Court, to the exceeding indignation of their aristocratic neighbours, whose little armies of keepers were in constant and direful night-battles with poachers. The menials of the mansion, if there had been any, had departed with their employers, and there certainly never was a case of more complete dispossession of a family. Carlyon had, however, some little comprehension of the mystery.

In about a week the Wilmslows arrived, and were welcomed on

their threshold by the vigilant Carlyon, flanked by old Jubble and his old wife, the rear being brought up by the rosy Martha and the sturdy Mary, whose curtsies began when the carriage was seen at the gates, and ceased at no particular time during that day. The Ambassador, in his sables, got out first, looking rather cross, the brandy he had taken at a great many places on the road, having, with the journey itself, simply irritated him. Carlyon handed out gentle Mrs. Wilmslow, who, even at the moment of taking possession of her prize, never thought of entering until her children were by her side. Bernard, after the first salutation, drew back, in order that if there were any kindly or gentlemanly instinct left in Wilmslow, the latter might introduce his wife to her newly-won home. But the Ambassador strode hastily forward into the hall, and Bernard, with one glance at him, and the faintest half-smile at his own absurdity, in supposing that Wilmslow would act otherwise, addressed a few earnest words of courtesy to Jane, as he conducted her through the porch.

"Let me have the very great pleasure, Mrs. Wilmslow, of being the first to congratulate you on taking possession of Aspen Court," he said, with a grave and respectful inclination, as she entered. "It is what ought to be said to her," he thought, but his recollection went back to Molesworth's title-deeds.

Poor Jane, not much used of late to hear a gentleman's accents, touched his hand for a moment, and turning to her daughter Emma, who was nearest, clasped her round the neck, and burst into tears. A home of her own, again, at last! No more shifts and contrivances, no more extortionate landladies and slatternly servants, no more humiliating apologies when the rent was not ready, no more vulgar insolence to her children, or vulgar familiarities with them, rather harder to bear. Sadly common-place, Jane Tracy, as you enter your ancestral halls, but you are a lady and a mother, and, I suppose, we must forgive you for not treading haughtily, and with flashing eyes, and stamping on your hearthstone, and planting your victorious banner. You may have your cry out, holding pretty Emma's neck, and making her cry too. The other two girls would join you and have quite a scene, but a word or two from Bernard, said very kindly, shows them that they had better not; but they will not go away, though a minute before they were dying to start on a journey of exploration.

The Ambassador, having surveyed the hall, comes up, and is, of course, utterly unable to comprehend why his wife should be crying. However, he is good enough not to reproach her, but advises that the carriage be sent off, and the door shut, as it is such a cursedly raw day, and demands of Carlyon whether he has got a decent cigar to give him, for the weeds he bought at Bristol were not fit to fumigate the fleas in a poodle. And receiving a satisfactory answer, he playfully enfolds little Amy in his great cloak, and imitates the roar of a bear, and really seems improved for social intercourse, by the feeling that at last he has got hold of Aspen Court.

Mrs. Wilmslow, having dried her eyes, and kissed Emma—and



if you had seen how pretty Emma looked with her bright blue eyes, and with her rich brown curls, rather about her face from the journey and the embracing, but not a bit limp though, and with the fresh colour which the Gloucestershire air had already given her, you would have thought she as richly deserved kissing as any girl of eighteen ever did in this world—business proceeded. Carlyon presented his four vassals, explaining that their adherence was dependent only upon the will of the lady of the manor, and the red-cheeked maidens bobbed and blushed with great vehemence. Then, apologizing for showing Mrs. Wilmslow the way in her own house, he marshalled her and the young ladies to the apartments he had prepared, explaining that he had ventured to do no more than was absolutely necessary, as Mrs. Wilmslow might not even like the rooms. And Jane thanked him in her sincere, quiet, ladylike way, while the girls, declaring that everything was perfect, instantly proceeded to re-arrange everything, incessantly appealing to their mamma and Mr. Carlyon whether they were not infinitely improving the place. Bernard thought that three girls could not appear to more advantage than did Emma, Kate, and Amy, as, hastily removing their bonnets and cloaks, but retaining certain invaluable polka jackets, warm and close fitting, just the things for travelling, they ran about pulling a table one way, and carrying chairs another, pushing a couch into the middle of a room, and then, seized with a judicial caprice, all suddenly sitting down in a row, on the same sofa, flushed and laughing, to consider the general effect.

That was a good opportunity for Carlyon to remark—we will do the same—that Emma, as has been said, was blue-eyed and brown-haired. Her features were of a pure Grecian type, but not so regular as to be severe. Her complexion was very fair and delicate; and although not so full in form as her mother had been when young, her figure was symmetrical in its rounding grace, and held obvious promise of perfection. Kate, the second, was slighter, as tall as her elder sister, but darker, and with more aquiline features, and beautiful brown eyes, capable, when the young lady was surprised, or meant fun, of expanding so very largely as to aid the “well-pronounced” nose in a capital imitation of an owl. Kate’s hair was dark-brown and braided; her head was excellently set on, and though there was somewhat more of sauciness in the face than in that of the gentler Emma, still the expression was high-bred, and good. As for that other merry little girl, with eyes like Kate’s, and hair like Emma’s and a voice and a laugh that are like everything pleasant and musical, we can hardly assign her a style yet, but she is thoroughly English, and her name is Amy, and Mr. Leech knows her, as will be observed in time. They have all very pretty hands, now a little dusty with their work, and there are six charming feet hidden in those warm travelling boots. Jane Wilmslow looks at them proudly, and yet is almost ready to cry again at the idea that in future they will have nice large rooms, wholesome air, plentiful exercise, and—but, come, Mrs. Wilmslow, we cannot have this all over again. Here comes the Ambassador

for his cigar: he pronounces your rooms decent enough, but swears that he will have a smoking room and a sofa to himself, where a fellow can lie about and not hear anything about French verbs and those blessed crochet patterns. You will do well to humour that whim.

Up spring the girls—and now to see the whole house from end to end. Will mamma go? No, mamma is tired; besides she must talk to the servants, with all thanks to Mr. Carlyon for his thoughtfulness. Papa—well, they ask him very dutifully, and not at all as if they would rather he did not come; however, they do not look very sad when he refuses, saying that Carlyon's cigars are very good, and that he shall walk out. Well, then they must ask Mr. Carlyon which way they had better begin, and of course he undertakes to give them the points of the country. He remembers that all the doors in the long gallery are locked, and suggests that if everybody searched for the keys, which must be somewhere, it would be well. The proposition is carried unanimously, and a reward is proclaimed for the finder, namely, the right of first entering all the rooms. And so the three young ladies and Mr. Bernard Carlyon descend again into the great hall.

He draws the red curtain back, shows them the staircase, and explains how the gallery runs, and how the wings turn; and they listen attentively, especially Kate, who has a knack of comprehending explanations and remembering them. And then the girls all run up stairs, declaring that they know all about it, and Carlyon, though aware that they all like him very much, thinks that he had better leave them just now to amuse themselves. Yet he would like to see them skimming down the long gallery, it was so lonely when he first entered it, and those three bright figures would make the picture quite a new one. So he mounts the stairs, and arrives at the top just in time to see them gliding along towards the baize-covered door, through which he had originally come into the gallery from the east wing. Amy turns and waves her handkerchief, he answers the signal, and they are gone.

Carlyon takes the other direction, and walks up to the coloured glass-window, which he examines with care, and pronounces to be very bad, and fit to be a present from a mediæval-minded glazier to a fifteen hundred pound church. He resolves to counsel the girls to practise archery in the gallery, placing their target at that end. And then he turns, and considers his position in the house, and meditates two or three things which he will do, if Molesworth does not soon write to him to return. If he is to stay there, he has no idea of wasting his own time as well as Mr. Molesworth's. If there is no letter in the morning, he will ride over to the town, and get some books. And this is a good hunting-country—there seems no reason why he should not see about that, too, and he speculates whether the Ambassador has ever been a hunting man. Most likely not, he thinks. Wilmslow can scarcely have cared for an amusement not intrinsically vicious. And then he thinks, again, that if he, Bernard Carlyon, had been bringing a wife to Aspen Court, which she had won for him, he—but he makes an



impatient gesture, and is actually displeased with himself for his own presumption in comparing himself for a moment with such an animal as the Ambassador. Even involuntary as was the comparison, it was humiliating, and—

One loud, long shriek.

It came from the east wing, where the girls are. One moment to assure himself of this, and the next he is flying down the gallery at his best speed. Through the baize-door, and into the wing, and he looks hard before him as he runs, but can see nothing of them. Still on from room to room, searching each with one sweeping glance as he passes—on—on—he has reached the room into which he broke. Yes, for there is the shattered window, and the bent balcony. They have gone further, a door is open. Through it, and he hastily passes three or four small dark apartments, with shutters closed, but light streaming through their crevices—the girls are not in any of these. But straight before him, and still a couple of rooms off another door—open, and the apartment is obviously darkened—is that sobbing? They are there.

Amy is kneeling on the floor, in the extreme of terror, and Emma and Kate are seeking to drag her away. But she stares as if spellbound.

There is a strange sight before her. The room is partially closed, but there is light enough to reveal its general character, which appears, at first sight, to be that of a sort of laboratory, with a table in the centre. Beside the table is a figure, upon which the light chiefly falls. Seated in a chair, in an attitude of grim jauntiness, and seeming to regard the terrified group of girls with a courteous grin, sits the pictorial Death—a Skeleton. One elbow leans on the table, but its bony finger is crooked, and beckons the living towards it. The other arm hangs down, and holds, in mockery, a gay Cavalier hat and feather, and the legs are inserted in the spacious boots of the same period.

Amy had broken in first, and taking in the ghastly object with a look, uttered the scream which Carlyon had heard, and fell on her knees. Her sisters, arriving a moment later, were not so astounded but that they had a thought for her, and were striving to force her out. But she resisted, and, terrified as they were, the task was beyond them.

"Oh! take her out!—take her out;" they cried, piteously, as Carlyon entered.

He also comprehended the scene at a glance, but not in terror. I hope that the fierce curse Carlyon launched against the contriver, whoever he were, of that hideous jest, will not be written down against him as a sin.

"Better," he said, in the kindest voice, "to let her see the atrocious folly in full light, or the impression may abide with her." And he tore back the shutters with a strong and hasty hand.

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## THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.\*

BY PROFESSOR CREASY,

Author of "THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD."

## CHAPTER II.

THE careers of conquerors are usually marked out by noting the scenes of their battles and their sieges in the countries, whither their ambition has led them. The progress of Alexander in the East may be more honourably traced by observing the cities which he founded along his lines of march when he advanced beyond Asia Minor, Phœnicia, and Mesopotamia. In this respect it is peculiarly interesting to compare his campaigns in Central Asia, in Affghanistan, and the Punjaub, with those of Charlemagne in Germany. Each conquered with a view to civilize. And each raised as the best means of civilization in every advantageous locality among the wild tribes, whom he subdued, strong and stately cities, which should serve as schools of municipal self-government, as centres of commerce, of science, and of all the arts which minister to our race's welfare. The fair creations of Charlemagne still flourish, but with some few (though important) exceptions, those of Alexander have sunk into decay; yet, their importance and their influence were, for many centuries, not less real and substantial; and the indirect effects of the Hellenic civilization, which they propagated throughout the East, will endure as long as the human race exists.

Bishop Thirlwall well remarks, that "Alexander's was the first of the great monarchies of Asia, which opened a prospect of progressive improvement, and not of continual degradation to its subjects; it was the first that contained any element of moral and intellectual progress." And the question unavoidably forces itself upon the mind, whether Alexander's Oriental Dominion is not only the *first* but also the *last*, to which this high eulogy can be applied. The inquiry has a painful interest for ourselves. We, this English nation, are now rulers of a conquered Oriental Empire, which for population, wealth, and importance, may well be compared with that which the great Macedonian acquired. We have imitated him in our thirst for extension of territory; and, like him, we have raised out of the conquered tribes, native troops, disciplined and armed like Europeans, to aid in keeping their own countries in subjection. But we have not followed his example by admitting the best and most trustworthy of our Asiatic subjects to high civil and military offices, and in endea-

\* The Author reserves the right of translation of this work.



vouring to give them an unity of interest, and some degree of unity of patriotism with ourselves.

At the present time, when we are called on to legislate anew for the government of our rapidly-increasing Indian Empire, and of our 120 millions of Indian fellow-subjects, the policy which was pursued by Alexander (the only European conqueror who has preceded us on the banks of the Indus) acquires a peculiar interest. We may do well in not disdaining the lessons which he has bequeathed us in peace as well as in war.

Even as mere matter of military history, the career of Alexander is of unsurpassed brilliancy, and there is none that deserves more attentive study. If we distrust our own powers of examining and testing his generalship, we may be satisfied with the decisive testimony in his favour which has been borne by two of the highest of all possible authorities. Hannibal in his celebrated conversation with Scipio respecting great commanders, ranked Alexander as the first general that the world had then seen; and Napoleon, in his *Memoirs* dictated at St. Helena, names him among the eight generals whose tactics the modern commander should make the object of earnest study. Napoleon says,—“The principles of war are those which have regulated the conduct of those greatest generals, whose noble deeds history has handed down to us; Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar, Gustavus Adolphus, Turenne, Prince Eugene, Frederick the Great. The principles of Cæsar were the same as those of Alexander and Hannibal,—the concentration of his forces,—to expose no vulnerable point,—to move with rapidity upon important places,—to have recourse to moral means to enhance the reputation of his arms,—and to political means also to preserve the fidelity of his allies, and keep the conquered people in subjection.”

Napoleon, in the same volume of his *Memoirs*, has given an admirable summary of the military events of Alexander's life. I do not transcribe it here, or enter into detailed narrative of Alexander's wars and sieges, but only pause on a few of the scenes of the campaigns, which peculiarly exhibit the characteristics of his genius, or furnish clear parallels with passages in the career of some others of the Imperial Four.

Alexander's first battle in Asia, that of the Granicus, deserves thus to be specified, as eminently displaying not only his personal valour and strategetical skill, but also the instinctive quickness of his judgment: a quality wherein Niebuhr, speaking of this same battle of the Granicus, rightly compares him to Napoleon. It also shows how well Alexander deserves Napoleon's eulogy on him, for reckoning on the moral effect of the mode in which a victory is won, as well as on the direct material results of the victory itself. Napoleon's own conduct in the celebrated, or as he himself termed it, “the terrible” passage of the river Adda, at the Bridge of Lodi, in his first Italian campaign, presents a remarkable parallel with Alexander's measures at the passage of the ford of the Granicus.

The Persian army assembled on the eastern bank of that river,

to bar the progress of the Macedonian invaders, was formidable not only on account of the number, but on account of its quality. There were twenty thousand of the best Asiatic cavalry, troops that, however inferior they might be to European horse in evolutions and in steadiness, were well armed, well mounted, full of confidence and courage, and dangerous to even the best European infantry, when disordered by the passage of a difficult ford. The light-armed infantry was numerous, as in all Oriental armies; and however contemptible in close fight, was fitted to harass the Macedonian columns severely with javelins and archery, while they struggled across the stream. And there were also in the Persian army nearly 20,000 Greek mercenaries, fully armed and disciplined according to the most approved model of Agesilaus and Epaminondas, and who were not unworthy opponents of the Macedonian phalanx itself, even on a fair field. This army also had the benefit of the guidance of a European general of eminent skill and courage, Memnon the Rhodian. Memnon had been compelled by the Persian satraps, who were associated in command with him, to give battle, contrary to his own policy; but when the battle was decided on, he exerted himself sagely and bravely to win it for the King of Persia whom he served.

The position which the Persian army occupied was eminently advantageous. The river was fordable only immediately in their front, and even there it was deep and rapid, with a bed of shifting stones. There was a low, flat piece of ground on the Persian side, admirably adapted for the action of the Asiatic cavalry. In the rear of this were crags, which formed the boundary of the river when it was swollen by wintry floods; but in the spring, when the battle was fought, the flat ground between the crags and the brink of the ordinary channel was dry and practicable for horse. The Persian generals also placed large numbers of their light-armed infantry near the water's edge to gall the Macedonians while passing the ford. Their Greek mercenaries were drawn up as a reserve on the higher ground in the rear.

Such was the array, that Alexander found before him, when he approached the left bank of the Granicus early in the day, within a few weeks after he had entered Asia. The numbers of his own army (about 30,000 foot and 5,000 horse) have already been mentioned. If the advantages of ground had been equal, his superiority in regular infantry would have ensured him success; but to force such a river as that which chafed before him, against forces so well selected and so well posted as were the Persians, seemed hazardous even to temerity. We see the obstacles that presented themselves to Alexander at the Granicus in the 334th spring before our era. Let us for awhile change scene and date, and examine those which Napoleon encountered at the Adda on the 9th of May, A.D. 1796.

The Austrian general, Beaulieu, who was retreating before the French after the successes which the latter under Bonaparte had gained over both the Piedmontese and the Imperialists, resolved to halt behind the river Adda, and, if possible, there



check the progress of the young conqueror. Beaulieu had retired through Lodi and across the river by the bridge of that town, and stationed himself with 12,000 foot, 4,000 horse, and 30 pieces of artillery on the further side. Napoleon, who was in eager pursuit of him, soon entered Lodi; but when it became necessary to cross the river, the obstacles which Beaulieu opposed seemed to be insurmountable. The river was too deep for fording anywhere near the town, and when the French officers reconnoitred the bridge, they saw confronting them the thirty hostile cannons, some placed in battery at the bridge-head on the Austrian side, so as to sweep the bridge from end to end, while others were ranged a little on either side, so as to pour a cross fire on all who might attempt the passage. The Austrians had also thrown forward clouds of sharpshooters along the bank which was in their possession; and a little in the rear their lines of infantry and squadrons of horse appeared drawn up in perfect and imposing array.

To pass a bridge so defended, in broad daylight and by main force, seemed to all but Napoleon an impossibility. And more than one of his bravest generals recommended a pause, which must have resulted in a retreat of the French army, but Bonaparte keeping his eye fixed on the bridge, and pointing to it with his sword, exclaimed, "That is the way to Milan, to Rome, to the possession of all Italy. We must cross, let it cost what it may. It must not be said that the tributary Adda stopped those heroes who had forced the broad Po." In a similar spirit had Alexander been urged by many of his best generals (Parmenio among the number) to halt on his own bank of the Granicus, and endeavour to effect the passage by surprise early on the following morning, before the return of the Persian cavalry, whose national custom it was never to encamp near an enemy for fear of a surprise. In the like spirit to that which afterwards dictated Napoleon's answer, Alexander had replied to Parmenio, that no advantage for the great enterprise which they had undertaken equalled that of dealing at the onset a blow which should surprise and terrify, and of not letting the opinion of their own superiority as soldiers slacken for a moment. He added that they who had crossed the broad Hellespont ought not to be detained by a paltry rivulet.

Let us now consider the two actions separately, bearing in mind that Napoleon at Lodi was only twenty-six years old, and that Alexander, when he fought the battle of the Granicus, was at the still more youthful age of twenty-two.

When the Macedonian King resolved to force his way to the opposite bank of the guarded stream and attack his enemies; he took in person the command of the right wing of his army, consisting principally of cavalry, but supported by considerable numbers of light-armed troops, who were trained to co-operate with their mounted comrades in action. The student of Cæsar's campaigns will remember how the Roman general similarly strengthened his cavalry by picked cohorts of legionaries at Pharsalia. Alexander drew up his phalanx and the rest of his regular infantry in the centre. Parmenio led his left wing, which was composed entirely

of horse. The Persians easily distinguished Alexander by the brilliancy of his armour, and the deferential group of officers around him; and seeing him station himself in his right wing, they reinforced their own left, against which his main attack was evidently levelled, with several squadrons of their best cavalry. As often happens before battles, a brief pause ensued after each host was fully arrayed and in presence of the other, before the charge began: a pause more impressive in ancient than in modern warfare, from the absence of the bewildering noise and disordering fire of artillery. At length Alexander, after a few brief words of exhortation to the troops nearest him, gave the signal; and as the advanced Macedonian brigades plunged into the water with a joyous shout, the Persian archers and bowmen began to ply them with their missiles, and the Asiatic cavalry dashed forward to the water's edge to cut down the first ranks of the Europeans.

The first troops that Alexander sent across, were a squadron of light cavalry, a squadron of the royal horse-guards, and a division of infantry. This forlorn hope of the Macedonian army sustained much loss from the enemy's arrows and javelins while wading through the stream; and on reaching the bank were roughly handled, and forced back by the Persian cavalry. But while they occupied the attention of the foe, Alexander, with the rest of the cavalry of his right wing, effected his passage with comparatively little molestation, and the brigades of the phalanx at the same time made good their landing a little lower down. Alexander instantly charged at the head of his household cavalry, but was encountered by the Persian cavaliers with such spirit and in such numbers, that the contest was more like the close encounter between columns of infantry, than a conflict between lines of cavalry. Alexander fought in the thickest of the *mêlée*; his lance was broken, and he was obliged to defend himself for some time with the broken weapon before his attendants could supply him with a fresh one.

Nor were the leaders of the Persian horse less conspicuous in personal bravery. As the contending masses opened, and space was given for fighting freely, the gallantry and prowess of the leaders on each side was more and more tested. A Persian nobleman, named Mithridates, a son-in-law of King Darius, was riding in advance of his squadron, which he was bringing up in support, when Alexander rode forward to meet him in single combat, and bore him lifeless to the ground with his levelled spear. Another Persian nobleman, named Rhœsaces, instantly rode at Alexander, and dealt him with his scimitar a blow on the helmet, which struck off part of the crest, and nearly hit through to the head. Alexander shortened his lance and unhorsed Rhœsaces with a thrust in the breast. But while the Macedonian King was thus engaged, the scimitar of a third foe, Spithridates, satrap of Lydia, was coming down on his head in sheer force to smite, when Clitus, one of Alexander's body-guard, came up and saved Alexander's life, by severing the Persian's right arm from his body.

The fall of three of the chief officers disheartened the Persians, while Alexander's example exerted the Macedonian cavalry to the



utmost daring and energy. The superiority also of the European weapons and European discipline began to tell, and the remnants of the left wing of the Persian cavalry broke, and galloped from the field. Their centre also, unsupported by infantry, had given way before the advancing spears of the Macedonian phalanx; and at the other end of the line Parmenio had crossed the river, and defeated the weakened right wing of the Persian horse, after some sharp fighting, in which the Thessalian horse regiments of Parmenio particularly signalised themselves.

The whole of the Persian cavalry was now in full flight, nor could any resistance be expected from their rabble of native infantry. But the Greek troops, in Persian pay, stood firm. They had not been led forward by their commanders to join in the attack on Alexander's troops when first landed, nor did the beaten Asiatic cavalry now make any attempt to rally behind the shelter which they afforded. They stood alone, exposed to the whole force of the Macedonian army, but their numbers (nearly 20,000), their bravery, their discipline, and their knowledge of the bitter animosity with which Alexander's men regarded them, made it certain that they would offer a desperate resistance, such as against some commanders might even then have been successful. But Alexander, instead of engaging them with an even line, charged their array on one point with an infantry column of immense depth and weight; and when he had thus shaken their ranks, he sent squadron after squadron of cavalry upon each weakened spot of the body. They fought bravely, but when thus outnumbered and outgeneralled, all their valour was vain. They were slain on the spot, except about 2,000, who fell wounded, and afterwards recovered, or who escaped the immediate fury of the victors, by falling as if wounded or slain.

Let us now turn to the modern captain, whom we left eying the Bridge of Lodi, and expressing his indomitable resolution to cross the Adda, whatever opposition Beaulieu and his batteries might offer. Napoleon had possession of the town of Lodi, which was all on his side of the stream; and its buildings enabled him to shelter his men from the enemy's cannonade, while he made his preparations for attack, and also to mask those preparations from them, till the immediate moment for action had arrived. He got some guns into position on his own side of the river, with which he replied to the enemy's batteries; and in order to distract the attention of Beaulieu, he sent his cavalry and some horse artillery to attempt the passage of the river at a ford which was said to exist about a league higher up the river.

General Beaumont, whom he sent on this service, passed the stream, but not without difficulty. As soon as his squadrons were visible on the left bank, the Austrian officers opposite to Lodi betrayed great uneasiness; and seeing their attention thus diverted, Napoleon instantly took his measures for storming the pass before him. He formed a column of 6,000 picked grenadiers, and brought them under shelter of the houses close to the bridge, without the Austrians perceiving them. He went through their ranks, encour-

At the moment when the signal for this daring assault was given, the French soldiers shouting "*Vive la République*," wheeled round, and ran forward. The leading sections were on the bridge, and the rest were in line of the intended attack. The French soldiers and sharpshooters soon recovered the lost ground, and a storm of grape-shot and musketry opened on the French columns as they entered the centre of the bridge. The French columns were swept off by whole sections, and the main body of the French army would have fallen back, when Bonaparte, with his chosen generals, Lannes, Berthier, Massena, and others, rushed forward to the front, and encouraged the men by his own valor and example. On he poured the French army over the blood-stained bridge. Lannes was the first to reach the other bank of the Adda, Napoleon himself in the rear. He stationed his infantry too far in the rear to render it much support or rescue his batteries by firing. The French generals had rushed on the Austrian artillery-men, and ordered them beside their guns.

The Austrians were not yet over. The Austrian infantry, though  
defeated, was still fighting; nor was it till after an obstinate  
struggle that Napoleon was able to complete his victory by driving  
them from the field.

The victories, by which Alexander  
 gained the highest pitch  
 of their soldiery. And not only did  
 they overawe and dazzled their  
 followers; but by  
 those whom they invaded,  
 and an emulous readiness  
 in their glory. But no student  
 of the Granicus and Lodi, or imagine that either  
 was a more fiery combatant, who sought  
 on them when most menacing.  
 of the Granicus and Lodi, it is well  
 from the military biographies of Alexander  
 and relate their tactics in effecting  
 in the presence of powerful  
 by Alexander, immediately  
 will be found to present many  
 with the passage of the Danube by  
 the Archduke Charles at Wagram.  
 the caution, and the subtle  
 are as remarkably displayed, as  
 and fearless energy in execution were  
 of the Granicus and the Adda.



## THE COBRA DE CAPELLO.

"Tum vero tremefacta novus per pectora cunctis  
 Insinuat pavor; et scelus expendisse merentem  
 Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspede robur  
 Læserit, et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam."

VIRGIL, *Æn.* II. 228.

WITH these lines might have ended a paragraph of "The Times," as published in the famous city of Troy many a long year ago, and handed thence down to posterity by the poet Virgil, detailing a full and true account of the dreadful accident which had just happened to Mr. Laocoon and the two Master Laocoons. Mr. Laocoon, it appears, held the office of high-priest to Apollo, and probably was superintendent of detectives in that far-famed city. The Greeks were encamped before the ramparts, and had been so for some time; they were nearly tired of such fun, and not being able to get in by fair means and the force of arms, and not having brought with them Captain Warner's long-range, or a set of minie rifles, they adopted a most peculiar and original notion. They built a great wooden horse, such as might have been seen in the studio of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, when he was modelling the statue of George the Fourth now at Charing Cross. What the exact shape of this Trojan steed was we are not informed. Virgil was not well up in Tattersalian phrases, so he contented himself by saying that he was "Instar montis," as big as a mountain, and that his ribs were made of cut fir. The gates of Troy must in consequence have been a little larger than that most beautiful and highly useful portal leading to nowhere, at the Oxford Street side of Hyde Park.

The well-haired Grecians having constructed this noble animal, adopted that piece of advice often given to exquisites by the by-standing small boys, when the seven-and-sixpenny hack refuses to take another turn up Rotten Row that the rider may look at the beauty that has just passed. "Had n't you better pay the difference, sir, and get inside." They accordingly filled their helmets with broken meat—they had no pockets in their armour—and in they tumbled—how many we are not told—close quarters it must have been for these brave Greeks, to whom the epithet "well 'aired" could not, under the circumstances, be well applied; they dare not abuse each other for squeezing, or poke holes in the horse's sides for breathing, as they overheard Mr. Laocoon, who was haranguing the assembled Trojans close by, propose to set fire to their equestrian prison, and see if there was anybody inside. The Master Laocoons were seen by the sergeant of the company, who was looking through the animal's ear, piling up trusses of straw in the manner of burning pigs, if the Trojans singed their bacon. While Laocoon was lighting a lucifer match, he was assailed by cries of "shame" from the crowd, and being in a rage took up a spear and hurled it into

the nag's side. The fat corporal was hit in the leg, and while his comrades were trying to put a pocket-handkerchief in his mouth to prevent him crying out, their heavy metal coats clashed together—

*"Insonuere cavæ gemitumque dedere cavernæ."*

No sooner had Laocoon done this, than two snakes appeared out at sea making their way for the place where the horse stood. Away went the crowd; the poor Laocoon family seemed to have been fascinated, like the birds are by the rattlesnake in South America. The great sea-monsters came gliding up, and entwining their muscular folds round the two younger branches of the family, fixed their teeth in their young limbs (the snakes were evidently of the boa-constrictor tribe, or they would not have used this mode of attack). Laocoon, like a brave father, came up to the rescue; in vain did he hack at the scaly limbs of the monsters, they caught him in their folds, and he perished miserably, a great example to the pious Æneas and the Trojans in general, of the necessity of obeying the will of the gods. This scene has been so admirably represented in marble by the sculptor, and so wonderfully painted in words by Virgil, that we here introduce his admirable lines, not to be read over with a schoolboy listlessness, but as truthful, accurate, and grand description of a serpent seizing a human victim:—

*"Post ipsum, auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem  
Conripiunt, spirisque ligant ingentibus; et jam  
Bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum  
Terga dati, superant capite et cervicibus altis.  
Ille simul manibus tendit divellere nodos  
Perfusus sanie vittas atroque veneno."*

By a somewhat similar and shocking occurrence, where the good-folks of this modern Troy, the city of London (who are now by means of the press united, as it were, into one family), disturbed by reading in "The Times" of October 21st, 1852, the following account of a Laocoon-like proceeding, which had occurred at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, the previous day. It runs as follows:—

"Edward Curling, aged 31, was brought to University College Hospital yesterday morning, October 20th. His occupation was that of a keeper at the Zoological Gardens, and the care of the reptile house was his special duty. About 8 A.M., while engaged at his work in this department, he commenced a series of rash familiarities with some of the venomous serpents. After removing an African cobra from its cage, and twirling it about his head, he replaced it without having received any injury, and took out an Indian cobra. This he also played with for some time with impunity, allowing it to crawl round his body beneath his waistcoat. Shortly afterwards, however, while he was holding the snake before his face the creature made a dart at him, and inflicted a wound on the upper part of his nose, &c. At forty minutes past 9 A.M. he was a corpse."

It is not my intention to go into all the circumstances of this case, as this has been already amply done by the various letters we have



seen in the newspapers on the subject. We may, however, usefully and profitably employ our time in examining, admiring, and wondering at the structure and conformation of the snake tribe, with special reference to their small but effective apparatus of death, as developed in that most poisonous of all snakes the cobra de capello. Although deprived of feet, fins, or other obvious members for walking, the serpent glides on the earth, ascends trees, or even directs its course through the waters, with surprising agility and with graceful evolutions; yet the serpent was "cursed above every beast of the field," and man, as if remembering the curse, turns from the reptile with disgust and horror, or seeks to effect its instant destruction. Let us examine how all this is effected, and first as to the spinal column.

The numerous bones or vertebræ which form this chain, are united together by ball and socket articulations, or, in other words, the rounded head of each is fitted into a cup-like cavity in its predecessor, so that the whole column is a chain of these joints, capable of the utmost mobility compatible with the safety of the spinal cord enclosed within. The articulations can only be moved from side to side, and their progress by vertical undulations, as is seen in many old prints of serpents, is anatomically impossible. This is well worth remembering, for it hence follows, that the best way to handle a snake is to hold him out at arm's length by the tail, it being quite impossible for him to turn his head upwards and bite the hand of the captor.

But how, it will be asked, does the snake manage to get along the ground so fast, as he has no perceptible legs or arms to help him? this is managed as follows:—To each vertebra is attached a pair of ribs; the small ends of these ribs are not attached to a sternum, or breast-bone, as in man, but to a single scutum or scale on the abdomen, by means of a slender cartilage and a set of short muscles. It is on the points of these ribs, which may be compared to the legs of a millipede, that the snake rests, and they act in progressive order, as we see the legs of that creature, each pair bringing forward the plate or scutum to which it is attached. This row of scuta may thus be regarded as one long supple foot.

If a snake be allowed quietly to crawl over the hand, the progressive movements of the ribs may be easily distinguished, and also if it be watched while crawling over any raised edge, as the back of a book, requiring the firm application of two or three scuta in succession as the body glides over it.

Snakes are often in the habit of climbing trees, and we see them represented in engravings, and in stuffed specimens in museums, as coiling their bodies round the branches in successive folds. Now the snake (when alive) never does this, it simply glides up with the whole body extended in a straight line, clinging by means of the tips of the expanded ribs with the scuta attached, as has been above explained. Mr. Gosse tells us, that "the black snake in Jamaica will allow the greatest part of its body to hang down in the air, and thus remain still, while little more than the tail maintains its position by clinging (straight, not spirally, and not half round it, but

longitudinally along it) to the upper surface of a branch; and it will often pass freely and gracefully from one branch to another at a considerable interval, projecting its head and body with the utmost ease across the interval. The motions of a snake in a tree are beautifully easy and free, and convey the impression that the reptile feels quite at home among the branches."

Next, as to the skin. The patterns and structure of the skin vary in each tribe of snakes. In some parts of India the skins of snakes are used for ornamental cloths, on account of their uncommon beauty; and as these are extremely rare they are valued in proportion. The snake requires no tailor when, after remaining under some stump all the winter, he comes out to enjoy the bright sun of a spring morning; he thinks that his old dirty last year's coat is much too shabby to be worn any longer, he therefore literally casts it off, and, lucky fellow, finds a new one underneath. Every one is familiar with the appearance of this cast-off garment, but if we examine it carefully, we shall ascertain a curious and interesting fact, namely, that the eyes of these beasts, which, not being protected by eyelids, are always liable to injuries from the thorns and bushes among which they creep, are defended by a hard and firm membrane, which, however, is transparent, and forms a complete and close-fitting protection for these delicate organs.

Just before a snake casts his skin he is, on this account, nearly blind, as there are then two membranes over his eyes, the old one not yet gone and now become opaque, the new one underneath not yet quite formed. At this period, too, they are always sleepy and out of condition, and if in confinement not unfrequently die. The very poor man, whose unfortunate death we have above recorded, remarked to me in one of my late visits to the Gardens, not long before his death, that one of his snakes (which he pointed out to me) was very sickly and that he was afraid he should lose him, as he was "casting his coat unkindly." It was, in fact, peeling off in irregular scales, some quite detached, some still adherent; whereas it ought all to come off as perfect and unbroken as a glove from the hand. If this snake had been at home among the brushwood and rough grass of his native jungle, instead of in a smart mahogany cage with plate-glass windows, he would soon have got rid of his encumbrance by pushing himself between two conveniently situated obstacles.

After this operation, the snake recovers his lost spirits and glides about as if proud of his personal appearance. Virgil observed, and has recorded this fact in the following beautiful lines.

*"Cum positis novus exuviis, nitidusque juventâ  
Volvitur, aut, catulos tectis aut ova relinquens,  
Arduus ad solem et linguis micat ora trisulcis."*

This operation of skinning is performed by man in a much more clumsy way than by nature. This has been described by Captain Stedman, and we insert it here that our readers may appreciate the difference between nature and art. The gallant captain had, with some difficulty, managed to kill a large boa in a jungle on the border of a river in Surinam; the brute measured twenty-two feet



seven inches, though the natives declared it to be a young one. He says, "We now secured the snake by passing a rope round over its head and towed him, at the end of the canoe, to the shore; here, upon due consideration, it was determined to have him skinned, for the sake of the oil. In order to effect this purpose, the negro David, having climbed a tree with the end of a rope, let it down over a strong forked branch, and the other negroes hoisted up the snake and suspended him from the tree. This done, David, with a sharp knife between his teeth, now left the tree and clung fast upon the monster, which was still twisting, and began his operation by ripping it up and stripping down the skin as he descended. Though I perceived that the animal was no longer able to do him any injury, I confess I could not, without emotion, see a man stark naked, black, and bloody, clinging with arms and legs round the slimy and yet living monster. This labour, however, was not without its use, since he not only dexterously finished the operation, but provided me, besides the skin, with above four gallons of fine clarified fat, or rather oil, though there was wasted perhaps as much more." The adventure was concluded by the negro-spectators making a grand feast on the body, and very good it was no doubt, as I myself have, on one occasion, tasted fillet's of boa-constrictor. They are not unlike very tough rabbit, of the same appearance, and consistency of flesh.

Virgil, in the lines quoted above, mentions the eggs. There is often present in the minds of people who *are afraid* of objects of natural history, a very vague and obscure idea of the mode in which the said objects of their alarm are propagated. I recollect showing, on one occasion, a dead bat to an individual of this character, who, standing as far off as he could without pretending to be alarmed, and holding his handkerchief to his nose, asked, in the most innocent manner, what colour bat's eggs were. This same gentleman, when I suddenly presented a coiled-up hedgehog to him, exclaimed, "if you bring that thing near me I will break it."

However, though bats don't lay eggs, snakes do. They are generally deposited in a long string, connected together by a sort of viscous matter. I have seen as many as thirty in one string. The mother generally deposits them in a dung-hill or heap of decaying vegetable matter, and gives herself no more concern about them. The shell of the egg is of a beautiful white colour, like a common hen's egg; it is, however, quite soft, of about the same consistency as the comic compressible heads sold in the toy-shops. If we cut open these eggs just before they are hatched, the young snakes will come out quite lively and will attempt to escape. I tried this experiment last summer, and I have been credibly informed that a gentleman, fond of natural history, while taking a ramble on the coast of Essex, killed a viper full of eggs. He took out his pen-knife and let out a string of eggs, fourteen in number. In each of these was a young adder perfectly formed, and enveloped in a glutinous fluid. The little creatures, although they had never seen the light before, raised themselves up and evinced an inclination to

bite, an absurd proceeding on their part, as they soon afterwards ended their short lives in a bottle of spirits of wine.

Hen's eggs, we know, are good to eat, but I never tried a snake's egg. I may, however, say with the small boy in the street, "I knows somebody what has." Some years ago, I obtained several eggs of the common English snake, and put them on a shelf of a greenhouse to see if the heat of the sun would hatch them. One morning I found several of my eggs gone; everybody denied touching them. At the same time a certain young lady, then an inmate of the nursery, was suddenly taken ill. The doctor was sent for, but was puzzled to ascertain the cause of the illness. At last the confession reluctantly came out from the sobbing culprit, that she "had eaten some large sugar-plums she had found on a shelf in the green-house." She had, in fact, made a repast on the snake's eggs, under the delusion that she was robbing the cook. The young lady aforesaid would, I think, now feel uncomfortable if her partner at a ball-room supper, in picking out the nice bits of egg from a lobster salad, should, by way of keeping up the lagging conversation, hazard the observation, "Pray did you ever try a snake's egg?" This young lady would inform us that snakes' eggs are not wholesome; but the question still remains open for any zealous gastronome to try.

Snakes may be broadly divided into two classes, the venomous and the non-venomous. It is of great importance to be acquainted with some general external appearances by which at a glance we may be enabled at once to say whether a snake may be handled with impunity or not. Thus, in the non-poisonous species we find, for the most part, the form of the head and body cylindrical and the scales comparatively small. The tongue (which is generally protruded when the beast is alarmed), so as to give the bystander an opportunity of observing it, is thick and short when compared with the tongue in the poisonous reptile; this is well exemplified in that most harmless, yet most persecuted, of the snake family, the blind worm, or, as it is sometimes called, the slow-worm.

In the venomous species, on the contrary, we find the head and body flattened, the head particularly broad; and the neck behind, in consequence, narrowed in a marked degree. They have, moreover, an unmistakeable ferocious aspect (as though conscious of their powers), which announces their malevolent nature. When irritated or alarmed, these poisonous beasts assume an attitude of defiance, whereas the harmless snake generally seeks safety in flight.

I cannot here refrain from observing how very careless artists and jewellers are in making their snakes' heads, whether the snake be intended as an ornament for a lady's wrist, or a monster bronze python on a marble pedestal. These artistic snakes are like nothing ever created; witness the head of the dragon on the parade in front of the Horse Guards. Certainly the artist must have searched a long time before he could have found a model dragon; but, nevertheless, this brute's head wears no resemblance to anything which creeps or flies. He might surely have found some



snake or lizard whose head would have been hideous enough for his purpose, and certainly more like nature than the nondescript placed there to astonish, and doubtless frighten the public. Who ever saw a lion's head door-knocker bearing the least resemblance to the noble head of the king of the beasts; or a bear's-paw on a hammer-cloth like the paw of the most miserable representative of the race, who was ever slaughtered for bear's grease in Oxford Street.

The most marked instance of this want of observance that I know, is to be seen to this day in the fountain erected to the great father of natural history, Cuvier, outside the gates of the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris. Here is represented, first an anatomical impossibility, viz., a crocodile turning his head at right-angles to his body; secondly, a zoological absurdity, viz., a walrus, a graminivorous animal, holding a fish in his mouth, and that a fresh-water fish. Surely Cuvier, if he could see his own fountain, would be much pleased to see the good use that had been made of his investigations into the secrets of Nature by the artist.

There are, however, certain anatomical distinctions, which are well-marked, especially as regards the teeth, by which we may at once pronounce whether a snake is poisonous or not. It would be a dangerous undertaking to examine these teeth in the living subject; let us, therefore, adjourn to the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and examine with safety the apparatus with which the omniscient Creator has given to the class of snakes for procuring their food.

Let us first direct our attention to the skull of the non-venomous snakes, and take for our example the python, or boa constrictor, of which we shall find a most beautiful skeleton immediately on entering the Museum. If we examine the conformation of the head, we shall find that the bones, of which it is composed, instead of being locked together, as in Mammalia, are separate, and retained in their places only by skin and ligaments. The lower jaw is composed of two separate portions, united at what we should call the chin, not by bone, but by a lax membrane. By the above arrangement it follows that, literally, the whole head is capable of enormous distension, and of admitting a body which, apparently, it would by any mechanical means be impossible to stuff in, without killing the snake.

The teeth in this tribe of non-venomous snakes are arranged in four rows, in the upper jaws; two corresponding to the rows of teeth in man, two fixed on the palate. These teeth are imperforate, that is, they have no hole piercing them, as in the case of the cobra de capello, presently to be described.

In the boa, the teeth are directed backwards, in such a manner, that should anything once get into this trap, it would with difficulty be got out again. This was well illustrated in the case of the boa who, the other day, most unserpent-like (for they are the emblems of wisdom among many nations) swallowed the blanket at the Zoological Gardens, thinking, no doubt, that it was a particularly hairy goat. The teeth being directed backwards, the poor beast was obliged to swallow it, in order, as he foolishly thought, to get rid of it. After it had remained in his stomach some time, it

was vomited up again; but this time it could pass the barricade of teeth, for it was thickly covered with a layer of mucus, and tightly twisted together by the vain attempts of the muscles of the stomach to digest it.

The same arrangement of the teeth, pointing backwards, prevails in the mouth of the common pike. The following story will illustrate their action.

When at Oxford, I had in my rooms the dried head of a very large pike, captured in Holland, and sold at Hungerford Market, and had placed it underneath a book-case. One evening, while reading, I was much surprised, and rather alarmed, to see this monstrous head roll out spontaneously from under the book-case, and tumble along the floor; at the same time piteous cries of distress issued from it. The head must be bewitched, thought I; but I must find out the cause. Accordingly, I took it up, when, lo! and behold, inside was a poor little tame guinea-pig, which was a pet, and allowed to run with two companions about the room. With an unsuspecting curiosity Master Guinea-pig had crept into the dried expanded jaws of the monster, intending no doubt to take up his abode there for the night; in endeavouring to get out again he found himself literally hooked; being a classical guinea-pig he might have construed "*Facilis descensus averni*;" it is an easy thing to get down a jack's mouth; "*Sed revocare gradum*," &c., but it is a deuced hard job to get out again.

In vain did the poor creature cry and push with all his might backwards; the more he tried, the faster the teeth stuck into his devoted hide. What was the remedy. I could not get him out the way he got in, that was certain; he must be made to go forwards. I accordingly cut away some of the gills that were left dried on the head, and poking and pinching him *a tergo*, made him come out at the hole where the gullet ought to be, but, luckily, for the guinea-pig, was not. He must have told his two companions of his night's adventure, for, although the head was again put on the ground, they never attempted to repeat the experiment of their companion.

\* To illustrate this point further, I recollect hearing of a large, hungry boa-constrictor at the Surrey Zoological Gardens, seizing the hand of the keeper, who was cleaning out his cage. The snake would have twined his folds round the man's body had he not wisely withdrawn his arm, still, however, in the snake's mouth, and shut the glass door on the snake's neck, thus preventing the body, the dangerous part of the boa—who kill their prey by crushing and not by biting—from doing him any harm. It was only with the greatest care, and by means of wedges of wood, that the hand was extracted from the snake's mouth. It was, however, fearfully lacerated.

We now come to the poisonous class of snakes, and will say a few words as regards the venom apparatus as developed in this class. There are, I believe, many, who have not paid much attention to the subject, who imagine that the snake stings with his tongue. The real fact is, that no snake ever stung anybody, for he has no sting; a wasp, a bee and a scorpion, may be said to sting,



but a snake can only be said to bite; the one class has stings, properly so called, the other simply teeth. Both the sting and the teeth can only be regarded as transmitters of the poison from the gland above. This difference also is to be remarked, that stings, properly so called, are generally situated in the tail of the creature, whereas the serpent is to be dreaded not on account of the sting in his tail, for he has none, but for the teeth in his mouth.

In Holy Writ, however, we find both words mentioned as regards snakes; for example, they occur side by side in the following passage in Proverbs: "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." I have at this moment no means of ascertaining the Hebrew word for "stingeth," but I cannot imagine but that some other translation of the original might be given.

As regards the subject of stings, I must not omit to mention the very peculiar poison apparatus which exists in that most remarkable of Australian animals, the Platypus, of the existence of which some of my readers may not be aware. This animal has a gland on the back part of the thigh, communicating by means of a duct with a sharp spur, very like a cock's spur. This spur is perforate like the cobra's tooth, and the secretion of the gland, doubtless poisonous, is thus transmitted into the wound formed by the spur.

The tongue of the snake is generally imagined to be his sting; it is not really so. It appears to be concerned in the function of voice, that is to say, hissing; it also acts as a sort of intimidation to its aggressors, for the snake generally puts out his vibrating tongue and hisses at the same time. This performance alone would make nine people out of ten run away. Upon examining it carefully, we find that it is long, moist, deeply forked, not into three parts, but into two only, and capable of being moved in all directions. When withdrawn it is received into a sheath, which can either be elongated or contracted. Ovid has observed this bifid form of the snake's tongue. Cadmus, he informs us, was changed into a snake, and during the transformation he endeavoured to speak. In this he singularly failed, because—

"Lingua repente  
In partes est scissa duas;"

an uncomfortable sensation, I should think, for poor Cadmus.

Shakspeare uses the word "sting" frequently as regards snakes. He was a good observer of nature, and therefore probably used it in a poetical sense. It has, however, doubtless, led many into the belief that snakes really did sting, and thus the popular error is partially accounted for. I subjoin two passages from his writings. The first is certainly very much calculated to mislead; it is—

"For never tongue  
Than thine, thou adder, more severely stung."

Again, in Hamlet, the Ghost says—

"Now, Hamlet, hear:  
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me."

~~"HONORABLE MEMBER."~~ ~~THE~~ ~~MEMBER~~ ~~HAS~~ ~~BEEN~~ ~~TELLING~~ ~~ABOUT~~ ~~STINGING~~ ~~IN~~ ~~HIS~~ ~~PLAY~~ ~~OF~~

The lower jaw, however, has no such, the tongue is harmless, but it will not be so. Let us say a little more about them. In examining the skull of a common snake we shall find a different arrangement of teeth revealing from that above described as occurring in the rattlesnake. Instead of a long row of imperfect teeth in each side of the mouth, we shall find two only, and these are situated at the upper jaw. The arrangement of the lower teeth and of those in the upper jaw, is just the same in both kinds. The reason why one has numerous teeth exists in the manner and a difference in two only in the other, rattlesnake, showing what we observe in the way in which they severally operate their prey. The non-venomous snake literally catches his victim whereas the venomous snake gives a dart, inflicts the wound, and then slowly in the manner the snake is work.

The manner in which the subject is well marked in the subject  
is by stating the name as usually used we will here describe the  
method of doing it and the result which will apply equally  
to the other cases of which I present a well-marked example.

It must be further well noted in this case, that a thing  
is not a thing, & must understand that the most lucid descrip-  
tion is given. It says -

These students, who wish to understand these  
social problems, may visit the College of Surgeons—a visit  
they will not be allowed to miss, and which will well repay their  
trouble.

In the recently discovered skull at the University of Cambridge, the teeth are found in a position of repose, quite parallel to the jaw, and are covered by a thin, translucent, case for the purpose of protecting their sharp points from injury, and which prevents their projecting the passage of food down the throat. Its habitual position is recumbent, protected by its sheath, if I may use a mechanical term. We will now remove the sheath, and expose the true teeth. In the preparation above mentioned, the teeth were in each jaw nearly half an inch long, and the distance between them nearly approximates it in length. If we gently move the jaw when in situ, we shall find that they are fixed firmly and immovably into the jaw: they, therefore, naturally follow its movements and can not, as is often imagined, move independently. It is a peculiar and very beautiful arrangement of bones and muscles, which, if described in words, would involve many hard names, and puzzle the reader. This bone, with the teeth attached, either lies at rest, or is raised instantly into an erect position ready for



action; suffice it to say, that the action of these bones, one upon another, is very like that seen in the lock of a gun, and that the snake in opening its mouth preparatory to striking, as a mechanical necessity, elevates its fang into the most favourable position for inflicting the blow.

In a preparation near the former, we see the teeth separated from all other surrounding parts, and also in a dried preparation of the skin, with head attached, of a cobra killed in India, and presented to the College by a gentleman formerly resident there. He had seen the brute for several days about his premises, but had been unable to kill it; he was, in consequence, obliged to have wire blinds with thin meshes put on all his windows, fearing that the snake might crawl up the ivy surrounding the house and get into some one of the rooms. He at last caught him asleep under a tree, and sent him to the Museum. The teeth of this snake are remarkably large and well developed, the largest tooth being nearly an inch long: no wonder he was a cause of alarm to those who knew he was about.

We find, on examining this preparation, that running down the outer side of each poison-tooth, is a canal large enough to admit a pig's bristle. The upper opening of this duct is connected closely with the duct or pipe which conveys the poison from the gland secreting it, the lower aperture is oblique, presenting the form of a narrow elliptical fissure, and is situated at a short distance from the point of the fang. It follows, therefore, that this tooth performs the office of a dagger. It makes an aperture in the flesh of the victim struck, and, while fixed there, the poison is injected through the tooth into the wound, thus ready made for its reception.

The poison itself is secreted by a large gland which occupies nearly the whole of the posterior part of the head, it seems to be simply analogous to the salivary glands found in mammalia, and the secretion is carried on in the same manner. This gland has this peculiarity, however, that it has a strong layer, like parchment, covering it, which, on the snake's opening his mouth, firmly compresses its substance, and forces the poisonous contents out into the wound through the perforated teeth, as described above.

If we examine some of the poison itself under the microscope, we shall find it to be a transparent fluid of a yellowish colour, of about the same consistency as the human saliva: it has no odour or taste. Dr. Mead has described it as separating into little spiculæ when drying; to my eyes, it looked exactly like a drop of milk which had dried on a spoon. In the course of time it cracked and divided itself into several irregular portions, like the mud on a pond in summer, or like a bit of gum-arabic.

It is a remarkable fact, and one worthy to be remembered by collectors of specimens of natural history, that this poison, even when it has remained in a dry state for fifteen years, has lost none of its virulent effects. Dr. Christison dissolved a grain and a half of it in ten drops of water after it had been kept this long space of time, and introduced it beneath the skin of a rabbit: in twenty-seven minutes the poor beast was dead.

The Scythians must have been aware that this poison of snakes would retain its venomous effects after it had been taken from the animal and dried, for they were accustomed to dip their arrows in it when redissolved in water, and allow it to remain there ready for use. The South American Indians also are aware of this fact, for Mr. Waterton tells us that in preparing that most deadly of all poisons, the "wourali," besides pounding together with certain roots two species of ants, one of which is very large and black, and so venomous, that its sting produces a fever, the other, a little red ant, which stings like a nettle, "adds the pounded fangs of the cabarri snake, and those of the curracouchi snake: these he commonly has in store, for when he kills a snake, he generally extracts the fangs and keeps them by him."

The cobra de capello, whose other names are the Nag, El Haje, or Haje Naseler, in Arabic, has received its name, capello, from the appearance it presents when viewed in an irritated state, or when preparing to bite, at which time it bends its head rather downwards, and seems, as it were, to have a hood on. The head is comparatively small, and at a small distance behind it is a lateral dilation or swelling of the skin; this part can be extended at the will of the animal, and is marked by a very large and conspicuous patch, resembling a pair of spectacles. This is produced by a thick layer of black-pigment underneath the skin, as may be seen in a preparation also at the College of Surgeons. At this same place may be seen a beautiful skeleton of a cobra in the act of striking, from which it will be seen that the distension of the skin above mentioned, is produced by the ribs below the head being perfectly moveable at right angles to the spine, so that the act of elevating the ribs stretches out the loose skin of the neck, after the manner of a fan.

One would think from the following lines, that Virgil must have seen a cobra in its well-known menacing attitude. It is a beautiful description of a man killing his sworn enemy, a snake; and the very words he uses expresses the haste and fright of the one, and the proud inturgescence of the other:—

"Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor,  
Tollentemque minas, et sibila colla tumentem  
Dejice." *Geor. iii. 421.*

Our great poet, Milton, also describes this remarkable fact, at the same time starting the supposition, that previous to the fall the snake

"Addressed his way; not with indented wave,  
Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear  
Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
Fold above fold a surging maze."

Then alluding to the expanded hood, he says:—

"His head  
Crested aloft; and carbuncle his eyes;  
With burnisht neck of verdant gold, erect  
Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
Floated redundant."



Further on, when the snake is leading the way to the forbidden fruit, Milton says of him:—

“ Hope elevates and joy  
Brightens his crest.” *Paradise Lost*, book ix.

From its frequently moving along with the greater part of its body erect, and with its head in continual action, as if looking round with great circumspection, this species is regarded by the East Indian as the emblem of prudence, and they seldom name it without some epithet, as “royal, holy.” The ancient Egyptians also observing its habits, imagined that it guarded the place it inhabited; accordingly they made it the emblem of Cneph, the divinity, whom they supposed to govern the world (*ὁ ἀγαθὸς δαίμων*), and with this idea represented it in their temples sculptured on each side of a winged globe.

It was also used by them as a mark of regal dignity, and is seen on the fore-part of the tiara of almost all Egyptian statues of deities and kings, as may be seen on the cap of Memnon and Colossus in the British Museum. We frequently see the figure of this serpent in the hieroglyphic records of this wonderful people. Here it seems to have two meanings, according to the bend of its body. First, simply it signifies the form and power of the letter S. Secondly, it indicates the planets on account of the obliquity of their course, whereas the sun is represented by a beetle.

The cobra still abounds among the rocks and ruins of ancient Egypt, and in their native untamed state (that is when they still have their poison apparatus intact), are regarded with well-founded dread by the inhabitants. It is also very fond of getting into houses, or rather mud-huts, which abound in Egypt. The mud cracks with the heat, and these cracks form convenient resorts for his domicile. We find a passage in the prophet Amos that distinctly alludes to this fact:—“As if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him; or went into the house and leaned his hand on the wall, and a serpent bit him.”—Amos v. 19.

It is nearly certain that this is the snake which the ancients described under the name of Cleopatra's Asp; and its predecessors were probably those chosen by the magicians of Pharaoh to be changed into rods in imitation of the divine miracle wrought by Moses.

From our earliest infancy we have all heard of the snake-charmers of India, who are said to handle these venomous reptiles with impunity; some believed it, some did not. In the year 1850, however, the Londoners had an opportunity of seeing with their own eyes (since the invention of the stereoscope this, however, has been proved a dubious test) this wonderful performance. We have most of us seen it at the Zoological Gardens; but Mr. Broderip, in his “Note Book of a Naturalist,” has so graphically described the scene, that I may be pardoned for introducing it here. He says:—“Standing in the open space in the reptile-house, the old Arab said something to the young one, who stooped down under the reptile cases on the north side of the room, and took out a large

deal box with a sliding cover. Having withdrawn the cover he thrust in his hand and pulled out a large, long 'Naia Haje.' After handling it, and playing with it a little while, he set it down on the floor, half squatted close to it, and fixed his eye on the snake. The serpent instantly raised itself, expanded its hood, and turned slowly on its own axis, following the eye of the young Arab, turning as his head, or eye, or body turned. Sometimes it would dart at him, as if to bite. He exercised the most perfect command over the animal. All this time the old Arab stood still, pensively regarding the operation; but presently he, too, squatted down, muttering some words opposite to the snake. He evidently affected the reptile more strongly than his more mercurial relative, though he remained motionless, doing nothing that I could see but fixing his eyes on the snake, with his face upon a level with the raised head of the serpent, which now turned all his attention to him, and seemed to be in a paroxysm of rage. Suddenly it darted open-mouthed at his face, furiously dashing its expanded whitish-edged jaws into the dark hollow cheek of the charmer, who still imperturbably kept his position, only smiling bitterly at his excited antagonist. I was very close and watched very narrowly; but though the snake dashed at the old Arab's face, and into it more than twice or thrice with its mouth open, I could not see the projection of any fang. Then the youth brought out a cerastes, which I observed seemed overpowered, as if, as the country people say, something had come over it. He placed it on the floor, but this serpent did not raise itself like the naia, but as the charmer stooped to it, moved in a very odd, agitated manner on its belly, regarding him askant. I thought the serpent was going to fly at him, but it did not.

"He then went to another box, drew the lid and took out more snakes, one of which was another naia, and the others of a most venomous kind. Now there were two naias with heads and bodies erect, obeying apparently the volition of the charmers. One of the snakes bit the youth on the naked hand and brought the blood, but he only spat on the wound and scratched it with his nail, which made the blood flow more freely.

"I observed that the charmers only used their own serpents which they had, I presume, brought with them, and I confess that the impression on my mind was, that they had been rendered innocuous by mechanical means." Mr. Broderip afterwards makes this observation:—"There is no longer a shadow of doubt that the subjects operated upon by the serpent charmers at the Zoological Gardens had been deprived of their poison-fangs. It is therefore pretty clear that these cobras were harmless, and that these Indian fellows, who, as we all know, are the best conjurors in the world, take advantage of the habits of the cobra to gain a livelihood, blinding the eyes of the by-standers by telling them that their music, such as it is, causes the snakes to dance, and that their lives are defended from the poison by some supernatural gift. Now this is a story that will do very well for the crowd of superstitious miserables outside the walls of Cairo, but which won't go down the throat of the enlightened British public, listening to the band of the Horse-



guards, in the well-managed gardens of the Zoological Society of London."

I must here add that no doubt these Indian gentlemen are up to the fact that the snake's fangs, although once removed, will quickly grow again, so that a snake whose bite may be innocent to-day will, in the course of a short time, have a fresh supply of poison-fangs, and will become a dangerous customer to handle. If I were a snake-charmer I should look to the teeth of my operatees every other day. I must also beg to supply to Mr. Broderip's observations that the Arabs wore red buskins and drawers with the evident purpose of exciting and teasing the snakes, who can't bear this colour near them, and, as in the case of the common viper, always fly at it when brought near them. Let the reader wave a red handkerchief before the snake-cages in the Gardens and he will see the brute's attention immediately attracted.

Besides showing off these tricks with the cobras, the Egyptian mountebanks have another mode of deceiving the audience. There abounds in Egypt a very small, but very venomous, snake called the cerastes, of which there are three specimens at the Zoological Gardens. This species of snake these men pretend to handle with impunity, but in reality they procure from Turkey a snake that very much resembles the Egyptian, with the difference that the former is perfectly harmless and has no horns on its head; whereas the latter is very venomous and, as we may see at the Gardens, has a little horn projecting on each side from the summit of the head. The use of these horns are probably to act as a sort of bait for small birds, who imagine them to be worms and thus become an easy prey to the cerastes. Be this, however, as it may, the mountebanks place the spurs of the common larks, or other small birds, on the heads of the harmless Turkish cerastes and handle it as though it were a true native of the Egyptian desert.

There remains, however, another, and that an important point, which must not be passed over in silence. It is, what is to be done to save the life of a person who has been bitten by a cobra, or any other poisonous serpent. It is within the bounds of possibility (may it not be so!) that the reader of these pages may be so unfortunate as to be bitten by a snake; my advice to him would be, instantly to suck the wound as hard as he can for some time. Care must at the same time be taken that the skin inside the mouth be perfect and unbroken; for, by a wise provision of Nature, no external poison is an internal poison, and *vice versâ*, whether the saliva decomposes the poison or not, we are as yet ignorant; suffice it to say, that the poison of the snake, as has been frequently proved by experiment, is innocent when taken into the stomach, most deadly when applied to an external wound, however minute.

If this sucking operation cannot be performed instantly, put on a cupping-glass; this answers the same purpose; it abstracts the poison from the wound, and at all events prevents its going far into the system and poisoning the blood. The sucking, however, is the safest and most efficient remedy. We all of us recollect the story of Queen Eleanor sucking the poison out of the wound in her hus-

band's arm, and a wise and physiological queen she was; she could not have done better under the circumstances. Ladies are the best doctors, after all; they were so formerly, it appears, and in many cases prove to be so even now. So well aware were the ancients of the efficacy of suction in these wounds, that when Cato made his expedition through the African deserts, abounding in snakes, he employed certain wild native tribes called Psilli, to follow in the rear of the army. These fellows pretended to have a charm against snakes; they were, however, great humbugs; for all they did was to suck out the poison from the wound. Knowing human nature, however, they, like wise men, ascribed their cures to certain awful mystic rites performed over the patients; and I have no doubt exacted fees accordingly. It appears that there are to this day tribes in the East who practise these same arts. Savory relates, that when at Rosetta, he was present at a procession, the rear of which was brought up by a lot of savage-looking outcasts, who held snakes in their hands, and played all manner of tricks with them, to the astonishment of the natives. These fellows were professed curers of snake-bites. I have myself witnessed the good effects of suction in such cases. Last summer I was called on to treat a boy who had been bitten in two places in the fore-finger of the right-hand by a viper which he had caught on Wandsworth Common. He had carried it by the tail without its touching him up to London. He then, out of bravado, put it on the table of a public-house, and began to play tricks with it. In an instant it bit him. I ordered him (half an hour after the infliction of the wound) to suck it as hard as he could. This he did, for nearly two hours. Some slight inflammation of the arm followed, but in four days he was quite well, and went about his usual occupation again. The viper, it being the middle of summer, was in good condition, and on dissecting him, I squeezed two or three drops out of the poison-glands, showing that the boy must have had a full dose of the venom. I have carefully examined all the evidence on record as regards the most favourable internal medicine that can be given in such cases, and have come to the conclusion that nothing is so good as ammonia; that is, the common hartshorn, which everybody is so prompt to suggest in fainting fits. The best form of it is the preparation called "Eau de luce," the remedial powers of which we have lately read so much in the journals. This eau de luce, be it known, is composed of hartshorn, spirits of wine, and oil of amber. Those whose travels lead them into places frequented by venomous snakes, would do wisely to carry a bottle of it in their pocket.

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## NEAR AND DEAR ONES.

## A ROMANCE OF THE POCKET.

BY PERCIVAL LEIGH.

"HARD and seasoned," said Mr. Bradley, speaking to his own face, which he was shaving, "hard and seasoned—a sound healthy brick-red, though the shine 's off. The worse for wear, of course; but not so very much. Whiskers a little mouldy; bad job that, but try lead comb: cheaper than 'no more grey hair.'"

Having finished the work of the razor, Mr. Bradley put on his wig, and endeavoured in vain to bring a curl thereof forward on either side, so as to conceal the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, the creases vulgarly called the "crow's feet." "It won't do," Mr. Bradley observed, "and the fact is, that I shall have to get a gentleman's genuine head of hair or imperceptible periwig. The charge for that unique head of hair, as the advertisement says, 1*l.* 10*s.*, which is a great deal of money. But she's worth the sacrifice, with her income. Yes, the widow is worth the sacrifice. I've smitten her, that's the fact, and I'll follow up the hit, regardless of expense, if at all reasonable."

Now Mr. Bradley was a partner in the firm of Bradley and Bobbins. In that capacity he had succeeded a wealthy uncle, who had left him considerable property besides. He resided near unto a northern manufacturing town. An elderly female relative kept his house, where he led a life of celibacy and abstemiousness. Indeed, he had earned an extraordinary reputation for self-denial in regard to those indulgences which it is necessary to purchase in order to enjoy. This is not a roundabout way of saying that Mr. Bradley was a miser. He was by no means "*miser*" or "*wretched*." On the contrary, he could be an extremely jolly fellow when an opportunity was given him. This occurred not seldom; for a valuable man, a man of sterling worth, a man worth many thousands of pounds sterling, is as sure to be cultivated as a prize tulip. Besides, Mr. Bradley could chat and gossip, and even joke in his way, for he had good animal spirits; and when these were raised by a certain number of glasses of gratuitous grog, he would sing a song.

At one of the entertainments whereof Mr. Bradley, owing to his convivial and pecuniary attractions, was accustomed to partake at his friend's houses, he met, once upon an evening, a Mrs. Bushell, a widow reputed to rejoice in much wealth. This rumour caused him to regard her with a prepossession which she did not generally inspire. Accordingly, he made himself agreeable to the lady, at least, he supposed he did, judging by the favour with which she received his attentions. These consisted in getting her negus and sandwiches continually during the dances, and at supper in helping her to large and successive quantities of chicken and tongue,

lobster-salad, open-tarts, tipsy-cake, and trifle, besides promptly replenishing her glass with sherry, and lastly, mixing for her some brandy and water. On the other hand, Mrs. Bushell derived great pleasure, not only from those particular attentions, considered in themselves, but also, according to the unsuspecting nature of woman, from a supposition that she owed them to her personal appearance. A feeling of vanity, from which the male sex is not exempt, made Bradley, conversely, imagine that Mrs. Bushell admired him; and thus these elderly people, who could discern each other's false curls, deluded themselves severally, as completely as a boy and girl ever do, each with the belief of having captivated the other. Alas! the loss of hair is not necessarily accompanied by the gain of wisdom; as we get older we do not always become wiser: we are apt to get fat, but not so apt to increase in intelligence.

It was in order to present himself in a state of spruceness before the affluent widow, that Mr. Bradley was making his toilet. The day previously he had accompanied her to town, where she had legal business, in furtherance whereof he had recommended her to a solicitor, a gentleman in whose office Mr. Bradley had a relation in the person of an articled clerk, out of whom he was accustomed to extract advice *gratis*. For his own part, he had come up to give evidence before a Railway Committee, receiving five guineas a day for his expenses, on the strength of which allowance he had taken lodgings at an hotel in Covent Garden: bed and breakfast at a guinea a week. He did not dine at that hotel, nor did he indeed at any other, but obtained his principal daily meal by getting himself invited to the tables of his metropolitan acquaintances in succession.

He had two objects in calling on Mrs. Bushell. One was to advance himself in that lady's good graces, the other to recover, if possible, the amount of her fare and cab-hire which he had paid for her, she having discovered at the station that her purse was locked up in her trunk.

When he had adjusted his wig, he put on a clean collar and a black satin stock with large tails, overspreading his bosom, which prevented it from being apparent too that he had not also on a clean shirt. The rather too apparent convexity of his stomach gave him much trouble, and he spent a good deal of time in trying to reduce it by tightening his waistcoat strings. It did not occur to him that Mrs. Bushell, who was herself very fat, would care nothing whatever about his figure, except in an arithmetical and financial sense.

Mr. Bradley completed his attire, which had out-lived several fashions, by putting on a glazed waterproof overcoat very much worn, and a hat protected by oil-skin from the assaults of rain. He then proceeded to Mrs. Bushell's lodgings, buying in his way, for a present to the fair relict, a bunch of Russian violets, the price of which being two-pence, he had succeeded in cheapening by six farthings.

He also, with a struggle, effected his intended purchase of a new



gentleman's head of hair, which he put on, and transferred the old one to his pocket, reserving it to do duty upon ordinary occasions, whilst he went in his fresh wig to charm the widow.

He found Mrs. Bushell at her work-table; she was making up a cap. Having presented his half-penn'orth of flowers, received all the acknowledgments due to so handsome a present, and expressed his views on the existing state and future probabilities of the weather, he complimented her on her industry.

"Why," said she, "it's best to do all these little things one's self, people do charge so, and every trifle mounts up."

"To be sure, ma'am, to be sure," replied Mr. Bradley. "Just what I say when I sew on a button instead of sending my clothes to the tailor. A penny here and twopence there come to shillings and pounds in the course of a twelvemonth; and everything is so expensive."

"So very expensive!" cried the widow.

"Travelling, for instance, now, that's very expensive," continued Mr. Bradley; "there was the journey up, yesterday."

"A very pleasant journey though," interposed the lady in a soft and insinuating tone of voice, ogling Mr. Bradley tenderly.

"I'm sure I found it so," returned Bradley, bowing with ready gallantry; "a charming journey. But the fares."

"Don't they talk of reducing them?" again interrupted Mrs. Bushell.

"Well, perhaps they may, ma'am," Bradley answered; "but they won't return what they have overcharged us. We shan't get back a sixpence of the money we paid, that is, I paid, yesterday. Let me see, it was five-and-twenty shillings; the first class would have been ten more. Five-and-twenty shillings a-piece the tickets cost me: that's two pounds ten altogether, one pound five for *myself*—that was only for *myself*—then there was *that other* one pound five, and five again cab-hire, one pound ten on *that other* account."

"Oh, lor, yes; dear me! well, now only think!—now I recollect—how could I forget such a thing, you were so kind as to pay for me."

"Don't mention it," stammered Mr. Bradley, affecting unconcern.

"Well, since you are so very pressing," said the lady, tittering hysterically, "you shall have your own way; but you must promise me never to be such a polite, generous, naughty man again. I will *not* mention the delicate obligation."

"Oh! I—I don't wish to put you under any obligation, my dear ma'am. You can return the—"

"Not another word," said Widow Bushell, cutting him short. "I declare I must stop your mouth: so let me cut you a *little* piece of seedy cake."

"Thank you," answered Mr. Bradley, much disconcerted, thrusting his hands into his pockets without his thirty shillings. "Thank you," he repeated, screwing up his mouth, with an uncomfortable stare, which had vacancy for its object. "Good bye one pound ten!" he exclaimed mentally.

"Dear me, Mr. Bradley," she cried, handing him the cake, "why your hair wants cutting."

"Do you think so; well, perhaps it is a little too long," he answered, rubbing his hands with self-congratulation, imagining that his peruke had proved a successful imposture. Recovering his gaiety, he now praised the cake, and wished Mrs. Bushell good health in a glass of ginger wine, which she had poured out for him, apologizing for not being able to offer him foreign, though she certainly considered that ginger was pleasanter and more reasonable, besides going as far again.

"Quite so, ma'am; quite so," was the reply of Mr. Bradley. "Good enough for an angel if good enough for Mrs. B."

"Oh!" faintly screamed the plethoric widow, whilst Mr. Bradley, alluding to the compliment he had paid her, remarked to himself that there was nothing like laying it on thick.

Here the maid-servant entered with a small parcel from the draper's together with the bill for the same, which Mrs. Bushell sent her down again to discharge, and then begging Mr. Bradley to excuse her, unpacked the consignment.

"Allow me, ma'am," said Mr. Bradley, and taking the twine the parcel had been tied with, twisted it round his fingers in a small coil, and presented it to her in a sprightly and gallant manner, remarking that he never threw a bit of string or a faithful heart away.

Mrs. Bushell made a grimace, meant for a smirk, and put the coil of string in her bosom.

Mr. Bradley threw himself on his knees, conceiving that this was the proper posture to make a declaration of love in, because he had seen it assumed by performers at the theatre, when occasionally he had gone to the play with an order.

Just at this moment the girl re-entered with the change of the draper's bill, and on perceiving Mr. Bradley's devout attitude, was about hastily to retire, when that gentleman, with wonderful presence of mind, called her back, and desired her to help him find her mistress's needle; and thinking that perhaps his enthusiasm had carried him far enough for the time being, availed himself of that opportunity to take a quiet leave.

He next repaired to the office of Mr. Deedles, the solicitor above alluded to, in Gray's Inn, to consult with his kinsman, the clerk therein studying. Mr. Limbkins, the said clerk, received his country cousin with the cordiality and attention due to a wealthy relation without children.

"But what, I say, what's the matter?" asked the young gentleman. "You look serious—nothing wrong, I hope?"

"Why, n-no, I hope not," responded Bradley, "but I've serious irons in the fire, too. I'll tell you a secret," he added, after a pause, and proceeded to relate the story of his whole course of love for Mrs. Bushell, or rather hers for him, and the more decided sentiment, or sense of her value, into which his feelings had ripened, concluding with the declaration that he believed the old girl was literally worth her weight in gold.



"And what may she weigh?" inquired Limbkins.

"Well, a good fourteen stone, I should say," Mr. Bradley replied.

"Lots of tin, then?" said the young man.

"I believe you."

"What you'd call a prudent attachment?"

"I should rather think so."

"Well," continued Limbkins, "and what do you mean to do?"

"Well," returned the other, "I was thinking of sending her an offer."

"By letter?"

"By letter. Cautiously worded, you know; in case it should turn out there was any mistake. Shouldn't like to commit myself."

"Of course. What do you think you shall say?"

"Why, I don't know exactly. Something in the flowery way, mixing up felicity, distraction, and all that sort of thing. In love-letters isn't there generally a good deal about moonshine?"

"Generally," replied Limbkins. "Suppose you send her some verses."

"Verses?" said Bradley. "Ah! what sort?"

"Oh, anything sentimental and spoony," answered the clerk.

"A bit out of Dr. Watts, now?" suggested Bradley. "Watts, or what's his name; wouldn't that do?"

"Not quite," replied Limbkins. "Why not some verses of your own?"

"How can I make 'em?" Mr. Bradley inquired. "Besides, now I think of it, I'm afraid of 'em. In breach-of-promise cases you generally have verses amongst the correspondence, don't you? Isn't it the verses that you are nailed by?"

"Not particularly, unless they imply a contract. But come," said Mr. Limbkins, "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll make you a copy if you like, and take care it shall be safe."

"That's a good fellow," exclaimed Bradley. "Will you do it now?"

"Now directly."

"Meanwhile, I'll read the trade report in the paper," said Mr. Bradley, settling himself in an arm-chair.

In a few minutes the young poet of Gray's Inn had engrossed the following stanza:

Whereas, on your behalf, one Richard Roe,  
Otherwise Love, with force and arms, to wit,  
Sticks, staves, clubs, bows and arrows, me, John Doe,  
Did shoot and wound, beat, strike, assault, and hit.  
Take notice I propose to institute  
Proceedings legal remedy to find,  
Concerning you, as party to the suit,  
Of me, your loving friend, the undersigned—

JOHN DOE.

"Ha, ha, he! capital—bravo!" exclaimed Mr. Bradley, when his young friend had recited the lines.

"This will be your declaration," said the youthful lawyer; "if she puts in a plea of abatement, then you join issue."

"Issue!" cried Bradley; "we neither of us have any family, and never shall, I hope. But now, how will she understand that John Doe means me?"

"Your writing, of course, will show that."

"But suppose she don't know my hand?"

"Then you may add, '*alias* Bradley.' Or send a small present, with Mr. Bradley's compliments, favoured by Mr. John Doe."

"Ah, yes! as you say, a small present," said Mr. Bradley; "a small one will do. That will show her I'm in earnest."

"Oh!" exclaimed the young man of the world, "all women think poetry serious."

"But this one is a widow," said Mr. Bradley; "and your widows are so deuced wide-awake. Well, 'pon my word, I'm much obliged for the verses. How shall we send them?"

"Serve them on her myself," suggested the clerk.

"Perhaps she might be alarmed at that," demurred the considerate suitor; "better send them by post, and never mind the penny stamp. Well, so now I'll be off. Much obliged, my boy; good bye."

"Good bye. But, I say—you said, I think, you had just seen her?"

"Yes, came from her, straight here."

"Is that the costume you go courting in?"

"This old water-proofer and oil-skin? Whip 'em off in the passage, and walk up as neat as if I had stepped out of a bandbox. They are a great protection in the street."

"When it rains?"

"When it's fine too. Keep you from being pestered by beggars and crossing-sweepers; make 'em think you poor, judging by your outside," said Mr. Bradley, chuckling. "But if I'm a rum 'un to look at," he added facetiously, "I'll now prove myself a good 'un to go. Once more, Ad-Jew!" and so saying, he departed.

"It would serve you right if the old woman were to marry you, and plague your life out," soliloquized Mr. Limbkins; "but then, after she had worried you to death, it might turn out that she had previously managed to make you settle your property on herself. That is an arrangement of which I shouldn't approve. I sincerely hope your verses will exasperate her, by causing her to think you have been trifling with her feelings, joking, and making her a fool. Of course this silly affair must be put a stop to."

Scarcely had Mr. Bradley left the office, when the lady of his love entered it, attracted thither, it might be surmised, by a mesmeric sympathy, but really impelled by anxiety to obtain information as to the extent of his means, especially the amount left him by his uncle. Of course she consulted Mr. Deedles in person; she was closeted with him for half an hour. As soon as she was gone, that trustworthy solicitor communicated all the particulars of the conversation she had held with him to his confidential clerk, who, thereupon, immediately wrote a note to Mr. Bradley. The latter, in the meanwhile, had gone to his hotel, and despatched his love-song, enclosed together with a pair of gloves, in which he



had invested ninepence, as he went along. They were of Lisle thread.

The missive of Mr. Limbkins briefly stated, that a very important afterthought had occurred to the writer, namely, that it was desirable to be quite sure that Mrs. Bushell was indeed the absolute mistress of her property, and suggested the propriety of a visit to Doctors' Commons, in order to ascertain that important point the next day. Mr. Bradley had better be at the Prerogative Office precisely at eleven the next morning, and Mr. Limbkins would, if possible, meet him there: but at all events there would be no difficulty in getting a shilling peep at the will of Barnabas Bushell, of So and So, died at such a date.

This advice of Limbkins's seemed to Mr. Bradley highly judicious; and inwardly declaring him, in strong language, to be a sharp fellow, he determined to act upon it; and to that effect he registered a vow, by Jingo.

Mrs. Bushell was at tea with a female more elderly than herself, when Mr. Bradley's epistle arrived. She read the verses, and showed the gloves to her visitor, who agreed with her in the opinion that the former were truly romantic, and that the latter would wash. Hadn't she made quite a conquest? The party appealed to thought she had indeed: and then Mrs. Bundell—the party in question—recounted the various flattering things that had been done, said, and written to herself, before and after, and, indeed, during the time of poor dear Bundell. Thus these dames entertained each other with pleasing discourse—latterly in the evening over mild gin and water, until they mutually felt sleepy, and went their several ways to bed.

At the appointed hour next day, Mr. Bradley was outside the Prerogative Office in Doctors' Commons, waiting for young Limbkins, who came not; but instead of him came his master, Mr. Deedles, accompanied by—good gracious!—by the Widow Bushell herself.

Here was a go!—to quote Bradley's tacit remark.—What business had he here? What business had she here? These were naturally the questions that each would have wished to ask the other. But the lovers simply reciprocated the proposition, that the morning was a nice one, whereas, in truth, it was very foggy, and beginning to rain. At that they stopped, not knowing what else to say, and interchanged sly and embarrassed looks.

Mr. Deedles had appeared a little surprised, at first, to see Bradley; but soon recovering his professional coolness, quietly asked him if he was going to search for a will?

"Ye—es—no. That is—well—no, I think not," answered Bradley.

"Pooh, pooh! come along. I'll put you in the way," said the solicitor. "And we'll say nothing about the six-and-eightpence. Now, my good lady, you first!"

The widow entered the office, perceiving by a side wink from the man of law that she had better leave everything to him. He then, with polite violence, forced Bradley to follow. "This way," he

and pulling his involuntary client, and supporting the  
- Now, whose will do you want to see?"

Mr. Bradley was suddenly struck by a bright idea. He  
recalled having heard that the last testament of a great poet was  
deposited at Doctors' Commons: but he knew not much about  
and the name of the bard appears to have slipped his memory.  
wished to see the will of Virgil.

The official applied to gravely referred the applicant to  
British Museum.

"Thank you," said Mr. Bradley, whose immediate object  
gained.

It was now the turn of Mr. Deedles to make a move. He  
mined on a bold one. "Come, come," he said, "young folks  
do understand one another."

The exhortation was not uncalled-for, inasmuch as the  
fools were in a state of confusion, even greater than is natu-  
rally those who write and receive poems, and send and accept glove  
or tire. "Let us," he repeated, "understand one another.  
Suppose you, Mr. Bradley, search for the will of Barnabas Bu-  
dieu at such a place. in the year so and so. You know the  
what you were after. Now, don't pretend to deny it."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bradley, in a deprecatory tone.

"And we'll examine that of Miles Bradley, of, &c., who  
by which arrangement I trust we shall expedite a transacti-  
peculiar. I may say, delicate interest."

"I don't consider," said Mrs. Bushell, "that there is much  
in a gentleman who professes felicity and distraction,  
trying into the pecuniary (Mrs. Bushell did not always speak  
most correct English) circumstances of a female."

"Nor in a lady," observed Mr. Bradley, "that wants to  
see information about the property of a man that she pretends  
to know."

"Admirable!" exclaimed Mrs. Bushell, tossing her head. "His  
logic!"

"Now, come, young people," interposed Mr. Deedles, "let  
what you call kicking Cupid out of doors. Little Cupid may  
be scared. He ought to look out right and left, and see that  
bread is buttered on both sides. 'Bear with one another still,'  
the song says: bear with one another still, say you."

"Bear, indeed!" cried the offended lady. "Just such rudeness  
as you would expect from a bear; and it deserves a good wigg."

"Which some people have *front* enough to afford," retorted  
now angry Bradley.

At this Mrs. Bushell uttered a scream, which obliged an  
dant to come forward and declare that altercations could not  
suffered in that place; and the quarrelling lovers were obliged  
turn themselves out of the office. The efforts of Mr. De-  
dles failed to produce the reconciliation which he aimed at with a  
to matrimonial parchments; and the not young widow and  
bachelor parted in a decided huff, indeed in a great rage, one  
the other.



The same day the maid-servant of Mrs. Bushell returned all the presents, capable of preservation, that she had accepted at the hands of Mr. Bradley. They consisted of an Albata pencil case, a thimble of German silver, a pair of scissors that had been bought in the Lowther Arcade, and a small pincushion from the same cheap market. Hereupon Mr. Bradley collected the remains of an old pair of Berlin wool slippers, a kettle-holder, a steel pen, a cloth pen-wiper, a small account-book, and an illustrated penny almanac—things which the widow had given to him—and despatched them to the residence of the lady from his hotel *per Boots*.

The division which thus arose between this interesting pair was foreseen by Mr. Limbkins. He was cognisant of his master's appointment with Mrs. Bushell; and his letter to Bradley, partly from the heartless desire for a "lark," partly from motives of interest, was written to bring about their inopportune meeting, for that purpose.

On reflection, however, Mr. Bradley considered that all lovers have quarrels, which were easily made up: were it not as well to make up this? A second visit to Doctors' Commons, the next morning, convinced him that the widow's tenure of her property was "all right." He would call on her with a view to reconciliation. He did call, and, to his agreeable surprise, was desired to walk up.

With surprise less agreeable, he found Mrs. Bushell in the company of a tall man, of a military style, wearing mustaches and whiskers, which, as well as his hair, were of a tint inclining to sandy.

"As you have company, ma'am," said Bradley, "I think I'll retire, if you please, and call again another day."

"Oh, sir!" cried the widow, "I'm sure I've no business but what you may mention now. I've no secrets from this gentleman."

"We're old friends, sir," said the tall sandy gentleman, "this young lady and meself. Our acquaintance commenced fourteen or fifteen hours ago, and was renewed just now."

"Well, sir," said Bradley, who now saw that his matrimonial hopes were over, "there is a little matter of thirty shillings —"

"Sur," answered the other, "I have the honour to inform ye, that I am about to take upon meself the responsibility of this lady's debts; and I'll owe ye the money. In the mane time, here's sixpence for ye, me man, by way of instalment."

Mr. Bradley took the coin.

"Where, sir," he asked; "am I to apply to you for the balance?"

"Me address, sir," replied the gentleman, "will be at the country sate of this young lady, and the name is Fitzgerald. Allow me, sir, to introjice ye to Misthress Fitzgerald, that is to be."

"Mrs. Captain Fitzgerald," tittered the widow.

"And the only other remark that I'll throuble ye with, Mr. What's-your-name, is, that I wish you a mighty good morning."

With this, the captain and the widow, arm in arm, advanced upon Mr. Bradley, and made him a profound bow, grinning with all their civility.





## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

THE following day was the affair of Casal Nova. Early dawn brought with it intense fog: this lasted for some time after sunrise; our Chief having no taste for blindman's buff, we remained on our ground unable to move; gradually the mountain tops began to show their heads, looking like so many islets swimming in the sea of fog beneath. At length the dense mass of mist rose like a great curtain from the valleys below, when was displayed to our longing eyes the glorious sight of the whole French rear-guard in martial array, in position, with the sun brightly glittering on their arms. It was a sight enough to make a dolt a soldier! We moved,—the same scene of sharp contest ensued; the Light Division ever gallantly sticking to them and carrying all before them; driving the enemy from hill to hill, across ravines, over streams, from valley to mountain, as we kept moving on in support, occasionally halting, and then again moving rapidly forward. The Light and Fourth Divisions had turned the enemy's left; our division and the Fifth and Sixth, the heavy cavalry and artillery moving on their centre. The French retreat at last became more rapid than regular; confusion ensued amongst them; but they gained the Pass of Miranda, burnt the town, and passed the Ceira that night. Their army was now compressed and crowded into one narrow line, between the high sierras and the Mondego river; they destroyed part of their baggage and ammunition, and left Marshal Ney to cover the passage with a few battalions.

We passed over the ground gained by our gallant light troops; the wounded, who could not move to the rear, were with the dead, lying as they fell. Among the former were to be found three brothers—those noble fellows the Napiers. William and George, of the 43rd and 52nd, were lying, severely wounded, not far from the road-side; and Charles, who commanded the 50th, came up at this moment and joined his brothers, not being himself quite recovered from the wound he had received at Buzacco. Here, then, were three of one family met together, each bearing on his person the most emphatic proof of having done his duty to his country. They are now all general officers, and Knights of the Bath, and have well earned their distinctions. Sir Charles, previous to this, had been left for dead on the field of Corunna, and was so returned in the list of casualties; he had been found, however, by a Spanish peasant, and taken to his house, recovered, and, by the kindness of Marshal Soult, was liberated. On his return home he found his family in mourning for him. His after career and services, in annexing Scinde, by conquest, to our Indian empire; and his brother William's merits as a soldier, and as the historian of the Peninsular war, are too well known and appreciated,

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...collections: "The talents of the people have of the... whether by sea... and never... fear the... Vain-... which is... broken... his duty... to... is ve... his assist-... their... they

[illegible]



retired behind the Alva, yet Ney maintained the left bank of the Ceira until their remaining encumbrances passed. Thus terminated the first part of the retreat from Santarem. After this we took some five hundred more prisoners who had been on a marauding excursion. Our division had been in support of Picton's, our bivouac for the night was in the pine wood; we were ordered to make no fires, we had no provisions, our baggage was not allowed to come up, and it rained hard throughout the night. Next day some of us got a portion of donkey-flesh, cut from the corpses of those respectable animals left behind by the enemy, but minus salt, biscuit, or other addenda; however, it was something, which was better than nothing. For the rest, we had been successful, for the result of these operations was, that Coimbra and Upper Beira were saved from the enemy's ravages, and they were obliged to take for their retreat the road by the Ponte de Murcella, which enabled the Portuguese Militia, under Wilson and Trant, to manœuvre on the right bank of the Mondego, which they had already prevented the enemy from passing, and they further continued to act severely on their flank, while the allied army still pressed on their rear. They had no provisions except what they plundered on the spot, and carried on their backs; they still continued burning and destroying all they passed through of towns, villages, quintas, and houses. Lord Wellington, about this date, writes on this subject as follows to Lord Liverpool:—

“I am concerned to be obliged to add to this account, that their conduct throughout this retreat has been marked by a barbarity seldom equalled, and never surpassed. Even in the towns of Torres Novas, Thomar, and Purnes, in which the head-quarters of some of the corps had been for four months, and in which the inhabitants had been invited, by promises of good treatment, to remain, they were plundered, and many of their houses destroyed. on the night the enemy withdrew from their position; and they have since burnt every town and village through which they have passed. The convent of Alcobaça was burnt by order from the French head-quarters; the bishop's palace, and the whole town of Leyria, in which General Drouet had had his head-quarters, shared the same fate; and there is not an inhabitant of the country of any class or description, who has had any dealing or communication with the French army, who has not had reason to repent of it and to complain of them. This is the mode in which the promises have been performed, and the assurances have been fulfilled, which were held out in the proclamation of the French commander-in-chief; in which he told the inhabitants of Portugal that he was not come to make war upon them, but with a powerful army of 110,000 men to drive the English into the sea. It is to be hoped that the example of what has occurred in this country will teach the people of this and of OTHER nations what value they ought to place on such promises and assurances; and that there is no security for life, or for anything which makes life valuable, excepting in decided resistance to the enemy.”

“Gallis fidem non habendam; hominibus, levibus, perfidis, et in

4. ~~When the water in Lake Erie moved down to the banks~~  
~~in 1913, the water in western commercial resources, we~~  
~~we moved the water back into the lake. To save land-transport,~~  
~~the water was transported by rail. They were sent round from the~~  
~~lake to the lake by a barge line.~~

... were glad, when we  
 ... ruler's liver by way of a  
 ... were to be seen;  
 ... a sergeant of  
 ... During this recess  
 ... complained that  
 ... as a counter-  
 ... by the Spaniards  
 ... Lord Wellington's  
 ... I was thought that the  
 ... the defences  
 ... lived to be  
 ... would not have  
 ... and being  
 ... the river Lima, where our  
 ... of the purpose of ablution, we  
 ... Moita on Celerico.  
 ... again moved  
 ... the strong mountain position of  
 ... being supported by the  
 ... the First Division; while ours,  
 ... the enemy's centre. The



French, however, retreated in confusion from this formidable post without firing a shot.

On the 1st of April we moved towards the Coa; Wilson and Trant passed it below Almeida to our left; the cavalry crossed the Upper Coa on the right; the Light Division were ordered to ford a little below, and the Fifth, with the artillery, to force the bridge of Sabugal. Our division and the Seventh were in reserve, except a battalion sent to the bridge of Seceiras. It was conjectured that after the enemy had quitted the position of Guarda without firing a shot, and had passed the Coa, they would continue their retreat without attempting to resist the passage of the river, especially as both Wilson and Trant, and our cavalry, had already passed it on both their flanks.

On the 3rd, in anticipation of our division occupying Sabugal, I was sent forward with our brigade-major to take up quarters for my regiment. We met Colonel Jackson,\* quarter-master-general of our division, who informed us we might save ourselves the trouble of proceeding further, as the French were still in possession of the town; and that, in consequence of the fog, Colonel Waters had just been taken by the enemy's light cavalry. This being reported to Lord Wellington, he said, "Ah! they have caught him, but they will not keep him long." This prognostication showed how well he knew those under him, for it was fulfilled to the letter. In a week Waters was at head-quarters again—returning on a famous mare he called the Bittern—having escaped in a very gallant manner in broad daylight from between two columns of the enemy's infantry, while on their march between Ciudad Rodrigo and Salamanca. By some blunder of the staff-officer the attack on the enemy this morning was made too soon, none of the divisions of the army having reached their destined points; it ended, however, in the defeat of the enemy by the gallantry of the Light and Third Divisions passing the river and forcing them to retire. This was a very sharp affair; our two divisions, the First and Seventh, took no share in it, but were planted for three hours with piled arms in ploughed ground, and in heavy rain, hearing (for it was too thick weather to see anything) the rattling fire sustained at no great distance. The affair lasted only an hour, but Lord Wellington said that this was one of the most glorious actions the British troops were ever engaged in. In this action my poor friend Gurwood was severely wounded. After waiting thus unpleasantly and provokingly, we at length moved four leagues to our left, and got under cover at Angira de St. Antonio, a village more sonorous in name than accommodating in size; however, we were under shelter, and five of us, including the A. Q. M. General of the division, were stowed away or confined in a space about the size, colour, and appearance, of a respectably proportioned coal-hole in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square.

Next day, the 4th, we halted in our delectable abode, having passed the night in as close relation to the poor inhabitants as

\* Afterwards General Sir Richard Jackson.

sealing-wax to a letter; the worst was, that these inhabitants *had inhabitants*, who would not keep their distance, *maugre* our all lying in our clothes; it rained too hard to bivouac, and we could not conveniently cut off the communication of our too great proximity. Many sage and useful reflections suggested themselves to us, as to the advantage individually gained by young men *travelling thus* to see the world, and the knowledge of facts obtained by riding and walking through a new and wild country, without too frequently inhabiting houses, sleeping in beds, injuring our digestions by repletion, &c. After all, we were the best disciples of Epicurus, for the true way to know the value of anything is to feel its want; the contrast from rough to smooth being transcendant, the enjoyment was in proportion. We had been able to calculate to a nicety the difference between the burning rays of a southern sun, and the winter bivouac among snowy mountains; between food and its want, thirst without beverage, and fatigue without rest; so we made ourselves happy, smiled at good fortune, and grinned and bore the bad; and, in opposition to every rule of arithmetic and calculation, made by the most celebrated actuary of the most respectable life assurance company, persevered in the desire and intention to engage and beat the enemy wherever they might give us an opportunity. The Peace Association might possibly consider these *dark reflections* from a coal hole, but they were the best we could make from such an abode, and we hope for forgiveness in consideration of the real love we had for our country, and the ardent desire we had to serve it.

On the 5th, as our brigade formed column to march, a dragoon of the 1st German Hussars brought forth a beautiful mare, which he was leading with one hand, while in the other he held his pistol; she moved with difficulty on three legs; the fine creature had, the day before, received a musket-shot in her fetlock joint; the wound was incurable, and she was condemned by the veterinary surgeon to be shot. The hussar informed us, that by her dexterity and speed the poor animal had more than once saved him from death or a prison in France; and as he spoke of her merits the tears ran down his hardened, weather-beaten and moustachioed face. He conducted his fated charger to the rear of our column; we saw that once or twice the poor fellow raised the loaded pistol to the creature's head, and then looking sadly at her, took it down again. At length, in an agony of grief, he dashed the pistol to the ground, and covering his face with his hands, wept aloud. He could not perform his duty, which one of our men was obliged to accomplish for him.

We moved from Angira de St. Antonio, passed the Coa, through Sabugal, and over part of the ground on which the action of the 3rd took place, to a village called Navé. Next day we marched to Aldea Velha, and as our column soon after daybreak was moving through the town of Alfayates, we saw Lord Wellington, who had apparently just risen, and was lounging out of window, looking gaily at us as we passed. He seemed in high spirits, and well pleased, as well he *might*, for the previous action at Sabugal had



driven the last Frenchman out of Portugal, with the exception of the garrison of Almeida and such as were his prisoners.

Thus gloriously and satisfactorily were vindicated Lord Wellington's views, and his capability of defending Portugal. This defence, long planned and well digested, was now effectually executed; a large party in the English Cabinet had been strongly averse to the undertaking, and I cannot do better than show, from the best authority, in what way and by whose decision Wellington and his army were allowed to save Portugal and to remain in the Peninsula. Many years after the war, I was dining with Lord Maryborough, when he related that his brother, the Duke of Wellington, communicated in detail to the Government his plan for the defence of Portugal. These proposals were laid before the Cabinet. It so happened, that the ministers were nearly divided in opinion, and came to no decision on the subject. Eventually, however, they agreed to submit the question to the King in council, although the prime minister, Mr. Percival, did not incline to a continuation of the Peninsular war. When the King was informed of the circumstances, he determined this important matter in the following concise manner: "Eh! what, what! Lord Wellington is a very obstinate man,—I suppose he must have his way."

In these few words was decided one of the most serious and eventful questions in the policy of our country; for it determined not only the fate of England, but it had a most powerful effect on that of all Europe. It was only one year after this that the poor old King was placed in confinement, at the time his Majesty, at least, showed more sense than about one half of his Cabinet. Later,—however previously they had opposed or subsequently ill supported these measures,—the dissentients took credit to themselves for the successful result, and willingly would have had the nation believe that it was "all their own thunder."

Secret expeditions, descents for inadequate objects on unhealthy coasts in the worst possible season, were more congenial to the understanding of such would-be statesmen. Had the troops sent to Walcheren reinforced Lord Wellington in Portugal, the saving of life would have been great, the expense not greater, and the result quite different. All these miscarriages in our military policy at a critical moment in an eventful war, were engendered by the idea of creating a "*diversion*" in favour of *somebody*. Our Government certainly succeeded, as most people laughed, except those who caught the Walcheren fever. Lord Porchester's\* motion in the Commons for "inquiry into the origin and conduct of this expedition to our opposite coasts," sufficiently showed, as far as the "origin" went, the prevailing excesses of small minds in great places, and as to the "conduct of the expedition," the well-known lines—

"The Earl of Chatham, with his sword drawn,  
Stood waiting for Sir Richard Strachan,  
Sir Richard Strachan, 'longing to be at 'em,'  
Stood waiting—for the Earl of Chatham,"

leave no farther description of this melancholy history necessary.

\* Lord Porchester, afterwards second Earl of Carnarvon.

From Aldea Velha we moved on to Forcalhos (a frontier village of Portugal). Here we experienced very cold weather, with a fall of snow. Out of thirteen horses and mules belonging to different officers, and enclosed for the night in one yard, some thrifty fellow, of more good taste than morality, stole the two mules I had purchased of Lord March just before we moved from Cartaxo. However much, on some occasions, it is desirable to be an object of preference, I could have dispensed with the advantage now; and had I been acquainted with Oriental sayings in those days, I should have expressed a wish that the purloiner of my mules might for ever have "a jackass sit on his grave." A year after I discovered that the culprit was a Spanish muleteer, and I recovered one of the animals. My loss in horse and mule flesh since my arrival in Portugal amounted to one hundred pounds, besides the risk, on this occasion, of being obliged to leave my baggage behind — an inconvenient idea to reflect on. However, by the obliging assistance of our battalion surgeon and the commissary of our division, it was conveyed till I could provide myself with fresh beasts of burthen.

On the 9th we entered Spain, and occupied the frontier village of Almadilla. A brother sub and I were quartered in the entrance room of a cottage, which served for parlour, kitchen and all; we were doubled up with the inhabitants, six or seven poor Spaniards, who were cooking and eating at various hours of the day a mixture of oil, cabbage and garlic with a small piece of hog's flesh. An earthen pot (called a *pinella*) containing this was constantly simmering over a small fire of damp straw and a few sticks. When wanted, this mess was turned out into a large earthen dish placed on a stool, when the partakers, sitting around on the floor or on low three-legged seats, drew out their long knives from their waistbands, and proceeded to *business* with much solemnity and good breeding, without any appearance of hurry or too great an appetite. One of them would commence by cutting slices from the large loaves of their most excellent bread (the sight of which was a novel luxury for us to look upon), and after distributing these, they dipped their bread, knives and fingers into this garlic-smelling mess, and bobbed for the morsel of bacon, on catching which each contented himself by rubbing it on the bread, and then returning it into the dish. In this common hall for cooking, eating, sleeping, and exit to the street, there was no chimney; the smoke escaped by a few tiles removed from the roof, which by no means sufficiently answered the purpose; the consequence was, that our eyes and organs of respiration suffered considerably. It did not, however, affect these poor people, who seemed, like their own bacon, to be smoke-dried. As it may be supposed, we fed not with them, but cooked our own provisions of rations in our own way, and at our own time.

We were much struck at finding, that whatever atrocities the enemy had committed on the towns, villages and people of Portugal (encouraged as they were by their chief), their conduct was quite altered on entering Spain. We found everything here in a



tolerably good state, the enemy having resumed their sense of discipline,—a point by far the most difficult to return to when once abandoned. This change was as sudden as it was remarkable. In our army Lord Wellington's severity and discipline originated as much in a feeling of humanity as that of the love of order and justice. He used to introduce everywhere the idea of *duty*, into small as well as great things, and instilled these principles throughout his army. When later he entered France, he wrote: "I will *not* have the French peasants plundered." And again on another occasion he says: "I do not mind commanding a large or small army, but, *large* or *small*, it must obey me, and, above all, it must not plunder."

Lord Wellington now invested Almeida, and it was thought that it would not hold out for want of provisions. Massena fell back to Salamanca, on Marshal Bessières's army of the North; our chief went southwards, to superintend the operations of Marshal Beresford's corps. Now that Portugal had been freed of the enemy, the great object of the war was to maintain it so. The next important point, was the possession of Almeida. After this, to be able to take the initiative, and carry the fortresses of Badajos and Ciudad Rodrigo from the enemy. These frontier strongholds once gained, would prove an obstruction to any future attempts of the French on Portugal, while it would give us every facility for a forward movement into Spain.

In spite of Lord Wellington's signal success through good and evil report or estimation, still he could not, even at this time, depend on support from the English Ministry. The Opposition, too, understanding as little as the Government of the nature or necessities of the war in which the country was embarked, gave loud vent to their discontent. Certainly the expenses were onerous, but the necessity was undoubted; some field was wanting on which to make a substantial war, and it was found in Portugal—not by the foresight of English statesmen, but by the forecast and abilities of an English soldier. People in England really understand very little or nothing about military matters. They are very patriotic, energetic, admire brilliant actions, and *exact* success, but, in the manner or means of attaining such a result, or the strategy and tactics necessary to accomplish it, they are as simple-minded as people not bred to the trade can well be.

Macaulay, in his Essay on Hallam's Constitutional History, says: "The jealousy with which the oligarchy of Venice and the States of Holland regarded their generals and armies induced them perpetually to interfere in matters of which they were incompetent to judge." This was very applicable to England and its statesmen of the years 1810 and 1811. The people at this time were led to believe that Lord Wellington and his army were "in a scrape." This idea was engendered about the time of our retreat to the lines, of the surrender of Badajos, and was even continued long after.

It is reported that a Spanish officer of distinction said to Lord Wellington, in allusion to these adverse circumstances, "Why, this is enough to put you into a fever." He quietly answered: "I have

acted to the best of my judgment, and care neither for the enemy before me nor anything they may say at home." The truth was, with the exception of the expedition to Egypt, which was something more resembling a substantive war, our good Government had always been employing small expeditions on partizan principles, with great *supposed* secrecy, in short, making little wars at great expense, and small imbecile descents on the coast of an enemy or supposed ally.

Paisley's "Military Policy of Great Britain" was not published till the year 1808-9, and was soon out of print. A second volume promised and announced, *never* made its appearance; but, after that badly conceived, and worse executed, expedition to Walcheren, we had no more of these "secret little wars." Whether this was the result of their bad success, Lord Wellington's exemplification of good success, or Paisley's book enlightening the stupid, is difficult to determine, but certain it was, we had no more of that which was *poetically* alluded to in a famous song of the well-known Captain Morris:—

"I sing of Holland's gin,  
Not the gin that Dutchmen trade in,  
But I sing of the gin  
They catch men in  
Who go about crusading."

On the return of the late Duke of York from one of those Dutch expeditions, he was on his arrival visited by Sir T. S—, one of his household, a well-known character, who, after congratulating his Royal Highness on his good looks and his safe return, said, "And I still further congratulate the country in *not* having had to ransom you."

The English Government, when it threw an army into Portugal, little fancied that it was about to change the face of the world. All this was due to Wellington, for, ill-supported as he was, and with inadequate means, he created an army, and knew how to use it. In a corner of Europe, alone and in silence, he began operations which, by his success, and the example he gave to other nations, resulted in the overthrow of the French empire: he himself said at Toulouse, on the conclusion of this war, that he "had an army that was ready to go anywhere or do anything."

We were now left, during the absence of Lord Wellington in the Alemtejo, under his second in command, Sir Brent Spencer, a zealous and gallant officer, without any great military genius; anxious and fidgety when there was nothing to do, but once under fire he looked like a philosopher solving a problem, perfectly cool and self-possessed, which befriended the exercise of his best abilities. Our army was cantoned along the sources of the Azava and the river Dos Casas; the Light Division at Galegos and Espeja. For ease our cantonments were extended, and we were sent on the 17th of April from Almadilla to Puebla de Azava, a better village, affording more room. Here we began to remark the superiority in appearance of the Spanish over the Portuguese peasants.

*These Spaniards* certainly were anything but good soldiers, but



they undoubtedly possessed all the attributes to render them so. The peasantry are capable, on small nutriment, of supporting great fatigue; they are long-enduring and hardy, with no want of courage, and only require to be well officered and well organised. The Portuguese, without the same amount of these desirable qualities, made much better troops and thus proved what may be done by the advantages of discipline. They, poor creatures, were at this time suffering next to starvation in their ranks (so ill-supplied were they that on one occasion, on Massena's retreat, they were left for four days without food) by the misconduct of their own Government, who, with combined ignorance, laziness, and roguery, left their own army in the last necessities, in hopes perhaps that we should take the burthen on ourselves, and partially we were forced to do so. At Puebla we were constantly kept on the *qui vive*, in readiness to march at the shortest warning, and on the 27th of April we moved again to our left and returned to Almadilla.

Hearing that Massena and Marshal Bessières's forces had united and were in motion again towards the Portuguese frontier, Lord Wellington left the Alemtejo and arrived with us again; on the 30th, accompanied by Sir Brent Spencer, Picton, and his staff, he came to Almadilla and returned shortly after to head-quarters at Villa Formosa. Massena, having collected his army in the neighbourhood of Ciudad Rodrigo, was only waiting for the subsiding of the waters of the Agueda to pass that river and advance. A sudden order reached us on the 2nd of May, and we commenced a night march by the light of a lovely moon; our movement was directed on Navé d'Aver to close on the rest of our army there assembling. As soon as we sniffed the morning breeze, and the early summer dawn broke, we began to examine our neighbourhood and reconnoitre our neighbours; we found at no great distance plenty of friends, which was pleasant, as we knew that we had a much greater number of enemies in our vicinity. The French army under Massena recrossed the Agueda on the 2nd of May, with the view of relieving the garrison of Almeida. To prevent this, Lord Wellington concentrated his army in position on some gently rising but extensively open ground, above and in rear of the village of Fuentes de Oñoro. On the same day the Cavalry and Light Division, after a skirmish with the enemy, retired from Gallegos and Espeja on the Dos Casas.

On the morning of the 3rd the First and Third Divisions took up a position at about a cannon's shot distance, in rear of the pretty village of Fuentes de Oñoro, and we lined some stone walls. About 9 A.M. the enemy's force was discernible, and shortly after they commenced a cannonade on our left and an attack on the village, which was gallantly defended by the light troops of the Third Division under Lieutenant-Colonel Williams of the 60th, and the Light Infantry of the Third Division, supported by Dick\* of the 42nd, the light infantry of the 92nd, and the 5th battalion German legion belonging to our division. At 2 P.M. we moved to our left by a

\* Dick of the 42nd; afterwards Major-General Sir Robert Dick, killed at Sobraon.

road leading to the rear. At a little before five our division reinforced the third with the 24th, 71st and 79th regiments, and were sharply engaged in the town and among the stone walls around it, contesting every inch of the ground. This affair ended only at dusk, with the village still remaining in our possession. We lay on our arms all night, and stood to them an hour before daylight, expecting, by break of dawn, not "coffee and pistols for two," but cannon and musketry (to be provided by the kindness of the gentlemen opposite), for 32,000 infantry, 1200 cavalry, and 42 guns of the allied arms, whilst our opponents, to furnish this, had 40,000 infantry, 5000 cavalry, and 30 pieces of artillery. But instead of attacking us on the 4th of May, they seemed as pacifically inclined as Quakers or as the Peace Society now are when in council assembled at Exeter Hall. Thus the early morning passed; the heat of the day approached with all its Spanish intensity; we lay on a dusty, sandy plain, unshaded and unshaved; the summer furnace of a southern temperature was, as the sun declined, succeeded by a beautiful calm evening; the gentle slope of our position (dipping down to the Dos Casas and the village of Fuentes, and rising on the other side towards that of the enemy) formed a kind of ravine, the bottom of which was of a rocky nature and divided the two armies, the outposts of each lining the banks of the little river. The enemy's main force occupied a plateau of rising ground on one side of this ravine, as ours did of the other. From our position we could plainly see all that passed in theirs.

In the cool of the evening a parade took place of the cavalry and infantry of the Imperial Guard. In their rear and on their left flank were considerable woods of cork-trees and of the ilex or southern oak; in front of these our enemy stood out in strong relief and martial array, their bands playing as they passed in review before Marshals Massena and Bessières. It was a noble sight to behold these armed men, our nation's enemies, within our reach, surrounded as they were by "all the pomp and circumstance of war," and induced that

"Stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel."

On our side we had no reviews, but, to regale us, the bands of the German Legion (belonging to our First Division), who raised their strains in answer to the French, and gave back note for note, as on the morrow we did shot for shot. The moon rose, the bivouac fires were trimmed, the cigar smoked, and the army sank to rest.

On the 5th, long before day broke, we were to be found in our ranks, arms in hand, anxious for some exploit and ready for any necessity. Mute and still we rested in expectation of daylight and what it might bring. The cold previous to early dawn seems in adverse ratio to the intense and broiling heat of the day; the dew in these latitudes falls heavy after sunset, and the chilliness is greatest at the point most distant from the previous day and immediately *before* the dawn of the next. We stood shivering and anxious, quite longing for light and heat and movement. Movement came to me



before daylight, for I was dispatched to reinforce a piquet of our brigade, which had been on outpost duty during the night. The chief of our division accompanied this detachment, and, as we arrived at the point of ground destined for us, dawn began to break. At some eighty yards' distance, and immediately between the enemy's vedettes and our own, we saw two French horsemen advancing on our sentries, one of whom turned round and gesticulated to the enemy in an incomprehensible manner, then again moved towards them, but at last directed their course towards us. Sir Brent Spencer ordered one of our sentries to fire, which he did with good effect, and brought down the cavalier, while the other fellow galloped into our lines in no small alarm. We then found that they belonged to Don Julian Sanchez's Guerilla corps, who, not long previously, had taken a convoy of French clothing and had bedizened themselves out in these false colours. This valiant gesticulator was Don Julian Sanchez's own lieutenant, who, by some mistake in the dark, had ridden between our piquets and those of the enemy; seeing himself so near the foe and so well backed by infantry, in bravado he began to play antics and defy them, and us also, as we thought. This folly cost him his life. Sir Brent Spencer was greatly annoyed at the mistake, as it occurred in consequence of his own order. Lord Wellington came down to the outposts, and the chief of our division in making his report expressed his deep regret at the occurrence. Lord Wellington, seeing it was a case for which there was no remedy, said, "Never mind, Spencer, it is only a Spaniard." Don Julian however was furious, although it was entirely the fault of the lieutenant, who had no business to be where we found him, or in the uniform which occasioned the unhappy error. Soon after this we were recalled, and rejoined our brigade on the summit of the plateau, where we had passed the night and still remained. The enemy, in the early part of the morning of the 5th, were quiet; but an hour or two after daylight they moved some heavy columns and the greater part of the cavalry to their left. We broke into columns and made a parallel movement along our heights to our right.

About 9 o'clock A.M. of this sultry morning they commenced a heavy cannonade on us from their left and centre. On reaching the gently-rising ground, eventually destined for our part of the position, we witnessed a brilliant and animating sight; looking towards our right flank, across a plain terminated by the thick cork wood, we beheld dense masses of men engaged in strife, and enveloped in dust and smoke. At first, little was clearly discernible; by degrees however, coming out from this confusion were developed forms and shapes, horsemen charging, artillery with their horses at full speed, thundering forward with an impetus that forced their way through the enemy, and the Light and Seventh Divisions coming forth from the chaos, and coolly retiring in echelon of squares, exposed alternately to the fire of the enemy's guns and the menaces of their cavalry, which were met and checked by our numerically weak squadrons. Here, Brotherton of the 14th particularly distinguished himself, and the present Lord Londonderry (then General

Charles Stewart) took Colonel La Motte of the 13th Chasseurs in single combat, by dragging him by the neck from off his horse. In this *mêlée* Felton Hervey of the 14th, who had previously lost his right arm at Oporto, was ridden at by a French officer of the 13th Chasseurs à Cheval, who raised his sword to cut him down, when, perceiving that his enemy had but one arm, he dropped his weapon to the *salute* and passed on. George FitzClarence also was wounded in this affair; but Ramsey of the artillery, by his prompt skill and intrepidity, saved his guns and at timely moments presented his enemies with their contents. The steady and soldier-like manner in which the Light and Seventh Divisions seemed to rise out of this apparently inextricable confusion, and the way they repulsed the enemy's efforts were really most admirable. At this moment an incident which befell our Chasseurs Britanniques excited us much and added to the interest of the scene. They were in line when charged by French cavalry; their commander, Lieutenant Colonel Eustace (now General Sir William Eustace), did not attempt to alter his position, but coolly received them in that formation. When within some fifty yards of his bayonets he poured in a murderous volley which settled the *difficulty*, and induced those of the enemy left in their saddles to seek shelter in their rear from so rough a treatment. After this retrograde flank movement of the Light and Seventh Divisions, they were concentrated in rear and in support of our right. The enemy's second and eighth corps and their cavalry turned the wood and village of Poço Velho, which obliged Lord Wellington to throw back his right flank; the Seventh Division crossed the Turones, the Light Division retired over the plain; and the remainder of our division not detached, together with the 3rd and the Portuguese, withdrew to the rising ground we had previously occupied.\* In consequence, our division held the right of the position; eight of the enemy's guns were now advanced to within convenient range, and we soon began to feel the effects of the fire from these and their light troops. The guns of our division in our immediate front were commanded by Captain Lawson; they opened their fire with effect on the enemy, which together with our light infantry and rifles, covering our right flank (for we were *en potence*), and our piquets skirmishing in advance, guarded our front against any sudden predatory attack. About this time Lord Wellington rode up, and seeing that the fire of the enemy's round shot, shells, and sharpshooters, was beginning to tell on the front line of the division, he ordered us to lie down. There was an animated and cheery look about him as he gave the order, which announced his certainty of success and strengthened our intention to carry it into effect. Our further orders were to remain on the ground until the enemy approached in columns to within some thirty yards, then to rise, fire a volley, and charge bayonets; but their masses of infantry *never* advanced. A piquet of the Guards, skirmishing with the enemy, was attacked by cavalry, but resisted them with success; they were suddenly charged a second time from behind a rising ground, under cover of which the cavalry had ap-

\* See Napier.



proached unperceived. The horsemen dashed at once on them while in extended order and took them in flank and rear, cut down the men in detail and carried off many prisoners; out of a hundred rank and file and five officers, only thirty of the former and one of the latter escaped unwounded; one of the remaining three being killed and two taken. At this moment part of Lawson's guns under Lane opened with grape on the French cavalry and mowed them down, destroying at the same time many of our infantry, mixed up as they were in this *mêlée* with the French cavalry. Their reception from our guns being more warm than pleasant, the enemy precipitately vanished; many of the remainder of this piquet came in wounded, and Captain Hervey of the Coldstream, after resisting bravely, was cut down and ridden over, but escaped and rejoined his ranks.\* The second officer who escaped was Captain Home of the third Guards. He had a *rencontre* with three of the enemy's horsemen; in trying to take him one of them seized the string of a bottle hanging by his side which the cavalry man carried off as a prize, another grasped his epaulette, which was torn from his shoulder, and the third finding he would not surrender attempted to cut him down. Home was a powerful man, and although on foot, lunged with his sword and then closed with the trooper, seized him by the neck and attempted to drag him to the earth: the struggle was a fierce one, but the Frenchman, finding he was likely to be worsted, put spurs to his horse, turned him sharp round, and galloped off, leaving in the hand of his enemy his cross of the legion of honour, which Home brought back triumphantly to his corps. From Home's muscular appearance and well-known courage and determination he was very likely to have brought in both man and horse, had not the trooper made a timely escape.

The 42nd Highlanders under Lord Blantyre were also at the same time charged by cavalry, but gave the enemy no encouragement to make a second attempt on them. Here an anecdote was current of Captain Mellish, of sporting and Newmarket fame, and at the time in the adjutant-general's department. He came into the field that morning mounted on a very woe-begone and sorry hack, a regular Rosinante, looking as if it had lived much too long on air and exercise. Some ridicule was elicited by this turf hero and great judge of horseflesh possessing so curiously *infra dig.* a specimen of cattle; one said that Lord Wellington had sent for a pack of hounds and advised him by no means to ride near the kennel; another suggested that it was unfortunate no knacker was to be heard of in the neighbourhood; a third offered him five shillings for his charger. Mellish took all in good humour, and said he would bet any man 10*l.* that before the day was out he would get 25*l.* for him. After some jeering the bet was taken. The firing in the village of Fuentes being heavy he availed himself of the first opportunity to convey an order there, and rode right into the thick of the musketry; his horse was shot under him, he claimed as losing a second charger, value 25*l.* and thus he won his

\* This officer was afterwards killed at Burgos.

bet. A severe struggle was now enacting at the foot and key of our position in the village of Fuentes. Here, among others, three battalions of our division were carrying on an intense combat with the enemy for its possession. The 79th, or Cameronians, commanded by poor Cameron (who fell on this occasion), instead of covering themselves by the walls and houses, chose to stand on the top of the former, and were consequently knocked down very rapidly by the enemy. Cameron and other officers did their best to stop this most inartificial mode of carrying on such a kind of warfare, but with little effect, as the Highlandmen exclaimed, "that they would rather stand at the top of a wall, and be shot like men; than hide behind it, and be killed like dogs." The 24th and 79th, in contest with an enemy, were practising light infantry movements for the first time.\*

The 71st, under Cadogan, knew their work, were *au fait* at it, and consequently were useful to themselves and friends, and much more formidable to their enemies. After all, in our part of the position, we had but a tiresome day of it, being occupied in playing Wall to something harder than the enemy's Moonshine; for, notwithstanding our recumbent position, our line received plenty of fire, but returned not a single shot during the whole day. This was trying to the patience and worrying to the temper of our men. I may here venture to name a few trivial circumstances incidental to our situation, which may be explanatory to the peaceable, or of interest to the uninitiated in such scenes. A man of our company fell fast asleep, and amused his comrades much by snoring loudly; poor fellow! a cannon-shot fell on his neck, just between his head and his knapsack—instant death ensued without consciousness, and probably without pain. His own particular friend and comrade immediately requested to have his shoes; whether this was induced by affection for his friend, or the necessities of his feet, remains to this day unexplained. The whistling of a shell, and its striking amongst us, next occurred; the felt of a cap flew in the air. Thinking, of course, that the cap and head had gone together, I turned to see who it was, when I beheld, amidst the titter and laughter of his comrades, the great, broad, good-humoured countenance of an Irishman named McCulloch: he was sitting upright, a queer figure, with half his cap cut off close to his head. I asked him if he was hurt; the fellow replied with a grin, "No, please your honour, only a bit dizzy;" which answer amused the company, who seemed to take Mr. McCulloch's escape for a good joke. (This poor fellow was only spared for a short time; during the subsequent siege of Ciudad Rodrigo he was crushed by the beam of a falling house.) Many other men were harmed in various ways; and my inseparable companion, a favourite Portuguese dog, alarmed at the bursting of a shell near us, set up a loud cry, and disappeared never to return.

\* The folly at that time of not accustoming our regiments at home to light infantry drill occasioned in this affair not only a great disadvantage, but the loss of many lives.



## THE BUNG ESTATES.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

HALF-PAST nine o'clock on a November morning. Third floor in No. —, Gray's Inn Square; a small sitting-room with a seedy carpet, six venerable horse-hair chairs, a rickety table, a wicker-work easy-chair, the remains of a frugal breakfast, and a young gentleman in dressing-gown and slippers lighting his digestive cigar.

There you have the time, place, and hero of our "domestic drama" about to be acted. The place was one of my rooms—the hero myself, Poltimore Badger, Esq., Member of the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, and Student of the Law.

One rap sounded on my outside door, and a shrill voice cried, "Pa—per!" It was the boy with my "Times!" I went and took it in.

"What's the news?—nothing, of course," said I to myself, as I turned first to the leaders. Just in the old style—cutting and slashing at the Opposition, and bolstering up the Ministry—the former, all fools, if not something worse; the latter, angels and "ministers" of grace—or, *vice versa*, according to who was in and who was out. What fools people are to bother their heads about politics at all! thought I. What difference does it make to them who's in and who's trying to get in? Did any quiet man, who followed his own calling, did his duty, paid his debts, loved his wife, and kept his conscience clear, ever find out the minutest particle of difference in his worldly affairs from the circumstance of the country being governed by *Lord John Go-a-Head*, or by *Sir Robert Stealthypace*? Did any merchant ever sell an extra sugar-cask, any lawyer ever pocket an extra fee, any doctor ever kill an extra patient, any parson pick up an extra tithe-pig, from the event of the Whigs beating the Tories, or the Tories thrashing the Whigs on one of the delightfully exciting subjects about which they talk for six nights running, and ten hours each night, and then divide with precisely the same result as if they had done it at once, and saved their lungs and their health? It's all very fine for country gentlemen who have nothing else to do, or for younger sons who want places, and barristers who want judgeships, and demagogues who want noisy renown, to go and fight the battles of the state, and try to persuade others, if not themselves, that they are working for their country's good; but for people who have business to attend to at home, or for those who have no chance of places, and no ambition for mob-popularity, it does seem to us an outrageous absurdity to go fretting, and fuming, and fussing, because ministers have been beaten, or ministers have had a majority—either of which results will affect them, the fretting, fuming,

fussing individuals, about as much as if the matter in question had been occupying the attention of the imperial parliament in the remotest island of the remotest planet known to us. We believe it is Uranus, but there is some gentleman who keeps writing to the "Times" latterly, about twice a week, with accounts of "Another New Planet," that we have not been able to keep up with him at all, and expect soon to see "One hundred New Planets have been added to the Starry System by J. R. Hind," as we read of one hundred new copies of "Basil" or "Esmond" being added to the stock of a circulating library.

So we very soon left the "leaders," and turned to more entertaining parts of the newspaper.

"Dreadful accident on the ——— Railway." The blank may be filled up just as the reader pleases. *Any* railway will do as far as the certainty exists of its having several times fitted into such heading of a paragraph. We did not read that part because we were tired of the subject. It is always the same picture of horrors—ghastly stories, that make one's blood run cold, and spoil one's appetite for dinner, without enabling us to derive any sort of mental or moral advantage from their perusal.

"Law Reports." We used to like them a little; but they were too much of the "shop" now that we were studying law—so we passed on.

"Police." Always something worth reading there. If there are no Irish beggars or accomplished swindlers to admire; no wife-beating husbands to execrate; no drunk and disorderly gentlemen, who have been dining out, to laugh at—there are sure to be little lists of initials of people who have sent shillings, and postage-stamps, and bank-notes, and drafts, for the poor-box; and he is a dull fellow who does not feel his heart a little bit the lighter from seeing that charity and benevolence have not gone out of the world with the stage-coaches and the corn-laws.

"The Advertisements!" Aye—those are the columns we love. We never miss one of them;—from the first ship for Calcutta, to the last sale by auction—we skim them all. Especially do we love the second or third column of the first page, where the mysterious little addresses to runaway husbands, wives, sons, and daughters, the pathetic appeals to hard-hearted mistresses, the catalogues of losses and findings, and the "rewards" and "notices," daily figure. We will venture to assert that these are the elements of a

once hidden in that column of the "Times" every day—aye, of half a dozen romances sometimes. The

our pleasure in perusing these columns is the of a vile collection of letters forming no language on earth, but constituting, we call it the "slumpy" advertisement, as word which is something of that sound, but when we see it—perhaps because we cannot curiosity!

any in that column? "T. P. is earnestly his disconsolate parents and all will be



arranged." We suppose "T. P." has had a dip into the till, and ought to be sent to Norfolk Island instead of being earnestly entreated to return. "Five pounds reward. Lost, supposed to have been dropped in Regent Street, a Lady's Gold Watch," &c. We are always puzzled by these advertisements. How, on earth, can ladies drop a watch without hearing it tumble on the pavement, or feeling it rattle against their toes? or how can the watch be worth 5*l.* after such a concussion? "Dog Lost." Of course, how would the dog-stealers live otherwise, poor fellows? "Heirs Wanted." Lucky fellows, whoever they are! Stop a bit though! what's this? "The Heir-at-Law, or next of kin of Abel Bung, Esq., late of Stokely-cum-puddle, in the county of Norfolk, are requested to communicate with Mr. John Pounce of Stokely-cum-puddle, aforesaid, Solicitor, and they will hear of something greatly to their advantage."

Why, it's my maternal grandfather, by all that's delicious! What can it mean? Grandfather Bung never forgave my mother, though she *was* his only child, for marrying my respected father, because that wretched criminal was only a lieutenant in the navy, and he, Bung, was a retired brewer with lots of "ready." Surely, he can't have made a will in favour of me! impossible, he hardly knew there was such a creature.

Where the deuce is Stokely-cum-puddle? I rushed out and bought a "Bradshaw." By dint of immense mental exertion I made out how I was to get to it, per Eastern Counties Rail. There would be a train at twelve. I should be just in time if I made haste. How where the funds though? I examined the state of my finances and found just 12*s.* 6*d.* in my waistcoat pocket. It was enough, however, for my ticket, so I started off for Stokely-cum-puddle.

I made up my mind to one of two events as I took my seat in the train, either that the thing would turn out a "sell" in some way or other, or that, if any luck were really in store for me, I should be killed in a collision on my way to Stokely-cum-puddle. The latter was not at all unlikely on the Eastern Counties in those days; indeed, the reverse was the more remarkable occurrence in my opinion.

I arrived safely in Stokely-cum-puddle, and found the office of Mr. John Pounce, Solicitor. I sent in my name, and was ushered into the presence of that gentleman.

"You advertised for the heirs of Abel Bung, Esq., I think, sir?" said I.

"I did," was the curt reply.

"I believe I am his heir-at-law, sir, and sole next of kin."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Pounce. "May I ask how?"

I explained my relationship to the deceased Bung.

"Of course you have brought me legal proofs of what you state?" observed Mr. Pounce blandly.

"No," I replied, rather staggered, "but I can get them, you know."

"Certainly, if you please," said Mr. Pounce politely, "and then

we'll proceed to business. In the mean time, as I have no doubt, my dear sir, in my *own* mind of the veracity of your statement, I have less hesitation in telling you that the deceased Mr. Bung appears to have died without a will, so that all the property of which he was possessed will pass to you, supposing you to be his grandson. I was aware *who* his heir was, but not knowing your occupation or address I was obliged to advertise. The identity once established, things will soon be arranged."

"And," said I, in agitation, "what may be the value of the property?"

"Well," replied Pounce with a sly smile, "I should say about three thousand a year, taking one thing with another."

"You don't mean it?" cried I: and I'm really afraid that I got up and cut a caper, till it suddenly struck me that I was dancing over my granddad's grave, which appeared very shocking, so I sat down and tried to be serious. The rest of our conversation did not last long, and Pounce (who evidently was quite sure of my being the right man) having suggested that perhaps I might be in want of a little "temporary accommodation," as he termed it, I hinted that "fifty" would do very nicely, and so he wrote me a cheque on the Stokely-cum-puddle bank, which I soon after changed and rattled back to London.

I shall not soon forget how my tailor stared when I called and ordered a new suit of mourning and threw him down 20*l.* on account of his old bill. It is my opinion that the respectable tradesman never expected to be paid at all, and had gradually worked himself into resignation to that destiny. The fellow was evidently in the highest state of delight, though he tried to look grave and talked about "melancholy occasion," &c., as he measured me. I hinted that my grief was slightly alleviated by the fortune of five or six thousand a year it brought me, whereupon the Schneider stared harder than ever, and expressed his great sorrow that he had ever sent in his bill at all.

I believed him.

The next person to be astonished was my laundress, who came with her usual story of the milkman and the baker having been making a fuss about their absurd little bills.

"How much are they?" asked I carelessly.

"Well, sir," replied my venerable domestic, "there's nineteen and four for the baker, and there's seventeen and two for the milkman including the *heggs* and the butter, that's one pound, sixteen and six, I think, sir."

"You had better pay them for me, Mrs. Toddles," said I, pitching down a couple of sovereigns, "and you can keep the balance in hand for contingencies."

The woman stared frightfully, and seemed quite afraid to handle the money; she evidently thought it was "devil's coin," and I distinctly heard her mutter "Lawk a' mercy!" as she took it up. I pretended to be quite unconscious of all this.

I shall not detain the reader with all the trouble I had in proving *my pedigree*, taking out administration to Bung, deceased, and



getting possession of his property, besides the difficulty of finding out where all the money was invested, and so forth. Suffice it to say, that I actually did get through it all and found myself in possession of money and land producing an annual income of three thousand, two hundred and seventy-three pounds per annum.

I had long since formed a very correct estimate of my own accomplishments. I knew that I was neither a genius nor a fool. I was perfectly certain that I was not a lawyer, and never should be one further than in name. I did not feel myself capable of making a great statesman, a great orator, a great author, or a great anything else; but I *did* think there were few men who would understand how to spend a fortune better than myself, and now came the opportunity for proving my abilities.

What a change a few weeks made! In place of my seedily furnished chambers on the third floor in Gray's Inn Square, I had taken a most perfect little bachelor's residence close to Grosvenor Place, and fitted up with all that Gillows could devise for its comfort and adornment. I had established a little hunting-box in Northamptonshire, ready for the ensuing season. I had purchased and engaged the necessary outfit of broughams, cabriolets, dog-carts, hacks, hunters, pointers, setters, guns, valets, cooks, grooms, and stablemen. As for friends, it is a mystery to me now where they all sprung from. In Gray's Inn I didn't appear to know a dozen men in the world. A few weeks later I could have reckoned them by fifties. They breakfasted with me, dined with me, rode my horses, smoked my cigars, and borrowed my money as if they had known me from infancy, like a set of jolly, good-hearted, amusing, unscrupulous scamps as they were. And then they introduced me to their mothers and their sisters, and the mothers overwhelmed me with invitations, and the sisters smothered me with smiles, and I feel morally certain I might have married a dozen of them right off at once, if polygamy had not been so unjustifiably proscribed in Great Britain.

How gloriously the time fled by! What days and nights of bliss they were I spent. It is true I got a little tired towards the end of the season, and was not perfectly satisfied to find that I had got rid of seven thousand pounds in six months, which for a man of three thousand a-year was rather fast than otherwise. However, I determined to be decently economical in the country, and with that reflection I consoled myself.

It was half-past nine o'clock in the morning, exactly eight months after the day on which my story commences. The scene, however, was somewhat different. I was lying in the most delightful of beds, in one of the most perfectly furnished bed-chambers ever seen. My exceedingly discreet and very quiet *valet* entered the room, and ventured to arouse me. The liberty amazed me! The idea of the fellow venturing to disturb me at least three hours before my ordinary time of rising so astounded me, that I could not find words in which to vent my indignation.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Withers, "but I hope you'll excuse my liberty. A gentleman has called, sir, and he declares

that he must see you on a case of life and death, sir; and as he assures me that he's your own solicitor, sir, I ventured to disturb you."

"What's his name?" I asked.

"Mr. Pounce, sir," replied Withers, handing me Mr. Pounce's card.

"Very well, ask him to take a seat, I'll come directly."

Withers departed, evidently gratified at the quiet way in which I took his intrusion.

"What the deuce can old Pounce want?" said I to myself. "I suspect he's come to lecture me about extravagance, or some rubbish of that sort. Well, I shan't stand it, at all events." And with such reflections I proceeded to equip myself in my dressing-gown, and sauntered into the breakfast-room, where the venerable Pounce was seated.

"Good day, Mr. Pounce—what news?" I said, entering the room.

"Sad news—sad news, my good sir. A will has been found, a will of Mr. Bung!"

"A—what?" cried I, feeling very sick all of a sudden.

"Actually, my dear sir, a genuine and perfectly legal will of Mr. Abel Bung has been discovered in an old box which he had given away to his housekeeper."

"Oh! all a forgery," said I contemptuously, but feeling certain that it was n't.

"I'm afraid not, my good sir, I'm afraid *not*," replied the lawyer.

"I have seen the will myself, and it certainly is in the handwriting of the deceased Mr. Bung."

"But—but," stammered I, "who's his heir—to whom did he leave his money?"

"To his old friend, Miles Trumpington, of Shipley Court," replied Mr. Pounce. "It was only found yesterday, and Mr. Trumpington came to me at once about it, and I promised to see you."

"Of course I shall dispute it," said I, plucking up a kind of faint courage.

"I think you'd better *not*," said the lawyer quietly. "The case is too clear against you, my dear sir. I am authorised by Mr. Trumpington to say, that he will not call upon you to refund the *income* which has already accrued on the estate, provided the lands and securities are yielded up by you at once."

"He's devilish civil!" replied I, with a sneer. "*Income*, indeed! Why, I've spent nearly eight thousand pounds of the estate."

"Oh dear, dear me!" exclaimed the lawyer in distress; "then I'm afraid you're very badly situated. He's not the man to forgive extravagance, this Mr. Trumpington."

"Forgive!" cried I, in a rage; "he may go and be hanged. He has not got the property yet, and shall *not* get it, in spite of his forged will."

Mr. Pounce gave me up as incorrigible, and left me. An injunction from the Court of Chancery was served on me two days later,



to restrain from touching any of the Bung property. I was brought to a stand-still.

Two months later—talk of “the law’s delay,” indeed!—it was a great deal too quick for *my* notions. Miles Trumpington, Esq., was in possession of the Bung estate, and I was a refugee in Boulogne-sur-Mer, with a ridiculously minute sum of money in my pocket, and with three sheriffs’ officers, and one Chancery serjeant-at-arms awaiting my appearance on the white cliffs of Albion, to clap me into durance vile for debts, and deficiencies, and contempts of Court.

It seemed to me very much as if I had had a long dream. Could it really be true that I had been in possession of a fortune, and spent thousands for the last few months, and was now a beggar? What a jade was Fortune to serve me such a trick! Why could she not have left me quietly in my third floor in Gray’s Inn Square, with my seedy furniture, my *very* trifling debts, my quiet conscience, and my respectable old laundress, instead of dragging me forth, plunging me into profusion and luxury, and then deserting me, and leaving me wretched and penniless? Decidedly I was very unhappy, and I think I had cause to be.

“Badger, my boy, how are you? What the deuce brings you here? On your way to Paris, eh?” said a voice, while a hand gave me a thump on the back as I was musing on the beach one day. It was Tom Yates, one of my “fast” friends, of the West End, who had only known me as a man of fortune.

“I wish I *was* on my way to Paris,” replied I; “but I have no such luck. I suppose as you’ve been away some time, you haven’t heard of my change of fortune?”

“Change of fortune! What the deuce do you mean?” asked Tom.

I related the story. Tom vowed he was devilish sorry, and all that sort of thing, and positively, I believe he was, for he offered to lend me money, if I wanted any. Now a man never does *that* to a poor devil unless he has some real friendship for him. I declined Tom’s offer, but accepted his invitation to dine with him at the *table d’hôte* at his hotel that day.

Everybody knows what sort of a thing a *table d’hôte* at a French hotel is, and the peculiar sort of people that frequent them, especially at Boulogne. I was stuck next to a plethoric old John Bull, who had only arrived that day. As he was not very well “up” in French, I assisted him several times, and he really had the grace to appear obliged. When the dinner was over he looked very unhappy at the people all rising and going away without the chat over the bottle to which he had been accustomed.

“Very bad custom this,” he said. “I beg your pardon, young gentieman, but I suppose I could get a decent bottle of port here, could I not?”

“I have no doubt of it,” I replied. “Shall I inquire for you?”

“Thank you! And perhaps you and your friend will give me your company in my room to drink it?”

I looked at Tom and Tom nodded at me. So I said, “We should

have much pleasure." The port was ordered, and we adjourned to the plethoric old gentleman's private sitting-room.

"What odd things people do abroad!" thought I. "This old fellow would have travelled in the same carriage with me from Land's End to John O'Groat's house without speaking a word; but the accident of not speaking French, and my interpreting for him, has made us intimate in half an hour."

The stout gentleman told us that he had only come over from England that day. He had had a hasty passage across, and his daughter, who was with him, had not felt well enough to dine, so that he had joined the *table d'hôte* alone, but he hoped that she would make her appearance and give us her company soon. We thought, that if she were like the old gentleman we could dispense with her society for any length of time. By degrees, as the wine warmed the old gentleman, he became confidential; he told us he had come over to find out a sad young dog, whom he suspected to be in the town. But he didn't tell us what he intended to do with the sad young dog, or who that youth was, so that we concluded him to be an irate papa in search of a scapegrace son.

At the end of about an hour, while we were drinking the second bottle of port, the door opened and a young lady entered the room. She was about to retire when she saw us, but the old gentleman called her back. We were very much obliged to him for doing so, for a sweeter face never looked upon three boosing fellows than hers. She was—but no! I wont attempt to describe her. Let each young gentleman who reads these pages recall the face he loves best, and imagine that such was Kate's (so her father called her), and let each young lady glance in the glass and be satisfied with what she sees there.

"My daughter, gentlemen. Kate, my dear, these two gentlemen took pity on your father's ignorance of French, and helped him through down stairs; and now they have taken pity on his solitude, as you see."

Kate smiled—such a smile! It wasn't a bit like the smiles of the sisters of my "fast" friends, which never affected me in the least, while this went through and through me, and regularly settled me. I was in love already—I knew I was.

Tom was beginning some trivial question to me with "I say, Badger—"

"Eh?" interrupted the stout old gentleman. "What name did you say?"

"My friend's name is Badger," said Tom, rather surprised at the interruption.

"Phew—w—w!" went the old gentleman, with a long breath. "The very man!"

"Halloa!" thought I: "who the deuce can the old chap be? He don't look like a sheriff's officer or a sergeant-at-arms. Besides, they haven't jurisdiction here."

"Pray, sir," said the old gentleman very politely, "is your name Pottimore Badger?"

"It is," said I.



"*Mine* is Trumpington," said the old one.

"The dev—," I stopped, for I recollected Kate's presence.

"It's after you that I've come, Mr. Badger," said Mr. Trumpington, "after you, sir—you, who have spent *my* money, sir."

"The presence of your daughter, sir," replied I, with immense dignity, "and your own age protect you from the consequences of insulting me, though they by no means warrant it. I shall wish you good evening, sir," and I rose to depart.

"Sit down, my young friend—sit down. I admire that spirit of yours, though it's thrown away. I don't want to insult you. I've come here to find you out, and to talk to you. I don't want to refer to the past. You have had a lesson: I don't wish to be too severe: so I say to you now—come back to England, follow your studies, and I will provide the means. And, take an old man's word for it, you'll be a devilish deal better off. I beg pardon, Kate dear, for using that naughty word. Better off, so I say, than if you were still playing ducks and drakes with poor grandfather's fortune."

I was going to reject the offer, and maintain my dignified distance of manner; but I caught sight of a dark pair of eyes looking at me with such earnest and hopeful interest, that I gave way—I melted—I yielded—I thanked old Trumpington, and he told me that I was an excellent young fellow after all. That same "after all" was not exactly complimentary, but I swallowed it.

To wind up in a few words, I came back to England with Trumpington and Kate; I read with tolerable diligence for the bar; I fell deeper and deeper in love with Kate Trumpington; I married her (Tom Yates was groomsman): the old gentleman consented, and he has since departed this life, and left me once more in possession of the Bung estates, with the Trumpington ones also, and I only hope every one of my readers is as happy a fellow as I am.

## THE OLD, OLD WOMAN OF ELTON.

### A TRUE BALLAD OF MODERN TIMES.

THE writer has just been informed that so recently as Christmas Day, Mrs. Benton was in the enjoyment of her usual good health and spirits, and at a dinner given in her honour was able to partake of the good cheer, and also of the yule-cake at tea.

Since forwarding to the Editor of "*Bentley's Miscellany*" the ballad of "*The Old, Old Woman of Elton*," the writer regrets to announce that the venerable subject of the poem has at length yielded to the ultimate conqueror of all, and departed this life, somewhat *prematurely*, in the opinion of her friends, who had anxiously looked forward to the completion of her hundred and twenty-second year. She was ill only three days, and retained her consciousness and the full possession of her intellectual faculties to the last. She died on the 5th of January, 1853.

This extraordinary person, Mary Benton, whose maiden name was Lodge, if she had lived to the 13th of February, would have completed her hundred and twenty-second year; and her reminiscences corresponded with that ancient date. She was born at a little village near Staindrop in the county of Durham in 1731,\* and resided at Elton near Stockton upon Tees; where the writer saw her rather more than two years ago, at which time she was in perfect possession of her faculties, both of mind and body, with recollection of recent as well as long past events, and remarkable acuteness and vigour of intellect.

Wondrous creature! thoughts of awe  
 Creep across me as I gaze;  
 Thou for whom stern Nature's law  
 Is set aside for length of days!

Strike a century away,  
 Thou wert in thy ripen'd bloom;  
 Beyond that first score, five there lay  
 Between thee and the distant tomb!

Wrinkles crisp the cheek and brow,  
 Bending downward is the form;  
 But the pure blood, even now,  
 The wither'd cheek doth faintly warm!

Purest blood must that have been,  
 Uncorrupted in its source;  
 And it held its way, I ween,  
 Uncorrupted in its course!

\* Her father saw his century out,  
 Her mother reach'd a good old age; †  
 She hears each word—"You need not shout!"  
 And unfolds her life's long page!

First, she kept her father's sheep,  
 Like the Jewish maids of old;  
 Healthful breezes there did sweep  
 O'er this lamb of Nature's fold!

Next she graced a village scene,  
 When the bold "Pretender" came.  
 Can this being *then* have been?  
 Can she be the very same?

At a little inn she dwelt  
 When his forces were espied;  
 Such the fear the rustics felt,  
 "In the lime-pits they did hide."

\* According to her register at Cockfield near Staindrop.

† Her father lived to a hundred and five, and her mother, "though not particularly strong, reached a good age."



She was then "a growing girl,"  
In King George the Second's day;  
Who his banners did unfurl  
To drive th' intruding Scot away!

And the soldiers quarter'd there  
Prais'd her neat and modest mien!  
Her rosy cheek and raven hair  
In budding brightness then were seen!

And the prime of all her days  
In cheerful servitude was pass'd;  
Honour'd with esteem and praise  
In a ducal house at last!

From lovers oft she coyly fled,  
Choosing late, nor wisely then!  
When he *went*, she shook her head—  
"She had had enough of men!"

A cottage all that she desired,  
To earn her bread by sweat of brow;  
With her child she there retired—  
That "child" an aged woman now!

Once alone did Death pretend  
To try his power upon her frame;  
And, summon'd by an anxious friend,  
To her aid a doctor came.

The pulse, unmoved by rebel rage,  
Shrank from Galen's touch that day;  
At sight of his disciple sage,  
Such her dread, she "swoon'd away!"

Soon she rallied—gay and blithe,  
And took another lease of life;  
Death turned away his blunted scythe,  
And quitted the unequal strife!

To the harvest went she forth,  
Long as she had strength to reap;  
Daughter of the hardy North,  
None could hold her labour cheap.

Then she gleaned where once she reap'd,  
Now she "minds the house at home."  
Content, in poverty though steep'd,  
As once beneath a ducal dome.

Babes of yesterday, the while,  
Gather, wondering, round her knee;  
And the men of fourscore smile,  
To think she might their grandame be!

A clean check'd apron, if you go,  
Quick she takes, from drawer or shelf;  
Aid you offer—"Thank you, no!  
I always wait upon myself."

A friendly artist sketch'd her face,  
Which beams with animation yet;  
The faded bloom that still we trace,  
The snow-white hair that once was jet.

"And now to London let it go,"  
When done, complacently said she;  
"And at the Crystal Palace show—  
For then the Queen herself will see."

And strange that it obtain'd not leave,  
What marvel, there, could match with that?  
For never, sure, a child of Eve  
At such an age to painter sat.

Rarer gem for costly pile  
Ne'er on canvas was unfurl'd;  
The oldest dame of Britain's Isle,  
Perhaps the oldest in the *world*! \*

Not in vain doth Mary live,  
To link with these the times gone by;  
And to life its duties give,  
Calmly waiting now to die.

Not in vain;—perchance the cause  
To show the mighty power of God,  
Who, unbound by "Nature's laws,"  
Can reverse them with a nod;

And bid "the scorner" apprehend  
How He could in serener climes,  
To ages human life extend,  
To people Earth in early times.

ETA.

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\* "I shouldn't wonder but I *am*," she exclaimed, with great animation, on this possibility being suggested to her.



## CURIOSITIES OF COOKERY.

WE will not attempt either to support or controvert the assertion of Petavius and Le Clerk, that the first man was created in autumn, when all fruits were ripe, so that there was no immediate necessity for him and mother Eve to commence culinary operations until they had acquired some knowledge of the newly-inhabited earth and its multifarious productions. For, though the old heraldic writers tell us that Adam wore coat-armour, and was versed in the "Noble Science of Blazon," though the old alchemists inform us that he was an adept in their art, and penned a treatise on the grand elixir; though both tailors and gardeners claim him as the inventor of their respective crafts, and bitterly contend with respect to which of the two he first practised; we must confess that we cannot give any information whatever regarding his skill in cookery. Nor need we be ashamed of such ignorance. In many instances, the secrets of the past are inscrutable. The learned Rabbi El Bassam, the celebrated Jewish commentator on the Talmud, spent fifteen years in vainly trying to discover the name of the cook who made the pottage for which the impatient Esau sold his birthright. Fabricius declares that one hundred epic poets existed previous to Homer? Who can tell one of their names, who can repeat a line of one of this oblivion-buried century of bards, the predecessors of

"The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle?"

Who can tell us the ingredients embodied in that most unpalatable of viands, the renowned black broth of Sparta? "I am not astonished," exclaimed a native of Sybaris, after tasting it, "that you Spartans are so fearless of death on the battle-field, since any one in his senses would rather die than be compelled to live on such execrable food." Yet a learned libeller of a national and delectable dish, has had the immoral courage to assert that the nauseous, sable, pottage of Sparta, in no respect differed from the Scottish sheep's-head broth. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* We shall take higher grounds than the mere question of taste in defence of the Scottish dish. As a culinary preparation, it is a work of high art, requiring two distinct performers, two different handicrafts, to bring to full perfection; the brawny blacksmith, with his glowing iron, working harmoniously with the neater-handed cook, to produce a dainty tureenful, delicious to the palate, and grateful to the stomach—just as the life-like cattle of Cooper, and the nature-ying landscape of Lee, combined upon one canvas, enshrined by one frame, create a painting pleasurable to the eye, refining and elevating to the mind. There is good reason to believe that the sheep's-head broth excels the Spartan in antiquity, as much as it does in sapidity. The Arabs of Morocco, whose

manners and customs are of the most remote period, send their sheep's-heads to the blacksmiths to be singed, and afterwards make broth with them. This very curious coincidence has been assumed as a strong proof of the Arab origin of the Scottish Gael. Mr. Urquhart, in "The Pillars of Hercules," noticing this fact, says:—"Singed heads were never twice invented in the world. Things that are worth anything are only invented once." The antiquity of the Arab customs admits of no dispute. Abulpheda, the learned Arab prince, geographer, and historian, relates that when, in the year 680 of our era, the Caliph Abdalmelick entered Cufa as conqueror, he gave a magnificent entertainment to the principal inhabitants. At this feast, he asked an elderly Mechzumian what food he liked best of all that ever he had eaten. The old man replied, "The head of an ass, well-seasoned and well-roasted."

"You know nothing," cried the Caliph; "what say you to a shoulder of veal well-roasted, and covered with butter and milk?"

That very dish was presented by Abraham to the angels on the plains of Mamre, and is to this day presented by the Arabs of Morocco to their more distinguished guests. Another Arab comestible of great antiquity, is the Kuscoussoo. Its primitive character is proved by its being obtained from wheaten flour without any leaven or fermentation, and almost without firing. Yet, strange to say, though undoubtedly the most ancient of made dishes, it is cooked by steam. The process of making it has been thus described:—A woman having sat down upon the ground with a tray on her lap, a basket of flour on her right, and a jar of water on her left—"She first took a handful of flour and dusted it on the tray, then dipping both hands in the water, passed them through it, and so continued dipping and dusting, and then making sweeps right and left through the growing mass, which gradually shaped itself into small grains. The fingers passing quickly and lightly through and over it, the little moistened particles were augmented from the flour, and new ones formed. The art consists in causing it to granulate, and in preventing it from clotting." When a sufficient quantity of these grains, each about the size of a pin-head, are formed, they are emptied into a conical basket of palmetto-leaves, which is placed on the top of an earthen pot containing water boiling on the fire, and in a quarter of an hour are fit for use. Kuscoussoo is eaten all over northern Africa, from the Red Sea to the Atlantic. The poorer classes use it alone, the wealthier eat it with meat, which they boil in the earthen pot. In the Book of Judges, we read that Gideon used a pot and basket in his simple cookery.

The ancient Egyptians, as may be supposed from their advanced position as a civilised people, having passed that phase in society in which men are satisfied with simple habits, had attained considerable eminence in the culinary art. One of the paintings on the tomb of Rameses III., at Thebes, represents the interior of an Egyptian kitchen, where cooks are busily engaged roasting, boiling, basting, skimming the pot, blowing the fire, pounding spices in a mortar, and performing other duties of their profession in nearly the same manner as they are accomplished among ourselves at the



present day. The principal difference, in the cookery of periods so remote from each other, seems to be the form and modes of application of the various implements. An Egyptian painting of still life, in the British Museum, represents a shoulder of veal, and a goose, plucked and trussed, ready for the spit, lying on a table tastefully decked with flowers and fruit. Goose was the favourite food of the Egyptians; they trussed and roasted it as we now do, but their religion forbidding them to eat onions, those toothsome adjuncts of roast goose were denied to them. Yes, that wonderful people could erect obelisks, construct pyramids, and embalm mummies, leaving imperishable records of their existence indelibly impressed on the surface of the earth; they could even roast geese, but never knew the racy piquancy of sage and onions; so, as the great oracle of the kitchen has proclaimed, that

"All cooks agree in this opinion,  
No savoury dish without an onion;"

we must conclude, in spite of all their monuments, that the Egyptians had not arrived to any very high state of civilization after all.

The Romans, in the earlier periods of their Republic, when even a consul would dine on a roasted turnip, were distinguished by their frugal temperance, but as they increased in wealth and power, they sunk into the grossest sensual extravagance—the annals of the empire have been aptly entitled the annals of gluttony. The profusion of the emperors' tables almost exceeds belief. When invention failed to provide delicacies to stimulate the languid appetites of the imperial epicures and their unworthy parasites, immense rewards were offered to discover new combinations of food, and unknown methods of cooking it. Nor was such luxurious prodigality confined to the palace alone—the citizens, according to their means, were equally as gormandizing. The favourite dish of *Æsop*, the actor, was composed of the tongues of such birds as had the faculty of imitating the human voice. *Pollio*, to give his lampreys a more exquisite flavour, fattened them upon human flesh; but the most famous of the Roman *gourmands* was *Apicius*, who reduced eating to a system, and delivered lectures on the various modes of pleasing the pampered palate, by the preparation of highly seasoned dishes. Fortunately a Roman cookery-book, purporting to have been compiled by *Apicius* himself, has reached down to our own day. There are doubts among the learned whether it really were compiled by the renowned belly-god, or merely issued under the *prestige* of his great name. Be that as it may, the best judges have decided that the work is genuine, as ancient as the period of the latter emperors, and, consequently, the most authentic repertory of Roman culinary art now in existence. As the Roman cooks were famous for dressing pork, being able to give it the taste and flavour of any other description of meat, we will extract from this most ancient of cookery books, as literally as possible, the *Apician* receipt for cooking a hog's paunch.

"Having cleansed it well, wash it first with vinegar and salt, and afterwards with water. Then take hog's flesh, pounded to a paste, mix with it the brains of three pigs, cleansed from the fibres,

together with hard eggs. To this put cloves of garlic; add whole pepper, and make it of a proper consistence with broth. Beat up pepper, *ligusticum*, asafoetida, anise-seed, ginger; a small quantity of rue, the best *garum*, and a little oil. With this composition, stuff the paunch, but not too tightly, that it may not be much agitated in boiling. Tie the mouth of it well, and prick it with a needle, lest it should burst. When it is parboiled take it out again and hang it up to smoke, that it may acquire a proper flavour. Lastly, when you untie it, for the purpose of dressing it, add *garum*, wine, and oil; cut it open with a small knife, and serve it up with *liquamen* and *ligusticum*."

Martial, the ancient Roman epigrammatist, well and truly said, "*Gula ingeniosa est.*" Confound such ingenuity, the modern *bon vivant* would exclaim, if a chicken were placed before him thus cooked in the ancient Roman mode:—

"Put into a mortar anise-seed, dried mint, and *lazer-root*. Cover them with vinegar. Add dates. Pour in *liquamen*, oil, and mustard seeds. Reduce all to a proper thickness, with sweet wine warmed; and then pour this same over your chicken, which should previously be boiled in anise-seed water."

Some of the ingredients in the two preceding receipts, the words we have italicized, require explanation. *Ligusticum* was a Tuscan herb of a very hot nature; *lazer* was a kind of asafoetida. Pliny, in his "*Historia Naturalis*," thus informs us how *garum* was made. We quote from the quaint, old translation of Philemon Holland. "An exquisite and dainty liquor, in manner of a dripping, named *garum*, proceeding from the garbage of fishes, and such other offal, as commonly the cook useth to cast away, as it lies soaking in salt; so as if a man speak properly, it is no other than the humour that cometh from them as they do lie and putrefy." *Liquamen* was made in a similar manner from the entrails of a particular fish.

The retrospective view into the time-darkened shades of antiquity is dim and indistinct, the forward peer into the embryotic abyss of futurity a total blank; but conjuring up a shadowy future in the mind's eye, by the knowledge of the past and experience of the present, it would not be saying too much, if we expressed the probability of our more refined descendants speaking of anchovy sauce with the same impression of disgust that we now feel towards the Roman *garum* and *liquamen*.

The refectories of the monasteries, and the kitchens of the ecclesiastics, were the strongholds of English mediæval cookery. Giraldus Cambrensis informs us that the table of the monks of Canterbury consisted daily of sixteen covers of the most costly dainties, dressed with most exquisite skill, to provoke the appetite and please the taste. Again, he relates how the prior and monks of Winchester threw themselves at the feet of Henry the Second, and, with tears, complained that their abbot, the bishop of the diocese, had taken from them three of the usual number of their dishes. The King inquired how many dishes they were still allowed, and being informed ten, said, that he himself was content with three, and imprecated an awful curse on the bishop if he did not reduce their



allowance to that number. The love of good cheer, however, was not confined to the clergy alone. Chaucer describes the franklin, or country gentleman of his day, as "Epicurus' own son."

"Withouten bake meat never was his house  
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous  
It snowed in his house of meat and drink  
Of allé dainties that men could of think.  
Woe was his cook but if his saucé were  
Poignant and sharp; and ready all his gear."

In Chaucer's time, too, the Royal entertainments were more profusely extravagant than at any other period of our history. Besides fish, game, and poultry, twenty-eight oxen and three hundred sheep were daily slaughtered to provide for the ten thousand persons who were fed from the kitchen of the unfortunate second Richard. The old rhyming chronicler, Harding, says:—

"Truly I heard Robert Ireleff say,  
Clerk of the Green Cloth, that to the household  
Came every day, for the most part always  
Ten thousand folk, by his messes told,  
That followed the house, aye, as they would;  
And in the kitchen three hundred servitours,  
And in each office many occupiers."

Well might the head cook of this immense establishment style his master "the best and royallest viander of alle Christian Kynges," in the vellum roll entitled "The Forme of Cury," compiled by him, and containing the authorized culinary receipts for the royal kitchen. This very curious manuscript gives us a complete insight to the cookery of its day (about 1390); we shall extract a receipt or two from it, word for word, merely altering the obsolete mode of spelling to make it intelligible to the general reader. Chaucer's cook, in the "Canterbury Tales,"—

"Coulde roast, and seethe, and broil, and fry,  
Maken mortrewés, and well make a pie;"

From other old authors also we learn that a mortrewes was a very favourite dish; according to "The Forme of Cury," it was made as follows:—

"Take hens and pork, and boil them together. Take the flesh of the hens and of the pork, and hew it small, and grind it all to dust. Take grated bread, and put thereto, and temper it with the broth and mix it with the yolks of eggs, and cast thereon strong powder (a mixture of hot spices), boil it, and put therein powder of ginger, sugar, saffron, and salt; then look that it be stiff, and flour it with ginger powder."

The most of the dishes for which receipts are given in "The Forme of Cury" are, like the mortrewes, made to be eaten with a spoon, for till long afterwards the use of forks was unknown. Roast meat was brought to table on the spit, a servant holding it while the guest cut off a piece, which was eaten with the fingers, often indeed without a plate, for in all the old directions for laying a table we find trencher-pieces of bread mentioned: these were

slices of bread upon which each person placed his portion of meat. Barkly, in his "Ecloges," published in 1570, describing a dinner-table of the period, says:—

"If the dishe be pleasant, either fleshe or fyshe,  
Ten hands at once swarm in the dishe :  
And if it be fleshe ten knives shalt thou see,  
Mangling the fleshe, and in the platter flee.  
To put there thy handes, is peril without fail  
Without a gauntlet, or els a glove of mail."

There has certainly been a great improvement in the courtesies of the table since then, though, even in the last century, the noted epicure, Quin, said, that "it was not safe to sit down at a corporation turtle-feast in the city of London, without a *basket-hilted* knife and fork." Yet the regular allowance at those banquets is three pounds weight of live turtle per head. At the Spanish dinner, in 1808, twenty-five hundred weight of turtle, to say nothing of other good things, was consumed by eight hundred guests.

Coryat, the eccentric traveller, introduced the fork from Italy, in the reign of the first James. Its introduction caused a complete revolution in English cookery. The mortrewes, hashes, and other messes of spoon-meat, went out of fashion, and the burly barons, chins, and other large joints, became the vogue. The introduction of the fork was undoubtedly a great national benefit, a signal epoch in the progress of refinement, and deserves to be recorded in the words of the introducer:—

"I observed," he says, in his "Crudities," "a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country, that I saw in my travels; neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it. The Italians do always at their meals use a little fork when they cut their meat. The reason of all this curiosity is, because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his meat touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not all alike clean. Hereupon I thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, not only while I was in Italy, but oftentimes in England since I came home."

The "Odcombian Leg-stretcher," as Coryat delighted to term himself, differed in opinion from his contemporary, Fynes Moryson, who, in his "Precepts for Travellers," says:—

"I admonish him, after his return home to lay aside the fork of Italy, the gestures of France, and all strange apparel, if they be disagreeable to his countrymen."

Poor Coryat's "fork of Italy" was, like many other useful innovations, "disagreeable to his countrymen," and he, in consequence, received the *sobriquet* of *Furcifer*, which seems to have caused him considerable annoyance.

Many years elapsed after the introduction of the fork before it came into general use. "The Ingenious Gentlewoman's Delightful Companion," published in 1653, directs "the accomplished lady," when carving at her own table, to distribute the best pieces first, adding, "it will be comely and decent to use a fork."

"Returning to "The Forme of Cury," we find that a dish,



termed *cotagres*,\* was then considered to be one of the daintiest of delicacies; the receipt for making it is as follows.

"Take a pig's liver, and grind it small. Mix it with strong powder, saffron, salt, currants, and sugar. Then take a whole roasted cock, pull him in pieces, and cast him altogether save the legs. Take a pig and skin him from the middle downwards, fill him full of the stuffing, and sow him up again. Put him into a pan and boil him well, and when well boiled put him on a spit and roast him well. Colour with yolks of eggs and saffron, and lay thereon foils of gold and silver, and serve forth."

From this and the preceding receipt, it will be seen that the cooks of the olden time were almost as anxious to please the eye as the palate. Nearly all their dishes were adorned with gold and silver foil, or flowered, as they termed it, with various coloured powders. The most famous dishes, however, for their adornment and importance in other respects, were the roasted peacock and swan—there could be no royal or noble feast without either. The peacock was skinned, stuffed with spices, and roasted; a cloth continually wetted, being kept round its head to preserve it from the action of the fire. After being roasted, it was suffered to cool, then the skin was neatly sown on again, the tail-feathers spread out, the comb gilt, and a piece of cotton dipped in spirits of wine placed in its mouth, to be set on fire as it was put on the table. The ladies most distinguished for rank and beauty served it up in procession, to the music of the minstrels, it was placed before the guest most famed for courtesy, or, if after a tournament, the victorious knight, who took a chivalrous oath of valour or enterprise on its head. The swan was skewered and roasted in a sitting posture. We shall now quote the receipt. "Then make a stiff bed of paste about the thickness of your thumb, colour it green, comb it out, and it will look like a meadow full of grass. Take your swan and gild him over with gold; then have a kind of loose flying cloak of a vermillion colour within, and painted with arms without, then set the swan upon this bed, cover some part of him with the cloak, stick about him small banners upon little sticks, the banners painted with the arms most agreeable to the persons seated at table." Vows of chivalry were also made upon the swan when served in this regal style. At a grand feast, when Edward I. knighted his eldest son on the eve of one of his Scottish expeditions, two swans, gorgeously caparisoned, were introduced with a flourish of trumpets, upon which the king swore, in presence of God and the ladies, that he would avenge the murder of John Comyn, and punish the perfidy of Robert Bruce.

The city of Norwich and its environs is, at the present day, we believe, the only locality in Britain where swans, or, more properly speaking, cygnets, are prepared for the table. On the second Monday in August the young birds of the same year are put up to fatten; they are supplied with as much barley as they can eat; and are in prime condition early in November. If kept beyond

\* Probably a corruption of cock, and grees, a wild pig.

that month, they begin to fall off, losing both flesh and fat, and their meat becomes string and dark-coloured. The following receipt is copied from the printed formula which always accompanies the present of a Norwich cygnet:—

“Take three pounds of beef, beat fine in a mortar,  
Put it into the swan—that is, when you’ve got her.  
Some pepper, salt, mace; some nutmeg, an onion,  
Will heighten the flavour in gourmand’s opinion.  
Then tie it up tight with a small piece of tape,  
That the gravy and other things may not escape.  
A meal paste, rather stiff, should be laid on the breast,  
And some whitened brown paper should cover the rest.  
Fifteen minutes at least ere the swan you take down,  
Pull the paste off the bird, that the breast may get brown.

#### THE GRAVY.

To a gravy of beef good and strong, I opine,  
You’ll be right if you add half a pint of port wine;  
Pour this through the swan, yes, quite through the belly,  
Then serve the whole up with some hot currant jelly.”

In all accounts of old English entertainments, we find mention of *sotelties*. These were devices in sugar and pastry, which not only added magnificence to the table, but displayed the witty invention of the cook. In 1421, when Henry V. brought his French bride, “Fair Katherine, and most fair!” to England, the *soteltie*, at the first course of her coronation banquet, represented a pelican sitting on its nest, and an image of St. Katherine bearing a scroll, on which was written—“It is the King’s wish that all his people should be merry, and in this manner he publishes his intentions.” At the second course, the *soteltie* represented a panther, with St. Catherine and her wheel, with the motto—“The Queen, my child, shall meet with deserved renown in this island.” The *soteltie* of the third course, represented St. Katherine and angels, the motto—“It is written, as is heard and seen, that by a sacred marriage, war shall be terminated.”

Some of what may be termed the periodical dishes of our ancestors are yet in vogue. The goose of St. Martin is still eaten at Martinmas, and the boar’s-head at Christmas. The Reformation, however, has done away with a curiously significant Easter dish, termed a red herring riding away on horseback, typical of the termination of the season of Lent. It was a herring, cut into the figure of a man on horseback, placed in a dish of corn salad. Religious toleration has also removed the peculiar meaning of the mighty gammon of bacon, that used, on Easter Sunday, to commemorate the Resurrection of our Lord, by expressing contempt and hatred of the Jews.

Several dishes were formerly brought to the table, “more for sport than for belly timber,” as the author of that most scurrilous of cookery books, “The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth Cromwell,” quaintly informs us. The animated pie of the nursery rhyme, containing four-and-twenty living blackbirds, was by no means an unfrequent dish. When the Duke of Buckingham entertained the first Charles and his queen at Burleigh on the Hill, in 1630, the noted dwarf, Jeffrey Hudson, was presented to the



queen served up in a pie. A still more absurd mode, "to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh," as Hamlet says, was customary at the city feasts of the sixteenth century. An immense vessel, broad and deep, filled with custard, was placed on the table. While the company were busily engaged discussing the viands, a jester suddenly entered the room, and springing over the heads of the guests, plunged in the quivering mass of custard, to the great amusement of those not near enough to be bespattered by his gambols. Ben Jonson, in the "Devil is an Ass," thus alludes to this silly conceit:—

"He may, perhaps, in tail of Sheriff's dinner,  
Skip with a Rhime o' th' table from New Nothing,  
And take his Almaine leap into a custard,  
Shall make my Lady Mayoress and her sisters,  
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders."

From the earliest date the City has been famous for its good cheer. Fitz-Stephen, the biographer of Thomas-à-Becket, writing in the reign of Henry II., relates that, "besides the wine sold in ships and vaults, there is a public cookery, or cooks row, where, according to the season, you may find victuals of all kinds, roasted, baked, fried, and boiled. Fish, large and small, with coarse viands for the poorer sort, and more delicate ones for the rich, such as venison, fowls, and small birds." Stowe, in 1598, describing East-Cheap, immortalized by Shakspeare, says, "The cooks cried hot ribs of beef roasted, pies well-baked, and other victuals. There was also a clattering of pewter pots, harp, pipe, and sawtrie." In one of the best cookery books of the seventeenth century, the "Archimagirus," of Doctor Mayerne, who was Court physician to Charles I., we find the following rich receipt for a LONDON PIE.

"Take eight marrow bones, eighteen sparrows, one pound of potatoes, quarter of a pound of eringoes, two ounces of lettuce stalks, forty chesnuts, half a pound of dates, a peck of oysters, quarter of a pound of preserved citron, three artichokes, twelve eggs, two sliced lemons, a handful of pickled barberries, quarter of an ounce of whole pepper, half an ounce of sliced nutmeg, half an ounce of whole cinnamon, quarter of an ounce of whole cloves, half an ounce of mace, quarter of a pound of currants. Liquor it, when it is baked, with white wine, butter, and sugar."

Dr. Lister, physician to Queen Anne, of pudding memory, writes:—"I do not consider myself as hazarding anything, when I say that no man can be a good physician, who has not a competent knowledge of cookery." Indeed, in the olden time, cookery was ever reckoned a branch of medical science. The Latin verb, *curare*, signified to dress a dinner, as well as cure a disease. Even at the present day, on board ship, the seamen invariably dub their cook with the title of doctor. "The Forme of Cury" tells us it was compiled "under the assent and avisement of the masters of physick and philosophy that dwelled in the king's court." The best cookery books in our language were written by eminent medical men. Sir Kenelm Digby and Dr. Mayerne in the seventeenth, Dr. Hill and Dr. Hunter in the eighteenth, and Dr. Kitchiner in the

present century, have given to the world by far the best English domestic cookery books of their respective eras. It is not generally known that Dr. Hill was the *Sairey Gamp*, who wrote the work bearing the mythical name of Hannah Glasse, the veritable Mrs. Harris of kitchen literature. Hill was one of the most voluminous of the hack writers of the last century; there was scarcely a popular subject that he did not employ his pen upon. His quarrels with authors and actors, the interminable paper wars they gave rise to, the very epigrams alone of which he was the subject, would fill a volume. Yet such is literary fame, the happy epigram, written by Garrick, on Hill's failure as a dramatic author, is now his only popular remembrance.

"For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is,  
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is."

His cookery, however, is excellent, though now, in some instances, rather antiquated. A lady of the writer's acquaintance, who has had great experience, lately presented to her daughter, on her wedding-day, a long used, and well thumbed quarto copy of Hannah Glasse, as the most useful domestic literary companion the young bride could possess. A very prevalent, modern, "vulgar error," is the attribution of the proverbial phrase, "First catch your hare," to the author of that work. It nowhere occurs in it; but, if we mistake not, may be found in a rival cookery book, which purports to be a correction of the thousand errors of Mrs. Glasse, and in which the author, in the true language of cookery, speaks of a fresh cod-fish as one "hot out of the sea!" When on the subject of cookery books, we must observe, that the *romestek*, *biftek*, and *rosbif* of French writers, have their analogous representatives in English works. Thus we find sauce Robert translated row boat sauce; an omelette, a Hamlet; soup à la reine, soup in the rain; and that useful culinary utensil, the bain marie, spelled bommaree, and anglicized as Mary's bath!!

Several animals, not considered edible at the present day, formed favourite dishes at the tables of our ancestors. The seal and porpoise were choice *pièces de résistance*. "The Forme of Cury" gives no less than five different receipts for cooking porpoise. After the ratification of the treaty between the French and English at the termination of the siege of Leith, in 1560, Doisell, the French commander, invited the English commissioners and officers to a grand banquet, where, as Hollinshed narrates, "There were fortie dishes, and yet not one either of fish or flesh, saving one of a powdered [salted] horse." Don Anthony of Guevara, chronicler of Charles V., in his "Dial of Princes," inveighs bitterly against the German cooks, and the revolting materials they exercised their ingenuity upon. "I will tell you no lie," exclaims the indignant courtier, "I saw such kinds of meat eaten, as are wont to be seen but not eaten, as a roasted horse, a cat in jelly, little lizards in hot broth, frogs fried, and divers other sorts of meat, which I never knew what they were till they were eaten. And, for God's sake, what is he that shall read my writing, and see what is commonly



eaten at feasts, that it will not in a manner break his heart, and water his plants," (!)—*i. e.* bathe his feet with tears. In matters of diet, the Germans, even at the present day, are not much improved; the horse and badger are favourite articles of food, and cats are regularly reared and fattened for the table.

The death-feast of Melville, of Glenbervie, the obnoxious sheriff of the Mearns, who was "sodden and supped in broo" by some lawless Scottish barons, is the only instance, we are aware of, at all approaching to cannibalism in this country. But we know nothing whatever of the culinary process, or whether the barons "supped the broo," *cum grano salis*, as many are inclined to take the story. We have, however, been fortunate enough to discover a receipt for cooking human flesh, we believe it to be unique, the only one extant in any language. It occurs in the "Romance of Richard Cœur de Leon," where we are told that the lion-hearted king, when recovering from ague during the crusade, longed vehemently for a portion of boar's flesh. The accursed father of bristles, as the Moslems metaphorically term the hog, not being procurable on the plains of Palestine, the royal physicians were in a fix, as the king would not eat any other kind of meat, and animal food was considered absolutely essential to his complete recovery. A sagacious old knight having been consulted, soon relieved them from their dilemma, by the following prescription.

"Take a Saracen young and fat,  
In haste let the thief be slayne,  
Opened, and his skin off flayne,  
And sodded full hastily,  
With powder and spicery,  
And saffron of good colour."

The old knight's advice was immediately followed. The king, believing it to be pork, made a hearty supper of what our Gallic neighbours would term *Sarazin au naturel*, and after a sound sleep, awoke next morning perfectly recovered, and with a voracious appetite. Fancy the dismay of the cook, when Richard demanded for breakfast

"The head of that ilk swine  
That I of ate."

After some hesitation, the full truth was disclosed to the war-like monarch, who, instead of being angry at the deception, rejoiced to discover that Saracens were such excellent food, as his army, when within reach of the infidels, need never more be in danger of famine.

Scarcely less barbarous are many of the receipts, or secrets, as they are termed, in some of the old cookery books. We dare not venture to harrow the feelings of the reader by transcribing "How to roast and eat a goose alive, so that it would shriek when being carved, very pleasant to the beholders;" how a lamprey was "fried, boiled, and roasted at the same time;" or how a living fowl, fluttering in agony, turned the spit upon which it was roasting.

As useless, though without the cruelty, are another class of receipts; such as the famous one for roasting a pound of butter, or

"how to *boil* an egg without fire or water," by whirling it round in a sling for half an hour. Our grandmother would, we presume, have sucked it at once, without expending so much labour, for so trifling a result.

The Tartars cook meat when galloping on horseback, by using it as a saddle. Charles XII., with greater refinement, delighted in a fat hen cooked upon a soldier's back, while marching. As, in these days of emigration, this process might be found useful at the diggings, we shall proceed to describe it, for the benefit of all whom it may concern; hoping, that any enterprising ironmonger, who may make a fortune by manufacturing the requisite implements, will not forget the impoverished scribe. The fowl was larded, trussed as if for roasting, and stuffed with butter. A piece of hot steel, not red hot, of the proper size and shape, was inserted into its belly. It was then shut up in a tin box, which was wrapped in a cloth and strapped on a soldier's back. In a few hours it was found sufficiently cooked.

Randle Holme, in his most laborious compilation, "The Academy of Armory," thus details the heraldic blazon of a cook:—

"He beareth, *Gules*, a cook, with a cap, sleeves, and apron *Argent*; waistcoat and breeches *Azure*; hose of the second, shoes *Sable*; holding a dish of meat between his hands *proper*; a dresser fixed to the *dexter* side *Or*. Cooks, dressers, and tables are emblems of good housekeeping and hospitality." Undoubtedly they are, worthy Randle; and a cook with "a dish of meat *proper*," or a proper dish of meat rather, is by no means an unpleasing spectacle; much superior indeed to what, according to Chaucer, Arcite saw in "the temple of Mars armipotent," where, among other horrors, appeared—

"The cook yscalded for all his long ladle."

From these authorities we see that a cook has a niche in the Temple of Arms as well as in the "Academy of Armoury;" and certainly the Duke of Wellington's cook at Waterloo, who, incredulous of defeat, remained at his post, faithful to his duty, though assured by hundreds of cowardly fugitives that the day was irrevocably lost, is well worthy of a place in either. His was true heroism; and we regret that we cannot state the name of the gallant *chef*. The weak-minded Vatel, *maitre d'hôtel* of the great Condé, who committed suicide because the fish had not arrived in time for a great dinner, at which Louis XIV. was to have been present, may be termed by the French, the Cato of the kitchen, though, like many other of their great men, he was far from being a hero. Peace, however, be to his ashes, for, as the witty author of "The Banquet" writes,—

"The excellent Vatel  
Untimely but not unlamented fell,  
Friendship embalmed his memory in her tear,  
And rank and royalty adorned his bier.  
Long shall his premature and tragic fate  
The Fasti of the festive board relate."



## THE SALE OF THE ORLEANS COLLECTION.

It is difficult to say whether these pictures themselves, or the company of amateurs and curious folk, who crowded to the private view, were most interesting to scrutinise and contemplate. The previous view, as well as the subsequent sale, took place in the large *salon* of the auction-rooms in the Rue de Jeuneurs. It was the collection formed by the late Duke of Orleans after he was married, to adorn his apartments in the Pavillon de Flore of the Tuilleries. It was a modern collection, ordered by the Duke of artists with whom he was acquainted, and into whose *ateliers* he was in the habit of sauntering. Each work had thus been a labour of love, as well as a tribute of friendship, from the artist, and, accordingly, they were all *chef-d'œuvres*, and almost as valuable for the personal reminiscences connected with them, as for their merit with regard to art.

Whatever can be thought or urged depreciatory of the Orleans family, the unfortunate Duke, who perished so young and so lamentably, in the midst of his hopes and his rising family, can come in for no share of disesteem. He was universally admired, respected, and beloved. He had all the good household-qualities of his sire, accompanied by an elevation of mind, which his sire had not.

The Duke of Orleans, it is well known, was highly averse to the astute policy of Louis Philippe; he saw all the danger of that policy, which concentrated power in the King's hand, which flung every able man into opposition, and which depopularized a throne, that had really nothing but popularity to stand on. Notwithstanding his sentiments on this point — sentiments which he showed by his friendship for the men of the *Tiers Parti*, he still never indulged in an act of frowardness, much less of opposition, and his conduct throughout was that of a dutiful and affectionate son, as well as of a prudent prince. Louis Philippe seldom, indeed, agreed with the Duke of Orleans. The old King declared that he himself loved the solid, whilst he accused his son of liking merely the specious.

A friend of mine was once the involuntary witness of an argument, that almost amounted to a quarrel, between the King and his son. It was in a stable-yard, that of the royal stables in a country palace. The young Duke had fitted them up, and had established his equipage and horses in one compartment, whilst the King had his in the other. There was a remarkable contrast between them. The royal carriages were of solid English build. The Duke's were of French fancy workmanship, light, springy, tasteful to look at, but tottering and unsafe to go. The horses were the same. The old King boasted that every one of his horses had four good legs, and he maintained that his son's horses

went upon things that he would not call legs. They were the legs of snipes and woodcocks, he said, not horses. The Prince, in the meantime, treated the royal stud as a collection of Flanders mares and brewers' teams. The King was more angry with the blood-horses that the Prince chose to ride and drive, and still more severe upon the fairy *calèches* in which he ventured. The poor old King proved to be but too right.

In the furnishing of apartments and palaces, the King and Prince as little agreed as in the fitting of stables and coach-houses. Louis Philippe employed artists to cover the walls of Versailles, paying them by the square foot, rather than by their originality or genius. The consequence of which was, that even Horace Vernet laboured more to squeeze a sufficient reward for his time from the tasteless prince, than build for himself a temple of immortality. Whilst the King was filling the Saloon of Battles at Versailles, his son was adorning the narrow space of the Pavillon de Flore with small pictures, each a gem, and costing more, each of them, than the acres of canvas, which represented Napoleon surrounded by his marshals, or Turenne contemplating the Palatinate in flames. Here was another cause of difference. The King objected to the want of economy. The Prince replied, "My good father, if we are ever driven out of this country, my little pictures of the Pavillon de Flore will sell for more than your large Vernets." Here the Prince was right. His little pictures have fetched 3000*l.* and 2000*l.* a piece. Who would give as many hundreds for the battle-pieces of Versailles?

One of the misfortunes of Louis Philippe, was the small taste he had for letters, and the little respect which, as a French prince, he bore to men of letters. It was such a foolish prejudice as this which made him slight Lamartine and dismiss Alexander Dumas. The King's treatment of Lamartine was as great a mistake, and as dearly paid, as Peel's misappreciation of Disraeli. The Duke of Orleans was very anxious to repair this capital fault of his father. The Prince could not, indeed, supply the monarch's place with regard to veterans, like Lamartine. But he succeeded in collecting around him in the Pavillon de Flore, a select society of men of letters, artists, wits, and poets, which rendered his the most charming saloon, for the time, in Paris. The Duchess of Orleans did the honours with the most delightful simplicity. She had little of the foreigner about her, and instead of considering her a German, one would say she was French, of the Genevese school of Protestant education. Thus her Royal Highness never forgave Henry the Fourth for his conversion, or earnestness of judgment and belief, which occasioned many a with-difficulty-suppressed smile from hearers, who cared little what history made of the *Grand Henri*. Whilst the Duchess of Orleans had these prejudices, the good queen, her mother-in-law, had other prejudices. And one of these was horror at the names of some of the godless authors who frequented the *salon* of her son. The writings of *la jeune France* shocked her too much to allow of indulgence or favour towards the persons of the writers. And when



these writers were mingled with specimens of the artistic tribe, still deeper scruples arose in the good queen's mind. The Duke, who neither heard nor saw aught immoral in his society, for, assuredly, there was nothing of the kind, and who felt that he was doing the very best thing for the power and popularity of his family, smiled at the misgivings of his royal mother, and persisted in remaining the social friend and patron of letters and of the arts, and of the men of both. A tumble and jolt from one of his light vehicles destroyed the most precious life in France.

That crowds, therefore, should attend the sale, or, rather, should frequent the view of the pictures of the Duke of Orleans, was but too natural. And in the Rue de Jeuneurs, in the middle days of January, might be seen congregated, or rapidly succeeding one another, all the *élite* of Paris. Many faces, indeed, not seen since February, 1848, showed themselves on this occasion. The political follower, the literary friend, the artist, lamenting the patron of his profession if not of himself, crowded these rooms, where the remaining property of the exiled and the dead were about to undergo the dispersion of the auctioneer's hammer.

It was impossible, however, to discern any expression of resentment or sadness on the countenances of the well-known personages who came to contemplate the Orleans vestiges. The French have become the most cautious of men—they, accustomed to vent their every thought in diatribe or epigram, and who, for nigh forty years, had enjoyed the precious liberty of free expression, here they were, like Venetians in presence of the lion's mouth, greeting each other with motionless lips, with blank and unimpressive countenances. Here were Guizot, and Molé, and Thiers, with his wife under his arm, exchanging no greeting. Here was Madame de Montijo and her *blanche* daughter, about to be empress, and already queening it in beauty and in pride. Dr. Veron, late lord of the "Constitutionnel" and the press, thrust his rotund form and face amidst every crowd, all coolly cutting the man who had betrayed and deserted all. The war-minister was there, fresh from the Bourse, where his campaign had failed him, with his hands in his military pockets, and not the less empty. Here were three ministers of police, men who know everything and every one. Persigny, the confidant of the Emperor, comes with his wife, the daughter of Ney; they have no cause of attachment to the Bourbons. The chief imperial celebrity was then the handsome Count of Neuwerkerke, patronized by the Princess Mathilde, a mediocre sculptor, producing by his chisel no form so perfect as his own. He is director of the Imperial Museum, and was known to have desired to make large purchases. The agent of the Imperial Government, however, bought but an insignificant picture by Gerard; so it appears, that modern art, with its professors, are as little in favour with the new court of the Tuilleries, as modern literature and its professors.

There were few English amateurs, one, indeed, may say none, with the exception of Lord Hertford. There is a national dis-

taste in England for even the *chef-d'œuvres* of the French school. In this I cannot but think we are unjust. There may have been few pictures in this collection worthy the purchase of a national gallery or a museum; but, assuredly, there was much to be valued in a private collection. The Museum of Rotterdam had sent orders to purchase all the Scheffers, if they went at any moderate price; a proof how much the works of that artist are esteemed in the country, whose school he most approaches. The Rotterdam Museum bought his "Christ's Consolation," for 2100*l.* sterling, his "Medora," for less than half that sum. The most poetical of Scheffer's pictures, the immortal "Francesca de Rimini," well known by its beautiful engravings, was purchased by a Bordeaux gentleman for 43,600 francs.

No modern picture is more vaunted in France than the "Stratonice," of Ingres; it was painted by him on the Duke of Orleans' order. And, at its exhibition, every one pronounced it a *chef-d'œuvre*. Yet Ingres never sent anything so ill-drawn from his *atelier*; the figures are stiff, cold, and awkward. It was knocked down to Count Demidoff at 63,000 francs, and was the only thing from the pencil of Ingres in the collection. This artist has abandoned his decoration of the Château of the Duc de Luynes, and yet no productions of his easel are forthcoming. The rarity of his works enhance their price. Another classic picture of Ingres, "Œdipus Consulting the Sphinx," was bought by Count Duchâtel for 500*l.*

The "Death of the Duke of Guise," a small cabinet picture of Delaroche, was sold for 2100*l.*, purchased by the Duc d'Aumale. Of all the pictures of the gallery, that of most talent and promise, though unfinished, is undoubtedly the "Death of the Bishop of Liege," from "Quentin Durward," by Delacroix. It was Delacroix's first work, and drew him into notice some thirty years ago. The picture represents the banquet in the bishop's palace, the hand of the assassin raised against the prelate, whilst the Boar of Ardennes, leaning forward from his presiding seat at the table, apostrophizes the hapless bishop. We regret that no Englishmen bid for this beautiful illustration of the great Scotch genius, especially as it was knocked down to M. Villot for less than 200*l.* The artist's "Prisoner of Chillon" brought as much; his "Hamlet," nearly 300*l.* A little Bonington, the "Page and the Courtezan," fetched more than any of them, and was bought by Lord Hertford. His lordship became possessor of the "Lion Amoureux," of Roqueplan, for 600*l.* The "Antiquary" of Roqueplan was bought by the Duke of Galliera for 1200*l.* That most original and singular painter, Decamps, brought large prices. His "Samson Slaying the Philistines," was bought by Count Demidoff for 900*l.*; his "Battle of the Cimbri," fetched above 1000*l.* His "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," was bought by Dr. Veron for 1500*l.* None of these strikes me as the best of the Decamps; however, they may have been his greatest efforts. I had rather have his "Turkish School," or his "Smyrna Police," with all their grotesque life,



and no effort at poetry. Decamps should leave the latter to Scheffer, and stick to life. Meissonnier's "Moribund," and Marilhat's "Mosque," brought high prices, merited by such gems.

It was truly melancholy this disposal of a collection, formed by the taste of a young prince. The love of the Orleans family was acquisitiveness. Now, fate seems to take the most minute care to break up, sell, and scatter every kind of property, that any of the Orleans had inherited or amassed. That property was immense. For the last year, we may say, there has been, week after week, sales of its landed property, of its private palaces, valuables, and pictures. Two years would scarcely suffice to bring all to the hammer. A property, which the great Revolution of 1798, and twenty years' reign of violence respected, has been forced to sale by the inveteracy of a successful rival. The Orleans, when in power, far from proscribing the Bonaparte name and fortunes, illustrated the one and protected the other. Napoleon the Third would have a better title to an imperial crown, had he made generosity to his foes its principal jewel.

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#### NOTES PICKED UP FROM THE RHONE.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

FEW English travellers have much fancy for the most rapid of the great European streams. If they at all make its personal acquaintance, it is with knapsack on back, and iron-shod baton in hand—when they stand upon the mother-glacier, and watch the river-child glide brightly into air—or perhaps it is near fair Geneva, that, loitering on a wooden-bridge, they mark the second start in life of the strong river, and, if they be philosophers, lament the corruption it receives from forming a speedy partnership with the clamorous and not cleanly Arve. Later in the river's career—the pellucid waters of the snow are again and still more fatally fouled by the slow-running Saone which comes down by Lyons, heavy and fat with the rich mud of Burgundy. At the point of junction there, also, the tourist sometimes goes to observe the coalition of the streams, and to find out, that instead of the bigger river cleansing the smaller, the smaller utterly besmirches and begrimes the greater. So pondering over the moral, he too often takes little further heed of the Rhone; or if he does, it is as a mere beast of burden. He is bound south, and he knows that the "swift and arrowy Rhone" will add wings to the speed of steam; that stepping on board the long, long steam-boat from the noble quays of Lyons at summer's dawn, he will step ashore amid the clamour of the uproarious Avignon porters by the summer's eve. But the day's flight—through rocks, and vines, and corn-lands, and by ancient towns and villages, and through old bridges of stone, and modern

bridges of boats, is to the conventional traveller usually nearly a blank. How different from the Rhine; no legends in the hand-book, no castles, no picturesque students, no jolly Burschen choruses over pipes and beer. The steamer flies southward. If she be one of the quickest of the Rhone fleet, and the river be in good order, she could carry you between sunrise and sunset, from the land where the chesnut and the walnut most abound, through the zone where the mulberry is almost exclusively the tree; next past the region where men are clipping, and twisting, and trimming the olive, at once sacred and classic, and, finally, fairly into the flats, where tropical rice grows out of fever-haunted swamps in the African-like jungles of the Camargue. During this flight, it is to be noted, that you have descended upwards of 600 feet, in fact, that you have been steaming down a modified water-fall, and have measured in a day, a run from a climate which may be described as temperate, to one which is, to all intents and purposes, torrid.

And in this run must we not have passed some rather curious objects, some rather striking points of scenery? May not there have been nooks, and ravines, and old towers within that sterile, yet viney land, burnt by the hot kiss of the sun, which are worthy of a traveller's afternoon? There are many such. The masonry of Rome still stands by the stream, and ancient rock-perched ruins there are, telling grim tales of the old religious wars of France; tales going back to the Albigenses and Count Raymond of Toulouse, and in later days dealing with the feuds which Ivry put an end to, but which were renewed when the peasants of the wild hills of the Cevennes, in their white *camisas* Langue d'Oc for shirts, worn over their clothes as uniforms, held out the long and obstinate contest of the dragonnades, and frequently beat even Marichale Villars, with the best of the cavaliers of the Grand Monarque. But there are still other points of interest connected with the Rhone itself—parts and pendants of the river. First, look at the current. Did you ever see a blacker, fiercer, more unmercifully minded looking stream? Take care how you get into it. There is drowning in its aspect. A sudden sweep down that foaming current, and all would be over. No swimming in these deadly whirling eddies. Once they embrace you in their watery arms, down you go, never stopping, even to die, to the sea, whither the Rhone is ever, ever rushing, ploughing its way through shingles, roaring round opposing rocks, sometimes carrying by assault a new channel through a green pasture, at others, when its sudden floods are out, rushing with a furious vengeance, at what at sunset was a fertile island, rich with the ripe corn, which to-morrow will be a torrent, and a few morrows afterward—sand.

Then the Rhone, you will say, must be a river very difficult to navigate, impossible to have been navigated before steam. Not so. In spite of its fury of current, in spite of its sudden shiftings of sand and shingle banks, its sudden floods, its sudden fogs, the Rhone has been navigated from time immemorial. See, toiling up the stream, toiling hard, toiling slow, an *equipage* goes crawling



along—an *equipage* composed of half a dozen huge barges hauled by these struggling, splashing, panting horses you see upon the bank. Before the introduction of steam, there were upwards of fifty of these barge squadrons upon the Rhone. They floated down from Lyons to the port of Beaucaire, opposite Arles, in two days, but different and dreary was the passage back. A month in summer, six weeks in winter were consumed in the tedious struggle with the everlasting, ever-opposing stream. Let us watch the progress of the *equipage* before us. It boasts about thirty horses, stout, active, willing beasts, all following, in short files, the track of the leading animal. Now you are to observe, that this leader is always a quadruped of high consideration. He is chosen from the strongest, the tallest, and the most intelligent of the troop, and is generally worth a third more than any of his followers. He is called Le Patillard. To him is assigned the daintiest food of the stock while his rider, who frequently stands upon his back with a pole sounding the shallows, is always the guide, pilot, and philosopher of the expedition. In the track, then, of these sages, four-footed and two-footed, follow, floundering and sprawling, the rest of the towing quadrupeds. Sometimes the whole of the troop come to an absolute stand—the stream controls their utmost efforts. At others a whole file may plunge, kicking, into a pool; while, should the barge, by any inattention of the steersman, sheer out into the river, the unfortunates attached to it are dragged in an instant after it, and are too often hauled from the water, dead. The sufferings, indeed, of these poor animals must be frequently severe. Their toil is very hard and very dangerous, so much so, that the owners calculate on losing 25 per cent. of the towing horses per annum. But the number of *equipages* is fast decreasing, and as soon as steam flies along the bank of the Rhone, they will altogether disappear from its waters.

To turn, however, to a more pleasant theme. See, the boat is sweeping towards a rocky promontory. Another advances to meet it from the opposite side. The contracted stream shoots rapidly through the defile, and at the narrowest point a chain-bridge appears, connecting two small villages, clustered beneath vine-covered steepes. The crag above that on the right hand is castled, most picturesquely castled, as much so as any cliff on the Rhine; that on the left is crowned with a more genial diadem. The first village is Tournon, the second Tain. We will for a moment linger in the latter. The place is poor, shabby, dirty; the houses are rickety and slovenly. You ascend to the *salle à manger* of the best hotel in the place by a ladder.

Then what can we possibly want in Tain? Nevertheless, let us go forth, and make our way through the dirty lanes to the overhanging cliffs. As we approach them an infinity of unsavoury manure heaps strikes eyes and nose, and clustered about them we perceive a band of poorly-clad people filling baskets, with leather bands attached to them, and which bands they pass round their foreheads, and then, with slow and labouring steps, toil their way up the steep ascents before us. These ascents consist partly of

stairs, partly of paths encompassed by high walls. All the slope of the cliff is split up into squares, triangles and so forth, and bounded by stone-walls; and these triangles, squares and so forth are full of vines. They ascend to the summit of a hill twice the height of St. Paul's, and the poor people carry the manure up to the top upon their heads. The labour seems very hard and very degrading, but in what does it result? Why in one of the very choicest wines of France—in one of the wines seldom seen out of the district, except upon very festive occasions—in one of the wines which we instinctively class as springing from the highest aristocracy of the grape—in short, in Hermitage. Now, if there be any two classes of people in the globe who may be said to be the social antipodes of each other, it is surely those who make Hermitage, and those who drink Hermitage. Think, on the one hand, of toiling up these cliffs day after day, burdened, as we have described, and painfully applying the compost to the roots of each individual plant, and think, on the other, of luxuriously lying back in your chair and gently tilting the cobwebbed bottle on the pivot of its wire-wove car, into the goblet of glass, springing from a straw thick stem, and spreading into as airy a globularity as a soap-bubble with the top cut off.

Such are a few of the differences between the relations with Hermitage of the peasant, who, for a shilling a-day, helps to grow it, and the gentleman who, for eight shillings a bottle, helps to drink it.

Let us descend the Rhone a little farther, and we find ourselves opposite Valence, celebrated for the fat, kind old lady who keeps the chief hotel, and goes by the name of *La Mère de Commis Voyageurs de France*—an awful family—and for having been for some years the residence, when a poor sous-lieutenant, of Bonaparte, who is said to have left the city in love with his landlady, and in debt at the confectioner's for a franc and a half's worth of tarts, an incumbrance which, to his credit be it spoken, the Emperor afterwards discharged. Opposite to Valence, and about a mile from the river,—the intervening space is corn-country, the fields dotted with mulberries—rises a bold and high peak of rocks, and on their summit, a nobly perched eyrie of a castle.

Clamber up. The hill is steep and tough to ascend, and the heath is slippery. Nevertheless, persevere, and be rewarded at length by entering the ruins, where you will perceive a half-crumbled cavernous looking recess in a thick wall. It seems to have been a fire-place. Approach cautiously.

That fire-place has no back, and fuel flung in there will roll out at a hole behind, and find itself upward of eight hundred feet high in the yielding air.

The castle once belonged to a Protestant lord, the Seigneur de Crussol, and when, after a successful foray across the river, amongst the Catholic population, he managed to secure a score or two of prisoners, high festival was held, and the unhappy captives, amid the brimming glasses and convivial jokes of the company, were flung into the chimney of Crussol, and found by the trem-



bling peasantry indefinite masses of horror, next morning. In these dreadful theological wars, indeed, it is not easy to say which of the two great parties was the most cruel. At Beziers the pious bishop thereof had twenty thousand Protestants slaughtered — so at least runs the legend; and when dark night came on, and the soldiers complained that they could not distinguish the heterodox from the orthodox, the episcopal dignitary replied, in Latin, "Kill them all! the Lord will recognize his own!"

These were wild old savage days; but let us go back for a few moments to days far more ancient, though they can hardly have been more wild or savage than the times of the Religious Wars. Hannibal, everybody knows, crossed the Alps, and the route, at all events the most likely route, by the Little St. Bernard is generally received as authenticated. But Hannibal, coming from Spain, also crossed the Rhone, and looking at that wild rushing river, so deep and broad, and perpetual in its current, we have often thought that the great African commander performed a more brilliant exploit in getting his Moorish cavalry, his war-elephants, and his undisciplined Spanish brigades, across the water than across the mountains. No one knows the spot he selected for his ferriage, and all speculation must necessarily be mere guess-work. It might be here, it might be there; but wherever it was, Hannibal brought an army across the Rhone by some sort of rude machinery or another. Is it not in some sense true that this great general is underrated. He was beaten at last; perhaps that is the secret. Nevertheless, he is the schoolboy's favourite, and the schoolboy laments that he did not thrash the haughty Romans and turn the tables on old *Delenda est Carthago*. With the Man Hannibal fades into a sort of dim myth, only connected with vinegar, vague battles, and poison in a ring. But consider a little. Imagine the commander-in-chief with his troops encamped, and chafing at the broad river which lay between them and those distant snow-capped hills, beyond which was Italy. Hannibal was a Moor, or a Saracen. Perhaps Saladin came of such blood. His people had sailed in galleys across the sea and made a home in Southern Spain, and from their sense of the beautiful and the rich was to spring the pillars and the arcades, the fountains and the halls of the Alhambra. Hannibal, perhaps a swarthy lithe young infidel, gorgeous in the richly embroidered vestments which the Moors yet love, with aquiline nose and flashing eye, and mounted upon a pure Arabian courser, might be fancied riding along the bank, and imagining the schemes by which he could defeat the overwhelming opposition of that rapid sullen stream—that natural fortification of running water so much more formidable than one of standing stone. In three days we are told the feat was achieved. Apocryphal accounts tell us how the horses, mad with the terror of fire, swam wildly across the stream, and how the elephants roared upon the rafts. At any rate, the grand difficulty was defeated, and Hannibal appears to have found fewer obstacles to the crossing of the Alps. Nor does there seem any good

reason why he should. The season was most likely summer; the army had also probably already crossed the Pyrenees. There were no roads then in either range of mountains it is true, but there were the passes through which the roads now run; and, our life for it, Hannibal found as good guides among the hills as the gentlemen who go up Mont Blanc do at Chamouni—and perhaps too at a cheaper rate. Thus then he poured down upon Cisalpine Gaul. As for the vinegar—who believes that story? Would vinegar split rocks at all? And if it would, is it likely that any soldier in Hannibal's army carried a small barrel of the fluid upon his shoulders? We have indeed heard a malicious theory started, that the vinegar used was actually the wine with which the Carthaginian commissaries had supplied the troops; but, however that may be, we decidedly give credit to the testimony of Hannibal's ghost, as seen by Mr. Lemuel Gulliver in the Magic Island of Glubdubrib, and which informed that honest traveller, "that he had not one drop of vinegar in his camp."

A wide champagne country, fertile to magnificent luxuriance—the rushing Rhone dotted with wooded islands; a city clustering on a hill and a castle crowning it, and we approach Avignon. Here is generally the English traveller's first stoppage from Lyons; here he leaves his beast of burden, the river, and, if he be antiquarian and historic, examines the noble churches, towers, bastions, and dungeons with which the Avignon Popes beautified the city; or, if he be sentimental and romantic, he prepares his feelings, works them—hard work it usually is—into a proper frame, and then hiring a *voiture de remise* at twenty francs, proceeds to be overpowered by his associations, to Vaucluse. A pretty spot it is in itself, with its grottoed rocks and limpid waters; and certainly the name of Petrarch may fairly enough add a certain degree of interest to the scene. But Petrarch and Laura. Everybody couples these names. You never think of the one without the other. Poor sighing Petrarch and gentle and uncomplaining Laura. Picture the first romantic meeting at early matins in the church of St. Clara—that sentimental encounter which set the etherealized lover writing sonnets all his life to Laura, even when she was a fat comfortable matron looking after her children, and Petrarch a prosperous gentleman, going from court to court in Italy, delighting in political and literary intrigue and gossip; learned too, and loving his books; a gourmand and loving his proper ease; a savant who thought vastly well of himself, and not without reason; and finally, and under the rose, the father of a family of which Laura was not the mother. Does any one—did any one then—ever seriously believe in the loves of this devoted pair of turtle doves? Look, my good sir, at that portrait of Francisco Petrarch which hangs on your library wall, and tell us is that a lover's face or the face of a man of strong and enduring passions? A fat, round, full-moon visage, the features regular enough, but singularly inexpressive; the cheeks far more prominent objects than the brow, the whole indicative of portly prosperity, of good living and little trouble. Such does Petrarch appear, and such he was. That he might



have entertained a sort of vague idea, that he was in love with the lady of St. Clara's Church, is possible; and that he used this feeling as a sort of peg for hanging sonnets on, we believe to be the fact; but that his love was ever a manly, natural, impetuous passion, or a deep and constant devotion, is utterly impossible and out of the question.

Petrarch, it may be gleaned from his biographies, never wrote any sonnets about Laura, except when he had nothing better to do. He led a sunny and an honoured life. He was hand and glove with all the great families of Italy, particularly the Colonnas; and he went from city to city, from court to court, and castle to castle,—sometimes the guest of the Pope, sometimes of kings and ruling dukes, keeping up a vast literary and political correspondence; actively engaged in trying to have the seat of papal power transferred to Rome, and in fact living an exciting and luxurious life, when poor Laura was very likely darning her husband's stockings or sewing buttons on her children's chemisettes. No! in our view there was no more love between the pair than there generally is between an artist and his lay figure. Laura was Petrarch's subject, and when in a certain poetic mood he used her. When writing epics, or being crowned with a poetic diadem at Rome—an honour which he received with very much complacency—there was probably nothing farther from the heart of this not ill-natured or bad, but selfish and thoroughly worldly man, than the idea of Laura de Sade.

The last point of interest on which we propose to waste our tediousness upon the reader, is the Delta of the river; the several mouths through which, after its rapid course from the Lake of Geneva, the Rhone at length pours itself into the sea. The Camargue, as this strange swampy district is called, is seldom or ever trodden by English foot. It has no attractions for the ordinary sight-seer, but it has many for the lover of aspects of nature, of a strange and unwonted character, and of which few are to be seen in Europe. Proceeding from Arle, along a muddy, clayey road, through a perfect flat intersected by numerous draining ditches, you gradually find yourself arriving in a region where the earth appears to be losing its consistence and melting into mud beneath your feet. Forests of swamp-growing trees, willows, and marsh-mallows stretch around; and as you emerge from them you come upon a boundless plain, an enormous stagnant flat—mud and water and water and mud for scores and scores of square miles, but intersected as far as the eye can reach, by a network of clay walls, upon which you can make your way, gazing in wonder upon the perfect sublimity of the apparent desolation. But there is no desolation in the case. These swamps are rice-fields. If your visit be paid during the summer, the grain will be growing out of the tepid water; if during the autumn, you will see withered beds of the straw left for manure, slowly rotting in the soil. At long distances crawling figures appear. These are the labourers employed by the Company which grows the rice, and whose stations for draining out the surplus water, which would

otherwise perhaps overwhelm the whole district, may be fixed by their lofty siphon tubes breaking the dead flatness of the several lines of view. And yet there is a dreary death-like beauty about all this silent land. Shelley has sung such; Tennyson has done it more elaborately and better, and we find traces of the sentiment in "Eothen." The vast and the drear have a sublime of their own, and in this dismal waste of laid-out world we feel it. Even ugliness is made respectable by extent, and we leave the swamps with an impression of lorn, melancholy, grandeur looming on our minds.

We leave them for a gayer portion of the same district, where, amid a ramification of lagoons through which the Mediterranean creeps in bays and creeks into the heart of luxuriant pastures, flourish the wild bulls and the wild horses of the Camargue. Wild bulls and wild horses! The phrases sound formidably. In a neighbouring land, too; one did not look for these things in Europe. But stay one moment; the Camargue wild cattle are none of them so wild but that we believe a vicious young Highland bull would drive a whole herd before it. Neither are they so wild or so savage, as not to be, bulls and horses, the property of certain owners and branded as such, and as not also to have their regular shepherds or guardians, active fellows, well mounted, who throw the lasso like South American Indians, and slay bulls like Spanish matadors. Still it is interesting and agreeable enough to see—walking leisurely over these jungly pastures, a group of Camargue horses, nearly every one of them pure white; to watch them stand a moment and gaze on you, and then turning round, career off in a whirlwind of waving tails and kicking hind feet, visible for an instant and no more. The bulls, like the horses, are small-sized and, although a few may be awkward customers to meet with, yet we have seen the mounted drovers, with their long spears in hand and the lasso at the saddle-bow, experience little difficulty in driving a small flock from the pastures to the slaughter-house. The fact is, that our continental friends are somewhat too apt to exaggerate their *feræ naturæ*. The bear is the only real savage fellow worth talking about, which they possess, and he never troubles any one who does not trouble him. We have seen a wolf in a state of nature and a Highland pole-cat in a state of nature, and we know which we would rather tackle. So of wild boars. A herd which we had the pleasure of observing—after waiting about four hours in ambush in a deserted charcoal maker's hut in a Thuringian wood,—appeared to us a set of disreputable, half-starved pigs, dreadfully lankey, and not at all unlike the mangy animals which may be seen in Tipperary, Kerry, or Clare, walking in and out of the cottages of the finest peasantry in the universe. However, we dare say a Camargue bull might make formidable use of his horns, and a Camargue horse show you his abilities in the employment of both his heels and his teeth, if you gave either sufficient opportunity or provocation.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

A LITTLE gossip about the books on our table will, we think, be acceptable to our readers. The new year has opened well, with some realizations of old promises and some encouraging announcements; and there are good prospects before those who watch with interest the growth of those crops which rainy weather cannot destroy nor spring-frosts nip in the bud. Come what may of wind or storm, snow or sleet, there is always a harvest of literature at this season of the year. What it is in 1853, whether richer or poorer than the average yield, the reader may gather from these pages of critical discourse.

The historians have not yet done much for us. We have many promises; but few performances. Our own celebrities are not idle. Lord John Russell and Lord Grey are both about to add to our stores of information, illustrative, in one case, of a past, in the other, of a present reign; and Mr. Macaulay's third volume is at least in a state of forwardness. But of works actually before us the most remarkable comes from beyond the Channel. In Ranke's "*History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy in France, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*,"\* we have a philosophical review of the times indicated, written with a profound understanding of the subject. We do not mean by this that it is wanting in the objectivity of genuine history, that there is no life in the picture. It dives deeply into the unseen causes of events; but it busies itself, too, with those palpable realities, those outer stirrings and strivings which give animation to the canvas. In spite of the philosophical tendencies of the writer, men and women move about, and briskly too, before us; and there are some flesh-and-blood portraits of real men, as truthful as the embodiments of the daguerreotype. Here, for instance, is a portrait of the Duke of Guise; there is great reality in it:

"Duke Henry of Guise, like the King, was the son of an Italian mother; they had grown up together, and, like their mothers, had been united with each other in good and evil, but the nature of the Duke had taken a development altogether different from that of the King. The Italians could not sufficiently admire the harmonious union of mental energy and corporeal vigour which was displayed in Henry Guise. On one occasion he was seen to swim against the current of a stream in complete armour. In the game of tennis, in pugilism, and all military exercises, he was unrivalled, and no hardship seemed to fatigue him. He was a tall and fine-looking man, with fair, flowing hair, and lively piercing eyes; his countenance was not disfigured by a scar on one of his cheeks, the relics of a wound received in battle,—it seemed rather to improve his soldierly appearance; in the judgment of many he presented the very type of a man. Although brought up in the lap of luxury, he cheerfully put up with the privations and difficulties of the camp. We read nothing of great campaigns conducted by him, but he was a courageous and gallant captain, and successful in many daring adventures. He did not think long

\* "*History of the Civil Wars and Monarchy of France in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries*."

consultations and reflections necessary, for in war he believed that everything depended upon rapid execution. Under the impression of concurring intelligence, perhaps, at table, in the midst of a numerous company, he would form his plan, from the accomplishment of which he would not afterwards allow himself to be diverted by any objection. As he was willing to share in the pains and labours of his soldiers, so was he also desirous of dividing with them his rewards and honours. In a poetic eulogy, the artist who painted his portrait, is asked why he had not given him a laurel-wreath around his brows. The poet himself answers his own question on behalf of the painter, by saying that the Duke would have plucked off the leaves and distributed them to his companions in arms. . . . In short, he possessed that quality which attaches men more than anything else—carelessness for himself, combined with attention to others. . . . King Henry the Third once said, it was true he wore the crown, but that Guise was the King of Minds."

Assuredly a fine character, one that almost might have been written down under the name of our own Sydney. This mindfulness of those who really fight our battles is not the commonest of characteristics in our great commanders. Many look upon our fighting men as merely the rude materials of armies, parts of a great machine, not as so many individual men, each one of whom has his own particular history, his own little world of romance, and is really as much a man as the most splendid general, whose titles were ever proclaimed by Garter King of Arms.

Among our own great commanders the most conspicuous for the possession of this high quality was perhaps the Duke of Marlborough. We hardly think that it shone out very clearly from the person of Wellington. Certainly the last contribution to our annals of the Duke's campaign do not tend to strengthen our belief in his tenderness for the soldiery under him.

Among the noticeable books on our table, but belonging rather to biography than to history, is Sterling's "*Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles the Fifth*."\* History and biography are infinitely more conscientious and painstaking than they were. It seems to be the especial province of the present race of writers to explode the errors of the past. Men do not now address themselves lightly to their work, as did their predecessors, taking for granted statements of all kinds without examination of available evidence, without consideration even of their credibility, without, indeed, any exercise of the judicious faculty so necessary to the elucidation of the truth. Many, indeed, of the most esteemed historical works on our shelves are mere compilations from doubtful authorities, which have made their way into public favour rather by the force of their artistic excellence, their outer adornments of arrangement, construction, and style, than by the intrinsic worth of their conscientiousness and fidelity. What errors have found their way into general currency, with what blind confidence have they been accepted, on the strength of statements in popular histories, which were probably written down without an hour's investigation of their truth! Scepticism has its uses. This is the age not of religious but of historical infidelity. We are much given to doubting and questionings. Our orthodoxy has received many a severe shock of

\* "*The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V.*" By William Sterling, author of "*Annals of the Artists of Spain*."



late from the discoveries of modern writers; and now we receive another blow, and a heavy one, from Mr. Sterling, who explodes many of Robertson's darling errors, and tells us that the stories, which we have believed from our schoolboy days upwards, are little better than picturesque fictions. We are now told, for example, that the historian's "masterly sketch of the emperor's celebration of his own obsequies is, in everything but style, very absurd." Mr. Sterling advances nothing but on authority not to be questioned. His work is as valuable as it is interesting. There is a gravity about the style well suited to the subject, and an earnest, honest turn about the book which claims for it the respect and confidence of the reader.

Of books of travels there is at no time any dearth. We may take the grand tour of the world once a month, only by keeping pace with our current literature. One hour we are upon the thick Canadian ice; another, under the copper skies of the Indian Archipelago. The principal travellers of the month, whose works lie before us, are Captain Keppel, Major Strickland, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Bartlett. Captain Keppel has an especial right to be heard on all that relates to Borneo and Brooke. He was the first to make the people of England acquainted with the country and the man. He does not now write of either the one or the other, but as a teacher having authority to speak of these things; and he writes, too, not only of what he knows, but what he "feels within;" and his utterances are those of the heart. He writes warmly, but when a friend has been maligned, men are privileged to write warmly, even though they have not half as good a cause as has Captain Keppel in this instance, when he defends the character of James Brooke against the aspersions of Joseph Hume. For our own parts, we have never ceased to wonder at the bitterness with which the latter has pursued the Rajah of Sarawak. Mr. Hume is a very honest, and in the main, we believe, a kind-hearted man. It is not long since we heard one of the most brilliant members of the House of Commons observe, with reference to this very matter, that the staunch old reformer had said that during all the number of years he had sate in Parliament, though he had exchanged hard words with many members, had been assailed and had assailed others in turn with no common virulence, he had never left the House with a feeling of ill-will against any member of it. To what, then, are we to attribute his seemingly rancorous hostility against Sir James Brooke? The question is hardly one that it behoves us to touch upon, much less to investigate, in this chapter of literary gossip. We only purposed to observe, that Captain Keppel's defence of his friend is characteristic of the warm-hearted sailor, and that we like the book the better for it. It is only an episode. It occupies only a few chapters of these two handsome volumes,\* and by no means imparts a controversial tone to the whole.

We are compelled to pass on, much more rapidly than we could wish, but we must give, at least, one brief extract from the

\* "A Visit to the Indian Archipelago," in H.M.S. "Mæander."

volumes before us. There is something in the following very pleasing to our national self-love :—

"The fact that any man putting his foot on British soil becomes free, and that the deck of a man-of-war was all the same as British soil, seemed to be a dodge perfectly understood by the Sooloo chiefs; and during the stay of her Majesty's "Mæander," all the slaves were carefully locked up like other live stock, with the exception of a few old servants, who, having received such long-continued kindness as to be slaves in name only, were trusted by their masters. Gratitude, however, is as rare in Sooloo as elsewhere, and about a dozen of these faithful well-fed slaves were fools enough to find their way on board the "Mæander," to be landed at the next port at which we might touch, and there to starve as free men. Their usual plan was to sneak alongside at night, cling hold of the chain-plates, kick the canoe adrift—which they had in all probability stolen—and then make a noise until helped up the side, when they imagine themselves Britishers. Every one of these, when questioned, appeared to have been treated by their owners with the greatest confidence and kindness."

From these torrid climes, we betake ourselves at once to the clear bracing air of Canada, accompanying Major Strickland through his adventurous career in the backwoods of North America. We do not know any book which conveys a clearer impression of the life of a settler, than this "Twenty-seven Years in Canada."\* There is a rough, hearty, genuinely English tone about the work, which pleases us greatly. The writer has jotted down the incidents of his career, every now and then stopping to tell an amusing story, or to convey some useful hint to the intended settler, all in the easiest, most unaffected manner, just as he might have related his experiences after dinner, over some of his favourite whiskey-toddy. Altogether there is a hearty manliness about the book which pleases us mightily. It makes one long to turn settler one's-self. One is quite braced up by the description of the stirring active life in that fine crisp climate. There is health, and vigour, and elasticity of spirits speaking out of every page of the book.

Mr. Spencer's "Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy"† is a work full of suggestiveness, and extremely provocative of animated discussion. It is altogether what it professes to be, an account of "A Tour of Inquiry," undertaken by a man of an inquiring and reflecting mind, thoroughly versed in contemporary politics. It is, indeed, a running commentary on Continental politics, written with much earnestness of purpose, and sincerity of manner. The views of the writer are for the most part sound and sagacious, and they are those of a man with a thorough good English hatred of political and religious despotism, and a hearty conviction of the expediency of clearly speaking out the truth. Few will lay down the volumes without a glow of national pride, and a fervent exclamation of "Thank God, I am an Englishman." Of a very different character is Mr. Bartlett's "Pictures from Sicily,"‡ which is objective rather than subjective—a handsome

\* "Twenty-Seven Years in Canada," by Major Strickland. 2 vols.

† "A Tour of Inquiry through France and Italy, illustrating their present social, political, and religious condition," by Edmund Spencer, Esq., author of "Travels in European Turkey," &c. 2 vols.

‡ "Pictures from Sicily," by the author of "Forty Days in the Desert."



volume, containing a series of charming vignette illustrations, by Mr. Bartlett, which, however, by no means constitute all the attractiveness of the work. We have a partiality for the descriptive writings of artists, and Mr. Bartlett is one of the best word-painters whom we know.

Turning now, in due course, to the fictitious literature of the last few weeks, we find no cause to complain of sterility in this department. Two things are especially observable concerning it. The one is, that we are almost wholly indebted to our lady-writers for the entertainment of the month. And the other, that our crop of fiction is, for the most part, of an exceedingly sombre character. We have before us some of the saddest tales that have ever stirred gentle hearts, and moistened soft cheeks with tears. Foremost amongst these is "Ruth."\* Long have we been looking for some new manifestation of the genius of the authoress of "Mary Barton:" and now that is before us, we welcome it with joy and become familiar with it without disappointment. It does not much resemble "Mary Barton." It is entirely a story of common life. It has no political and social environments. There is less ferment and excitement in it; the canvas is never crowded; there is no treatment of man in the concrete. The personages of the drama are few; the interest is single—concentrated. "Ruth" is everything to it. The story indeed may be told in a few lines. It is a story of temptation and weakness, of sin and sorrow, of atonement and repentance. It is the history of one strengthened and purified by fiery trial, one who has come through great tribulation—a leper whose leprosy is cleansed.

Read in a right spirit and with a due appreciation of the writer's meaning, no nobler exhortation to charity can be conceived. It teaches that the difference between those who commit and those who do not commit certain offences against God and man, is to be found rather in circumstances than in themselves, and that we should never take account of the sin without also measuring the temptation. It beautifully indicates the difference between a sin, however great, and habitual sin, and suggests that it is want of charity among men that converts the former into the latter, and peoples the world with outcasts. Ruth, at the critical turning point of her career—at that dreadful moment when, humanly speaking, there seemed nothing but a life of crime before her, is saved by the kindness and charity of some good people, who, seeing in her one more sinned against than sinning, compassionate her fallen state, and take her to their home. Of lowly origin, but of infinite beauty and grace, she is betrayed and deserted by one of higher station, but of far meaner qualities; and in the first hour of her desolation a deformed dissenting minister takes her to his humble home. By what some may call "a pious fraud," whilst others may severely censure it, this good man and his sister contrive to obtain for her a respectable position in society, and she becomes, presumed as a widow, governess in the family of the leading member of the dissenting congregation of which her kind

\* "Ruth," by the author of "Mary Barton." 3 vols.

friend is pastor. This worthy is a strict, hard man. Poor Ruth's secret is discovered. She is dismissed with ignominy. All her neighbours become acquainted with her sad history, but her first friends are true to the last. Though her shame is reflected on them, they continue to shelter her. They know how uncorrupted is the poor girl's mind; how she has suffered for her sin; how she has turned for consolation to the fountain of living waters;—and nobly she justifies their confidence. A dreadful fever visits the town. The poor are stricken down by crowds. Even the well-to-do are assailed in their comfortable homes. The infirmaries are full to overflowing; and all the official attendants are prostrated. In this terrible crisis, when there is no one to minister in the feverwards, Ruth offers her services and they are accepted; and how she ministers to the suffering the following passage reveals. Her son, Leonard, a boy of some twelve years, accompanies the medical officer to the neighbourhood of the infirmary:—

"Leonard stood and listened. At first their talk consisted of vague and exaggerated accounts (if such could be exaggerated) of the horrors of the fever. Then they spoke of Ruth, of his mother; and Leonard held his breath to hear.

" 'They say she has been a great sinner, and that this is her penance,' quoth one. And as Leonard gasped, before rushing forward to give the speaker straight the lie, an old man spoke.

" 'Such a one as her has never been a great sinner, nor does she do her work as a penance, but for the love of God and the blessed Jesus. She will be in the light of God's countenance, when you and I will be standing afar off. I tell you, man, when my poor wench died, as no one would come near, her head lay at that hour on this woman's sweet breast. I could tell you,' the old man went on, lifting his shaking arm, 'for calling that woman a great sinner. The blessing of them who were ready to perish is upon her.'

"Immediately there arose a clamour of tongues, each with some tale of his mother's gentle doings, till Leonard grew dizzy with the beatings of his glad proud heart. Few were aware how much Ruth had done; she never spoke of it, shrinking with sweet shyness from overmuch allusion to her own work at all times. Her left hand truly knew not what her right hand did; and Leonard was overwhelmed now to hear of the love and the reverence, with which the poor and outcast had surrounded her. It was irrepressible. He stepped forward with a proud bearing, and touching the old man's arm who had first spoken, Leonard tried to speak, but for an instant he could not, his heart was too full; tears came before words, but at last he managed to say:—

" 'Sir, I am her son!'

" 'Thou! thou her bairn! God bless you, lad!' said an old woman, pushing through the crowd. 'It was but last night she kept my child quiet with singing psalms the night through. Low and sweet, low and sweet, they tell me; till many poor things were hushed, though they were out of their minds, and had not heard psalms this many a year. God in heavens bless you, lad!'

"Many other wild, woe-begone creatures pressed forward with blessings on Ruth's son, while he could only repeat,—'She is my mother.'

"From that day forward Leonard walked erect in the streets of Eccleston, where 'many arose and called her blessed.'

What follows we shall not reveal to the reader, who has not already made himself acquainted with the incidents of this touching history. Simply as a work of fiction it is very beautiful. We wish that we could afford to dwell on its manifold charms. But it is the high moral purpose of the story that we most admire. It is better than any sermon.

What this purpose is the authoress of "Ruth" keeps steadily



before her readers. Resolute that there shall be no mistake about it she introduces a second exemplification of the great truth in the person of the son of that rich dissenter, who dismisses the poor girl in disgrace from his immaculate household. Yes, his son, Mr. Bradshaw's son Richard, the pride of his heart, who had all the benefit of his severe teaching and his rigid example, actually commits a forgery and defrauds the poor dissenting preacher. The father, in his austere Roman virtue, declares that he has not one rule for a stranger and another for a son, exhorts the minister to prosecute the young man, and shuts both his heart and his door resolutely against the offender. But Mr. Benson refuses to prosecute. He believes that such a course would only confirm the youth in his selfishness; and Mr. Bradshaw's partner, a man of a kindly nature, concurs in opinion with him. The result is, that young Bradshaw is saved. His heart is touched; he is truly penitent; he abandons his evil courses; and the triumph of charity is complete.

But although this additional enforcement is given to the lesson of charity, as though the authoress of "Ruth" would show that she is not pleading only for her own sex, that particular application of it, which she has most at heart, is to be found in the following passage, wherein the two systems are set face to face, by their representatives, in striking antagonism:—

"If I had known her," said Mr. Bradshaw, "I should have known she was fallen and depraved, and consequently not fit to come into my house, nor to associate with my pure children."

"Now I wish God would give me power to speak out convincingly what I believe to be His truth, that not every woman who has fallen is depraved; that many—how many the great judgment-day will reveal to those who have shaken off the poor, sore, penitent hearts on earth—many, many crave and hunger after a chance for virtue—the help which no man gives to them—help—that gentle, tender help, which Jesus gave to Mary Magdalene." Mr. Benson was almost choked by his feelings.

"Come, come, Mr. Benson, let us have no more of this morbid way of talking. The world has decided how such women are to be treated; and you may depend upon it, there is so much practical wisdom in the world, that its way of acting is right in the long run, and that no one can fly in its face with impunity, unless, indeed, they stoop to deceit and imposition."

"I take my stand with Christ against the world," said Mr. Benson, solemnly disregarding the covert allusion to himself. "What have the world's ways ended in? Can we be much worse than we are?"

"Speak for yourself, if you please."

"Is it not time to change some of our ways of thinking and acting? I declare before God, that if I believe in any one human truth, it is this,—that to every woman, who, like Ruth, has sinned, should be given a chance of self-redemption, and that such a chance should be given in no supercilious or contemptuous manner, but in the spirit of the holy Christ. . . . I state my firm belief, that it is God's will that we should not dare to trample any of his creatures down to the hopeless dust; that it is God's will that the women who have fallen, should be numbered among those who have broken hearts to be bound up, not cast aside, as lost beyond recall. If this be God's will, as a thing of God it will stand, and He will open a way."

This is noble teaching. Many will respond affirmatively to the question "Is it not time to change some of our ways of acting and thinking?" If the sad histories of all those poor outcasts who people by nights the streets of our large towns were known to the

world, how large a proportion of the great evil would be written down to the account, not of the wilful depravity of the wretched creatures themselves, but the hardness and uncharitableness of those who might have redeemed them!

Other works of fiction have we on our table, the most noticeable of which is Miss Carlen's story, "*The Lover's Stratagem*,"\* There is very little of mystery in it: but there is a world of mystery; and the whole is very pleasantly told. It is one of those placid, fluent stories, which amuse more than they excite. We do not care much about the people themselves, but we are greatly interested in the story. The curiosity of the reader is raised at the commencement, and it is not satisfied until the end. No one will lay down the book till the end is fairly solved. In "*Tending Cottage*,"† by the author of "*Sin and Sorrow*," there are some good passages. The interest of the story is not ill sustained; but, as a whole, it lacks truthfulness and probability. "*Broomhill; or, The Country Beauties*,"‡ is a story of high life, pleasantly, rather than powerfully, written—one of those stories, in which there is so little distinctness of aim or individuality of character, that, although read with pleasure, they leave no impression on the mind.

Besides these new works, we see before us some noticeable new editions, among which Dr. Wordsworth's "*Greece*," with its lavish display of pictorial illustrations, occupies a conspicuous place. It is one of the handsomest table-books that has ever issued from the press. A cheaper and more portable edition, somewhat condensed, of Lynch's interesting narrative of his "*Expedition to the Dead Sea*," also claims a word of recognition. We are always glad when a good book is rendered accessible to the general public, by its re-publication at a price adapted to the capacity of slender purses.

We must reserve our notices of "*Castle Aron*" and "*Lady Aron*," for another number.

\* "*The Lover's Stratagem*," by Emily Fyfe Carlen; author of "*The Lover's Stratagem*," 3 vols.

† "*Tending Cottage*," by the author of "*Sin and Sorrow*," 3 vols.

‡ "*Broomhill; or, The Country Beauties*," 3 vols.



## THE PRIESTHOOD AND THE PRESS.

WE have not, in these pages, much to do with polemical matters, any further than as they are reflected by the current literature of the day. The "Miscellany" appropriates to itself other and pleasanter fields than those of theological controversy. But there is no more noticeable sign of the times, especially to the discernment of those whose vocation it is to mark minutely the stream of our fictitious literature, as it flows on uninterruptedly from year's end to year's end, than the fact that the great subject of the connection between the Priesthood and the People, presses heavily on the thoughts, and stamps itself on the utterances of a large proportion, not only of the more reflecting, but the more imaginative writers of the day. There is hardly, in these times, a work of fiction published or written—for many, we fear, are written whose fate it is not to be published—in which one, at least, of the leading characters of the drama is not a minister of the gospel. Our modern novelists delight in the exhibition of these personages, and do not, like their predecessors, exhibit them for mere ordinary purposes of amusement. The Reverend gentlemen, High Church and Low Church, who figure so largely upon the canvas of the modern novel, by no means take the place in the fiction of the present century, which Parson Adams, Parson Trulliber, and the inimitable Vicar, occupied in that of the past. They stand as the representatives or exponents of some particular systems or theories; and we may be sure that the writer means them to do something more than contribute to the action of the drama.

We do not speak only of those fictions which are written with an obvious, if not with an avowed, purpose. There are many such works; but they come, for the most part, from one controversial party. The activity of that section of the Protestant community, known as the Tractarian or Puseyite party, has been very conspicuous in the fields of literature, for some years; and it is not to be denied that a very considerable amount of talent and experience has been brought to bear upon the overt introduction, or the insidious infusion of their particular opinions into works of fiction, addressed to old and young, gentle and simple, by writers of this class. To the ductile plastic minds of the young, they have laid siege with uncommon adroitness, sapping and mining under ground with all the skill of expert engineers. Time was—and no very remote time either—when, in these Christmas holiday times, a parent walked confidently into a bookseller's shop, and, without any doubts or misgivings, purchased a parcel of books for his children, on the strength of their pretty pictures, or their attractive names. Children's books were children's books in those days; they were written for amusement—amusement sometimes blended

with moral instruction. The teaching was of the simplest kind. Children were exhorted not to steal, not to tell lies, not to be disobedient to their parents, not to eat unripe fruit, and not to try unsound ice. The theology of one book precisely resembled the theology of another; and parents knew pretty well what they were purchasing for their children. It is not so in these times. A man must purchase a story-book, as carefully as he would buy a new horse, or take the lease of a new house. If he does not carefully examine the article he may place in the hands of his children, a very prettily printed, tastefully illustrated, and charmingly written little book, which, if he were to know the nature of its contents, he would probably consider little better than so many sheets of paper, wrapping up enough moral poison to destroy the religious health of a whole family.

It is characteristic of the policy of these writers, that they should aim at the corruption of babes and sucklings; but they strike at still higher game, and infuse their doctrines largely into books of greater bulk, but not of greater importance. Indeed, their activity is such—and what is worse, their insidiousness is such—that we hail with no common satisfaction every effort made, from the other direction, to counteract the evil tendencies of the Tractarian literature of the day. In Miss Sinclair's "Beatrice" we had good proof that there are writers among us, able and willing to turn our imaginative literature to good account—able and willing, we should say, to fight the Tractarian party with their own weapons. And now we rejoice to perceive, that this heavy blow is to be followed by a very shower of other blows, dealt, we doubt not, with equal vigour, though with a less imposing display of force. Miss Sinclair has just sent forth the first of a series of monthly works, under the title of "Common Sense Tracts," which promise to do good service in a good cause. She has gone at once straight to the point in the *libellus* now before us, which bears the name of "The Curate and the Priest." It is supposed to contain the journals of a Protestant curate and a Popish priest, printed page for page opposite to each other. Without any over-colouring or exaggerated drawing, the contrast is very effectively preserved; and the Appendix clearly shows that the writer does not paint from imagination.

But it is not of the works of fiction, written with an avowed or unmistakable object, that we purpose solely, or even mainly, to write. We intended rather to dwell upon the fact that, in the ordinary light literature of the day, there are signs manifest that the state of the priesthood in England, is engaging largely the thoughts of English writers at the present time. Scarcely a novel issues from the press, in which a minister of the gospel of some denomination does not occupy a conspicuous place, and travellers step aside from their descriptions to comment upon the state of the church. The authoress of "Ruth," and the authoress of "Castle Avon," have each given us an elaborate specimen, the one of a dissenting minister, the other of a priest of the Anglican establishment. Nay, in "Castle Avon" we have three priests—



the Dean, Mr. Gorhambury (the incumbent), and Mr. Lovell (the curate). The Dean is an easy-going ecclesiastic, who fares sumptuously every day; the incumbent is a base, bad man, shrinking from no kind of wickedness; the curate, *who has once been a captain in the army*, is all that a minister of the gospel should be,—earnest, self-denying, his heart in his work, making large sacrifices of self, and never forgetting the great fact, that “the poor ye have always with you.” At last this Mr. Lovell falls a victim to his Christian zeal. A cruel fever, caught in the habitations of the poor, utterly prostrates him. He does not die,—he lives on for a time, a sort of life-in-death or death-in-life; but the sacrifice is even more complete than if he had gone at once to his rest. Nothing can be more clearly marked out, than the contrast between this poor curate and the wealthy ecclesiastics under whom he laboured and suffered so unceasingly. What the purpose of the writer may have been we know not; but how significant is the account given of the antecedents of their lives. The indolent, careless churchmen, looking only to the revenues of the establishment, had been “bred to the church.” The self-denying curate *had been a captain in the army*. The former had donned the sacerdotal robe as a matter of convenience; the latter had entered upon the holy office, heart and soul, from the strength of his convictions. The former had, from their boyhood, been marked for the priesthood; the latter had turned his thoughts towards the ministry in mature manhood. In the one case it was altogether a family arrangement; in the other it was the result of the inner stirrings and promptings,—the earnest longings of a regenerated heart. Out of which seed is more likely to spring a really spiritual ministry? Are they who serve God, day and night in the temple, to be found mostly among those who are marked for the church from their boyhood, or among those whom their own hearts will not suffer to keep away from the ministry of Christ?

We need hardly indicate the answer which will suggest itself to almost every mind. This training for the church, as at present established, this matter of university education with its “little go’s” and “great go’s,” its commons and wine-parties, its gown-and-town rows, its profligacies and extravagances, does not contribute much towards the perpetuation of an earnest and devoted gospel ministry. It is a thing arranged at an early period of a man’s, or rather of a boy’s, life. It is often a question merely of £ s. d., in the beginning, in the middle, and in the end. If Mr. Simpson’s business is prosperous, Harry Simpson will be “sent to college.” If there be a chance of church-preferment some day, if Harry’s uncle, the dean, has a prospect of the lawn sleeves, Harry will “go into the church.” He may be a scamp and a dunce, he may have the lustre of more school-floggings upon him than any of his contemporaries, and may be proctorised more frequently at “Ox-bridge” than any man of his term; he may be plucked once or twice during his career, and take his degree at last with difficulty, his tastes may run towards nothing better than horses and hounds, gin-twist, and *buona-robas*. Still he is to “go into the





with no especial right to take upon themselves the duties of counsel and consolation, how much more mightily do the "house-goings" of the Christian minister, the visits of the shepherd to the flock, the visits of one duly authorised and appointed to administer to the wants of the poor and the afflicted, to comfort, to counsel, and to aid them, contribute to the outward happiness and the inner weal of the people committed to his care.

There are, doubtless, many ministers of the English church to whom it is both a pride and a pleasure to be intimately acquainted with their parishioners,—who are familiar with all their persons and all their circumstances,—who are continually moving among them, continually visiting their homes, taking the liveliest interest in all their affairs, and always, in some way or other, contributing to the happiness of the poor. Such a minister makes a church-going people; and he makes a moral people. Wherever the morals of a parish are frightfully low, we may be sure that there is a sinfully negligent priest. Where the old men leave their homes to regale themselves at the beer-shop,—where the young men drink much, and swear much, and are continually brawling with each other,—where the young women fall into evil ways almost while they are yet children, we may be sure that the parson is one of those indolent, apathetic, unregenerated men, who have "gone into the church" for a livelihood, who have "mistaken their profession," who preach once a week a lifeless sermon, read the lessons with becoming emphasis, live comfortably at home, go abroad in their carriages, and consider the poor utterly a bore. We are afraid it must be admitted that there are such pastors in our church.

Can we wonder, then, that in many places dissent thrives mightily amongst us? The Church of England is not the people's church, but it wants little to make it so. It is, at present, too stately and artificial; too formal and exclusive. It wants something more of geniality and diffusiveness to render it really potential with the poor. It is not the fault of the church herself, that in many places the people flock to the dissenting chapel. Wherever there is a really earnest and spiritual ministry, wherever the minister is a house-going minister and truly loves the poor, the church carries everything before her. It is want of earnestness in the ministers of the Anglican faith, that weakens the power of the church over the hearts of the people. Such a man as Mr. Benson, the dissenting minister in the novel of "Ruth," would be sure to carry the people with him, against any sleek apathetic churchman, wrapping himself up in his exclusiveness and caring nothing for the poor. But Mr. Benson would have been still more powerful if he had had the prestige of the establishment on his side, and with it the learning of the schools.

There is another aspect in which the supineness of the Anglican church is to be viewed. We talk of the *apostolic* character of the church, but do we consider the meaning of the word? Is the Church of England an apostolic, or *sending-forth* church; are the great *sent-forths*, who preach the gospel to all nations,

mainly the emissaries of the Church of England? Even in our colonies does the Church of England take its apportioned place? We hear much about "Colonial Bishoprics" in these days. There seems from some quarters to be a constant cry for more bishops, or overlookers; and yet where are the ministers whom they are to be sent out to overlook? Take, for example, the case of Canada. Here is the testimony of a good member of the church, speaking in sorrow, not in anger, of her short-comings in the North American settlements:—

"Hitherto the inhabitants have chiefly received their religious instruction through various branches of dissent, whose ministers have shown much zeal and attention in supplying instruction to an increasing and pastorless population. In our peculiar situation we must feel grateful for Christians of any kind, living as we do in a land of spiritual dearth. Why have we been hitherto so deserted and forgotten, while the 'living waters' refreshed so abundantly our native land? It was not so in those glorious primitive times, when, during the grievous persecutions of the church, the banishment of the teachers of Christianity only spread the word on every side, when churches and schools rose in the deserts, whither the pastors had been exiled. Why in receiving the apostolic doctrines of these devoted men, have we not followed their examples, as well as received their precepts? It is a certain fact, that few persons dissent from the pure apostolic doctrines of the Church of England, while many do from those of her ministers. Yet it is certain, that a really good pastor of the church is venerated and esteemed as the very perfection of the Christian character. The affections of the English people still naturally cling to their clergy. It is only when chilled by neglect, or left unvisited in sickness or calamity, that the parishioner leaves his church because his minister has first left him. Yet the assertion still holds true, that 'a house-going minister makes a church-going people,' and we trust that the destined pastors of our wilderness, will visit our people in their homes as well as preach to them in their churches." \*

All this is, doubtless, very true, both as respects the mother-country and the colonies. The deficiencies of the English church are the strength of the dissenting congregations:—

"Much good would result from the clergymen of our establishment itinerating from place to place, taking up their abode in private houses, where they would always be honoured guests, and preaching and reading prayers during their sojourn. A real necessity exists for their performing such charitable missions, till the scattered villages get churches and ministers of their own. To show the need of such itineration, I need only state that my own county of Peterborough, containing eighteen townships, possessed only three churches to supply the wants of a population, which, at the last census, numbered more than 27,000 souls, and which now would amount, from emigration and increase, to nearly 30,000."

"In all these townships," adds Major Strickland, "there are many dissenting chapels of various denominations." And in their part of his work he more emphatically says.—

"Though I had been several months a resident in Guelph, I had neither heard a clergyman of the Established Church. Why are we always sending labourers into the vineyard? No sooner does a small village, with a mill, a blacksmith's shop, and a few houses spring up in the country, than you find a Presbyterian, Methodist, or Baptist church, or, perhaps, a school established there immediately. No wonder, then, that our church is losing its influence, and so little energy is displayed either in building churches, or sending forth zealous men to preach the gospel."

For Strickland's "Twenty-Seven Years in Canada."



We shall have something to say presently about this. But first we must follow Major Strickland's narrative a little further, and draw from it an illustration of the character of the dissenting ministry of the backwoods:—

"The first person I heard preach in Guelph was a tailor, who had made a professional visit to the city, and who had the reputation of being considered a very eloquent man. Due notice having been given, a large congregation assembled to hear Mr. H., who, to do him justice, was eloquent enough, though his sermon was all in his own praise from beginning to end. He said that he had once been a great infidel and an evil liver; but that now he was converted, and as good as he formerly had been wicked. And he hoped that all his hearers would take example by him, and do as he had done; forsake the crooked paths and steadfastly follow the straight. This autobiographical discourse, of which he was the hero, was at length over, and Mr. C., a brother snip, invited him to dinner. I was also honoured with an invitation, which my curiosity impelled me to accept."

The Major then proceeds to give an account of the feast:—

"I found that the party consisted of a magistrate and his wife from E—, the mad doctor, and Mr. Y., one of the company's clerks. Our host, tailor No. 1, took the head of the table; the preacher, tailor No. 2, sat at the foot. The dinner itself was quite a professional spread, and consisted of a fine fat roast *goose* at the top and another at the bottom, a large dish of *cabbage* in the centre, and a plate of hard dumplings on each side. Mr. Y., who sat opposite, gave me such a comical look when the second *goose* made its appearance, that I found it impossible to suppress my risibility, which, unfortunately for me, exploded just as the preacher, who, of course, mentally consigned me to perdition, commenced a long grace. But if the governor himself had been present, I do not think that I could have restrained my inclination to laugh."

This has properly more to do with tailors than with ministers; but we have an object in quoting it. What follows is also to the point:—

"The dinner was certainly excellent of its kind, and in a new settlement where nothing but salt-pork and beef could be obtained, I might with truth say, that it was a great treat. After the cloth was removed, it was proposed by the magistrate's lady, that the company should sing a hymn. Upon which the mad doctor, who was considered the most pious, as well as the most scientific singer of the company, sang like an owlingale, Pope's celebrated lines:—

" 'Vital spark of heavenly flame—  
Quit—oh! quit this mortal frame.'

"I am ashamed to say that I was obliged to stuff my handkerchief into my mouth to keep from laughing outright; and no wonder, for I never heard such an insane howling in all my life."

The first thought which, in all probability, this story will suggest, is that little benefit can be derived from the presence of a ministry surrounded by an atmosphere of ridicule, rather than of solemnity—a ministry whose antecedents and present environments engender no feelings of respect. Christianity, it will be said, was here dishonoured. All this preaching and psalm-singing tended only to laughter. Looking merely at this fact, the reader may conclude that Major Strickland's examples but ill-support his arguments—that the country is better without any ministry at all, than one suggestive of such irreverent associations. But we see only in this another proof of the necessity of increased exertion on the part of the established church. Such dissenting preachers as these

would have little chance of gathering large congregations around them if there were educated ministers in the field, spiritually zealous as well as intellectually enlightened. It is true that some of the great first preachers of Christianity had little of the learning of the schools—they were uneducated men, of lowly industrious callings—fishermen and tent-makers—but a supernatural agency worked through them; miracles were performed by and for the apostles; and they appealed for the most part to men in a ruder state of society. It is certain at least, in these days, that even among the poorest and most illiterate people, an educated priesthood, *cæteris paribus*, will have more weight than one composed of men with like attainments to their own. What truth is there in the remark of the old servant in the novel of "Ruth," who, a church-woman herself, serves the dissenting minister, and says admiringly of him, "He preaches sermons sometimes—I make no doubt there was as grand a sermon in yon paper-book as ever we hear in church; I've heard him pray uncommon fine, quite beyond *any but learned folk!*" She dearly loved and deeply admired her master; but there was an instinctive feeling within her, ever whispering that he wanted *something* only possessed by "learned folk."

We plainly perceive the difficulty that lies in the way of such an adjustment as would secure to our Anglican system all that is excellent in itself and all that is to be commended and imitated in the working of dissent. Education is a great thing. But education for the church is very highly-priced (Heaven knows that it ought not to be!), and men who have been expensively educated for the church, look, you may be sure, for a living, not for a starving; they seek ease, and competence, and a gentlemanly way of life. The church is, indeed, "a gentlemanly profession;" and men who have been bred to it, that is, who have gone to expensive schools, and graduated at Oxbridge, are not very likely to rejoice in the thought of itinerating in the backwoods of Canada. Something of a compromise is wanted. There is surely something between the costly education of the universities and the no-education of illiterate tailors and cobblers. We have no desire to lower the test of qualification. We cannot see why a man, without the proper qualification, should be suffered to preach the Gospel, any more than he should be suffered to practise the law or administer to the sick; but the narrow exclusiveness of the test is altogether another matter. All the learning of the country is not locked up in two collegiate towns. But as long as the Anglican system is based upon the hypothesis that it *is*, such complaints as those uttered by Major Strickland will find expression in the literature of the day.









ASPEN COURT,  
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Story of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER VIII.

MR. BERNARD CARLYON GOES A FISHING.

THE light filled the room, and what had been impressive became common-place, and what had been mysterious looked ridiculous, as often happens in the moral as well as the physical world, when we are vouchsafed any sudden and complete enlightenment. The three girls and Carlyon were in a formal, oak-paneled chamber, scantily furnished, with numerous shelves around it, on some of which were broken retorts, blackened crucibles, jars, portions of galvanic batteries, tubes, cracked glasses, and other chemical *débris*. An old brass-clamped cabinet and the high-backed arm-chair, occupied by the ghastly object, now shorn of all its effectiveness, were, with the table on which a few books were scattered, the principal contents of the apartment.

Carlyon threw open the window, and then hastened to raise poor little Amy from her kneeling position.

"Surely," he said cheeringly, "you do not mean to be frightened by that set of surgery-boy's playthings. The owner had no business to leave them here, certainly, and we will put them away for him, or we will send them after him in a parcel, won't we? Come, Amy dear," he continued, in a tone of playful reproach, "this is sad cowardice in one of the heiresses of Aspen."

"Oh! I wish we had never come to Aspen," sobbed Amy, opening her eyes, but taking piteous care that her glances should fall upon her sisters, and away from the spot where her instinct told her the vision of terror was still to be seen. "That dreadful thing will sit by my side in my dreams, and some day—and some day—" and her sobs stifled her utterance.

"And some day," urged Carlyon gently, "you will laugh at it for pretending to be a terror, when it is only some dusty old bones tied together by wires, and dressed in the rubbish of a masquerade shop, and then it will tumble all to pieces out of your dreams, as it shall do now in two minutes, out of the chair, if you will just let your sister support you while I see to it."

"Then you do not think," said Emma, in an under tone, "that he—that it has been sitting there ever since he died—the hat is a cavalier's—I mean that he did not die there and never was discovered until we—"

"No, that cannot be," said Kate, who, though still very white, had recovered her self-possession; "look at that book on the table, it is 'Johnson's Dictionary.'"

"Just so," said Bernard, looking at the speaker with considerable admiration, "that is the way to deal with mystifications. But I will convince you even more completely, in a moment, if Amy will release me," for the still agitated girl clung to him convulsively, and could hardly be induced to transfer her clasp to Emma. "There! now for our spectre."

And approaching the skeleton, he removed the hat, lifted the legs from the boots, which he pushed away in different directions, brought down the beckoning arm, and, finding that the figure had been carefully secured by ligatures so as to preserve its attitude, he cut them away, and the human scaffold subsided helplessly into the arm-chair.

"It is rather for Amy's sake than for yours that I am doing this," he observed; "it may be well that she should see what a very common-place contrivance has terrified her. You see it is all wired, and was probably borrowed from some surgeon's cabinet, in order to be set up here. And he removed the skull, and doubled up the skeleton on the table. Carlyon then sat down in the chair vacated by the apparition, and begged Amy to look round.

Slowly, and urged by the affectionate entreaties of her sisters, Amy brought herself to note the heap of bones on the table, and after a shudder she gazed steadily at them. But the next moment her gaze fell upon Bernard, who occupied the seat in which the skeleton had been, and who, unconsciously, had taken nearly the same attitude as that in which the figure had been placed. Her eyes dilated and she uttered a wild cry.

"Oh! worse, worse—come out, come out, come out!" and she broke into an hysteric passion, followed by violent weeping.

"If mamma were here," said Emma, looking very much distressed.

"I suppose she must know," said Kate, "or else it would be pleasant to keep this from her, for a little while at least, for she is not well, and ought not to be vexed on the first day of her arrival. We would tell it her afterwards as an adventure. But Amy's poor eyes will betray all; and then your white cheeks, Emma. What do you think, Mr. Carlyon?"

"If it were possible to save Mrs. Wilmslow any vexation," said Bernard, "and you thought I could assist in any way—let us think. Your sister is calmer now; what would an hour in the fresh air do towards bringing back all your complexions? There must be some way out from this part of the house, so that you might avoid the hall. I wonder what there is beyond this room. Shall we see?"

"I hope we shall make no more discoveries," said Kate, a little tremulously.

"At any rate I will be the pioneer," said Bernard, crossing to a door on the further side of the room. "I told you how I had to



break in at a window on this wing; it would have been curious if I had selected this room for my entry."

"How glad I am that you did not," said Emma, earnestly. "You would have seen the horrid thing through the window, started back, lost your footing, and fallen down upon the stone pavement. Oh! I am so glad you did not. How dreadfully cruel and wicked it was to set it up here."

"Something tells me, as they say in novels, I mean, though, that I think it most probable, that some day I shall have an opportunity of making that observation to the person himself," said Carlyon quietly, "in which case I shall remember Amy's terror, though I hope she will have forgotten it. This door is locked, but I think I can force it."

But Kate's quick eye, now that she had regained her composure, caught sight of a glimmer of metal on the table. One of the books had been placed tent-fashion over a large bunch of keys. The contriver of the apparition had obviously brought them there in order to increase the chance of a visit to that apartment.

"So, the keys," said Bernard. "It was determined, you see, that we should come here before getting into the rooms in the gallery. The right of first search is with you. Will you begin here?"

But Kate shook her head, and Carlyon proceeded to try the keys, and at length the lock gave way. The girls drew back, half expecting some second frightful appearance, but when the door was opened there was seen but a well-lighted landing, from which a narrow stair led down to the lower floor. At the foot of the staircase, as Bernard had expected, was a small strong door, which let them out into the grass-covered garden.

"This part of our domain seems dreadfully neglected," said Emma, delighted with the ample plot before them, "but we are great horticulturists, and we must take it in hand. This grass must be mown close, and—Amy, dear child, what *is* it?" she exclaimed, as Amy threw herself into Kate's arms, and pointed at some object from which she averted her face. They followed the direction of her finger.

"Her nerves are terribly shaken," said Bernard; "she has caught sight of that statue of Phocion, and fancied it into another terror. I fear every place will be haunted for her for some little while."

"I see that we shall not be able to keep it secret," said Kate, regretfully. "Amy is alternately hot and cold, and too ill for any one to overlook the signs, and mamma least of all. Do you bring her in, and I will go on and prepare mamma."

"But you need not go back the same way," said Carlyon, considerably, "I can bring you round to the front."

"Do, do take Emma and Amy that way," said the spirited girl. "I am not at all nervous now," and she tripped back to the door. Whether her good little heart did not beat fast, as she re-entered, alone, the apartment of the skeleton, whether she looked straight before her as she passed through, or risked a glance at the chair,

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among the rest—that one might almost suppose that the designing contrivers did not care how many hours the head of the family might spend there. And as for the details of domestic administration, I do not think it can be necessary to say how cleverly and sensibly Jane managed them, or how speedily as charming a *ménage* was organized as her means permitted, or as could indeed be desired in the retirement to which the family was destined. Jane herself was for the time more completely happy than she had been, poor thing, for many a long year, and she thought that if, while their resources were nursing up, she could obtain the assistance of an accomplished governess in completing the education of her daughters, and could manage to keep some little ponies, extravagant woman, for their use, and if Mr. Molesworth would let her know exactly how much money she might calculate upon, and at what times it would arrive, she should have nothing to do but be thankful, that, after so many shipwrecks, she had got into a quiet port at last. *Dieu dispose.*

As for the Ambassador himself, it was quite delightful to see what a change was wrought upon him by his changed circumstances. He became almost bearable. He flew into very few passions in the course of the day. Even if he could not see his boothooks at the moment he wanted them, or his cigar-match missed fire, or the water in his little grog-kettle delayed to boil, he really swore very mildly, considering the provocation; and was so amenable to reason as to admit that his wife might not be exactly in fault in the matter, beyond her keeping such somethingly stupid servants, who could not remember a something they were told, and be somethinged to their idiotcy. Then he got himself a spade, and set to work to dig the garden, a capital occupation, which he pleasingly varied by chopping into instalments all the long worms he turned up. He bought an unfortunate dog from the village, and devoted himself very sedulously to teach it conjuring tricks, and for three days the girls were made very unhappy by its howls under his flogging, but on the fourth it bit him, so he hanged it, partly in wrath, and partly in fear lest it should some day go mad, and he should thereupon become so too, for the gallant ex-captain's philosophy hardly comprised the latest improvements. And Carlyon having procured a fishing-rod, the master of Aspen borrowed it, and wasted a good deal of time and oburgation upon the impracticable fishes of the Severn, but paying little regard to the advice of the "Complete Angler" (except as to "avoiding small liquors, especially water"), he did not do much in aid of the Aspen larder, and rather ill-naturedly insinuated "silver hooks," while Mrs. Wilmslow was actually helping him to slices from the victims of the more skilful Bernard's cob-flies and red hackles. He yawned about the house a good deal, shouted and roared along the gallery and in the hall, with no particular motive, pushed one of the red-armed servant girls into the little pool in the garden, and nearly quarrelled with Carlyon for declining to order down a billiard-table. But altogether Henry Wilmslow, humanized in the quiet and wholesome

life of the country, and considering how utterly devoid he was of mental resources, and how dependent he had always been upon theatres, gambling-houses, billiard-rooms, and other estimable establishments, for his means of killing time, he behaved a good deal better than certain personages in this story expected he would do.

Miss Emma and Miss Kate were very exultant in their new sphere. They saw their mother happy, or at least cheerful and content, and that was an immense thing for them. And then they found never-ceasing occupation in the great house and noble garden; and they experienced a sense of freedom and comfort which had been denied them in the confined homes in which their earlier life had been passed. They grew fresher and prettier every day, I believe. It is not for me to say how they amused themselves, or what families of pets they gathered round them; for though I might mention the doves, and the rabbits, and the owl that came down the chimney, and the fawn that Carlyon bought from a gamekeeper, and the young peacock respectfully presented by red Martha's aunt, and the kittens which belonged to the lean wild cat that lived in the hole of a tree behind the house, I should forget at least as many other in-door pensioners of the young ladies of Aspen. It was some time, however, before poor little Amy, formerly the lightest-hearted of all, recovered her old spirits, and entered into her sisters' pursuits with the zeal natural to her. If the occasion had not been matter for regret, it would have been charming to see the continuous and self-denying affection with which the elder girls tended the younger one, and how earnestly and delicately they strove to win her interest for their own innocent pleasures. Until Amy was well enough to join their walks, their gardening, or their little excursions, not the brightest day, not the most tempting ramble, could keep Emma's blue eyes or Kate's brown hair far from Amy's pillow. It was pretty to watch them in their daily attempts to enlist their sister's regards for some favourite or other — how Emma would insist on the fawn's accomplishments being recognized by Amy, while Kate was pathetic in her appeals in favour of the owl, because she declared it resembled herself — and how Amy was implored to get well while the ring-dove was sitting, because it was imperatively necessary she should see it, but the cage must not be moved. And when Amy did get well, and join them, at first with a sort of timidity, but with a gradually increasing enjoyment, I do not believe that these two foolish young ladies had an idea of being happier than when they were bringing out the roses on the cheek of their little pet sister. I have already had to apologize for some of the people in my story, and I rather think I shall have to apologize for them all before I have done; but what can I say for these Wilmslow girls, except that it was not their fault that they had not lived in a world where they might have become "fast," and have had stair-case flirtations, and have cracked French *bon-bons* with French morals inside, and have taken a good deal of champagne, and have had clandestine meetings, and "letters left at the pastry-



cook's," and have been spoken of familiarly by evil young gentlemen at the club, who would, approvingly, have called them "larky." I am sorry they are so slow, but I trust we shall get into livelier company before long.

Bernard remained at Aspen. Having written to Mr. Molesworth to know when he should return to town, he received a brief reply from Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge, stating that a remittance had been lodged to his credit at a bank in Bristol, and that he was to write again when that was exhausted. It is not probable that he found life at Aspen very disagreeable, though the Ambassador was not precisely the host he would have desired; but it was always pleasant to hear Jane Wilmslow's voice, and the girls liked Bernard exceedingly. No one seemed to think his prolonged visit a strange affair; the documents in the muniment-room were a sort of excuse for his stay; but, in truth, he was very welcome. To Jane, for his kindness of manner, and for the services he was enabled to render her;—to the young ladies, because they could talk very pleasantly with him, because he had made them an aviary, helped them in Tasso, and given them sound advice as to the education of some squirrels;—to the Ambassador, because, as the latter phrased it, he could talk to Carlyon as a man of the world, and we know what that means when such people as Henry Wilmslow say it. One day, however, the talk in question desperately disgusted the man of the world, and no wonder. It was characteristic of the Ambassador. Carlyon had remarked how much better Amy was looking, and how she was getting over her fright, of which of course Wilmslow had heard the details.

"Ah! master lawyer!" said Wilmslow; "don't do it again, except with the servants or somebody of that sort. You young fellows will be up to your games, and if you had only sent one of those big red-armed wenches into your skeleton's room, it would have been a great lark, but the child could n't stand it."

Bernard, upon this charming little speech, grew so white with wrath and fury, that Mrs. Wilmslow, who had heard it with exceeding pain, actually slipped behind her husband, and held up her finger, unseen by Wilmslow, with an imperative signal to Carlyon to hold his tongue. He instantly, as became a gentleman, mastered his anger by a mighty effort, hastily mustering all the contemptuous thoughts in the world as a further excuse for silence, but he rather glared at the Ambassador, and then left the room.

"The fellow is a helpless fool, as well as a coarse-minded scoundrel," said Bernard, as soon as he got beyond the reach of Mrs. Wilmslow's magnetizing finger. And with this gentle analysis of his host's character, he snatched up his fishing-rod and tackle, and went out of the house,—not precisely the "simple and patient man" which *Venator*, in the immortal Walton, had "always looked that an angler should be."

## CHAPTER IX.

## MR. BERNARD LARLYN AND HIS FISHING-ROD.

LARLYN came to the river at as hasty a pace as if he were a madman eager to win his line, but the gentle sport had no great effect on his thoughts. None of us like to be completely misunderstood even by those whose understandings we are unchristian enough to despise utterly, but when such people offer us patronising advice we do, at least while young, run a risk of losing our temper. However, there are few things like a brisk walk in the open air restoring to us our calm and proper contempt for our enemies. Mr. Bernard proceeded with a springy walk, and an occasional flourish of the sheath containing the joints of his rod, and he convinced himself that it really did him honour that Mrs. Wimslow should appreciate him, and that her husband should not. He thought he should, once in his life, be charged with a brutal assault upon a pretty little confiding child—and then he indulged in some theological speculations as to the reason why children at Wimslow were permitted in this world.

He went across the lawn and in the direction of a small copse which might be called a coppice, which stood on the edge of the lawn, and through which was the shortest way to the river. He had several times been fortunate in finding the river there, but the trees were leafless, but their trunks were a dense mass of underwood, and a slightly worn path led from a small gate in the iron fence to the edge of the lawn, rather than divided it. He reached the clump of trees, and then he was out of sight of the mansion, and he took each their own various ways. Bernard turned to his left, where the path was less beaten than elsewhere, and sprang briskly forward, perhaps, in expending the surplus of his energy upon the Ambassador, but which he did not know.

As he went, the March breeze blowing somewhat strong, he noticed that he heard voices at no great distance, and a coarse, derisive laugh came



was a group of three persons. Two of these were men. The taller was a lean, muscular man, dressed in that mingled costume of gamekeeper, poacher, and tramp, which any one who has lived in an agricultural district will instantly recognise with the aid of those words. His frayed velveteen jacket was not in holes, and his discoloured hat was far from being in bad condition, but it was the grey stockings and the ankle-boots, where gaiters should have been, which told the experienced eye that it, or that of the rural police, ought to be kept upon the fellow. The other man was shorter and stouter, wore a smock-frock, and a slouch hat, and his dirty face and flattened nose had a sort of comic stolidity. The keen black eyes of the taller man, and his dark, fleshless face, bespoke the superior intellect. It was obviously not he who had laughed.

The third member of the group was a young lady, over whose singular loveliness Carlyon had little time to pause. She wore a plain blue cloth dress, which lent itself to her exquisite figure, and a small low hat, which had fallen back from her head, left a profusion of golden curls in some disarray. This Bernard noted at a glance, and some reminiscence of one of Guido's sweet saints may have flitted across his mind at the instant, but he could not wait to fix it. She was standing, an overturned camp-stool and a sketch-book on the ground showed her occupation, and that she had been rudely disturbed in it. A slight silver chain was round her neck, and to it was affixed some object clasped by the lean brown hand of the taller man—one of the white hands of the young lady herself sought to keep the chain together, and to prevent his jerking it away. Carlyon's approach had not been heard, the wind blowing from the group, and as he came upon it, the backs of the two men were towards him.

She did not seem terrified, but was earnestly entreating that the ornament might not be taken from her. She had offered them ten times its value, and she held out a little bead-sprinkled purse in the hand which was not upon the chain. At the moment of Carlyon's arrival the shorter man dexterously snatched the purse from her hand, and met her look of surprise and entreaty with another of the laughs which had caught the ear of Bernard. He looked at the sheath of rods he held, which made no light weapon.

"Two to one," he said between his teeth, "so the one need not go through the fencing salute."

The sheath waved in the air, the lady uttered a cry, and the taller ruffian, felled by a tremendous and well-aimed blow on the side of his head, dropped on the ground before her, actually snapping the chain as he went down. Carlyon, seeing that one enemy was safe, advanced upon the other, who, awakening to a lively sense of his position, turned to run. It was the worst thing he could have done, for, light and active as was Bernard, the stout rustic, had he closed, would have been an awkward antagonist. But in mere agility he was no match for Carlyon, especially being encumbered with his smock frock, and, after the briefest race, a stroke on the leg brought him headlong on the

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"Hold your canting tongue," cried the greatly scandalized Carlyon, giving the penitent a shake. "You've been in gaol to some purpose, I see, and you shall be back again in another hour. But," he said, addressing the lady, "as your purse is here, and the ornament, which I will take in a moment from that fellow's grasp—is there anything else which they have taken?"

"Nawt, whatsoever," said the prisoner, "which is as true as a mile of Bibles."

"There is nothing else," said the young lady; "pray release this man."

In an instant Bernard withdrew his hand, and as instantly the prisoner sprang off, and rushed away at his best speed, tucking up his smock-frock as he fled, and speedily gaining a distance which would have rendered him safe even had Carlyon thought of chasing him.

But Bernard had no thought for him, or indeed for anything but the beautiful girl before him, and what he could say or do to improve his position with her. And usually ready and self-possessed as he was, he actually hesitated over his words, thought of three or four forms of speech, and having chosen one, decided that it was the worst, and kept convincing himself, and making himself uncomfortable with the conviction, that he was being awkward, or too forward, or too shy, or anything but what he wished to be. Yet why he should have felt embarrassed it seemed hard to say. A gentler face than looked on him, a sweeter voice than thanked him for his chivalry, could not have been found. A delicately fair complexion, regular, but soft features, eyes—nobody can ever describe eyes—but the foolish phrase of "melting blue" is as near as we are likely to get, and it is a foolish phrase, for these eyes could sparkle,—a flush which went and came like a rosy shadow,—and then all those light and silky curls, falling from the perfect little head,—a symmetrical figure, rather above the ordinary height, and the snowy hands, of which mention has been made, these were among the charming things which seemed to suspend Mr. Bernard Carlyon's powers of fluent utterance, just when he most required them. It may be that his hesitation served him better than a flood of words might have done, and at any rate, one of the prettiest smiles in the world, which finished Carlyon's business for ever and ever, seemed to imply that, at all events, while stammering out his regrets, and his hopes, and his inquiries, with a raised colour and an earnest face, he was giving no very serious offence.

When I look back upon this last paragraph, and see what an important moment in the life of Bernard Carlyon is thus recorded, I begin to doubt whether I ought not to cancel what I have written, and say the same thing with less levity, appending some metaphysical dissertations upon the influence thus suddenly exercised upon the young man's being. Also, I see that I have thrown away a good opportunity of using a great many adjectives and epithets full of "colour," which I might have employed in stating not only what this young female person did resemble, but what





your name, that I had chanced to arrive here, I hope you will believe that I am using no words of compliment, in saying that I feel deeply honoured in having been able to render Miss Trevelyan this slight service." He spoke from his heart, and his voice was earnest, but not calm.

"If you will be so ceremonious," said the lady, "I must prepare a pretty speech in reply, for which you must give me time, because — Ah!" she exclaimed, "I am forgetting this poor man, while I laugh;" and she hastened to the fallen robber, whom Bernard had placed against a tree, and who was now giving symptoms of returning animation.

"I will attend to him," said Carlyon; "he shall be taken into the house. Let me restore what he endeavoured to take from you." And forcing open the man's still clenched hand, he took from it a small golden crucifix, to which the severed chain was fastened.

"I regret," he said, presenting it to Miss Trevelyan, "that it should have been profaned by his ruffian clutch."

"Do not say that," said Lilian, becoming very serious. "Do you observe what it is?"

"Surely," replied Carlyon.

"Will you tell me what you call it?"

He looked a little surprised, but answered,

"A Christian symbol. Something more, I believe, to some Christians."

"But to yourself? Speak to me frankly."

"A work of art," he replied. A slight shudder passed through Lilian Trevelyan, which he observed, and instantly added, "If I have learned to see nothing more in that which you hold, and you would have me see more—"

"Ah! silence," said Lilian, imploringly. "You do not know of what mysteries you are speaking so lightly."

"I know, at least," said Bernard, "that I would speak or think lightly of nothing which you hold dear." It was very early in their acquaintance for him to make this strong declaration, but he had been a little surprised into it by seeing that he had given her pain.

"It would be for your good if I held you to that pledge," said Lilian, without the slightest hesitation, or coquetry. "But when I tell you that I am one of those Christians to whom you allude as seeing more in this symbol than others do, that, in a word, I am a Catholic, you will be grateful, perhaps, that I am not a proselytiser. But do not let us speak on such matters—at least, not now."

"Not now." Small words, few letters, but what a mass of comfort did that foolish Carlyon seize from them. They meant that he and Lilian were to meet again, to speak again, to speak seriously, too, which proved—but I suppose we all know this process of growing forests out of mustard-seeds.

"This crucifix," she continued, "is very dear to me, for reasons which, perhaps, ought not to enhance the value of such an object.





"Ah! but perhaps the pony will come here no more, or his mistress either" said Lilian. "But it is very thoughtful of you, and so here is the chain, and you shall be told where to send it to me."

"Or to bring it to you," risked Carlyon, venturously.

"If you like," said Lilian, frankly. "Only you will meet some very strange people if you come."

Carlyon stifled the answer which he felt inclined to make, and replied with due discretion. And accompanying Miss Trevelyan to a cottage at no great distance from a boundary of the Aspen Court estate, but not, as Lilian especially mentioned, upon it, he found the cottager holding an active little Shetland pony, and with difficulty preventing it from eating down the monthly roses from the wall. Bernard privately scoffed at the animal, as all unworthy of such a rider, and thought of the splendid, high-couraged, gentle, shining horse he should like to help her to mount. But he forgave the small Shetlander, for affording him the opportunity of feeling Lilian's little foot upon his hand, as she sprang to her seat. He then wondered whether she was going to shake hands with him, and was greatly delighted when she held out her pretty white warm fingers, and said a few words of thanks and farewell. And then the pony's hoofs went tapping and clattering along the road at a capital pace, and Carlyon, looking earnestly after Lilian, could see her ringlets lightly lifted by the wind as she went away.

He returned towards the clump of trees, pondering many things, and occasionally stopping and meditating leisurely, and then walking fast for a few minutes, and so on, until he came back to the scene of the robbery. To his surprise he found that the thief had taken Dogberry's hint, shown himself what he was, and stolen himself out of the company. He was gone, and Carlyon, not altogether sorry to lose sight of him, concluded that the other rogue had watched for the departure of Lilian and Bernard, and had then helped off his disabled comrade.

## CHAPTER X.

### WHY MR. CHEQUERBENT DID NOT KEEP HIS APPOINTMENT.

MR. PAUL CHEQUERBENT, as hath been shown, duly failed to meet Carlyon at the railway station, on the evening when the latter departed for Aspen Court. Aware of the uncertain habits of Paul, Bernard was not much surprised, but concluding that Chequerbent would, in time, make his appearance, abstained from writing to town until it seemed necessary to do so, especially as he was anxious not to bring another of Paul's misdemeanors under the notice of Mr. Molesworth. But four or five days having passed, and no tidings of Chequerbent having been received, Carlyon wrote to Mr. Lobb, asking him to find out privately whether Paul had suddenly emigrated, or been made a Secretary of State, or fallen through a coal-hole into a cellar, casualties to which all persons are exposed in these strange times.

Lobb wrote in reply that nothing had been heard of Chequerbent at the office, that he had obtained from Linnery (to whom he owed much too large a balance) funds for the journey, and that it seemed probable Paul *had* intended to start, inasmuch as he had made appointments for several small creditors to call on him upon a day, when he knew he should be a long way off, and that such small creditors had called accordingly, and had been particularly savage, one of them, especially, refusing to go away until Mr. Molesworth himself came in, and haughtily ordered the man into the charge of a police-constable, "a case of *Deus intersit*," added Mr. Lobb (a great quoter of Horace), "where the *nodus* was not *vindice dignus*, and which, if not *decies repetita*, has occurred so often that decidedly *non placebit*." This kind of inlaid writing, by the way, is considered remarkably witty by some people, who very properly look contemptuously at hack citations from Shakespeare.

Still Bernard determined, if possible, to avoid getting Paul into any further scrape, and, in writing to Mr. Molesworth, he refrained from any allusion to his absence, each day expecting to welcome him to the haunted muniment-room. But he came not, and there was no letter. Then Lobb was asked by Carlyon to go to Paul's lodgings, but the report thence was, that he had left word that he was going into the country, and had *not* left the amount of the eleven weeks' bills already due, a financial statement which the landlady accompanied with some terse animadversions on such a line of policy, as tending to disturb that confidence, which, as between man and man (leastways, between man and woman, which was, she justly remarked, virtuously the same), so materially promoted a good understanding in this world. Some inquiries at a few of Mr. Paul's favourite haunts produced very similar replies in both respects, a confiding waiter at one of Chequerbent's "houses of call," informing Mr. Lobb that Paul had, on the day of his disappearance, increased his large debt, on the waiter's faith in Chequerbent's statement that he was going off to Gloucestershire to take possession of an estate which had been left him, and on Paul's off-hand intimation that, as he should soon be settling, he should want a butler to look after his wine. It was Paul's way to talk in this manner, and he fancied that the people he deluded for the moment forgot his inventions as fast as he did.

But Paul had not gone after gold, or coals, or received an invitation from his sovereign, not even that indirect one which Carlyon thought might possibly account for his absence. At the moment of promising to join Bernard at the station, Paul actually forgot an engagement to which he had looked forward for weeks, and of which he was reminded immediately afterwards. For ten Aspen Courts he would not have broken it, but it would not do, he knew, to say this in the office. His mind was very fruitful in excuses, and a simple course suggested itself. He would keep his privately cherished engagement, and start for Aspen next day, alleging that he had missed the night-train, in consequence of the



in taking the wrong road, or the horse falling down dead, or of having run off with his portmanteau, or for all three at once, if anybody questioned him. But who would, at Carlyon, and he was safe enough? So Mr. Chequerbent the various arrangements we have heard of from various persons, and laid himself out for a night of joy and a day of rest. For, lightly as Paul had spoken of Mr. Lobb's young lady, and reckless as had been the dogma he had propounded regarding the use of plain girls, he had, in his way, suffered a good deal at the hands of the sex of whom he talked so carelessly. At the present moment, Paul was slave to a very nice girl.

There is "the spot on which Hicks' Hall formerly stood?"

Mr. Peter Cunningham was so good as to make Londoners acquainted with their own city, and to convert a street-lounge into a historical tour, this was one of the insoluble problems, constantly poked at well-informed people, just as poor Sir Egerton Rydges used to ask his friends, "Who was Ida of Hapsburg?" or as Charles Lamb would stave off an infliction of sham enthusiasm about Shakspeare, by demanding very earnestly, "But did wild Halfcan stab Potts?" But we know all about it, and also that from Hicks' Hall came the Clerkenwell Sessions to their present locality, a quarter to which (with all appointments to genteel people) we must go, if we intend to trace the rings of Mr. Paul Chequerbent. In our younger days, the road from Christendom into Clerkenwell lay through a sort of path, bounded by gigantic brewhouses, whose windows were pouring out steaming cataracts of grains, and with its streets terribly crowded with affable and voluble venders of fish, fried fishes, valentines in umbrellas, onions, hot eels, beer, braces, periwinkles, Seven Dials ballads, snapping extinguishers, whey, tracts, and about every other individual article in the world which one would wish to abstain from eating, drinking, or perusing. But a mighty cut has laid Clerkenwell open to the Thames breezes, and nothing more disagreeable than those streets now be encountered in one's way.

About the time when he ought to have been making for Farringdon terminus, did Mr. Paul Chequerbent set forth, bag in hand, for Clerkenwell, and while Carlyon was walking up and down the platform, scrutinizing each new arrival, in expectation of finding his intended travelling companion, the other, in an attic of a large old house, the dingy ways of which he did not know well, was dressing himself with great splendour all about to take place a few floors lower. Standing back from one of the streets near the area of the Sessions House, was a mansion, which had been built in days when people could elbow-room, and around which the meaner houses and shops of the present day clustered and jammed in an ugliness as irregular as a fancied itself picturesque. The large old house held back, the *parvenus* push forward up to the very pathway, and tried to keep its large, dark, grass-grown front-court empty and

useless, in contempt of the costly frontages measured out inch by inch to the plebeian shopkeepers right and left of it. There was its portico, with some tumid fruits and flowers carved in front, and strenuously asserted by a young district-surveyor to be the work of Grinling Gibbons, on the strength of a G. which he discovered cut in one of the pillars,—very ample evidence, indeed, compared with what has assigned many tons of wooden roses to that industrious artist. For the rest, the house had not much to boast of, for the wealthy class of merchants, by one of whose members it had been built, had long abandoned that quarter; and the building, having become successively a school, an auction-warehouse, and an hospital, was finally let in such fragments as might suit the convenience of tenants, whom the owners were glad to get on any terms. This arrangement made the geography of the house rather complicated. A set of milliner sisters had the front room to the left, and the second floor back. The drawing-room floor was occupied by a gentleman who made pickles, and dark stories were current of the sprats that went into those rooms sprats, but came out fine Gorgona anchovies, and of handfuls of halfpence obtained from the churchwardens of the parish, after a collection, to be boiled with the ghirkins, to give them a fine green colour. The second floor right, was a small school, where small children of both sexes came and sat, and sneezed, and shivered in draughts, and looked sadly at one another, and had no pocket-handkerchiefs, and scarcely received as much attention from their sour-visaged mistress, the tipsy wife of an insolvent coal and potato merchant (but then anybody is qualified to keep a school in England) as might be expected for the hebdomadal fourpence. The room on the opposite side of the landing was held by another gentleman, who called himself a bird-fancier, but the discerning Mr. Bishop of Bond Street had once found means to convince a magistrate that Mr. Glink's genius for dog-stealing was not quite uncultivated, and he was also favourably known, at certain sporting taverns in the neighbourhood, as always having a very choice selection of rats ready, at the shortest notice, for any terrier eager to display his talents. The little room behind his was held by a young lady who sang at the Polyhymnia Saloon, and who made great complaints of her neighbours' rats; and another room, between hers and that of the milliners, was the place where a monthly nurse snored, when not snoring in the white arm-chairs of nuptial bowers. Of the attics upstairs it might be more difficult to give an account, they were variously appropriated among the tenantry, and in one them was Mr. Paul Chequerbent, beside his yawning *sac de nuit*, taking a very splendid pink and frilled "dicky" (not unlike those mazily cut Valentines one sees in windows) out of the green leathern leg of his patent leather boot, and congratulating himself that his device had saved this magnificent front from being creased. But why?

Those who have the bump of locality — a euphonious synonym with the power of paying reasonable attention to external objects — will have observed that we have passed one important room in



the house in Spelton Street. But in entering the mansion this would really have been the apartment most difficult to pass; for while the tenants of the other rooms were strictly limited to small announcements of their names and vocations, by means of tiny labels under their respective bells, a large brass plate went claspingly round each pillar of the portico, and apprised the world, in boldly blacked capital letters, that here was situate "Mrs. Sellinger's Dancing Academy." Mrs. Sellinger had fought hard for those monumental brasses, which were at first objected to by all the other tenants, unless they might be allowed to put up their own emblazonments in like manner; but she was a woman of manner and management, and she not only carried her point as regarded the erection of her plates, but successively won over every person in the house to consent to let them remain unaccompanied. How she contrived to do this one can hardly say, but I agree with Mr. Cobden in having a high appreciation of diplomacy: and whether Mrs. Sellinger gave some gratuitous lessons to the excitable young milliners; or got some of her pupils to manage that the ex-small-coal woman should have their little brothers and sisters to neglect, or lent herself to some flirtation between Miss Mazarine of the Polyhymnia, and a certain philandering subscriber to the Academy, who liked to hear himself called "a gallant gay Lothario" (as is natural at forty-five); or obtained such a hold over Mrs. Basnet, the monthly nurse, in connection with an embroidered pocket-handkerchief the latter had annexed, from the drawer of a lady who, at the time, was not nearly so well as could be expected; or vanquished the pickle-merchant by an introduction to an export-house in which Mrs. Sellinger had a cousin; or, finally, subjugated the conscience-stricken rat-merchant by a dashingly delivered threat to have his premises overhauled by the police the next time a dog's whine was heard proceeding thencefrom, is a multifarious interrogatory which none but a Chancery barrister could affect to answer. Nor does it matter—Mrs. Sellinger won her plates.

Mrs. Sellinger was a handsome woman, somewhat tall, with a full figure, bright dark eyes, and a very white skin, so that in black satin or black velvet she was rather irresistible than not. She was good-natured, and very good-tempered, but had a decided manner, which did not invite opposition, and, being something demonstrative and Italian in her gesture, she rather annoyed and frightened young gentlemen at the age when they have lost the ease of a boy and not obtained that of a man; and this is about the period when a youth goes to a dancing-school. But Mary Sellinger was very winning, and when she let her handsome arm rest on yours, and looked at you earnestly when asking any favour—and she never asked anything very unreasonable—I do not see how you could help promising it, and engaging her for the next waltz. There is this to be said. Everybody makes a fool of himself or herself, as the case may be. Some people distribute the operation ever an entire life. Others do it once, but do it effectually. This was Mary Sellinger's way. Her father was a retired





Opera. This gifted artist had providentially discovered the dance at a rural festivity in the very heart of the Black Forest, and, without pausing to jot down the figure, had hurried to several small Grand Ducal Courts with it, where it had created such a *furor* that he was obliged to give midnight lessons to the courtiers, and was even detected in teaching the dance to an archbishop in the organ-loft. Taking exceeding care that the public should know of all this, through wonderful paragraphs in the Continental papers, M. Lycomède made his way to Paris, and having christened his dance by an utterly impracticable German name, bribed a manager to found a *vaudeville* upon it, and a novelist to make it the subject of a series of *feuilletons*, it acquired an unparalleled reputation, and of course became an English necessity. M. Lycomède was teaching it night and day in Charles Street, but he found time to impart it to his sister-professional, Mrs. Sellinger, the more easily that, with a shrug and a whisper, he made her understand that the *Scheinheiligkeit* was merely an old English country-dance, with a slight variation in the order of figures—but there was no necessity for either of them to talk about *that*.

Paul was a great favourite of Mrs. Sellinger's. To speak the truth, he was one of her most aristocratic patrons, for the majority of her pupils and friends resided either in the immediate neighbourhood of Spelton Street, or in the Goswell Street Road and its dependencies, or down somewhere in the city. Necessarily the Sellinger Assembly was a mixed gathering, in which trade was largely represented, chiefly in its retail interest, though three or four gentlemen, of very different ages and figures, who were engaged during the day in keeping accounts in city warehouses, were held to introduce the wholesale element, and Mrs. Sellinger did not forget the fact, when dilating to a new friend on the advantages of her establishment. But Paul Chequerbent lived in the far west, went to the Opera, and spoke as familiarly of the Honourable Jimmies, and Viscount Pollys, as if he knew them a bit better than any of the snobs who used to learn those affectionate nicknames from the "Satirist." And though Paul had not the least business in this world to go to that Clerkenwell dancing-school, seeing that he was by birth and connection entitled to associate with a different class of society, he was very fond of going there, first, because he liked Mrs. Sellinger, for which I do not blame him; next, because he liked to swagger and be lionized, for which I am afraid to blame him, lest I should be supposed to scoff at some other persons; and lastly, and chiefly, because at this period he was very tenderly attached to a young lady, of the minor theatrical profession, who called herself, and incited managers to call her, Angela Livingstone, and against whom the worst thing that could justly be said was, that her parents had christened her Ann, and signed themselves Lump. In this last liking of Mr. Chequerbent's I do not know whether to blame him or not. Miss Livingstone, *née* Lump, was very pretty, and as her talent lay a good deal in the personation of pages, fairies, and other hybrid creations, whose frocks are cut off at their knees, there is no objection





scribers attended very regularly. She knew very well, that on this ball-night Angela would be there: and she knew still better that Paul would, inasmuch as that artful party, as he would have called himself, had requested to be permitted to dress himself up-stairs, and had arrived for that purpose, intending when the festivity should be over, which would probably be prolonged far into the morning, to walk about the streets, with his carpet-bag, until time for the early train for Bristol.

The room filled. Mrs. Sellinger, looking quite Juno-like with her black velvet and white arms, received her guests with a gushing *empressment*, truly comforting to behold. It seemed to make everybody believe, that the evening's *fête* was given for that person's express and exclusive gratification. The less distinguished guests came first, plain and dowdy girls of squab proportions and severity of manner, mostly with dark and high-necked dresses, a lad or two, by no means comfortable, but affecting a grin, and the little girls of the academy, got up with great breadth of sash and stiffness of muslin, but rather given, in their fidgets, to rub the soles of their shoes over the instep of their white socks, to the malignant wrath of their guardians. Mrs. Sellinger had a kind word for them all, and some reminiscences—for she had a capital memory—which was sure to please the person addressed; one she remembered was so fond of the Spanish dance, and they would have it that night, and another must remember how well he waltzed with her, and a third had made quite an impression by his superior *pastorale*, and so on, with variations for the severe girls, who were only severe, one ought to say, from their exceeding awkwardness and discomfort when required to talk, for they danced most conscientiously. Then came more illustrious guests, some of them parents of pupils; and to what good seats, out of draughts, did Mrs. Sellinger induct them, and how she coincided with their opinions on pleasure, education, climate, and creation generally. More young ladies, in clusters, some pretty ones in simple dresses put on well, and some other pretty ones in expensive dresses, ill made. There was variety in costume, too, from the cheap book-muslin to the costly brocade; and in other matters, also, for while divers of the ladies (chiefly, I regret to say, the scraggy ones, but that is always so), were rather frankly *décolletées*, the dresses of others ran up to the very chin, and even had little frills crowning them, so that there might be no mistake at all. There were pleasant young faces there, some shining with undeniable soap and water, and some (with shoulders appertaining) on which violet powder had not been spent in vain. The seats which lined the room became tolerably full, but the ladies had an enormous majority, which was natural, because the *beaux*—I must use the language of the locality—were mostly engaged in their worldly callings until later. But they gradually came in; the proud accountants from the city—the humbler gents from the counter—a fat man in a frock-coat—a tall, thin, grave, grey man in brown trousers—an exceedingly spruce druggist, who would, perhaps, have been pleasant as a partner, but for the smell of the rhubarb





a sort of refectory, and eating and drinking, I beg to use substantial words, for it was no case of trifle and Moet, began early, and went on steadily, more steadily, perhaps, than some of the gentlemen, who, mopping their foreheads with rather coarse Irish cambric, refreshed themselves with much ale, brandy and water, and other light drinks. Nor were the ladies forgotten by those who chose to remember them. All articles were paid for on the instant (a formula rendered necessary by certain excise laws); and those who were bounteous treated their partners, and those who were shabby only led them to their places. Bad luck for a simple youth with one of those shrewd Clerkenwell matrons tacked to his arm. He wanted to set her down without standing something. Did he?

Still Angela Livingstone came not, and Paul's discomfiture was fast completing. He sought to drown his vexation in the revel, and his care in the bowl. He recklessly asked everybody to dance with him—long, short, ugly, pretty; and as regularly took his partner, nothing loath, into the opposite room for refreshment, which, in his case, meant hot brandy and water. Then he would hurry back, and rush through another wild dance, defying all conventionalities, knocking up against other people, and making himself less popular than conspicuous. He had two or three remonstrances addressed to him—a sneer from a haughty accounting clerk—a “Come, Sir, I say,” from a half-demolished counter-jumper, but he heeded them not, and whirled away in his fiery waltz, as if he were in the arms of one of the terrible Night Dancers, and doomed to gyrate until death.

There was a decided ill-feeling in the room against Paul, and even Mrs. Sellinger began to wish he were away; for not only did he persevere in his unseemly dancing, but began to chaff those around him with great audacity. He knew many of them, and unhesitatingly availed himself of his knowledge to address them in epithets which, however amusing to other persons, are esteemed rather injurious by the individual at whom they are hurled across a quadrille. He reminded the spruce druggist that it was his turn to advance with the unhandsome hint of “Now, old Pill-boxes, cut in,” and remarking that the fat man in the frock-coat was stumbling over a troublesome story to Mrs. Sellinger, Paul poked him in the ribs, remarking,

“Proceed, sweet warbler, your tale interests her.” Nor was another couple, who were dancing the Caledonians, much edified by Mr. Chequerbent shouting forth—

“The lady in the cork-screws will now set to the gentleman in the knock-knees.”

Suddenly there was a modest rap at the great door of the house, and, after some delay, Mrs. Sellinger was called out. When she reappeared, Paul was in the middle of a *cavalier-seul* (a figure much liked at the East-end), and was exciting the indignation of the quadrille by his gestures. Hazy with liquid as he had become, he nevertheless saw that Mrs. Sellinger's eye was upon him, and that she intended to speak to him, and he instantly guessed that she had heard of Angela. Without the slightest ceremony, or a

word to his partner, he dashed across the room, and was by the lady's side.

"She's come?" he asked, in an eager whisper.

"Yes, but not to stay; now pray—" but what Mrs. Sellinger was going to pray for was never known. Paul pulled the door open, driving forward a cluster of people who were standing by it, watching the dancers, and rushed out. Yes, in the hall, there was Angela, but with a bonnet and a black cloak. He sprang to her side.

"Oh, my *dear* Paul," she said, "I am so sorry, but it was not my fault. They never gave me notice that the second piece was changed, and that I should have to play to-night, till I got to the theatre, and—"

"Hang the theatre," cried Paul; "I wish it was burned, with the manager, audience, and company, except you. But here you are; better late than never. Off with your bonnet and cloak, and I'll take you in. We'll have a terrific polka. Will you take some refreshment first?"

"I am afraid you have been taking too much, dear," said the pretty girl, shaking her head. "But I can't come in. I hurried off the instant the curtain was down, to explain, for fear you should think me unkind, and now I must go back. I have a cab."

"Go back, not a bit of it," said Paul, vehemently. "Now you are here, you shall stay, and we'll have some fun. Come," and he dexterously removed her bonnet, and, lo! a beautiful wreath in her hair, of silver leaves and green grapes. "Just the identical thing," said Paul, "that will astonish these Clerkenwell snobs and snobbesses."

"I tell you, Paul," said Angela, earnestly, "you are half-wild. I tell you I did not even stop to dress, see." And she opened her cloak for a moment, and closed it laughingly. "Help me to my cab, there's a good child."

"Devil a bit," cried Mr. Chequerbent. "The Apollo dress, and you look lovely in it, and I'll smash anybody that says you don't." And before the poor girl was well aware of his purpose, he removed her cloak, threw it away, drew her arm under his, and making another dash at the door, on the other side of which a faint scream or two made it clear that he had done awful damage, he hurried her into the very centre of the room, a small boy or two being overthrown in his victorious way.

Now the Apollo dress is a very pretty one, and Angela Livingstone looked very pretty in it. But as a young lady does not generally appear at a private ball with a glittering silver tunic not quite down to her knees, and with her legs in fleshings, and with only a shoulder strap on her arm, the sensation created, as the actress, blushing and terrified, was brought under the chandelier, and the room crowded round her, was not precisely favourable. The ladies glanced at her legs, and then looked indignant, and the men, when they found that Paul was the cause of the disturbance, looked more indignant than the mere spectacle would have war-



ranted. As for Mrs. Sellinger, she never lost her presence of mind, and hastened up to the group, intending to turn the affair into a joke, and get Paul and the young lady out of the house as quickly as possible.

But before she could speak, two awkward words had reached Paul's ear. The first I will not write, because it is considered an oath, but it materially increased the force of the second, which was "Ungentlemanly."

"Who said that?" asked Paul, looking fiercely round.

"I, sir," said a stout-built, middle-aged man, apparently a respectable tradesman, who had daughters in the room, and who probably thought they had been humiliated by breathing the same atmosphere with the pretty artist.

"Then you intend to insult this lady," said Paul, not very logically, "through me, who introduced her?"

"I have nothing to say to the *lady*," said the man, laying an impertinent stress upon the noun, "but as for you, I consider that you are neither more nor less than an offensive puppy."

There was a murmur of applause, which showed that some other people approved of this unflattering description of Paul. Angela strove to draw him away, looked appealingly at Mrs. Sellinger, and began to cry. That settled the matter, for the next moment Paul planted so decided a one-two in the face of the last speaker that he went down with an eye that would be black in next to no time, and a nose that did not even ask that brief delay for its manifestation of the vigour of the blow.

The man sprang up, and in his turn assailed Paul, who was a fair bruiser, and the battle promised to be a good one. But women screamed, and men shouted, and there was a rush upon the combatants, and in ten minutes Miss Livingstone was going home crying in her cab; Paul was swearing on his way to the station-house, and Mrs. Sellinger's favourite pupils were dancing the new dance from the Black Forest.

## TURNER AND CLAUDE.

Is Genius a modest maid?  
 A coyly-peeping peering flower?  
 Content, unseen, to bloom and fade  
 With nought but sweetness for her dower?  
 If poet ever so indited,  
 Was poet ever more benighted?

Was great Napoleon diffident?  
 Was Milton blind to mundane glory?  
 Did Luther need encouragement?  
 Was Chatham deemed a bashful Tory?  
 Was Turner (painter much lamented)  
 Through great humility demented?

What time this mighty painter died  
 He willed the nation pictures twain,  
 Provided they were hung beside  
 Two specimens of Claude Lorraine:  
 Or failing this he judged them meet  
 To form a painter's winding-sheet.

That strange old man was passing-proud  
 Who left, with calm premeditation,  
 His finest work to form his shroud,  
 If thwarted by a thankless nation:  
 —A man indulging in such quirks  
 Must, must be wrapped up in his works!

At Charing Cross are duly hung  
 This noble pair of pictures;  
 Some critics have their praises sung,  
 And some have dealt in strictures;  
 Some Turner choose, a few award  
 The laurels to his rival Claude.

Poor Claude! sad victim to the freaks  
 Of "rough and ready" dilettanti,  
 Who scrape and scrub thy ancient cheeks,  
 And then find out thy claims are scanty,  
 So *hung* (to dry) what Institution  
 Could fail to blame thy *execution*?

Rise up,—some ghostly vengeance take—  
 Resume thy brush, assert thy due,  
 The nation's faith thou need'st not break;  
 So prove thyself a *turner* too.  
 Thy works restore, or turn them all,  
 Both thine and Turner's, to the wall!



### DEMETRIUS THE IMPOSTOR.\*

A VALUABLE addition has recently been made to our scanty store of books on Russian history. M. Prosper Mérimée, a writer as distinguished for the solidity of his attainments as for the graceful elegance of his style, after having achieved a great reputation by his works on Roman and Spanish history, has turned his attention of late years to the annals of the Muscovite empire, and the fruit of his researches now lies before us. He has chosen for his subject one of the most romantic episodes in that strange story, and, as he has enriched his narrative with a profusion of those small traits and artistical touches which exhibit the character and peculiarities of a people better than folios of dry detail, he has produced a volume in which the most scrupulous adherence to historical truth is combined with the most striking variety of incident and the most fascinating vividness of description. More than this, a careful perusal of contemporary memoirs and official documents has enabled M. Mérimée to discover and refute the errors into which previous writers on the same subject have fallen; for their vague hypotheses he has substituted incontrovertible facts; and though he has not been able to penetrate the mystery by which the origin of his hero is surrounded, he has at least succeeded in giving a plausible explanation to a most curious and interesting historical problem.

The story of Demetrius the Impostor may be thus briefly outlined. Towards the middle of the year 1603, a young man of about twenty-one years of age, who, according to some writers, was cook, or, according to others, groom, to a powerful Lithuanian nobleman, revealed to his master that he was the Tsarevitch Demetrius, son of Tsar Ivan the Terrible, and the last scion of the Imperial house of Russia. The true Tsarevitch had died in 1591, at the age of ten, during the reign of his brother, Feodor Ivanovitch. It was asserted, that he had pierced his own throat with a knife during an epileptic fit, to which he was known to be subject; but popular rumour affirmed that he had been assassinated by order of Boris Godonnof, the prime-minister of Feodor, who was ambitious to succeed his master on the throne. Indeed, when Feodor, a weak and foolish prince, died without issue in 1598, Boris, who for several years had been, in fact as well as in name, the regent of the empire, was elected Tsar at Moscow. In 1603, when our story begins, he was reigning peaceably, but detested alike by the nobles and the people. He was a wise and able, but suspicious and cruel, despot. He had attached the peasants to the soil by depriving them of the right of changing their residence and master on St. George's-day, an ancient privilege which they had enjoyed from time immemorial. He had condemned, exiled, or ruined nearly all

\* "*Demetrius the Impostor*:" by P. Mérimée.

the boyards of whose talents or ambition he stood in dread. He was endeavouring to repress the wild licence of the Cossacks, who then formed a number of small republics, really independent, but nominally subject to either Poland or Russia. In a word, Boris had succeeded in alienating from himself all classes of the Russian nation by attempting to introduce reforms, which shocked their ancient prejudices.

The moment was well chosen for a revolution. With the name of Demetrius were associated numberless recollections of an ancient dynasty, beloved and regretted by the people. At all times and in all places, the commonalty have found it difficult to persuade themselves that princes die like other men, but at this period, in Russia, the romance of a legitimate prince, miraculously preserved from his enemies by an interposition of Providence, was accredited by a particular circumstance. Boris had given an asylum in his dominions to a Swedish prince, named Gustavus Ericson, who had been persecuted and banished by a usurper. Many Russians had heard Gustavus relate how he had escaped from a hundred attempts to poison or assassinate them; and their familiarity with his story disposed them to believe in other narratives of a similar kind.

The young man who declared that he was the Tsarevitch Demetrius had a wart on his cheek, and one arm shorter than the other, which signs had probably been observed as characteristic of the true prince. He produced, moreover, a golden seal, engraved with the arms of Russia, and an exceedingly valuable diamond cross, which, he said, had been given him, according to Muscovite usage, by his godfather, on the day of his baptism. He related, that his physician, suspecting the designs of Boris, had placed the son of a serf in his bed, and that during the night this unfortunate child had been mistaken by the assassins for the Tsarevitch, and put to death. His physician had first of all conveyed him to the house of a Russian prince, and afterwards placed him in a convent; but the physician and the prince had both been dead for some time, and want had compelled the illustrious exile to enter the service of the Lithuanian palatine. From compromising details the unknown prudently abstained. He seemed well acquainted with Russian history; spoke Polish and Russian with equal facility; had a smattering of Latin; wrote a fair hand; and excelled in all manly and warlike exercises. Two Polish servants, who had been prisoners in Russia, recognized him; and, indeed, they must have been able physiognomists to discern the features of a child of ten years of age in a young man of twenty-two.

The Lithuanian nobles gave the impostor an enthusiastic reception, and he soon acquired wide-spread celebrity. Boris grew alarmed, and committed the egregious fault of attempting to bribe the brave Palatines to deliver up their guest. His emissaries were indignantly dismissed. The impostor demanded the protection of Sigismund the Third, King of Poland, and in order to ensure a favourable reception from that monarch, he began by professing himself a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. The Polish king was exceedingly devout, and it was said of him that "he had lost



earth in order to gain heaven;" in fact, his Swedish subjects had deposed him on account of his endeavours to change their national religion. Demetrius was catechized first of all by a number of Polish Jesuits, and by Monsignor Rangoni, the Pope's nuncio, who appear to have been completely his dupes. He abjured the Greek faith in their presence, but with cautious secrecy, and promised, in a document which has been preserved, to use every effort to extirpate the Oriental schism in Russia. Nor was this all. By other deeds he ceded the province of Severia to King Sigismund, promised to marry Marina Merisgek, the daughter of a Palatine, who had warmly embraced his cause, and bestowed on his future father-in-law the sum of two millions of Polish florins (about 160,000*l.* sterling), payable, of course, when he had regained his ancestral throne. When all these promises had been signed and sealed, he was officially introduced to Sigismund, who acknowledged him to be Demetrius Ivanovitch, assigned him a pension, and allowed him to accept the counsels and services of the Polish gentlemen.

At the same period, great excitement prevailed among the Cossacks of the Dnieper and the Don. A fugitive monk, named Gregory Otrepief, was arousing their hordes to revolt in the name of Demetrius, and entering into communication with the provinces of Southern Russia for the same purpose. This monk, who had left Moscow in 1603, had the well-earned reputation of a worthless drunkard. He was, however, in direct correspondence with the impostor, and acted as his agent among the Cossacks, over whom he exercised much influence.

Boris, greatly alarmed at the reception of the false Demetrius in Poland, and at the hostile movements of the Cossacks, contrived a trick to ruin the impostor. He proclaimed that he was no other than the monk Otrepief, with whose character all were acquainted; but in his proclamations he omitted all mention of the agent who was arousing the Cossacks. At a later period, when the identity of Demetrius, the impostor, with Otrepief, the monk, had become almost an article of faith in Russia, an attempt was made to explain the simultaneous presence of one Otrepief on the banks of the Don, and of another in Poland, by supposing that the true monk had given his name to one of his accomplices on crossing the frontier. No satisfactory reason could, however, be assigned for this exchange. Moreover, some considerable time after the death of the real Demetrius, the real Otrepief returned to his native town; and it does not appear that the invention of Boris met with the slightest credence from his contemporaries.

The pretended Tsarevitch, having levied a few troops in Poland, marched into Russia, was received with open arms by the peasants and Cossacks, defeated the army of Boris in one battle, and was defeated in his turn; but, without losing courage, he continued the war for more than a year, and finally succeeded in enticing the troops of his enemy to join his own standard. Boris had the happiness to die a few days before this decisive catastrophe. His son, Feodor, who succeeded him, was deposed by the Muscovites, and afterwards put to death by some of the boyards, anxious to

manifest their zeal for their new master, who entered his capital in triumph.

He reigned one year. From the first, he displayed singular aptitude for business, and prodigious activity both of mind and body; and he wore the purple with as much ease as if he had been a prince born to inherit the throne. This impostor was really a great man. He was anxious to reform existing abuses, and to civilize his country; but he was only twenty-three years old, and, without duly estimating the extent of the obstacles which stood in his way, he aimed at effecting with a single stroke all that Peter the Great did, at a later period, gradually and with prudent slowness. The impostor was naturally kind-hearted and humane, and the reigns of Ivan the Terrible and Boris had accustomed the Muscovites to obey those masters only who enforced their commands by the severest punishments. By pardoning rebels who had plotted against his life, Demetrius encouraged conspiracies. Furthermore, though he was by no means anxious to fulfil the promises he had made to the Pope and to the King of Poland, he scandalized all devout believers and good patriots by ill-timed jokes upon the national superstitions and customs of Russia, and by an imprudent imitation of the elegant manners of the court of Poland. He dressed in the costume of a hussar; he neglected to salute the images of the saints; he gave balls and masquerades; he employed a band of musicians to execute symphonies during his meals; and he occasionally took veal, in spite of the anathemas of the Greek Church against that meat. But his worst offence was that he married Marina Merisgek, a Catholic and a Pole, and that he invited a number of her countrymen to Moscow. Marina, a capricious and weak-minded girl, acted with even more imprudence than her husband. The Poles of her retinue behaved with unbearable insolence, and treated the Muscovites as if they were a conquered people. An insurrection broke out, and the Tsar was assassinated on the 27th of May, 1606. His success naturally induced many other pretenders to imitate his imposture; one only, however, was able to keep up the fraud for any length of time; but it was not until 1613, that the troubles occasioned by the Demetrian pretenders were finally brought to an end.

Such is the story. As our readers will perceive, it contains all the elements of a thrilling romance or an exciting drama; but although M. Merimée has preferred to present it under the more sober garb of historical narrative, it has lost none of its attractions under his skilful treatment.



## THE SCULPTOR OF THE BLACK FOREST.

It is impossible to travel through the Duchy of Baden without being struck by the singular character of the country, which is alternately peaceful and wild in its features; perhaps no other country affords such a happy blending of so many points of contrast. It is, however, especially on the borders of the Black Forest that the country assumes a more impressive aspect; there the valleys, which stretch as far as the Rhine, suddenly become contracted, and end by being nothing more than a cleft in the rock, which scarcely leaves a passage for the ponies of the manufacturers of Kirschwasser.

In this unfrequented region, a few years back, lived a young man called Herman Cloffer, whose history is now often told by old men to their sons. Herman was the son of a schoolmaster; his father had bestowed some education on him, so that he understood a little Latin, played on the violin, and spoke French with tolerable fluency, and was consequently called in that part of the country Maister Cloffer. Like all the inhabitants of the mountain he was employed from his boyhood in hewing down the fir-tree and cutting it into various forms; he had gradually acquired a love for this occupation, and had at length succeeded in carving some children's toys with considerable delicacy. On one occasion, however, he visited Basle where he had seen some gothic sculpture in wood; this at once afforded him an introduction to the art, and he now began to understand what human patience could in time accomplish: from this period, therefore, he decided on his vocation. He no longer spent his labour on toys, but began to sculpture in wood everything that struck his imagination; he would carefully study the minutest details, and often complete his work only to begin it again, being steadfastly determined that there should be nothing left to desire in the execution of his ideas. Thus he ardently gave himself up to the work from his sole love of the art itself.

His pieces of sculpture, which were at first confounded with the rough work of the forest herdsmen, at length began to be remarked. They were first in much request at Baden, afterwards at Munich and Vienna; the tradesman who had originally bought them for a mere song, urged the young man to send him a fresh supply, promising to pay him more handsomely. Herman, who had been his mother's sole support since the schoolmaster's death, was delighted to think that by his labour he should be able to provide for her in her old age; in short, competency and ease, which had before been unknown, began soon to be felt in the cottage. Some additional furniture could now be added to their rustic home; new Sunday clothes were purchased; and, occasionally when the neighbours came in, in the evening, a plate of *kneft* and a bottle of Rhenish wine were offered them.

One summer evening as he was sitting at his cottage door smoking his pipe, and holding his violin on his knees, on which he occasionally played a few scattered chords, a horseman suddenly made his appearance. He was a stranger of about forty years of age, his elegance and bearing proved him to be a man of fashion. At a few yards from Cloffer's cottage he checked his horse, and gazed around him with his eyeglass, when at length his attention became fixed on the young man.

"Ah! just what I want," exclaimed he in French, advancing towards him. "Can you tell me where I shall meet with Herman the sculptor?" he stammered out in almost unintelligible German.

"Why," said Cloffer, rising, "I am he."

"You!" cried the stranger. "By Jove! this is really fortunate," and so saying he dismounted and threw the bridle to his groom, who had come up to the spot. "I have been seeking you, maister," continued he, in a *nonchalant* tone; "I am a Frenchman—you must have discovered that from the manner in which I speak German, and also a connoisseur in art. I have seen some of your sculpture and I have come here with a view of buying a few specimens of it."

Herman begged him to walk into his cottage.

"What! do you work here?" inquired the Frenchman, casting a glance of surprise at the humble and smoky walls.

"Yes; near this window," replied Herman, and he pointed out a long table to the stranger, upon which were scattered several finished pieces of sculpture.

"Indeed! so you really have no other work-room than this?"

"No, sir."

The Frenchman put up his glass to his right eye. "Astonishing," murmured he, "to produce such *chefs-d'œuvre* in this hole! But, Maister Herman, you lack everything here; you have neither emulation nor the advantage of counsel or opinion. You cannot imagine what a reputation you have already acquired in Germany," continued the stranger, "all that you sculpture is bought up immediately. I have seen some of your performances in M. de Metternich's study. You assuredly do not think of remaining here?"

"Pardon me, sir, I have really no idea of quitting the forest."

"What! but you are sacrificing your future prospects; think for a moment, you can merely vegetate here."

"I live very happily, sir."

"Happily!" replied the stranger, staring at Cloffer's rough dress, "that proves that you are philosopher, my good maister, but here you have not even a studio. Do you not know that our artists live among us as members of our family? You should profit by the improvements of this century, Herman. Come to Paris, I will throw you into the society of the newspaper proprietors, who will present you to the world as a miniature Michael Angelo, and before two years you will have a groom and a tilbury."

"Is it possible?"

"Certainly; and since chance has brought me in your way,



I intend you should profit by it. The light shall not be hidden behind a bushel; believe me, you should come to Paris!"

After reiterating his counsel that Herman should quit his home and visit Paris, the Frenchman took his leave; but the conversation with the stranger had made such an impression upon the mind of the poor young sculptor, that the idea of his one day becoming wealthy and renowned was ever present to him. In vain some wise and inward monitor whispered to him to fly from these deceitful temptations; all the bad passions which had so long lain dormant in him awoke from their lethargy, and sung in chorus, like the witches in Macbeth, "Thou shalt be rich! Thou shalt be great!" and Herman was ready to yield himself up to those intoxicating promises. All that charmed him formerly, now became indifferent to him. The image of Paris interposed between him and everything else. It was like a fatal shadow, which prevented him from feeling the warmth of the sun of joy: he pursued his employment with an air of distraction, commenced a thousand designs without completing any, and experienced disgust at every turn. His health began at length to be affected, in consequence of his mental disturbance, and a slow fever was undermining his strength.

Until now his mother had been silent; but when she saw that he was falling into a state of languor far more dangerous than despair, she no longer wavered as to the course she should pursue.

"Heaven pardon these strangers for all they have done, Herman!" said she. "They have come here just as the serpent entered the terrestrial paradise, to tempt you to eat of the tree of knowledge; but the mischief is done, my son, and you must not remain here any longer, since we no more possess anything which can make you happy."

Cloffer made some objections, but the old woman had not spoken till she had accomplished the sacrifice in her heart. She had got rid of all the obstacles, with that ingenious facility which God seems to give mothers the power of exercising, and with that abnegation of which women so continually afford us an example, without being able to teach it.

As soon as it was settled that he should go to Paris, his former health returned; and now he spoke cheerfully, sung unceasingly, and worked with courage. He did not wish to reach the great city with empty hands, so he employed his whole talent upon a group of children, which he intended to present as a proof of his powers.

At length the day of departure arrived; the separation was most harrowing. Herman put down his walking-stick twice, declaring that he would not go; but his mother struggled to overcome her own grief in order to give him courage. The novelty of the objects which met his view, and the excitement of the journey, soon diverted the young man from all painful recollections; as he travelled farther and farther from his own country, regret was succeeded by curiosity. After travelling twenty days, he perceived a confused mass, which intercepted the horizon, above which floated a canopy of vapours—this was Paris!

The stranger had left his address with Herman when he had

quitted him at Badenwiller, and begged him to make use of him if he ever resolved to visit Paris. The young sculptor, therefore, lost no time on his arrival in hastening to the Rue Saint Lazare, where M. de Riol resided. When M. de Riol saw him, he uttered an exclamation of surprise at the young man's appearance.

"You here, maister?" said he: "has the mountain in your valley fallen to the ground? Have the colliers of your forest burnt down your hut? or are you flying on account of some political offence?"

"I have come to make myself known here."

"That's just what you should do. I shall endeavour to serve you in this matter."

"I do, indeed, depend upon your advice; upon your patronage."

"And you do well; but first of all I must introduce you to our most celebrated artists to-morrow, several of them will visit me. Come and dine with us, and bring some piece of sculpture with you."

"Thank you, I accept your invitation."

"To-morrow, then, but late, for we dine here at the hour when you sup in Germany. To-morrow, at seven o'clock exactly."

They shook hands and separated. Herman employed a portion of the day in seeking board and lodging; he then visited the public gardens; he gazed admiringly at the statues, and stood before the monuments in a perfect state of ecstasy. The next day, at the appointed hour, he arrived at Riol's house; he found him surrounded by a dozen young men, to whom he was presented by his host. He had taken with him his group of children, which excited general admiration. A painter declared that in this production was to be found something of the genius of Benvenuto as well as of Gougou; a sculptor compared Herman to Domenichino; and a contributor to one of the newspapers shook him by the hand, and said that he would proclaim him the Canova of the Black Forest in an article which he would write for the next day's paper. When they had assembled at table, the conversation turned almost entirely upon painting and sculpture. Herman was much astonished at all he heard upon this subject; the guests in general complained of the decay of art and of the bad taste of the public, which had obliged them to pursue a wrong track.

After dinner they went into the drawing-room, where Herman's group of children was again examined and admired, but everybody regretted that the young sculptor had not chosen a different subject. Models of children were no longer the fashion; there had been two or three successful things of this kind, which consequently forbade fresh treatment of the subject. The rage of the moment was for all that related to the Middle-ages, and they advised Herman to choose some scene from the old ballads of his country.

"You are surprised, I see," said the newspaper contributor with a smile.

"I am indeed," said Cloffer, "I have always hitherto thought that the value of the work consisted in its perfection."

"That notion belongs to the Black Forest, my dear maister;



here our ideas are more advanced. It is not the merit of the work which gives its value here, but the happy selection of a subject that suits the whim of the moment. Ten years ago an artist gained his reputation by painting a little hat upon the top of a rock, in the form of a cheese: the picture was ridiculous, but it suited the freak of the day, and that is all that is required."

"So, then, it is not art which I must study, but public caprice?"

"Exactly, my good maister; painters, sculptors, and writers, are only dealers in novelties; if the fashion takes, their fortune is made; if not, they make a fresh trial."

"Ah! that is so different to what I imagined," murmured Herman; and he returned to his hotel quite discouraged.

M. Riol, however, was faithful to his promise. He introduced the young German everywhere, he placed him in relation with the connoisseurs and dealers in works of art, who gave him many orders. Herman had never been so rich, but for these riches he sacrificed his liberty; subjects were pointed out to him for his treatment, and he was confined to a regular programme. Like an uncaged bird, he had accustomed himself to fly far above the clouds, and suddenly he found his wings pinioned, and discovered that he was compelled to move in a fixed and narrow circle,—no more capricious attempts, no more impromptues, no more freedom in short, and therefore no more joy! To the delight of inspiration succeeded the task, and for the first time he became aware that disgust might attend his labours.

One morning, while Cloffer was completing a statuette, for which he had received an order, the newspaper contributor, who had met him at Riol's a month before, came into his room. Charles Duvert brought him a paper in which the promised article had appeared.

Cloffer went to the window and ran his eyes hastily over the article in question. It was a fanciful sketch, in which, under the pretext of analysing the unknown artist's talent, they contrived to make his life a perfect romance, and coloured it with extraordinary events. These were as novel to Herman as to the world at large.

Charles Duvert perceived the astonishment of the young German.

"I knew it would be so," said he, laughing heartily, "this is a biography which you did not exactly expect, maister. I have made you a hero after Hoffman's fashion."

"You have indeed," said Herman, evidently much annoyed, "but I cannot guess your reason."

"The reason, my prince of genius, is the absurdity of the public, who only care for fairy stories. If an artist's life resembled that of everybody else, it would not pique the curiosity of any one. Supposing that I had still my *début* to make, I would certainly introduce myself as a Gaspar Hauser, or as a savage of Oronoco, rather than appear as the son of my father. Do you remember Paganini's success? Well out of the crowd who flocked around him, a third part only went for the purpose of listening to him; the rest came for the sake of beholding the man whose strange adventures had

filled the newspapers, and whose genius, it was said, was the result of a compact with Satan."

"So," answered Herman, astonished, "falsehood is the first condition of glory?"

"No, but of celebrity, maister; glory does not seek to produce a sensation, it visits a man in the obscurest corner of the globe, or even in his tomb; it would have reached you one day in the Black Forest, perhaps to-morrow, or a hundred years later, and would have inscribed your name upon its great tablets. But what now concerns us is success and fortune; here we look upon art as we do upon business: the most important thing for every merchant is to bear a sign-board which shall have the effect of attracting the purchaser. Now, therefore, you will see the purpose of my article."

At this point of the conversation, the porter of the hotel came to the door, and said that M. Lorieux wished to see the young sculptor.

"Lorieux the merchant!" exclaimed Duvert, "now, did I not say so? He has read the article, and has come to give you an order."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it; but be on your guard, maister; the more dearly he pays, the more ready he will be to believe in your talent."

The merchant was ushered into the room. He had indeed come with a view of proposing a *little matter of business* to Herman, but the appearance of the apartment in which the young sculptor was working, as well as its furniture, seemed to strike him exceedingly, and he looked coldly on some figures which Herman showed him. Duvert perceived this circumstance.

"I am sorry, maister, that you show these figures here; the day is bad, and it is impossible by this light to judge of the delicacy of your work. Would Monsieur pay a visit to your studio?"

"Ah! Monsieur has a studio?" inquired the merchant.

"It is being prepared for him, and that is why you find him lodged in this kennel, but in a few days he will have the finest studio of any sculptor in Paris, a complete Italian gallery opening upon a garden, which will be let to him for three thousand francs! Our artists of the present day live like great noblemen."

"And we are their bankers," observed the merchant with a coarse smile.

"Say, rather, their money-lenders, their stewards. You are enriched by the possession of their works. But pardon me, maister, you know that you are expected, therefore lose no time in concluding an arrangement with Monsieur, I entreat you."

All this was said in so cheerful and easy a tone, that Cloffer felt quite bewildered at what he had heard. The merchant, whose manners completely altered after what he had just been told, eagerly made Herman offers, which the latter readily accepted, and went away after many professions of politeness. Scarcely had he left the room, when Duvert threw himself into a chair and burst into a fit of uncontrolled laughter.



"For Heaven's sake what does this jesting mean, and all that you have been saying?" inquired Cloffer.

"It is not a jest, however," replied the newspaper contributor, "for, if you are not yet in possession of the studio which I mentioned to him, you must undoubtedly hire one."

"Why?"

"Did you not perceive the impression which your badly-furnished room produced upon the honest trafficker? When he saw that you were so miserably housed, he was on the point of leaving without making you any offer."

"But how could my lodging signify, when he saw my works?"

"Good heavens! maister, you are really far too German in your notions. Do you not understand that in order to judge of the work, it is necessary to be endowed with more information and taste than this man has? You must aim at success, and all other things must bow to this end," said Duvert. "From this time forth you should only have one idea, one end in view, to get yourself much talked about."

Cloffer tried to follow Duvert's advice, and he soon saw that his judgment was correct. In a few months from this time his reputation had spread far beyond his expectations, and the sums offered for his productions became large in proportion.

Duvert's article was generally received as a faithful biographical notice; the young German's name was everywhere mentioned, and the romantic events of his life were universally discussed. He was pointed out in the distance at the theatre; particulars of his opinions and habits were furnished, and heard with pleasure. Herman allowed himself to float gently down the stream of fashion, which bore him up without any assistance of his own, and all the feelings of pride, which had hitherto lain dormant in his mind, now gradually awoke. His genius was so openly lauded, that he really believed all that was said of it, and ended by accepting general admiration as homage which was due to him. Unhappily, his good fortune had excited, as is always the case, a great deal of jealousy. Till this period he had only enjoyed the pleasures of success; but it was not long before he found that it was mixed with alloy. A newspaper, which was opposed to the one for which Duvert wrote, made an attack upon Herman through the medium of his works. The works which he had produced since his stay in Paris, it was said, lacked, for the most part, that simplicity and truthfulness which rendered his early productions so valuable, now that his gift of inspiration was checked, that he felt the necessity of gain, and that he was distracted by the requirements of fashionable society. He worked rapidly, and without love for his art. They reproached him for his backsliding, with a hypocritical appearance of regret; they laid bare, one after the other, the defects of his hasty creations, and branded the feeling which inspired them with the name of covetousness.

These accusations cut Herman to the heart. His enemies undoubtedly heard of it, for they renewed their attacks every month, every week, nay, every day.

Herman, who was dreadfully hurt and enraged at this persecution, was anxious to revenge himself. Duvert gently dissuaded him from this step, telling him that this was one of the attendants of success. Why should he be astonished if the same means which were employed by his friends to render him celebrated, should also be used by his enemies to render him ridiculous? But Herman was too little accustomed to the manners and habits which placed the productions and person of the artist at the disposal of criticism, to accept such consolation; besides, he felt that beneath all this satire lay the truth; that, though the reproaches heaped upon him were exaggerated, there was justice in them: jealousy had made his enemies clear-sighted, and caused them to take a good aim at the unsound part of his heart.

Cloffer in vain attempted to ward off the attacks of the mosquitoes which on all sides assailed him; in vain he strove to forget the persecution of which he was the object. The mind, which had been so long used to repose and obscurity, became deeply hurt and agitated, and he fell into such a state of melancholy that at length he was seized with severe illness. At first there was little chance of his recovery: all the skill of the physicians, and several months of nursing, were necessary to restore him again to the enjoyment of life. Riol persuaded him to go to Italy. Herman followed this advice, and the journey was the happy means of re-establishing his health. On his return he had recovered all his strength, and the long fit of idleness which had been absolutely necessary to him, had only given him a more ardent desire to work; but when he presented himself to the various dealers who had previously employed him, they scarcely recognized him. A manufacturer of terra cotta had not long arrived from Florence, and he was now all the rage. Herman went to see Duvert, to whom he mentioned the change which had taken place. The newspaper contributor shrugged his shoulders. "What can you expect, maister?" said he: "Success is like fortune; it must be caught at the instant. Six months of absence are quite sufficient to cause any man to be forgotten. You were wrong to go away."

"But my health rendered the step necessary."

"A man who is in fashion, has no business to be ill. Here society is an odd compound, and whoever leaves the ranks, even if only for an hour, will find on his return that his place is occupied."

"But can I not recover my position?"

Duvert shook his head.

"Your person and your name are known, but your talent has lost its novelty. You can no longer depend upon that curious interest which frequently takes the place of admiration. You are already spoken of as if you were dead."

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Herman. "What cannot a year blot out?"

"Just what a year bestowed on you," concluded Duvert. "But why should you be surprised at this? The whim of the moment passes away as hastily as it takes possession of the public."

"But what is to become of me, then?"



"Consider, my dear maister; you may become either painter, poet, or musician. This, at least, would be a transformation, and perhaps a general interest would again be felt about you."

Herman did not reply, but quitted the newspaper contributor. He could not yet believe that there was not some exaggeration in what he had heard, but he soon discovered that all that he had been told was true. After being accustomed to the intoxication of triumph, he was compelled to have recourse to the humble solicitations which he had employed at his *debüt*; he was obliged, in short, to endure all the misery, all the shame of a forgotten name. These trials and difficulties were more than Herman could bear. He struggled for some time, but at length, one day after he had met with a fresh refusal, which had hurt him more than all the rest, he hurried to his studio, went for a dealer in works of art, sold everything, paid all that he owed, and seized his rough walking-stick, which he had hung up against his door as a trophy—"I have submitted to sufficient humiliation," murmured he. "I will go back to the Forest." So he quitted Paris by the same barrier through which he had passed four years before, when he was eagerly pressing on towards the great city. But alas! all the hopes which he then entertained had vanished: then he was happy, young, and full of strength, now he was despairing. He had grown prematurely old, and was already a prey to an illness that before long carried him to his grave.

## SONNET.

'Tis not that Nature changes, nor the clime  
 Its vigorous influence loses, nor the place  
 That foster'd once a haught and hardy race,  
 Its temper casts, the sweet and the sublime  
 Shedding for the decrepitude of time.  
 But 'tis the men degenerate, and disgrace  
 Their nobler fathers, their great deeds deface,  
 And crouch and grovel where their sires would climb.  
 Athens and Rome have still the self-same sky  
 That on Themistocles and Scipio shined;  
 But their posterity have lost the eye  
 Of power, the daring hand, the aspiring mind.  
 The eagle's nest, the eaglets thence expell'd,  
 Is by the craven and the kestrel held.

G. E.

## MY NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY EDMUND H. YATES.

I CONFESS to a love for New Year's Eve. I have been called a "leveller," and stigmatized as "fast," for expressing my dislike to certain received conventionalities, such as five-act plays, stage-coaches, whist parties, *conversaziones*, and old English fare, but for New Year's Eve and the "manners and customs of y<sup>e</sup> Englyshe" at that particular anniversary I have entertained, and do still entertain, the highest veneration and regard.

I had the same feeling for Christmas once, and notwithstanding my usual family party was broken up, that I no longer got "tipped," as when at school, or looked forward to the entrance of pudding and mince-pie with the relish of by-gone days, and that the weather was generally damp and muggy, instead of brisk and bracing, I endeavoured to walk about with a genial good-humoured face, and to render my conversation a species of perpetual carol.

But last Christmas Eve I went to Leadenhall Market to see the purchasers of turkeys, and got hustled and abused, and had my pocket picked, and was very nearly given in charge as a thief myself, for in the crush I pressed my arms close to my sides and managed to get the neck of a fowl comfortably under my elbow; with which fowl I, in happy ignorance, was pushing my way, while an infuriated elderly female, the "rightful owner," was screaming after me, addressing me as a "duffer," and inciting the bystanders to mob me. This year, too, when I patrolled the streets on the same anniversary, I saw more drunkenness, riot, quarrelling and smashed faces than on any other of the three hundred and sixty-five nights—Boxing and St. Patrick's night always excepted.

True the shops were as gay as ever; the plums, currants and citron as tempting, the holly and mistletoe as green, and the beef as red; the same gay ribbons done up in rosettes, like the bows worn by stewards at the Hanover Square balls, hung from the stomachs of the turkeys, and a large fish at a shop in Oxford Street (of course not the same fish, but one of a similar species) had his annual placard skewered on to him, asking "Wouldn't you like me for dinner to-morrow?" but the purchasers seemed listless and depressed; they preferred unpleasant-looking skinned rabbits to beef, and the enticing tones of the butchers, who, addressing the female part of the population as "my dear," and the male as "old feller," entreated them to "buy, buy!" fell unheeded on the pushing, squabbling crowd. The cabman that took me home had been keeping festival before the proper time, and, on my declining to entertain his plea of double fare because it was Christmas, he assailed me with opprobrious epithets, and finally



volunteered a gift of "something as should make me see two" (unmentionable word) "Christmasses in one." So that though the day itself passed more merrily than I had anticipated, I began to feel that, as to myself, the halo of Christmas had departed, and that in endeavouring to be extraordinarily jolly, benevolent and blithe-hearted on that occasion, I was cherishing a delusion and a snare.

But the enchantment lingering round New Year's Eve had not yet been torn away by the greatest destroyers of illusion, Time and the World. It was still a delight to me to sit on that night surrounded by a pleasant circle, not telling long stories, for that is a process which would rob any evening of its enchantment; nor singing songs, which is still worse; but passing the time in social conversation, recalling the benefits and endeavouring to forget the annoyances of the departing year; and when the bells pealed forth his death, to clasp the hands of those dearest to me, and to wish them, during the reign of the new monarch, a fervent "God speed!"

It happened that this year I had received several invitations for New Year's Eve. One was to a friend's chambers in Gray's Inn, but this I had determined not to accept, as I knew that it meant unlimited loo till eleven, kidneys, broiled bones, oysters and stout till twelve, whiskey punch, tobacco and comic songs till four; and in my present frame of mind this did not suit me.

Another invitation was from a person whose acquaintance I had made through diurnal rides in the same omnibus, a gentleman with white choker, damp black beaver gloves, and no shirt-collar, who offered to show me how the Primitive Howlers, of which set he is a deacon, usher in the new year. This I might have accepted, for I have a passion for seeing all curious phases of society, but for a reason which, in confidence, reader, I will communicate to you. Know then that I am in love, and not only in love, but engaged, and the object of my affections had asked me to come to the paternal mansion, where a few friends were about to do homage to departing '52. I am also a member of a very pleasant little club, (the "Fly by nights" we call ourselves, and meet at the "Peck o' Maut" in Chancery Lane), and I had heard rumours of divers bowls of punch and a grand field-night on the same occasion; so I thought I could combine these two last opportunities, going to Cadog—(no! I won't say where she lives!) first, and dropping in at the club on my way home. But fate, who makes emperors of blacklegs, and leading tragedians of idiots, had determined that this plan should not be carried into operation, and how that was brought about I will now relate.

I must tell you that I am a clerk in a very large government establishment, and that in my office one of the clerks has to be on duty every night, to attend to any urgent matters and to transact the current business of the department. A bed-room and sitting-room and provided for him, and there he remains from four o'clock in the afternoon, when the other men go away, until ten o'clock the following morning when they return. I need scarcely say that this duty is very much disliked by us; and I and my fellow-clerks (we don't speak of each other, though, as "fellow-clerks," we call

ourselves "brother-officers," in the same way that the night duty is officially expressed by being "in waiting," but we call it "on guard;" it sounds more military and gentlemanlike); I and my brother officers then, reckon long before Christmas to whose turn it will fall to be victimized on the approaching festal days.

I had never yet been the unlucky one, and at the present time I saw myself clear to the 9th or 10th of January, when on the morning of the 31st of December I was informed by one high in authority that "in consequence of the illness of one of the gentlemen, my services would be required that night." You might have knocked me down with a sheet of foolscap; on recovering I flew to all my brother-officers to induce them to relieve me from the duty; fool that I was, of course they were all engaged; some were going to parties, some into the country; the excuses made by the wedding guests in the parable were nothing to those I received: one man actually told me he had some favourite chickens which he expected would hatch during the night, and he must be present at the operation.

Nothing was left me but to fling myself into a Hansom, tear off to *her*, explain the circumstances and await the result. I acknowledge I felt an inward presentiment that I should not perfectly succeed; for it is an extraordinary thing, you can never persuade young ladies that you are not glad of the excuse to be away from them, though they know that the cause of your absence is disagreeable to yourself.

My anticipations were fully realized. I found her at the piano practising a song with a most elegant frontispiece, two young oriental ladies with black eyes and ditto hair, unfastened chemisettes, and a general appearance of white and gold about them, with the words—"Rest not, but hope ever" (not very appropriate to the picture perhaps, but poetical, heart-broken, and all that sort of thing) printed underneath in emblazoned letters. When she saw me she started, and being unable to account for my appearance at that early hour of the day, except from causes of illness, discharge from situation, or some other misery, nearly fainted in my arms.

When her fears were calmed, and "soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again," I began to pave the way for my horrible disclosure, which came at length in all its appalling terrors. I felt the fairy form reclining on my manly breast, gradually assume a more erect position; the hand "so often clasped in mine" unclasped itself, and began to perform that satanic symphony, popularly known as the "devil's tattoo," upon the table, and the affectionate regard previously beaming in her countenance melted away, and was succeeded by a cold uncomfortable placidity. Now that placid look is what I am most afraid of! I don't mind a burst of rage. I can endure being called a monster, and accused of "having become quite changed lately," but that look of quiet determination is to me what the petrel is to the sailor, and so, to carry out the novel simile, whenever I see it I get under close canvas, haul up my weather-brace, and perform other T. P. Cookeish evolutions, significant of making ready for the worst.



"And so, dearest Emma," said I, "you see that I am compelled to stop in that horrid hole, instead of being with thee." (We are so affectionate, that we "thee and thou" each other like a couple of Quakers.)

"Oh!" said Emma, placidity itself, with the exception of a slight twitching of the muscles of the mouth,—“oh! of course you can't help it, and I know it will be very disagreeable to you, though, to be sure, on other occasions you have managed to make an exchange with some of your brother-officers, and I wished you particularly to come to-night; the Scantlings are coming, and you always admired Annie Scantling so much; and the Posers, Mary Poser, you know, whom you flirted with at the last Blenheim ball, and several friends of yours, and the Posers are going to bring Mr. Marklane.”

Now my gentlest and dearest Emma had so admirably contrived this speech, that my heart at that moment metaphorically resembled a porcupine, with the exception that instead of quills it was stuck full of the sharpest and brightest daggers. Each person quoted had been a well-aimed blow. The Scantlings were horrible people; Annie Scantling, "whom I admired so much," a tall, grenadier-like virgin of thirty; the Posers, also, horrible people; Mary Poser a little fidgety girl of eighteen, all ringlets and animation, who would dance with you, sing to you, and flirt with you, whether you would or not, who was pronounced by fast young men to be a "stunning party," and by old ladies "a girl of great spirits." But like one cunning at fence, Emma had reserved her sharpest thrust for the last. I am not, I believe, more ill-conditioned or worse-tempered than the generality of men, but I must confess to a dire hatred of Marklane! He is my *bête noire*, the skeleton at my banquet, the interior of my Dead Sea apple, the legitimate play after the pleasant farce, in fact, my abomination. He is of the *genus* city, and a thorough specimen of it; at Garroway's he is a daily visitor, nightly does Harley Street claim him for its own. Always got up, regardless of expense, with the newest patterns on his trousers, the brightest varnish on his boots, with two inches of shirt-collar at the back of his neck, and with whiskers so tightly curled, that you wonder how he ever manages to open his mouth, he may be seen daily during the season in the Park, either on horseback or lolling out of a very well-appointed cab. At those houses where "money makes the man," where no assumption of pompous bearing, or decoration of rooms with Wardour Street ancestors, will hide the fact of the *parvenu* host having been a few months previously entirely unknown in the sphere into which he has been carried by the golden tide of prosperity, and where the servants announce wonderful city names, hitherto only known to you through the medium of mining companies' advertisements,—at these houses is Marklane to be met. Having once been sweet upon Emma, and I having gone through an operation practised in naval tactics, and "cut him out" with her, he naturally reciprocates my hatred, drops me on every possible occasion. I have been told is accustomed to mention me as





luxury of drinking was denied me. I returned to work. One solitary man I found getting up some arrears in his duty. He was a conscientious person, and liked, as he said, "to begin the New Year all clear and fresh-like." He was a thorough clerk, lived at Dalston, had a wife and seven children, whom he supported on a hundred and ten pounds a-year, and was in a perpetual state of ink. In my extremity I clung even to this being; I asked him to stay, and offered what I thought would be to him the most congenial beverage, a cup of tea. He was humble and thankful, but declined; he had promised to go home early, and make the boys a bowl of punch to drink the New Year in! Dissipated mortal, no wonder he refused my tea! At eight o'clock he offered, rather than wished me, a happy New Year, and took his departure. The servant appointed to wait upon us brought the tea, and expressed a hope that I should not want her any more, as she was going out. I gave her permission, she vanished, and I was left alone.

Alone! to pass the night alone! it is just half-past eight, and I am accustomed to sit up till the small hours: I cannot, therefore, go to bed; I should toss and tumble, and worry myself into a fever, I must, therefore, sit up alone! Alone! no man of any sense is alone when he has a book, and I *am* a man of sense, and *have* a book. If I recollect rightly, in my closet I have a volume of "Tennyson," a volume of "Paul de Kock," a few cigars, and a bottle of brandy. With what Mr. Wright calls these "concomitants," what man could not get through a few hours! unless, indeed, he were a blind teetotaller, and then they would not much help him. So I go to my closet, put my hand in my pocket, and—find I have forgotten my keys. By all that is miserable, I have! Not expecting to be called upon, I left them lying on my dressing-table, where, in all probability, they are now tranquilly reposing. I am, therefore, bookless, brandyless, tobaccoless—no! not the last, for I find an old black stump of a clay pipe on the mantel-shelf, and some particularly strong Cavendish in the inkstand. (This must have been left there by Wood; his things are always lying about in everybody's way, and it is not at all uncommon to find his boots on your writing-table, or a pair of old gloves in your sugar-basin.) So I pull a chair in front of the fire, a large one, by the way, Government pays for the coals, and Her Majesty's Ministers would not grudge a poor devil *one* comfort on such a night as this, and commence to smoke doggedly. I stare vacantly at an old map of "Twenty miles round London," which hangs over the mantel-piece, and which has been riddled in several places with red-hot pokers by sportive clerks; I watch the smoke curling about my head; I make "rings" with it; I take the pipe from my mouth, and begin to whistle; the "Prima Donna" is the tune that issues from my lips; I remember it was to that air I first sarabanded with Emma: I cease, and commence afresh with a tune which, in the original, is wedded to words expressive of the joviality with which some anonymous member of the "Society of Friends," in company with his spouse, performed Terpsichorian evolutions! I stop this also, for it brings to my mind the party at Gray's Inn,

at this time they are  
to be among  
"Miss?"  
hearing a  
party my  
Emma.  
mansion.  
things  
have an  
look  
Emma's  
"disputing."  
as much  
Vaux-  
money for  
think of  
if they  
if they  
he will  
conscious  
a pas-  
he will be  
pass his  
her.  
Oh!  
things

the pipe  
What I  
student  
Alex-  
Emma in  
my  
state-  
& Co.  
appears to me  
the  
each  
the very  
with his  
from the  
consciousness, and

I creep into bed.  
restores me to  
the reader will  
Mr. Markham was prevented  
never mind! , and  
Emma and I are going to be married!



## ELEPHANTS.

Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own  
 Huge strength impregnable, the Elephant  
 Offendeth none, but leads a quiet life  
 Among his own contemporary trees.

MONTGOMERY.

THE tenacity with which mankind adhere to established opinions and the reluctance they show to admit others militating against them, were well illustrated by the opposition with which the statements of Cuvier respecting the existence of primæval elephants were met by the *savans* of his time. When he first announced the presence of remains of elephants, rhinoceroses and hippopotamuses in the superficial unstratified deposits of continental Europe, he was reminded of the elephants that were introduced by Pyrrhus in the Roman wars, and afterwards in the triumphs and games of the amphitheatre; and when Sir Hans Sloane gave an account of an elephant's fossil tusk disinterred in Gray's Inn Lane, and the molars of an elephant from the county of Northampton, these specimens were explained by Dr. Cuper as having belonged to the identical elephant brought over to England by Cæsar as related by Polyænus! But, as pointed out most clearly by Professor Owen, in his admirable work on British fossil reptiles, the remains of the fossil species of elephant are specifically distinct from those of known existing species. How gigantic were the elephants that once roamed in the ancient British forests may be imagined from the fact, that in the Collection of John Gibson, Esq., of Stratford in Essex, there is a tusk, found at Ilford, which measures twelve feet six inches in length, whilst another, found at Kingsland, measures nine feet ten inches along the outer curve, and is twenty-nine inches in its greatest circumference.

So perfect are many of these fossil tusks, which are abundant in Siberia, that they are imported from Russia to Liverpool, and find a ready sale to comb-makers and workers in ivory.

In the whole range of nature there is scarcely to be found a more remarkable object than the grinding tooth of an elephant, and, to illustrate this striking adaptation of a highly complex structure to the exigences of the animal, we shall quote the words of Professor Owen:—

“The jaw is not encumbered with the whole weight of the massive tooth at once, but it is formed by degrees, as it is required; the subdivision of the crown into a number of successive plates, and of the plates into subcylindrical processes, presenting the conditions most favourable to progressive formation. But a more important advantage is gained by this subdivision of the grinder. Each part is formed like a perfect tooth having a body of dentine, a coat of enamel and an outer investment of cement. A single digital process may be compared to the simple tooth of a carnivore; a

transverse row of these, therefore, when the work of mastication has commenced, presents, by virtue of the different densities of their constituent substances, a series of cylindrical ridges of enamel, with as many depressions of dentine and deeper external valleys of cement. The more advanced and more abraded part of the crown is traversed by the transverse ridges of the enamel investing the plates inclosing the depressed surface of the dentine, and separated by the deeper channels of the cement. The fore part of the tooth exhibits its least efficient condition for mastication, the inequalities of the grinding surface being reduced in proportion as the enamel and cement which invested the dentinal plates have been worn away. This part of the tooth is, however, still fitted for the first coarse crushing of the branches of a tree; the transverse enamel ridges of the succeeding part of the tooth divide the food into smaller fragments, and the posterior islands and tubercles of enamel pound it to the pulp fit for deglutition. The structure and progressive development of the tooth not only give to the elephant's grinder the advantage of the uneven surface which adapts the mill-stone for its office, but at the same time secure the constant presence of the most efficient arrangement for the finer comminution of the food at the part of the mouth which is nearest the fauces.\*\*

The antediluvian elephants must have greatly exceeded in bulk the largest now existing. This is proved by the comparative ad-measurement of the bones; but not less by the size of the tusks. The finest pair of these sent to the Great Exhibition were obtained from an animal killed near Lake Ngami, in South Africa; each tusk measured eight feet six inches in length, twenty-two inches in circumference at the base, and the pair weighed three hundred and twenty-five pounds. It is said that a single tooth sold at Amsterdam many years ago weighed three hundred and fifty pounds. The beast from which this was taken must have been a patriarch indeed, for in these degenerate days from six to seven feet is considered a rather unusual length for a tusk, and a weight of one hundred pounds is above the average.

It occasionally happens that in making a section of a tusk a bullet is found imbedded in the solid ivory. The explanation is very simple. The tusks are constantly growing during the life of the animal by a deposition of successive laminæ within the cavity at the base, whilst the outer surface and the point are gradually worn away. If a bullet penetrates the thin base of the growing tusk, which it can do with facility, it will in the course of time be imbedded in newly-deposited layers of ivory and continually pushed forward with the growth of the tusk, so that eventually it may be found near the extremity; and even, if the animal lives long enough, it may be as it were shed by the wearing down of the tusk from the point.

The application of the teeth of the elephant to the fine arts dates from a very early period. In the tenth chapter of the First Book of Kings it is twice mentioned. "Once in three years came the

\* "History of British Fossil Mammals," p. 229.



navy of Tarshish bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes and peacocks" to Solomon, who, in the same chapter, is stated to have "made a great throne of ivory, and overlaid it with the best gold." There can be little doubt that Solomon had long been familiar with ivory thus incidentally mentioned. In the forty-fifth Psalm, too, we find allusion made to "the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad."

Throughout the whole of Homer's *Iliad* but one mention is made of ivory, that occurring in the description of the bit of a horse's bridle belonging to a Trojan, whereas in the *Odyssey* the palace of Menelaus, after his return from Phœnicia and Egypt, is stated to have been enriched with ivory, in addition to gold and amber.

"Above, beneath, around, the palace shines  
The sunless treasure of exhausted mines :  
The spoils of elephants the roofs inlay,  
And studded amber darts a golden ray."

The master-piece of sculpture, ancient or modern, is said to have been the statue of Jupiter at Olympia, the work of Phidias. "The god," says Pausanias, "made of gold and ivory is seated upon a throne. On his head is a crown, representing an olive-branch. In his right hand he carries a Victory, also of gold and ivory, holding a wreath and having a crown upon her head. In the left hand of the god is a sceptre, shining with all sorts of metals. The bird placed on the summit of the sceptre is an eagle." Mons. Quatremère de Quincy has given an elaborate description of the mode in which these gigantic works of art were made, for of course ivory could only have covered the surface. He supposes that the ancients were acquainted with means for rendering the cylindrical part of the tusk flat when cut through longitudinally, thus obtaining plates of considerable dimensions. He then conceives, that the plates were fixed on a proper carved wooden model, being cut and polished so as to be nicely adapted one to the other. In this way the largest surface might be covered with the finest ivory, verifying the expression of the Psalmist already quoted, which, doubtless, applied to the prodigious monuments and sculptures of antiquity.

We have seen that the elephant has been a very old contributor to the fine arts, and in one instance at least has been rather unfairly pressed into the service. Some years ago a very wealthy and eccentric individual invited a party of friends to dinner at one of our leading London taverns, and having ordered a most *recherché* repast, he concluded with, "Now mark you, Mr. S., you must give my friends a *surprise*. There must be something put on the table which has never been seen before. I don't care what it is, nor what it costs, but it must be an *original*, you understand, so do your best!" Many a weary hour did this singular command cost the caterer. Fish, whales, dolphins, fowl, condors, albatros, were passed in review without satisfactory result. At length a light burst on his culinary soul. "I have it!" said he, and off he posted to a modern Alexander, an extensive coppersmith of the neighbour-

hood, with whom he remained for some time in anxious consultation. At length the day came,—the guests were marshalled into the banqueting-room, and lo ! there appeared to their admiring gaze a most decided novelty, a saccharine elephant at least three feet in height, fully caparisoned, and bearing in a gorgeous howdah a choice collection of fruits and sweets of every sort and description. The triumph of the *artiste* was complete !

The elephant and her calf, now so familiar to the visitors of the Zoological Gardens, reached them on the 10th of May, 1851. The infant prodigy is the most quaint-looking, old-fashioned, little thing that can be imagined. Young animals have certain characteristics as a general rule, which mark them at once. No one can mistake a foal with its long stilt-like legs and its bushy tail for a small full-grown horse, and the baggy skin, clumsy legs, and boiled eyes of a puppy unmistakably stamps it as such. But the young elephant is, to ordinary observation, a full-grown elephant seen through a diminishing glass. He has the same rough, grey skin, the same eyes, the same general proportions as his mamma, and, were it not that he betrays the heedlessness and vivacity of youth, with the peevishness at times of a spoiled child, he might pass for a specimen of some such breed among his race as the Shetland pony is among horses. We were much amused with watching the little gentleman one day literally sucking his finger. He coiled his trunk so that the end went into his mouth and appeared to be rubbing his gums,—perhaps one of his coming teeth might be troubling him ; he then rolled the trunk about from one side of his mouth to the other, and appeared to suck the finger end, giving a sort of odd snort now and then. His foot itching he raised it and rubbed it with his trunk (as Socrates is described as rubbing his leg in the *Phædo* of Plato), and after again sucking it in thoughtful mood, he suddenly ran backwards until he bumped against his mamma, who welcomed him with several caresses of her trunk passed affectionately over him, and as speaking a look of fond maternal pride as any countenance could express.

On a blazing hot Sunday in July we witnessed an amusing scene with these elephants. Heavy rain had reduced the clay of the paddock to soft mud, which had not dried on one side, and had been worked by the feet of the animals into an unctuous sticky mass. The sun had dried the other side. The little fellow enjoyed his liberty and was in as great spirits as a schoolboy on a fine holiday, rollicking about with a “*de’il-may-care*” air, picking up bits of dirt with his trunk and putting them into his mouth. His mamma watched him for some time, and seeing a clod of most unconscionable dimensions popped in, she walked quietly up, took this out of his mouth with the finger of her trunk and threw it down with a look and action expressing as clearly as words, “*You naughty child, how can you eat such filth?*” On this the culprit gave a rebellious toss of his trunk, strode into the water and threw several trunk-fulls over his mamma, after which the two went to the mud, and he sat down on his haunches like a dog. The parent deliberately laid down on her side and proceeded to plaster herself all over with mud,



daubing it on with her trunk. The infant prodigy did the same, taking a most unnecessary and preposterous quantity on his own person, and dabbing it also on his corpulent mamma, who returned the compliment with interest. When she got up—no easy matter, by the way, on account of her stoutness—one side of her body and one half of her face, were hidden by a mask of clay fully two inches thick, the eye being completely closed. With her trunk she first picked the dirt from this organ, and after a general shake proceeded with all the solemnity and very much the appearance of a tipsy “labourer in many vineyards” to the water, in which she soon disappeared, nothing but the end of her trunk being visible above the surface. In this bath she was joined by her little one, and the two indulged in a game of elephantine romps extremely edifying to behold, though one object held steadily in view was “the moistening of their clay,” a process not less satisfactory to them than to the host of the “Fountain” of Canterbury, with all respect be it spoken for that most worthy gentleman.

In a very curious book, published about one hundred years ago, “*The Life, Adventures, and Pyracies of Captain Singleton*,” there is an interesting account of a remarkable journey performed by him and a party of seamen into the interior of Africa; and scattered throughout are various notices respecting the wild beasts inhabiting those parts, as they were found early in the last century. On the tenth day of their journey into the wilderness the party came to a lake, and, says the captain, “For a day’s journey before we came to this lake and all the three days we were passing by it, and for six or seven days’ march after it, the ground was covered with elephants’ teeth, in such a number as is incredible; and as some of them may have lain there for some hundreds of years, so, seeing the substance of them scarcely ever decays, they may lie there, for ought I know, to the end of time. The size of some of them is, it seems, to those to whom I have reported it, as incredible as the number, and, I can assure you, there were several so heavy as the strongest man among us could not lift. As to number, I question not there are enough to load a thousand sail of the biggest ships in the world, by which I may be understood to mean that the quantity is not to be conceived of, seeing that as they lasted in view for above eighty miles travelling, so they might continue as far to the right hand and to the left as far, and many times as far, for aught we knew; for it seems the number of elephants hereabouts is prodigiously great. In one place in particular, we saw the head of an elephant with several teeth in it, but one of the biggest that ever I saw. The flesh was consumed, to be sure, many hundred years before and all the other bones; but three of our strongest men could not lift this skull and teeth. The great tooth, I believe, weighed at least three hundred-weight; and this was particularly remarkable to me that I observed the whole skull was as good ivory as the teeth, and, I believe, altogether weighed at least six hundred-weight. We rested ourselves here five days, during which time we had abundance of pleasant adventures with the wild creatures too many to relate. One of them was very particular, which was a chase

between a she-lion, or lioness, and a large deer: and though the deer is naturally a very nimble creature, and she flew by us like the wind, having perhaps about three hundred yards the start of the lion; yet we found the lion by her strength and the goodness of her lungs got ground of her. They passed by us within about a quarter of a mile, and we had a view of them a great way, when, having given them over, we were surprised about an hour after to see them come thundering back again on the other side of us, and then the lion was within thirty or forty yards of her, and both straining to the extremity of their speed, when the deer, coming to the lake, plunged into the water and swam for her life as she had before run for it. The lioness plunged in after her and swam a little way but came back again, and when she was got upon the land she set up the most hideous roar that ever I heard in my life.

"We saw abundance of elephants at a distance and observed they always go in very good company, that is to say, abundance of them together, and always extended in a fair line of battle; and this they say is the way they defend themselves from their enemies, for if lions or tigers or wolves or any creatures attack them, they being drawn up in a line, sometimes reaching five or six miles in length. Whatever comes in their way is sure to be trod under foot, or beaten in pieces with their trunks, so that if a hundred lions or tigers were coming along if they meet a line of elephants they will always fly back till they see room to pass by to the right hand or to the left, and if they did not it would be impossible for one of them to escape; for the elephant, though a heavy creature, is yet so dexterous and nimble with his trunk that he will not fail to lift up the heaviest lion or any other wild creature, and throw him up in the air quite over his back and then trample him to death with his feet. We saw several lines of battle thus: we saw one so long that indeed there was no end of it to be seen, and, I believe, there might be two thousand elephants in a row or line."

One of the most amusing stories relating to the employment of elephants in war is contained in Diodorus Siculus, and has reference to no less a person than the mighty Queen Semiramis. The substance of it is as follows:—

"Semiramis having settled her affairs in Egypt and Ethiopia, and finding herself with a great army on her hands, for which some occupation must be found, looked about to see in what direction she might deliver a successful stroke; and hearing marvellous accounts of the richness of India, determined to make war upon it, although not the slightest pretext existed for so doing. One of the things in which she found herself inferior to the Indians was elephants, and she set herself to work to supply the deficiency. To this end she provided three hundred thousand black oxen and distributed the flesh amongst a company of ordinary mechanics and such fellows as she had to play the cobblers for her, and ordered them by stitching the skins together and stuffing them with straw to imitate the shape of an elephant; and in every one of them she put a man to govern them and a camel to carry them."

We must for one moment break off here to allude to one of



George Colman's amusing poetical effusions, said to have been founded on fact, in which two jealous men formed the stuffing of a theatrical elephant.

"The house was crammed, the Elephant appeared,  
With three times three the Elephant was cheered,  
The Elephant walked down to fascinate the town."

We regret to say that one of the men, by name John Daw, taking a mean advantage of his position, inflicted a severe bite upon his colleague.

"On this attack from the ferocious Daw,  
The man unable to conceal his pain,  
Roared and writhed and roared again.  
That beasts should roar is neither new nor queer,  
But on a repetition of the spite,  
How was the house electrified to hear  
The elephant say, 'Curse you, Daw, don't bite!'"

The result was, that a most severe intestine war raged within the elephant until at length,

"Uncased, the rival actors,  
Stood bowing to their generous benefactors."

Now it came to pass that the stuffing of the elephants of Semiramis caused equal consternation to her enemies as the blaspheming elephant in question excited among the audience, for when the battle took place, "The queen having placed her mock elephants at a good distance from the main body valiantly received her enemy's charge; but the Indian horse were most strangely terrified, for in regard as the phantasms at a distance seemed to be real elephants, the horses of the Indians being inured to these creatures, pressed boldly and undauntedly forward; but when they came near and saw another sort of beast than usual, and the smell and everything else almost being strange and new to them, they broke in with great terror and confusion one upon another, so that they cast some of their riders headlong to the ground and ran away with others (as the lot happened) into the midst of their enemies. Whereupon, Semiramis readily making use of her advantage, with a body of choice men, fell in upon them and routed them, forcing them back to their main body; and though Stabrobates was something astonished at this unexpected defeat, yet he brought up his foot against the enemy with his elephants in the front; he himself was in the right wing mounted upon a stately elephant, and made a fierce charge upon the Queen herself, who happened then to be opposite to him in the left, and though the mock elephants in Semiramis's army did the like, yet they stood the violent shock of the other but a little while, for the Indian beasts, being both exceeding strong and stout, easily bore down and destroyed all that opposed them, so that there was a great slaughter; for some they trampled under foot, others they rent in pieces with their teeth and tossed up others with their trunks into the air. The ground therefore, being covered with heaps of dead carcasses, and nothing but death and destruction to be seen on every hand, so that all were full of horror and amazement, none durst keep their order

or ranks any longer. Upon which the whole Assyrian army fled outright, and the Indian King encountered with Semiramis, and first wounded her with an arrow in the arm, and afterwards with a dart in wheeling about in the shoulder; whereupon, the Queen, her wounds not being mortal, fled and by the swiftness of her horse she got off."

In the degenerate days of Rome, elephants, in common with countless multitudes of other valuable beasts, were slaughtered in the Circus to gratify the lust for blood which characterised the people. In the second consulate of Pompey, for instance, a number of elephants were opposed in the circus to Getulian archers, and this disgusting exhibition seems to have been characterised by some remarkable circumstances. One of the elephants, although furious from a wound, is recorded to have seized upon the shields of his adversaries and to have thrown them into the air with a peculiar movement, doubtless the effect of training, which gave to them a whirling movement before their fall to the earth. On the same occasion, an elephant having been killed by a single blow of a javelin through the eye, his fellows rushed forward in a general charge to save him, and coming with great force against the iron railings of the circus, broke them down and injured several of the spectators.

Epicures who have gone the round of all modern cookery, and to whose worn-out appetites a new dish offers at least the prospect of enjoyment, should make a note of a culinary delicacy which will crown Mr. Cumming with unfading laurels; all that is necessary is to send skilful workmen and proper appliances to Bamangwato, and then the said delicacy, which we proceed to describe, can be soldered up in hermetically sealed cases and partaken of in London with all the gusto of originality.

A fine fat elephant having been killed "the four feet are amputated at the fetlock-joint, and the trunk, which, at the base, is about two feet in thickness, is cut into convenient lengths. Trunk and feet are then baked. The manner in which this is done is as follows:—A party provided with sharp-pointed sticks, dig a hole in the ground for each foot and a portion of the trunk. These holes are about two feet deep and a yard in width: the excavated earth is embanked around the margin of the hole. This work being completed, they next collect an immense quantity of dry branches and trunks of trees, of which there is always a profusion scattered around, having been broken by the elephants in former years. These they pile above the holes to the height of eight or nine feet, and then set fire to the heap. When these strong fires have burned down and the whole of the wood is reduced to ashes, the holes and the surrounding earth are heated to a high degree. Ten or twelve men then stand round the pit and rake out the ashes with a pole about sixteen feet in length, having a hook at the end. They relieve one another in quick succession, each man running in and raking the ashes for a few seconds, and then pitching the pole to his comrade and retreating, since the heat is so intense that it is scarcely to be endured. When all the ashes are thus raked out



beyond the surrounding bank of earth, each elephant's foot and a portion of the trunk is lifted by two athletic men, standing side by side, who place it on their shoulders, and approaching the pit together they heave it into it. The long pole is now again resumed and with it they shove in the heated bank of earth upon the foot, shoving and raking until it is completely buried in the earth. The hot embers, of which there is always a great supply, are then raked into a heap above the foot, and another bonfire is kindled over each, which is allowed to burn down and die a natural death; by which time the enormous foot or trunk will be found to be equally baked throughout its inmost parts. The feet thus cooked are excellent, as is also the trunk, which very much resembles buffalo's tongue."

We are indebted to Mr. Gordon Cumming for much valuable information relative to the habits of the African elephant. It is, he says, widely diffused through the vast forests, and is met with in herds of various numbers. The male is very much larger than the female, consequently much more difficult to kill. He is provided with two enormous tusks, which are long, tapering, and beautifully arched, their length averaging from six to eight feet, and their weight each from sixty to one hundred pounds. In the vicinity of the Equator the elephants attain to a greater size than to the southward, and a tusk in the possession of Mr. Cumming measures ten feet nine inches in length, and weighs one hundred and seventy-three pounds. The females, unlike the Asiatic elephants in this respect, are likewise provided with tusks. Old bull elephants are found singly or in pairs, or consorting together in small herds, varying from six to twenty individuals. The younger bulls remain for many years in the company of their mothers, and these are met with in large herds of from twenty to one hundred individuals. The food of the elephant consists of the branches, leaves, and roots of trees, and also of a variety of bulbs, of the situation of which he is advised by his exquisite sense of smell. To obtain them he turns up the ground with his tusks, and whole acres may be seen thus ploughed up. Elephants consume an immense quantity of food, and pass the greater part of the day and night in feeding. They are extremely particular in always frequenting the freshest and most verdant districts of the forest, and when one district is parched and barren they will forsake it for years, and wander to great distances in quest of better pasture.

They choose for their resort the most lonely and secluded depths of the forest, generally at a very great distance from the rivers and fountains at which they drink. In dry and warm weather they visit these waters nightly, but in cool and cloudy weather they drink only once every third or fourth day. About sun-down the elephant leaves his distant midday haunt, and commences his march to the fountain, which is probably from twelve to twenty miles distant. This he generally reaches between the hours of nine and midnight; when, having slaked his thirst and cooled his body by spouting large volumes of water over his back with his trunk, he resumes the path to his forest solitudes. Then, having reached a secluded spot, the full-grown bulls lie down on their broad sides

and sleep for some hours. The spot which they usually select is an ant-hill, and they lie around it with their backs resting against it; these hills, formed by the white ants, are from thirty to forty feet in diameter at their base. The females, however, do not appear to lie down in this manner, but repose standing beneath some shady tree. Having slept, they spread out from one another, and proceeding in a zig-zag course, they smash and destroy all the finest trees in the forest which happen to lie in their course. The number of goodly trees which a herd of bull-elephants will thus destroy is utterly incredible. They are extremely capricious, and on coming to a group of five or six trees, they break down not unfrequently the whole of them, when having perhaps only tasted one or two small branches, they pass on and continue their wanton work of destruction.

The pace of the elephant when undisturbed is a bold, free, sweeping step; and from the peculiar spongy formation of his foot his tread is extremely light and inaudible, and all his movements are attended with a peculiar gentleness and grace.

Mr. Cumming has detailed at length the particulars of his first essay at elephant-shooting, during which he ran a very narrow escape of his life.

Having discovered a troop of these animals approaching a rocky ridge, Mr. Cumming laid himself in ambush, and soon after having selected the finest of them, he continues, "My hand was now as steady as the rock on which it rested, so, taking a deliberate aim, I let fly at her head a little behind the eye. She got it hard and sharp just where I aimed, but it did not seem to affect her much. Uttering a loud cry she wheeled about, when I gave her the second ball close behind the shoulder. All the elephants uttered a strange rumbling noise and made off in a line to the northward at a brisk ambling pace, their huge fan-like ears flapping in the ratio of their speed. I did not wait to load but ran back to the hillock to obtain a view. On gaining its summit, the guides pointed out the elephants; they were standing in a grove of shady trees, but the wounded one was some distance behind with another elephant, doubtless its particular friend, who was endeavouring to assist it. These elephants had probably never before heard the report of a gun, and having neither seen nor smelt me, they were unaware of the presence of man, and did not seem inclined to go any further. Presently my men hove in sight bringing the dogs, and when these came up I waited some time before commencing the attack, that the dogs and horses might recover their wind. We then rode slowly towards the elephants, and had advanced within two hundred yards of them when, the ground being open, they observed us and made off in an easterly direction. But the wounded one immediately dropped astern, and next moment she was surrounded by the dogs, which, barking angrily, seemed to engross her attention.

"Having placed myself between her and the retreating troop, I dismounted to fire within forty yards of her in open ground. Colesberg was extremely afraid of the elephants and gave me much trouble, jerking my arm when I tried to fire. At length I let fly;



but on endeavouring to gain my saddle, Colesberg declined to allow me to mount: and when I tried to lead him and run for it, he only backed towards the wounded elephant. At this moment I heard another elephant close behind; and on looking about I beheld the 'friend' with uplifted trunk charging down upon me at top speed, shrilly trumpeting and following an old black pointer, named Schwart, that was perfectly deaf, and trotted along before the enraged elephant, quite unaware of what was behind him.

"I felt certain that she would either have me or my horse; I, however, determined not to relinquish my steed, but to hold on by the bridle. My men who, of course, kept at a safe distance, stood aghast with their mouths open, and for a few seconds my position was certainly not an enviable one. Fortunately, however, the dogs took off the attention of the elephants, and just as they were upon me I managed to spring into the saddle, where I was safe. As I turned my back to mount, the elephants were so very near that I really expected to feel one of their trunks lay hold of me. I rode up to Kleinboy for my double-barreled two-grooved rifle. He and Isaac were pale and almost speechless with fright. Returning to the charge I was soon once more alongside, and firing from the saddle I sent another brace of bullets into the wounded elephant. Colesberg was extremely unsteady and destroyed the correctness of my aim. The friend now resolved to do some mischief, and charged me furiously, pursuing me to a distance of several hundred yards. I therefore deemed it proper to give her a gentle hint to act less officiously, and accordingly, having loaded, I approached within thirty yards and gave it her sharp, right and left, behind the shoulder, upon which she at once made off with drooping trunk, evidently with a mortal wound. I never recur to this, my first day's elephant-shooting, without regretting my folly in contenting myself with securing only one elephant. The first was now dying and could not leave the ground, and the second was also mortally wounded and I had only to follow and finish her; but I foolishly allowed her to escape while I amused myself with the first, which kept walking backwards, and standing by every tree she passed. Two more shots finished her. On receiving them she tossed her trunk up and down two or three times, and falling on her broadside against a thorny tree, which yielded like grass before her enormous weight, she uttered a deep hoarse cry and expired. This was a very handsome old cow-elephant and was decidedly the best in the troop. She was in excellent condition, and carried a pair of long and perfect tusks."

There are some scenes narrated by Mr. Cumming, which are best passed over in silence, as, to use the mildest term, little creditable to his humanity. We shall, however, narrate the proceedings of one night, which, we should think, are pretty nigh unrivalled. Having made a place of ambush near a fountain, called by the natives "Paapaa," Mr. Cumming and Carey thus made use of it:—

"A little before the sun went down, leaving our kraal, we held to the fountain, having with us our heavy-metalled rifles, karosses,

and two Bakalahari. We also had two small guns, my double-barreled Westley Richards, and Carey's single-barreled gun. As we approached the fountain a stately bull-giraffe stood before us: the heat of the day had brought him thither but he feared to go in and drink: on observing us he walked slowly away. Two jackals were next detected. Guinea-fowl, partridges, two or three sorts of pigeons and turtle-doves and small birds in countless thousands were pouring in to drink from every *airt*, as we walked up to our hiding-place and lay down. In a few minutes the sun was under, but the moon was strong and high (it being within three nights of the full) and the sky was clear with scarcely a cloud. Very soon a step was heard approaching from the east; it was a presuming black rhinoceros. He came up within ten yards of the hiding hole and observing us with his sharp prying eye, he at once came slowly forward for a nearer inspection. I then shouted to him, but this he did not heed in the slightest. I then sprang up and waved my large kaross, shouting at the same time. This, however, only seemed to amuse Borélé, for he stood within four yards of us, with his horn threatening our momentary destruction, nor would he wheel about until I threw a log of wood at him. Black rhinoceroses are very difficult to scare when they do not get the wind: the best way to do so is to hit them with a stone, that is in the event of the sportsman not wishing to fire off his gun. Soon after Borélé departed, four old bull-elephants drew near from the south.

"They were coming right on for the spot where we lay, and they seemed very likely to walk over the top of us. We therefore placed our two big rifles in position and awaited their forward movement with intense interest. On they came with a slow and stately step until within twenty yards of us, when the leading elephant took it into his head to pass to leeward. We let him come on until he got our wind. He was then within ten yards of the muzzles of our heavy-metalled rifles. On winding us he tossed his trunk aloft, and we instantly fired together. I caught him somewhere about the heart, and my big six-pound rifle burst in Carey's hands, very nearly killing us both. The elephant on being fired at wheeled about and retreated to the forest at top speed. I now directed 'Stick-in-the-mud' (Carey) to make use of his single-barreled twelve to the pound in the event of more elephants coming up; and thanking my stars that the old Dutch rifle had not sent us both to the 'land of the leal,' I sat down and watched the dark masses of trees that cut the sky on every side, in the hope of seeing a mass as high and wide come towering forward into the open space that surrounded the fountain. Nor did I watch long in vain, for very soon three princely bull-elephants appeared exactly where the first came on, and holding exactly the same course. They approached just as the first had done. When the leading elephant came within ten yards of us he got our wind, and tossed up his trunk and was wheeling round to retreat, when we fired together, and sent our bullets somewhere about his heart. He ran two hundred yards and then stood, being evidently dying. His comrades halted likewise, but one of them, the finest of the three,



almost immediately turned his head once more to the fountain, and very slowly and warily came on.

"We now heard the wounded elephant utter the cry of death and fall heavily on the earth. Carey, whose ears were damaged by the bursting of the big rifle, did not catch this sound, but swore that the elephant which now so stealthily approached the water was the one at which we had fired. It was interesting to observe this grand old bull approach the fountain. He seemed to mistrust the very earth on which he stood, and smelt and examined with his trunk every yard of the ground before he trod on it, and sometimes stood five minutes on one spot without moving. At length, having gone round three sides of the fountain, and being apparently satisfied as to the correctness of everything, he stepped boldly forward on to the rock on the west, and walking up within six or seven yards of the muzzles of our rifles, he turned his broadside, and lowering his trunk into the water, drew up a volume of water, which he threw over his back and shoulders to cool his person. This operation he repeated two or three times, after which he commenced drinking, by drawing the water into his trunk and then pouring it into his mouth. I determined to break his leg, if possible, so covering the limb about level with the lower line of his body, I fired, Carey firing for his heart. I made a lucky shot. And as the elephant turned and attempted to make away, his leg broke with a loud crack, and he stood upon his three sound ones. At once disabled and utterly incapable of escaping, he stood, statue-like, beside the fountain, within a few yards of where he got the shot, and only occasionally made an attempt at locomotion.

"The patch of my rifle, fired at this elephant's comrade, had ignited a large ball of dry old dung, about eight yards to leeward of our kraal, and, fanned by the breeze, it was now burning away very brightly, the sparks flying in the wind. Presently, on looking about me, I beheld two bull-elephants approaching by the selfsame footpath which the others had held. The first of these was a half-grown bull, the last was an out-and-out old fellow, with enormous tusks. They came on as the first had done, but seemed inclined to pass to windward of us. The young bull, however, observed the fire. He at once walked up to it, and smelling at it with his trunk, he seemed extremely amused, and in a gamboling humour threw his trunk about as if not knowing what to think of it. The larger bull now came up, and exposed a fine broadside. We took him behind the shoulder, and both fired together. On receiving the shots he wheeled about and held west, with drooping ears, evidently mortally wounded.

"Some time after this I detected an enormous old bull-elephant approaching from the west. If we lay still where we were he must in a few minutes get our wind, so we jumped up and ran forward out of his line of march. Here a Borélé opposed our farther progress, and we had to stone him out of the way. The elephant came on, and presently got the wind of where we had been lying. This at once seemed to awaken his suspicions, for he stood still among the trees, stretching forth his trunk from side to side to





## PAPA'S CONSENT;

## A TALE OF LOVE AND SENTIMENT.

"Give my consent, sir! Why you must be mad to ask such a thing! Pray, sir, what is the amount of your annual income?"

"One hundred a year, sir, at present."

"Precisely so. One hundred a year! Now, sir, would you like to see my last quarter's butcher's bill?"

"I really don't see, my good sir, begging your pardon, what it can have to do with the question?"

"Don't you indeed, young gentleman! Then I beg to tell you it has *everything* to do with the question. If you were to marry my daughter, which you *won't*, you know, you would have to provide her with beef and mutton. Yes, sir, with beef and mutton. No doubt you think she could live on air and love, but you're quite mistaken. She has a capital appetite of her own, and I don't know a girl who makes a larger hole in a leg of mutton at one sitting than herself."

"But really, my dear Mr. Nobbs—"

"Now don't interrupt me, young gentleman. Of course it's very disgusting to hear of a young lady eating beef and mutton, and running up the items of a butcher's bill, isn't it? But it's a matter of fact, sir; and fact is what you have to live by, and not romantic nonsense. Now, I tell you that my last quarter's butcher's bill—it's *paid*, mind you—was twenty-two pounds three and eightpence. That's at the rate of eighty-eight pounds odd per annum. Now, I'll allow you and my daughter to consume only one third of that; and then you are with nearly thirty pounds to pay for your butcher's meat alone. Rather a large slice out of the hundred, I think."

"I never expected that my present income would suffice for us, sir, but I thought—"

"Oh, yes, I understand you. You thought that my daughter had a rich father, but she *hasn't*. You thought that he'd allow you both enough to live on—but he *won't*. What next, sir!"

"I hope in time to increase my *own* income, sir."

"Very likely. Your employer gives you one hundred a year now; if you behave yourself properly, which I don't doubt; he will perhaps give you one hundred and twenty, a year or two hence, and if you still live steadily, by the time you are grey, it's not improbable that you may have two hundred a year for your income. Haven't I stated the case fairly?"

"Not quite, sir, I think. You make no allowance for my exertions and endeavours to get some more profitable employment than I now have; but since you seem determined to weigh your daughter's happiness against mere money—"

"Now pray don't talk nonsense, my good young gentleman."





humours, instead of taking the broom of Cheerfulness, and the dust-ban of Hope, and sweeping them away.

"Figg, my boy, how are you? Here have I been waiting for the last half-hour to see your smiling phiz—hang it, though! it *isn't* smiling—you look as miserable as if somebody'd left you a legacy."

"I wish they had, Jones," sighed Figg, "and then I should n't have the cause to be wretched that I now have."

"Cause to be fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Jones coarsely; "you have n't been robbing your governor's till, have you?"

"I beg, Jones, that you will not take quite such liberties with—"

"There you go," cried Jones, interrupting him; "now don't be so magnificent, Figg, because, upon my soul, it don't become you. What I mean to say is this. No man has cause to be wretched, as long as he has his bread and butter, and a clear conscience."

"It's all very fine," returned Figg, "for a man of your temperament to talk so; but those whose feelings are more finely strung, and whose hearts are more sensitive, feel blighted affections with keener—a—a."

"Have a cigar," said Jones, quietly, as Figg stammered for the next word. Figg turned away in disgust.

"Now, look here, Figg," said Jones, after a minute's pause; "tell us all about it. I won't laugh at you, 'pon honour. And if there's anything I can do to help you I will. So whether it's love or debt, my boy—for it's always one or the other that makes people sigh—out with it—it will do you good."

Figg did not much relish the tone of his friend's adjuration, but he was dying to tell his troubles, so he sat down and related the history of his love and despair.

"Is *that* all?" asked Jones, when he came to the end.

Figg looked indignant.

"Don't be savage, old fellow. But you don't mean to say that you're going to fret, because you have n't got the old one's consent. If you had n't got the lady's, I could understand it; but you could n't expect to get the daddy's, you know; but that's easily managed."

"I wish I thought so," replied Figg.

"Leave it to me," said Jones. "I bet you a quarter's salary to an old stocking, I'll get the governor's consent, if you make sure of the lady's within a month."

"Done!" cried Figg, in a great state of excitement; "but you're joking?"

"Not a bit of it. I tell you, I'll do it; but I won't try unless you come to the Casino with me to-night—so there, now."

Figg would have gone to the North Pole for such a reward, though he certainly felt shocked at the idea of a blighted heart being taken to so anti-romantic a place as the Casino. There was no help for it—so he went. By the unremitting exertions of his friend Jones, he was induced to do several polkas with smart young ladies—to sup at an oyster-shop—to drink quantities of pale ale and gin and water—to smoke more than was good for him—and to

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room, and then held a private and confidential conversation with him, and as it *was* confidential, of course we shall not reveal it here.

There was a ball at the Hanover Square Rooms one evening for the benefit of the Distressed Sausage-makers' Society. Nobody had ever heard of the Sausage-makers' Society before, but that was of no particular consequence. Everybody knew that there were sausage-makers—much better than they knew what they made the sausages of. Why should not sausage-makers be distressed? Perhaps the supply of cats—pigs, we mean—had failed of late: perhaps the "Lancet" had been analyzing sausages, as it had done many other nasty compounds, and detected certain fragmentary ingredients not being the pure flesh of the pig or the ox—and so had given the public a nausea for sausages, as it did for penny packets of cocoa. And so sausage-making became an unremunerative employment and sausage-makers fell into difficulties. Distressed sausage-makers formed a society, and the society gave a ball.

Mr. and Miss Nobbs, and Mr. Jones went to the Distressed Sausage-makers' ball. Nobbs went because he liked sausages, and was sorry to hear that sausage-makers were out of luck. Miss Nobbs went because she loved dancing and public balls better than anything in the world. Jones went for an object of his own. Jones had also bestowed a ticket on Mr. Figg, and had given that young gentleman a good dinner and plenty of wine to "prime him," as he expressed it, for meeting Julia at the ball.

Julia looked very well in pink crape and white roses in her hair. The ringlets were less corkscrewed than usual, which Julia thought a pity, but she was mistaken. When Mr. Figg entered the room, he saw the object of his adoration whirling round in a *deux-temps* with a stout gentleman in moustachios, who was one of those distinguished foreigners, or "illustrious exiles," that are always to be met at such places—and nowhere else. Old Nobbs was near the door: he saw Figg, shook hands with him, and told him he was looking extremely well, which disgusted Figg, who wanted to look emaciated and care-worn from the canker at his heart.

"Ah! Mr. Figg, how do you do?" said Julia, coming panting up after her waltz, and smiling as if she were the happiest girl in the room.

"Extraordinary a woman's tact!" thought Figg. "Who would imagine that that smiling angel was suffering from the pangs of blighted affections, even as I am?" But Figg did not *say* this: he shook hands, and said something about being pretty well. Figg had a very odd fishy look about the eyes—it might be grief, it might be—but, no, we won't insult his sentiments.

"May I dance the next quadrille with Miss Nobbs?" asked Figg of the young lady, in a regular Sir Charles Grandison style.

"Engaged to Mr. Jones," said Julia.

"The next?" asked Figg mildly.

"Engaged to Count Chicorée," replied the lady again.

[illegible]



count jumped up in a tremendous rage, and Figg stared in stupid astonishment.

"You are one d—n snob, sar!" exclaimed the count, snapping his fingers in Figg's face.

Figg stared more than ever.

"You are one scound-rel!" cried the count again. "By Gar, I will pull your nose!" And, to the intense surprise of every one, he took the nose of the unfortunate Figg between his finger and thumb and wrung it forcibly. Figg cried "Oh!" and made an indefinite sweep of his hands in the direction of the count's face. The count jumped nimbly aside and planted his elevated toe—where the distinction between man and the ourang-outang is forcibly marked.

Figg actually cried. He did n't show fight; he did n't collar the count; he did n't try to knock him down; he did n't even cry "police!" but the tears flowed from his eyes, and he said, "I did n't *mean* to do it."

He was very soon hooted out of the room. Julia was disgusted—her father in a rage—Jones in ecstasies, and Count Chicorée in custody—of a policeman.

Perhaps the reader is too shocked at Figg's poltroonery to go on; but Figg was overcome with champagne and sentiment, and when a man has been living on fanciful misery for a fortnight, and puts alcohol on top of it, it inevitably makes him a greater spoon than ever. So we put in the lame apology for Figg, though we know it would n't be received in a Police Court, where they always say that drunkenness is no excuse for fighting, so we doubt whether it can be taken as an apology for *not* fighting. But this we *will* say, that Figg had but a very confused recollection of the whole affair next morning.

He got a letter, however, which enlightened him. It was from Julia Nobbs! He opened it in fear and trembling, mixed with just the faintest glimpse of hope. It was short and decisive:—

"SIR,

"After the *disgusting*, and shameful, and *cowardly* way you behaved last night, I decline to think of you again, but with *horror* and *hatred*. Yours,

"JULIA NOBBS."

A week afterwards he got another letter:—

"DEAR FIGG,

"To-day is the end of my tether. I promised to get the papa's consent by this time, if you got the daughter's. I have obtained it on these conditions. Are you ready? Yours ever,

"J. JONES."

Another month passed by, and another letter was brought him. It contained nothing but the cards of Mr. and Mrs. J. Jones—the latter *née* Nobbs.

## THE WELL IN THE WILDERNESS.

A TALE OF THE PRAIRIE. FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

AUTHOR OF "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

In vain you urge me to forget  
 That fearful night—it haunts me yet;  
 And stamp'd into my heart and brain,  
 The awful memory will remain;  
 Yea, e'en in sleep that ghostly sight,  
 Returns to shake my soul each night.—S. M.

RICHARD STEEL was the son of one of those small landholders who are fast disappearing from Merry Old England. His father left him the sole possessor of twenty-five acres of arable land, and a snug little cottage, which had descended from father to son, through many generations.

The ground-plot, which had been sufficient to maintain his honest progenitors for several ages, in the palmy days of Britain's glory and independence, ere her vast resources past into the hands of the few, and left the many to starve, was not enough to provide for the wants of our stout yeoman and his family; which consisted at that period of three sons and one daughter, a lovely, blooming girl of ten years, or thereabouts. Richard and his boys toiled with unceasing diligence, the wife was up late and early, and not one moment was left unemployed; and yet they made no headway, but, every succeeding year, found them in arrears.

"Jane," said the yeoman one evening, thoughtfully, to his wife, after having blessed his homely meal of skimmed milk and brown bread, "couldst thee not have given us a little treat to-night? Hast thee forgotten that it is our dear Annie's birthnight?"

"No, Richard, I have not forgotten: how could I forget the anniversary of the day that made us all so happy? But times are bad; I could not spare the money to buy sugar and plums for the cake; and I wanted to sell all the butter, in order to scrape together enough to pay the shoemaker for making our darling's shoes. Annie knows that she is infinitely dear to us all, though we cannot give her luxuries to prove it."

"It wants no proof, dear mother," said the young girl, flinging her round, but sunburnt arms, about her worthy parent's neck. "Your precious love is worth the wealth of the whole world to me. I know how fond you and dear father are of me, and I am more than satisfied."

"Annie is right," said Steel, dropping his knife and holding out his arms for a caress. "The world could not purchase such love as



we feel for her; and let us bless God that, poor though we be, we are all here to-night, well and strong, ay, and rich, in spite of our homely fare, in each other's affections. What say you, my boys?" And he glanced with parental pride on the three fine lads, whose healthy and honest countenances might well be contemplated with pleasure, and afford subjects for hopeful anticipations for the future.

"We are happy, father," said the eldest, cheerfully.

"The cakes and spiced ale would have made us happier," said the second. "Mother makes such nice cakes!"

"So she does;" cried the third. "It seems so dull to have nothing nice on Annie's birthday. I should not care a fig if it were Dick's birthday, or Owen's, or mine, but not to drink Annie's health seems unlucky."

"You shall drink it yet," said Annie, laughing.

"In what?" asked both the boys in a breath.

"In fine spring water!" And she filled their mugs.

"Better God never gave to his creatures. How bright it is! How it sparkles! I will never from this day ask a finer drink. Here is health to you, my brothers, and may we never know what it is to lack a draught of pure water!"

Annie nodded to her brothers, and drank off her mug of water; and the good-natured fellows, who dearly loved her, followed her example.

Oh, little did the gay-hearted girl think in that moment of playful glee, of the price she was one day destined to pay for a drink of water!

The crops that year were a failure, and the heart of the strong man began to droop. He felt that labour in his native land would no longer give his children bread, and, unwilling to sink into the lowest class, he wisely resolved, while he retained the means of doing so, to emigrate to America. His wife made no opposition to his wishes; his sons were delighted with the prospect of any change for the better, and if Annie felt a passing pang at leaving the daisied fields, and her pretty playmates the lambs, she hid it from her parents. The dear homestead, with its quiet rural orchard, and trim hedgerows, fell to the hammer; nor was the sunburnt cheek of the honest yeoman unmoistened with a tear, when he saw it added to the enormous possessions of the lord of the manor.

After the sale was completed, and the money it brought duly paid, Steel lost no time in preparing for his emigration. In less than a fortnight he had secured their passage to New York, and they were already on their voyage across the Atlantic. Favoured by wind and weather, after the first effects of the sea had worn off, they were comfortable enough. The steerage passengers were poor, but respectable English emigrants, and they made several pleasant acquaintances among them. One family especially attracted their attention, and so far engaged their affections during the tedious voyage, that they entered into an agreement to settle in the same neighbourhood. Mr. Atkins was a widower, with two sons, the ages of Richard and Owen, and an elder sister, a primi-

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the neatest farm in the district. He would raise the finest cattle, the largest crops, and the best garden stuff in the neighbourhood. Frugal and industrious habits would soon render them wealthy and independent.

His mother listened to these sallies with a delighted smile; and even the grave yeoman's brow relaxed from its habitual frown. Annie entered warmly into all her brother's plans; and if he laid the foundation of this fine castle in the air, she certainly provided the cement and all the lighter materials.

As their long route led them further from the habitations of men, and deeper and deeper into the wilderness; the stern realities of their solitary locality became hourly more apparent to the poor emigrants. They began to think that they had acted too precipitately in going so far back into the woods, unacquainted as they were with the usages of the country. But repentance came too late; and, when at length they reached their destination, they found themselves upon the edge of a vast forest, with a noble open prairie stretching away as far as the eye could reach in front of them, and no human habitation in sight, or indeed existing for miles around them.

In a moment the yeoman comprehended all the difficulties and dangers of his situation; but his was a stout heart, not easily daunted by circumstances. He possessed a vigorous constitution and a strong arm; and he was not alone. Richard was an active energetic lad, and his friend Atkins, and his two sons, were a host in themselves. Having settled with his guides, and ascertained by the maps, that he had received at Mr. —'s office, the extent and situation of his new estate, he set about unyoking the cattle which he had purchased, and securing them, while Atkins and his sons pitched a tent for the night, and collected wood for their fire. The young people were in raptures with the ocean of verdure, redolent with blossoms, that lay smiling in the last rays of the sun before them; never did garden appear to them so lovely, as that vast wilderness of sweets, planted by the munificent hand of Nature with such profuse magnificence. Annie could scarcely tear herself away from the enchanting scene, to assist her mother in preparing their evening meal.

"Mother, where shall we get water?" asked Annie, glancing wistfully towards their empty cask; "I have seen no indications of water for the last three miles."

"Annie has raised a startling doubt," said Steel; "I can perceive no appearance of stream or creek in any direction."

"Hist! father, do you hear that?" cried Richard. "The croaking of those frogs is music to me just now, for I am dying with thirst," and, seizing the can, he ran off in the direction of the discordant sounds.

It was near dark when he returned with his pailful of clear cold water; with which the whole of the party slaked their thirst, before asking any questions.

"What delicious water—as clear as crystal—as cold as ice! How fortunate to obtain it so near at hand," exclaimed several in a breath.

1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.

2. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to define the objectives and goals of the project. This helps to clarify what needs to be achieved and provides a clear direction for the team.

3. The third step is to develop a plan or strategy to address the problem. This involves breaking down the problem into smaller, manageable tasks and determining the resources needed to complete each task.

4. The fourth step is to implement the plan. This involves assigning tasks to team members, setting deadlines, and monitoring progress to ensure that the project is on track.

5. The final step is to evaluate the results of the project. This involves comparing the actual outcomes with the objectives and goals to determine the effectiveness of the project and identify areas for improvement.



"Oh! the poor dear child is burning!" cried Abigail, "she cannot wait till then; do, neighbour, go for the water, I will stay with the children, and put out the milk while you are away."

Mrs. Steel left the shanty, and a few minutes after, the patients, exhausted by suffering, fell into a profound sleep. Abigail busied herself scalding the milk-pans, and, in her joy at the young people's cessation from pain, forgot the mother altogether. About half an hour had elapsed, and the mellow light of evening had faded into night, when Steel returned with his oxen from the field.

The moment he entered the shanty he went up to the bed which contained his sick children, and satisfied that the fever was abating, he looked round for his supper, surprised that it was not, as usual, ready for him upon the table.

"No water!" he cried, "in the cask, and supper not ready. After working all day in the burning sun, a man wants to have things made comfortable for him at night. Mrs. Winchester, are you here? Where is my wife?"

"Merciful goodness!" exclaimed the old woman, turning as pale as death, "is she not back from the well?"

"The well!" cried Steel, grasping her arm: "how long has she been gone?"

"This half hour, or more."

Steel made no answer—his cheek was as pale as her own; and taking his gun from the beam to which it was slung, he carefully loaded it with ball; and, without uttering a word, left the house.

Day still lingered upon the open prairie, but the moment he entered the bush it was deep night. He had crossed the plain with rapid strides, but as he approached the swamp, his step became slow and cautious. The well was in the centre of a jungle, from the front of which Richard had cleared away the brush to facilitate their access to the water: as he drew near the spot, his ears were chilled by a low deep growling, and the crunching of teeth, as if some wild animal was devouring the bones of its prey. The dreadful truth, with all its shocking heart-revolting reality, flashed upon the mind of the yeoman, and for a moment paralyzed him. The precincts of the well were within range of his rifle, and dropping down upon his hands and knees, and nerving his arm for a clear aim, he directed his gaze to the spot from whence the fatal sounds proceeded. A little on one side of the well, a pair of luminous eyes glared like green lamps at the edge of the dark wood; and the horrid sounds which curdled the blood of the yeoman became more distinctly audible.

Slowly Steel raised the rifle to his shoulder, and setting his teeth, and holding his breath, he steadily aimed at a space between those glowing balls of fire. The sharp report of the rifle awoke the far echoes of the forest. The deer leaped up from his lair, the wolf howled and fled into the depths of the wood, and the panther, for such it was, uttering a hoarse growl, sprang several feet into the air, then fell across the mangled remains of his victim.

Richard Steel rose from the ground; the perspiration was streaming from his brow; his limbs trembled and shook, his lips

to commence housekeeping. So, after a period of relaxation, brief in its continuance, Mr. Wigwell was obliged to resume his professional studies with greater ardour than ever; he eked out, too, his scanty resources by occasional contributions to periodical literature; and emboldened by success, performed at last an exploit even more adventurous and eccentric than matrimony itself,—in a word, he wrote a novel, and, what was worse, put his name on the title-page. The venture was a rash one; although Mr. Wigwell's production might not inaptly be described as a legal fiction, for the whole plot of the story consisted but of a lawsuit, and the consequent transference of a title and estates from one party to another; but it would be out of the nature of things to suppose any man who aspired to practise in the most jealous of all professions, could commit such an act without suffering for his indiscretion, and suffer Mr. Wigwell did. The book was successful, it had a good run, but its publication for many a long day materially diminished such slender chances of employment in the legitimate duties of his profession as my friend at one time had.

The literary reputation achieved by Mr. Wigwell, there is no use mincing the matter, made him egregiously vain. He no longer wended his way along the crowded thoroughfare a miserable legal pedant, and nothing more. No! he felt himself a man of genius, he had proved it; the eye not of his country only, but of all Europe,—for had not his book been translated into divers foreign tongues—was upon him; and for some time he would fancy that the citizens whom he met on his way to chambers, or Westminster Hall, nudged each other and whispered, there goes the celebrated author of "Anastasius."

Having thus for an unsubstantial shadow neglected the weightier matters of the law, as a natural consequence business fell away. When clients came, the disposition evinced by my friend to expatiate upon the merits of his literary performance, by no means tended to enhance in their eyes his estimation as a lawyer.

Sharpus, the eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn, having called one day to obtain counsel's opinion upon an intricate question of commercial law, was struck with horror by the lawyer suddenly interrupting a somewhat prolix statement by the untoward question, "What did he think of the celebrated trial scene in 'Anastasius?'"

The worthy solicitor stared at his interrogator in mute amazement; taking his departure, he registered a solemn vow that Wigwell had seen the last of his money; and, for once, that eminent man kept his word.

Nor was the case I have mentioned a solitary instance; whether in court, at dinner, or in chambers, the successful author talked so much about his book to whatever description of audience he could collect around him, or chance threw in his way, that he came at last to be regarded as a species of literary monomaniac; and if ever a man ran a risk of being ruined by success that man was the celebrated author of "Anastasius."

But so long as a man is ready and willing to avail himself of the many sources of emolument which—should professional employ-



## MR. HORATIO WIGWELL'S STRANGE CLIENT.

It was a fine evening in Michaelmas term, just the sort of evening one expects at that time of year. The streets were noisy, murky, and sloppy. A drizzling rain descended through the thick fog; or rather, the fog was so dense, and so wetting, that it had all the effect of rain. The lamps flashed fitfully through the haze, and the panting omnibus-horses smoked and steamed, as they struggled wearily onwards.—out of doors everything was cheerless and uncomfortable. The dreary influence of the atmosphere penetrated even through stone walls and glazed windows into the interior of the habitations. Mr. Horatio Wigwell felt it, as he sate alone in chambers, poring over a huge brief for the Nisi Prius sittings after Term; he shivered, gave the fire a rousing poke, heaped on fresh fuel, and standing bolt upright on the hearth-rug, subducted a coat-tail under either arm, put his hands into his pockets, and proceeded to give himself what is called a thorough airing.

Imagine a dapper, little, well-made man, with a smart, compact figure, his attitude rather theatrical, his eye bright and intelligent, a forehead square, but not elevated, and shaded by greyish hair, a vulpine nose, long and sharp at the end; complexion a pale parchment hue, and a mouth with the corners turned down; attire him in sable raiment, except trowsers, which are of a shepherd's plaid, such as those worn by my Lord Brougham, and you have as good an idea as I am able to give you of this rising young lawyer; for at the mature age of five-and-forty years, my friend was looked upon as little better than a rising junior. Let us cast a rapid glance at his antecedents, in order that the reader may understand the tale.

A wrangler of the first class, Mr. Horatio Wigwell had left Cambridge flushed with academic fame, anticipating a most brilliant success in the new career which opened before him. He spared no pains to qualify himself for business; he digested whole volumes of reports; and crammed himself with law sufficient to turn a brain of the soundest materials. The middle watches of the night often found him, like the great Lord Eldon, sitting with a wet towel round his head, and storing his mind with legal ore, which he hoped would turn to gold, at no distant day. But it was long before the double tap of the solicitor disturbed the solitude of his chambers; and at one period of his career Mr. Wigwell entertained serious intentions of abandoning the profession in disgust.

It was just about this time, when failure seemed imminent and starvation was looming in the distance, that my friend married. He set up a house and a wife together; then arose the startling question, how they were to be supported. Five thousand pounds, which he had inherited under the will of an uncle, reduced by the expenses of a university education, a call to the bar, and a residence of some time in the Temple, left a narrow margin whereupon

"I am not at all sure that I am not a little bit of a hypocrite," said the doctor, "but I am sure that I am a little bit of a hypocrite."

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"Pray, Mr. Wigwell, how long may it be, sir, since my son has been in your chambers?"



"He was here only two days ago, in his usual health and spirits."

"D—n his health and spirits! I wish they'd not been so good; upon my soul I do," the doctor said, thumping the floor with his cane.

"Pray inform me, I am really quite uneasy."

"He is in Paris at this moment, as I know to my cost."

"Is that all? I really feared something infinitely more serious had taken place."

"Serious! what could be more serious? I have had a letter from my banker; he has drawn upon me for three hundred pounds, the villain has," and the old doctor ground his teeth.

"Pray do not use such very harsh expressions; all will be right yet. Let us hope for the best."

"To supply the extravagance of a painted, demi-semiquaver singing Jezebel—how can he ever be right after such infernal villany?"

"Frank has a travelling companion, then?" inquired the lawyer.

"Travelling companion! ay, that he has; no less than an opera singer. He has run off with an opera singer, or, rather, an opera singer has run off with him; that's the long and short of it, Mr. Wigwell, sir," the old man said, his voice beginning to quaver.

"You may depend upon it, he will soon return."

"Ay, but look here—what do you call this?" And the doctor as he spoke lugged out an old pocket-book, whence he extracted a document, which the lawyer at a single glance knew to be a foreign bill of exchange.

It was drawn for the sum of three hundred pounds, and duly endorsed with the name of Webber the younger.

"How many pulses do you suppose I had to feel, and dirty tongues to look at, to make that money?—gone from me in the twinkling of an eye! All gone!" groaned the poor doctor.

"You have paid it, then?"

"Paid it, to be sure I have; but it's the last I'll pay. There seems no help for it but to let the affair take its course; and when the syren has got all she can out of the poor boy, the chances are she'll leave him, and take up with somebody else."

Not very many months had passed away before the conjectures thus indulged in by the doctor received ample confirmation by the disappearance of Mademoiselle de Vismes under the protection of a Russian nobleman. But Mr. Francis Webber was so ashamed either of his *escapade* or of his desertion that he resisted all entreaties to return home, and spent his time in roaming about the Continent. Nor is it very long since he was seen ornamented by an enormous pair of moustaches, and occupied in playing roulette at Baden Baden.

But that fortune which had treated the pupil so scurvily, began shortly after to wear a kinder smile for the preceptor. After considerable fluctuations, his business began at length steadily to increase. Solicitors were found who recognized the abilities of the lawyer, in spite of the eccentricities of the author; and although he was rash enough to try his fortune a second time in print; to

say nothing of other little extravagances; he was gradually rising in his profession, until he had arrived at that eminent station in which we have introduced him to the notice of our readers.

We left Mr. Wigwell airing himself at the fire, while we made this little digression for the purpose of explaining such portions of his previous history as have a bearing upon that incident we are now to relate. We now return to him as he stands upon the hearthrug, thinking, perhaps, of the case which he is to argue upon the morrow, or, it may be, of his *domus et placens uxor*, to which it is almost time he should be returning, when a violent tug of the bell at the outer door interrupted his meditations; and knowing that the clerk was at that moment absent, Wigwell went forth, expecting to find perchance at his portal some attorney's clerk with papers.

No such sight, however, was destined to meet his eye. There stood outside on the landing-place a lady, closely veiled, shawled, and dressed, as far as the lawyer could discern, in the extreme of the prevailing fashion.

"May I ask you, if these are Mr. Wigwell's chambers?" she said, with a slight inclination of her head.

"Yes, madam, they are."

"Is Mr. Wigwell at home?"

"I am Mr. Wigwell. If you have any business, perhaps you will be good enough to walk in."

The unknown, with a startled gesture, that might be taken for surprise or awe, or an admirably acted mixture of both, made a profound and most graceful obeisance, and ushered in by the lawyer, soon found herself in the sitting-room.

"Will you be so good as to take a chair?" the lawyer said, pondering much upon what the meaning of this mysterious visit might be.

The fair unknown sank into an arm-chair with an air of graceful nonchalance, and throwing back her veil, fastened upon the lawyer a pair of the handsomest eyes he had ever seen.

By Jove! she was as beautiful as an angel!

"Do I then indeed see before me at last the celebrated author of that exquisite work?" she said, clasping her hands in an ecstasy of admiration.

"Yes, madam, you do," the little lawyer said, blushing up to the roots of his hair with delight, and feeling a tingling sensation pervade his whole frame.

"I have read that incomparable work with a delight I can find no words to express. I have laughed over it; I have cried over it. There never was a book since the days of Shakspeare for a moment to be compared with it," the lady said, her whole features glowing with apparent enthusiasm.

"You really do me far too much honour—indeed—"

"Not a word—I am proud I have the honour of making the acquaintance of one so distinguished, so young too," and the strange lady smiled upon Wigwell, a smile of the most bewitching softness.

Now Wigwell was as grey as a badger.



"May I have the pleasure of hearing your name?" he said.

"I am a wanderer about the precincts of Parnassus myself, and I have taken the, I fear, unpardonable liberty to wish for your advice about some pieces I am about to publish," the lady replied.

"I shall be happy to assist you in any way I can."

"I thank you; but to have sought you thus, without an introduction, I fear I have committed a most unwarrantable liberty." And uttering these words, the strange lady shot a glance at the little lawyer, which pierced him like a flash of lightning.

"Not at all; pray don't mention it. I shall be delighted to serve you in any way I can."

"Some friends have been kind enough to put down their names as subscribers. There is one whose address I have been unable to discover. Stay—oh! here it is!" the lady said, pulling a crumpled piece of paper from her pocket.

"What is the name?" said Wigwell.

"Web—Web—Webber—Francis Webber," she replied, spelling it out, as if with great difficulty.

A shade fell upon the features of Wigwell—his old and favourite pupil! What could this fascinating woman want with poor Frank?

"I knew the gentleman well, but it is now some years since I have heard anything of him."

"I understood he had left Germany."

"Indeed! I was not aware."

"Perhaps, then, you will have the kindness to inform me where I can find his father, Doctor Webber."

A sudden thought flashed upon Wigwell. "Who are you, Madam?" he said bluntly.

"My name," the lady replied, drawing off her glove, so as to afford a glimpse of a very white hand, upon which sparkled one or two valuable diamonds. "My name—is De Vismes."

"The destroyer of my pupil!" Wigwell said, starting back in his chair.

"Really, Mr. Wigwell, I am not to blame, as you imagine."

"Blame, Madam! ah! that young man would have risen to great eminence, had he only been permitted to attend to his studies!"

"He was most agreeable and gentlemanly; but you are right, sir. He was poor—very poor," said Miss De Vismes.

"I never knew a man who had a mind more eminently legal, or one better qualified to appreciate the beauties of —"

"Anastasius," interrupted Miss De Vismes, trying to look demure, while an incipient smile played lightly over her features.

"He had a correct taste in modern literature," replied the lawyer, drily.

"You will not, surely, refuse to tell me where his father resides?" said Miss De Vismes, returning to the charge.

"You must excuse me; he is now a very old man; and I doubt if he would have much pleasure in making your acquaintance."

"You are unkind. Since you will grant me neither of these two requests, you will not refuse me one other little favour."

"What is it, Madam? for, really, my time is precious."

"I wish to have your name—your autograph, I believe they call it in this country."

"That I will do for you with pleasure—you shall have it at once," replied Wigwell, taking up a sheet of paper.

"Here! oh, here! I have a little fancy just for you to write it upon this tiny scrap."

"Certainly, if you prefer it," replied the lawyer, taking a small square piece of paper neatly folded, which the lady handed to him.

"But, good heavens! Madam, do you know what this is? A stamp—positively a bill-stamp for five shillings. Are you mad, Miss De Vismes? do you know the consequences of your actions?"

"Oh yes, quite well. I only want you to write your name upon it, that's all."

"I shall do nothing of the kind, I assure you," said Wigwell, plunging, as he spoke, both his hands into the pockets of that garment which is without a name.

Miss De Vismes laughed, and laid her jewelled hand on the lawyer's arm. "Do oblige me, Mr. Wigwell, I know you will."

"Destroyer of my pupil, avaunt! remember, I am a husband, and a father," Wigwell said, summing up his most awful *Nisi Prius* manner; and eying the fair adventuress with a portentous sternness, suggestive of policemen.

But, nothing abashed, Miss de Vismes, holding out her hand with a most winning smile, said in her softest tones,

"Then I must have the honour to wish you a very good morning. You have not that romantic generosity of disposition which your writings led me to imagine. *Bon jour, Monsieur.* I forgive you for your want of *politesse*."

"I cannot take the hand of the destroyer of my pupil," the lawyer said, rejecting the proffered *gage d'amitié* with a rigid virtue, which would have charmed his wife.

"*Comme vous voulez, Monsieur,*" and the lady shrugged her shoulders, marvelling much at the lawyer's want of breeding.

Wigwell opened the door, and in the little anti-chamber usually occupied by his clerk, there sat what seemed a duplicate edition of his own visitor, apparently engaged in an animated flirtation with that functionary, who had just returned. This charming young person was the maid of Mademoiselle.

"Come, Lucille, *allons*. Good day to you, Mr. Wigwell, you should have taken a few lessons in *politesse* from your friend Mr. Webber. You really do not know how to treat a lady."

"Good heavens! what an escape," soliloquised the lawyer, when the door had closed upon his strange client. "I don't think I ever saw a better plant—I was so perfectly off my guard. I'll never say another word, or listen to one, about that accursed book as long as I live, and Wigwell religiously kept his word; he has now a silk gown, and has moved from Bloomsbury into Russell Square, where he resides in state and bounty. The reader may see him in the Park of a Saturday afternoon, when he takes the little Wigwells an airing in a brougham hired for the occasion."



## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

WE next had an alarm of the approach of cavalry, and rose to receive them; but they changed their mind, and swept off to our left; and we once more sank behind the slight ridge which covered our front; we had scarcely, however, been a minute on our legs, when three of the men of our company were knocked down. Shortly after a shell passed through the tumbril of one of our guns that was in action in our front, and in its transit lit a portfire: the agility and rapidity with which the artillery-driver detached his horses from the shafts was admirable,—he risked himself but saved them: the tumbril immediately after exploded, driving the splinters of the wheels, boxes, and shafts in all directions, by which some of our artillery were wounded. In the hollow in our rear, sinking toward the Turones river, was placed our support, belonging to the second line of our division, composed of part of General Howard's\* brigade, the 92d Highlanders, together with a brigade of the German Legion. All the missiles lighting on our heights bounded on in *ricochet*, and fell amongst our reserve. I remember one shot particularly, which, after striking close to our people, plumped amidst a group of staff and field officers assembled together in the bottom, taking off the head of General Howard's horse, traversing the carcass of that of his aide-de-camp, Captain Battersby, carrying off the leg of Major Stewart, of the 92d, and, knocking down two rank and file of that regiment, went hopping on like a cricket-ball, as if it had done nothing; although this shot may be fairly said to have done its duty. Felton Hervey, who in the morning had escaped from the sabre of the *preux chevalier* Frenchman, had, while riding in our front, another narrow escape towards the close of the day. A round-shot struck his horse, and hitting his sabretasche, traversed the animal's carcass, and passing between Hervey's legs, came out on the opposite side, close to his knee, inflicting on it a severe contusion, and throwing him, horse and all, to the ground, on the armless side of his body. He was much shaken and hurt, but would not leave the field.

As the enemy began to withdraw from before us, their fire slackened,—their guns first retired, then their *tirailleurs* retreated, and we rose from our earthy bed to witness some beautiful practice from Lane's portion of Lawson's troop of artillery. To cover their retreat, some heavy columns of the enemy's cavalry advanced to within six or seven hundred yards, and began closing up, bent, no doubt, upon mischief, when Lane opened three guns on them with spherical case-shot; the practice was excellent, the shells bursting within a hundred to a hundred and fifty yards from the

\* Afterwards Lord Howard of Effingham.

head of their columns, creating chasms in their ranks, destroying and rolling over horses and riders, and drilling openings in their masses as if cut down with scythes. The fourth shot sent them to the right about; and galloping off, they escaped the storm of lead and iron from our guns. This was the parting evening salvo: the enemy's fire with us ceased about five o'clock, P.M.; in the village it lasted longer; but, eventually, the lower part of Fuentes was abandoned by both sides,—our people holding the upper portion, and the enemy retiring to some distance from the little river Dos Casas, which now once more separated the two armies. The casualties in our brigade from a seven hours' cannonade and fire of musketry, including the killed and wounded and missing among the skirmishers, amounted to one hundred and thirty-six men and five officers.

This number would have been much greater had not Lord Wellington *economized* us by his order to lie down. In the field he was ever most chary of his men; following that sound principle of warfare which inflicts as much injury on, and receives as little from, an enemy, as the facilities of ground, the nature of a position, and the adaptation of his troops to it allow. The general loss of the allied army in this action was 1500 men and officers killed, wounded, and missing—that of the French was considerably greater, besides their attempt to relieve their garrison in Almeida having been frustrated. The sense of success was pleasing to us, and the greetings of the unharmed as sincere and cordial, as was our regret for those less fortunate than ourselves. Once more assembled round the bivouac fire, we began to think of "the creature comforts," which were not less acceptable from their scarcity; the piquets were thrown out, the moon rose, we wrapped our cloaks around us, and slept away the fatigue and heat of the day; many losing themselves in the happiest of all English soldiers' dreams—that of England and home.

The stars were still bright in the heavens, and the dawn of day from the east had not yet appeared, when we were again on foot, trying to descry through the dark some object that might lead to an idea of the enemy's further intentions. We saw nothing but their watch-fires, and all was in repose. As morning broke, our telescopes were in requisition, the enemy lay still before us, the day began its broiling course; the dead, and the carcasses of horses, lay strewn about the field in front, where they had fallen; a flag of truce was sent, and a mutual agreement came to that we should bury our dead. Brotherton carried the flag. He was requested by Hervey to seek out the chivalrous young French officer who had respected a disabled foe, by saluting instead of cutting him down, and present to him, in his name, a pair of English pistols which he always carried in his holsters. On inquiry, it unfortunately was found that this gallant young Frenchman had fallen in the action of the previous day. During these few hours of civil intercourse many of us, like schoolboys released, rushed down to the Turones river to swim, no slight luxury in hot weather, and in the absence of everything but one shirt, which, being washed, was left to dry on



a rock, whilst we disported in the water. On this and the following day both armies remained in the same position; we were occupied in throwing up breastworks and making *trous de loup* in defence against their powerful cavalry.

On the 7th they made a *reconnaissance* on our right, to have a nearer view of these works. Very strong piquets were thrown out, which were strengthened after dark. It happened on the night of the 7th that I was on outpost duty; Almeida was still held by the French, and, uncertain of Marshal Massena's intentions, Lord Wellington (who, the whole of this time, lay on the ground near us) exacted great alertness in the out-piquets, and an immediate report of the slightest movement in our front. About midnight I patrolled, in advance of our sentries, down to a vedette of the 1st Hanoverian Hussars. On communicating with him, he told me in his own peculiar English that "She move" (meaning the enemy). I asked him his reason for thinking so, he answered, "Listen! you hear vaggon and gun moves on de road." On placing my ear to the ground I found this was the case; I then asked in which direction he thought they were moving, he answered, "From de left to de right." I demanded why he thought so, "Because leetle ting (shadows) pass bivouac fire from der left to der right, so dey go dat vey."

Having, for my own satisfaction, ascertained the correctness of his intelligent observation, I reported the circumstance to my supporting piquet and the field-officer of the night. Lord Wellington immediately came down, and advancing to the outpost, asked "Who reported that the enemy were in motion." He was informed of the fact as well as the grounds for the belief that they were moving in our front to their left. Lord Wellington reconnoitred himself, and being satisfied of the truth said, in allusion to the Hussar's report, "A d—n sharp fellow *that*, I wish I had more of them." For the rest of the night Lord Wellington remained in his cloak on the high ground of the position in our rear.

In the morning we found that the enemy had withdrawn from immediately before us. On the 10th they repassed the Agueda, and withdrew altogether, moving on Salamanca, where Massena was relieved from the command of his army, and was succeeded by Marmont. Thus ended the battle of Fuentes d'Oñoro.

The Duke has been accused of want of sympathy for individuals and of having an insufficient sense of the services of his army. He certainly was not demonstrative, his habitual reserve often concealed feelings that he was chary of displaying, but he was always fair and just when circumstances did not involve a compromise of system, or interfere with his sense of the public advantage. In a letter of condolence to old General Cameron, on the death of his gallant son (who received his death-wound in command of the 79th) he says, "I am convinced that you will credit the assurance which I give you, that I condole with you most sincerely upon this misfortune. . . . You will always regret and lament his loss, I am convinced; but I hope you will derive some consolation from the reflection that

he fell in the performance of his duty, and at the head of your brave regiment, loved and respected by all who knew him, in an action in which, if possible, the British troops surpassed everything they had ever done before." With regard to an insufficient sense of the services of his army, I will here relate an anecdote exemplifying his estimation of them and characteristically truthful of himself and those he commanded. After the battle of Toulouse the Adjutant General of Cavalry, Colonel Elley,\* dined at head-quarters. The Duke was in unusually high spirits, he had received the announcement of Buonaparte's abdication; the war was at an end and none seemed more rejoiced at its termination than the Duke himself. Sir John told me that he had never seen him in higher spirits or more communicative. The conversation turned on the late immediate movements of the two armies, when the Duke exclaimed, "I will tell you the difference between Soult and me—when he gets into a difficulty his troops don't get him out of it; when I get into one, mine always do."

Looking on the action of Fuentes d'Oñoro as an epoch which finished a particular period of the war on the northern frontier of Portugal, I may be allowed to indulge in some slight reflections on the French, our army, and the Portuguese Government. The enemy's conduct to Portugal had been not only foolishly faithless and unjust, but in every way most atrocious. Talleyrand said, in allusion to the commencement of the Peninsular war, "*C'est le commencement de la fin,*" and later *diplomatically* observed "*C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute.*" However, the restless spirit of their resentment resembled virtue in one respect, as to do its work at a palpable loss, and thus to become its own reward. Individually, the French possess eminently good qualities; it must be confessed, however, that as a nation, although capable of good and great actions,† they often are so trifling in serious matters, and so serious in trifling ones, that one never knows exactly when the sublime begins or the ridiculous ends. I do not coincide with an Hibernian friend of mine (a good hater, but whose hatred was tempered by the propensities of a *bon vivant*), who used to declare that, for his part, he would only "just lave enough of them alive to cook, and cultivate the vines." I differ from my friend sufficiently to be able to render them full justice. I *know* them to be a clever, intelligent, and agreeable people, and, in spite of their misconduct, we could not help admiring their powers of endurance, under every possible species and extremity of privation, and their continued gallantry and good humour under the most adverse circumstances. We were bound to acknowledge them a gallant and worthy foe. No army

\* Colonel Sir John Elley of the Royal Horse Guards Blue, entered that regiment as a private soldier, served in the campaign in Holland under the Duke of York in that capacity, and afterwards throughout the Peninsula and at Waterloo. By prudence, good conduct, sagacity and courage, he mounted through every grade of the army to the rank of Lieutenant-General, K.C.B. and M.P. for Windsor.

† See the uncontrolled possession of Paris by the lowest rabble in 1830 for three whole days, without the slightest tendency to plunder, extortion, or violence beyond the open contention with political adversaries.



but a French one could be capable of such a strain on order and discipline as to afford a nine months' sanction of marauding and laxity, and then rapidly at once to return to obedience and regularity.

Whatever virtues are possessed by an English army, *woe* be to the commander who relaxes discipline with *them*. The Duke's own orders and many living witnesses are sufficient to prove that such liberties must *not* be taken with an army which, while under control, make the *very* best troops in Europe. The conduct of the Portuguese Government at this time was so tiresome, disheartening, and unjust towards their own army, and their allies; their correspondence with Lord Wellington so prevaricating, imbecile, and dishonest that we might well apply to our *dear* ally what Duke Cosmo of Florence said of *his* friends, "That we read in Scripture that we ought to forgive our enemies, but that we nowhere read we *ought* to forgive our friends."

On the 11th of May the enemy, having recrossed the Agueda with the exception of one brigade, left in front of Ciudad Rodrigo; our army resumed its cantonments on the banks of the Azava and Agueda, and we returned to our former quarters at Puebla and Almadilla. Having been for ten days deprived of our baggage, which had been sent to the rear during the foregoing operations, it was no small luxury to be once more restored to servants, horses, clean linen and razors. The Sixth Division after the action resumed the blockade of Almeida; but, in spite of the defeat of the far superior force brought by Massena against Lord Wellington at Fuentes d'Oñoro, and that by this result the relief of the French garrison of Almeida was for the time baffled, Lord Wellington, to his no small mortification, found that between the night of the 11th and the morning of the 12th the garrison of Almeida, after blowing up a portion of the works of the town, escaped. This was occasioned by the dilatory compliance of a general officer with the orders he received from Lord Wellington; on their receipt it was said that, instead of promulgating them *immediately*, the general put them into his pocket and forgot them. The consequence was that the troops, destined to cover a point in the line between the Agueda and the fortress of Almeida, arrived too late to prevent their escape, and again, those who followed the flying garrison with inadequate force, attacked them (with more courage than prudence or military skill) when they had passed the river and had arrived within reach of support. Two divisions and a brigade had been left to prevent the escape of 1400 men under Brennier; every necessary instruction was given by Lord Wellington, but all miscarried by the failure of a *prompt obedience to orders*. In writing to Lord Liverpool, Lord Wellington says on this point—

"Possibly I have to reproach myself for not having been on the spot. However, it is that alone in the whole operation in which I have to reproach myself, as everything was done that could be done in the way of order and instruction. I certainly feel every day more and more the *difficulty* of the situation in which I am placed. I am obliged to be *everywhere*, and if absent from any operation

something goes wrong. It is to be hoped that the generals and other officers of the army will at *last* acquire that *experience* which will teach them that success can be attained only by attention to the most minute details; and by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its conclusion, point by point, and ascertaining that the whole is understood by those who are to execute it."

Those who were witnesses of Lord Wellington's many difficulties, can attest that that of making the inattentive or incompetent comprehend his views and obey his orders, was not the slightest amongst them. No *really* good school to form *superior* officers had existed (India alone excepted). Since the days of Marlborough no English army had been let loose on the continent of Europe to make *substantial* war; island generals, half-fish, half-flesh, with transports at their backs, like snails and their shells, were employed to carry out some great effort of military strategy begotten in the brain of some most unmilitary minister; "creating diversions," cutting Dutch sluices, or consigning men to die at unhealthy seasons in pestilential Flemish bogs. One great minister, who shall be nameless, had a brother a general, to whom it was said he submitted *all* his plans; but as the minister was really a man of ability although not military, and the other was a military man without any such advantage, the civilian in imparting his military lucubrations to the soldier did not reap the same benefit as Molière did when he read his plays to his cook. All necessary requirements for so opposite and enlarged a game of war as was now to be played in the Peninsula, had to be *created* by the chief who commanded. Commissariats, depots, hospitals, transports, munitions of war, bullets, clothing, beef, gunpowder, and shoes had to be conveyed, received, and distributed. All such details at a distance from our naval resources, had to be thought of and provided for; and even down to the feeding and condition of cavalry horses, and the avoidance of sore backs, Lord Wellington had to remark and give instructions upon, besides the discipline of the army, the tactics of war, the cultivation of the good feeling of the natives, and the diplomatic relations with their Government. He writes to Colonel Gordon, from Quinta de Granicha, June 12th, 1811. "In addition to embarrassments of all descriptions surrounding us on all sides, I have to contend with an ancient enmity between these two nations, which is more like that of cat and dog than anything else, of which no sense of common danger, or common interest, or anything can get the better, even in individuals. Our transport, which is the great lever of the commissariat, is done principally, if not entirely, by Spanish muleteers; and, to oblige Mr. Kennedy, they would probably once or twice carry provisions to a Portuguese regiment, but they would prefer to quit us and attend the French, to being obliged to perform this duty constantly."

Lord Wellington had few to aid him in all this. With some bright exceptions, those sent out in the higher grades were anything but what was wanted, failing in all but personal courage, like Lord Collingwood's supply of officers after the battle of Trafalgar,



political interest, personal favour and partiality out-balanced capability, activity, and fitness in those sent to fill up the vacancies created by death, wounds, or sickness. It was then from the *junior* ranks of the army that Lord Wellington made his officers: "the young ones," to use a sporting phrase, "will always beat the old ones," particularly when the last are *without experience*. The young brigadiers, colonels, lieutenant-colonels, majors, and captains were those he looked to and made efficient; many, even of the last rank in staff-situations, in the artillery and engineers, gained by their intelligence, well-bought reputations for themselves, and often added to those above them approbation and honour which they did not always *quite* deserve, but which they accepted, being satisfied (however little their own promptness or discretion might have contributed to it) that success was the test of merit. It was quite wonderful how the chief could work with such tools, and had he not created others of a *sharper* description to act as *mentors*, failures and blunders would have been more frequent than they were. The most remarkable position of Lord Wellington was that in this army, which he continued to command for so long and with such brilliant success, he had not even the power of making a corporal; he might *recommend* for promotion officers who distinguished themselves, but *that* was not always attended to or complied with. An instance of this, *not* a singular one I fear, was that of Ensign Dyas of the 51st regiment, who *twice* volunteered to lead storming parties on the outwork of San Christoval at the first siege of Badajos in 1811. His name was mentioned in dispatches, and Lord Wellington recommended him for promotion, yet he never obtained it till after the return of the army from the Peninsula in 1814, and then only by an accidental meeting with an influential person (the late Sir Frederick Ponsonby), who once more brought his services before the Horse Guards. Besides neglect or forgetfulness, there existed much *jealousy* of recommendations, which interfered with home-patronage. In creating the efficiency of his army against innumerable adverse circumstances, disparaged at home, condemned by an influential portion of the press, contradicted by the opposition, ill supported by the ministry, and thwarted by our allies, the devotion he displayed to his *duty* and to his country's interests overcame all difficulties and vanquished all opposition. This persevering and unwearied spirit of contention against obstacles by its *heartiness* roused the self-esteem of others, and stimulated their faculties to aid and assist him in his objects. At the same time no sacrifice of personal feeling on his part was too great to submit to for what he deemed the public good; in proof of which I will quote a letter he wrote, on a previous occasion, to his brother, the Marquis Wellesley, wherein he alludes to some disagreeable annoyances he had been subjected to by those in power:—

"You will see," he says, "how much the resolution" (the cause of his annoyance) "will annoy me, but I never had much value for the public spirit of any man who does not sacrifice his private views and convenience when it is necessary."

In further exemplification of how perfectly he acted up to this

principle, it will only be necessary here to quote letters written at the time by persons in official situations (to be found in Napier's "Peninsular War"), which, together with his own dispatches, demonstrate at once the ill support of all Lord Wellington's views by our own and all the Governments concerned, and his want of necessary means to carry them out; thus subjecting him for the public good, not only to the sacrifice of his private "views and convenience," but endangering the vital cause in which England, Portugal and Spain were engaged.

Napier says: "The inefficient state of the English Cabinet may be judged of by the following extracts:—

"— *April*, 1810. I hope by next mail will be sent something more satisfactory and useful than we have yet done in the way of instructions. But I am afraid the late O. P. riots have occupied all the thoughts of our great men here, so as to make them, or at least some of them, forget more distant but not less interesting concerns."

"— *April*, 1811. With respect to the evils you allude to as arising from the inefficiency of the Portuguese government, the people here are by no means so satisfied of their existence as you who are on the spot. Here we judge only of the results; the details we read over; but being unable to remedy, forget them the next day; and in the meantime, be the tools you have to work with, good or bad; so it is that you have produced results so far beyond the most sanguine expectations entertained here by all who have not been in Portugal within the last eight months, that none inquire the causes which prevented more being done in a shorter time; of which indeed there seems to have been a great probability, if the government would have stepped forward at an earlier period with one hand in their pockets, and in the other strong energetic declarations of the indispensable necessity of a change of measures and principles in the government."

"— *S. Sept.* 1811. I have done everything in my power to get people here to attend to their real interests in Portugal, and I have clamoured for money! money! money! in every office to which I have had access. To all my clamour and all my arguments I have invariably received the same answer, 'that the thing is impossible.' The Prince himself certainly appears to be *à la hauteur des circonstances*, and has expressed his determination to make every exertion to promote the good cause in the Peninsula. Lord Wellesley has a perfect comprehension of the subject in its fullest extent, and is fully aware of the several measures which Great Britain ought and could adopt. But such is the state of parties, and such the condition of the present government, that I really despair of witnessing any decided and adequate effort on our part to save the Peninsula. The present feeling appears to be, that we have done mighty things, and all that is in our power, that the rest must be left to all-bounteous Providence, and that if we do not succeed, we must console ourselves by the reflection that Providence has not been so propitious to us as we deserved. This feeling, you must allow, is wonderfully moral and Christian-like; but still nothing will be



done until we have a more *vigorous military* system, and a ministry capable of directing the resources of the nation to something nobler than a war of descents and embarkations.'

" 'A more perfect picture of an imbecile administration could scarcely be exhibited, and it was not wonderful that Lord Wellington, oppressed with the folly of the Peninsula Governments should have often resolved to relinquish a contest that was one of constant risks, difficulties, and cares, when he had no better support from England.' "

We remained in observation in the frontier villages of Spain, but the Third and Seventh Divisions were now ordered to the Alemtejo, to join Beresford, who was carrying on operations against Badajos. Spencer was left in the north, in command of the First, Fifth, Sixth, and Light Divisions and the cavalry.

On the 15th, Lord Wellington left us for the Alemtejo, but before he reached it the battle of Albuera had been fought. This action took place on the 16th May; Soult having rapidly advanced from the south, in force, to raise the siege of Badajos, Beresford met him at Albuera, and a bloody action ensued. Our people gained the victory in a brilliant manner, but this was not accomplished without considerable and severe loss. Much more mischief would certainly have ensued had not Hardinge (now Lord Hardinge, commanding-in-chief the army, but then *one* of those *young* staff officers to whom I have alluded) rendered *timely* and good service by his *moral* as well as personal courage, taking upon himself that day a responsibility of no ordinary kind, which mainly contributed to the successful result of the action. Lord Wellington writes as follows to Spencer, from Elvas, under date of the 22nd May:—

" I went yesterday to Albuera, and saw the field of battle. We had a very good position, and I think should have gained a complete victory in it, without *any material loss*, if the Spaniards could have manœuvred, but, unfortunately, *they cannot*. The French are retiring, but I do not think it clear that they are going beyond the Sierra Morena. As I know you have plenty of correspondents, I do not give you any *details* of the action here, or of our *loss*."

Lord Wellington, writing to Admiral Berkeley, under date of May 20th, says:—

" The fighting was desperate, and the loss of the British has been very severe: but, adverting to the nature of the contest, and the manner in which they held their ground again stall the efforts the whole French army could make against them, notwithstanding all the losses which they had sustained, I think this action one of most glorious and honourable to the character of the troops."

After this action the siege of Badajos was resumed under the same disadvantages with which it had been first commenced: insufficient material, no adequate battering train, inefficiency of implements and tools, of bad quality,\* no trained sappers and miners, a scarcity of ammunition and great difficulty of transport. Every-

\* The quality is not much better at present.

thing immediately necessary to accompany or supply our army was conveyed on mule-backs, the badness of the roads, the ill construction and scarcity of the Portuguese and Spanish bullock-cars, and the slowness of wheel-conveyance, drawn by oxen in a mountainous country, rendering them less available and more cumbersome. Another consideration was, the facility with which animals, carrying loads on their backs, can move on bypaths, cross-roads, and over the open country, disembarassing easily the main communication when wanted for the operations of the army. (For this reason, in Belgium, previous to Waterloo, the Duke ordered all baggage to be conveyed as in Spain and Portugal.)

The interest of the war now turned towards the Alemtejo and the southern frontier of Portugal. We were still left, however, under Spencer in the north to watch Marmont at Salamanca, the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo, and some few outposts in the Agüeda. One night I was on piquet; patrolling before daylight along a pathway in our woody and hilly neighbourhood, we perceived in the twilight two French soldiers on a marauding excursion from their own outposts; before they saw us we indulged in a slight *détour*, came suddenly on them, and made them both prisoners. One of these men told me that 20,000 of the enemy were moving from Salamanca, by the other side of the Sierra de Gatta, towards Badajos. I sent my prisoners in with this intelligence to be further examined at head-quarters. The next day Don Julian Sanchez came over to our quarters, and confirmed the fellows' story that the enemy in our front were moving. In consequence of this report, and what had occurred in the Alemtejo, Sir Brent Spencer deemed it necessary to move some of the divisions under his command to Lord Wellington's support, and *ours* was ordered to direct its line of march towards the south. This was considered so pressing and urgent, that we left Puebla on the 25th at two o'clock P.M., and did not halt till one o'clock A.M., of the 26th, and then only until four A.M. We reached Penamacor at six P.M. the same evening, having marched (through bad roads and over a mountainous country in the summer heats) fifty-six miles in twenty-seven hours, with only three hours' halt. On our arrival we found that we were *not* wanting in the south, but *might* be so in the north, and we received orders to march back again. General Howard's brigade only, with the Portuguese, continued to move on to the Alemtejo, and we returned to Puebla through Argira de San Antonio, Sabugal, Soita, Alfayates, Aldea de Ponte, and Almadrilla. This was very pretty exercise, kept us in good wind and condition, and indulged us in the habit of stretching our legs, but it wore out that important part of a soldier's kit on service, the men's shoes.

Lord Wellington, who thought of everything, would scarcely have failed to communicate his wishes, had he wanted us. Certainly, Beresford's fighting at Albuera as he did, was, to say the least of it, an *inconvenient* work of supererogation and a waste of life, which did not assist in any way Lord Wellington's plans. Badajos could not have been taken with the inadequate means



in our possession, and the defence of such operations was not worth a general action. A timely withdrawal from the siege, without encountering the enemy, would have embarrassed Soult, economised our troops, and avoided a *fearful risk*, without the chance even of obtaining any adequate advantage. It is dangerous to trust with discretionary powers men who possess great courage and small perspicacity. Napier says, "Practical study may make a good general as to the handling of troops and the designing a campaign, but the ascendancy of spirit which leads the wise, while it controls the insolence of folly, is a rare gift of nature," and even that, with all its influences, is not always successful in making others do right. But Lord Wellington, not having the attributes of Sir Boyle Roach's bird, "could not well be in two places at once;" he wrote, however, after the battle, that "the enemy never had such superiority of numbers opposed to the British troops as in this action." One of our chief's greatest merits was, that the great "master never found fault with his tools." Whatever *private* strictures or intimations he might have made on mistakes, failures, and blunders, his *public* ones were never condemnatory. On all occasions, in this way, he displayed the utmost patience and forbearance to faults which required, from their consequences, the utmost exercise of these virtues.

Our return to the Spanish village, after our rapid run over the mountains at the back of the Sierra d'Estrella, was greeted by the inhabitants with welcome and good feeling. Since we had been in Spain (the people finding that we paid for everything we wanted, and put them to as little inconvenience as we could help) our supplies and resources became more abundant, and our intercourse with the natives agreeable. They were a fine race to look upon, and much superior in this respect to their neighbours the Portuguese. Poor Portugal, desolated and ground down as it had been by the iron hand of aggressive war, did not at this period show in favourable contrast with the less oppressed Spaniards, about whom there was always a staid manner, and a dignity of deportment, very prepossessing.

On the 30th of May, being the birthday of his Spanish Majesty, King Ferdinand the Seventh, a bull-fight and a ball, to which we were all invited, was given at Fuente Guinaldo by Don Julian Sanchez (formerly a respectable butcher in Ciudad Rodrigo) and the officers of his guerilla corps. Duty prevented me from availing myself of this opportunity to witness this truly national amusement; I heard, however, from my comrades that much patriotism, with cold lamb and fried fish, was displayed upon the occasion, and the annoyance created by one of our corps having killed Julian's lieutenant at Fuentes d'Oñoro seemed forgotten. The soothing influence exercised by the presence of many pretty Spanish women softened all rude or contentious feelings or recollections. In return for this pleasant intercourse and hospitable treatment, we determined to give these ladies and the guerillas a dance, on the 4th of June, the birthday of our own sovereign. There being no ball-rooms at the village of Puebla de Azava, we constructed a

very pretty bower of leaves, lighted up with paper lamps, and wreathed round with flowers; the English colours formed an ornament at the upper end, or place of honour, of this temporary apartment; a band from the German Legion set the swimming dance in motion; we had waltzes, boleros, and fandangos—dark eyes—favourable glances, agreeable smiles—white teeth—charming figures, and graceful movement. We actually began to feel a little humanized; in short, to us it was “una tierra de los duendes.”\* We were very attentive and careful in *refreshing* the sedentary duennas, those cerberuses of young hearts, with ample portions of punch, wine, and cake, and with as good a cold supper as the facilities of the neighbourhood afforded. We even extracted from Ciudad Rodrigo (although in the enemy’s keeping) many sweetmeats and *donas bellas* to adorn our bower and deck our table. All was in good keeping and good taste—gay, lively, animated, and happy, when, about three o’clock in the morning, some fellow, of ill-omened voice and stentorian lungs, thrust his *warlike* head through an aperture of our bower, and hollowed out, “March directly!” Had a mine exploded among our peaceful happy group, more sudden or greater confusion could not have been occasioned; hurry-scurry instantly ensued amidst officers, servants, guerillas, and ladies—the latter cried out, “Los Francesos! los Francesos!” although we had very good reason to believe that they did *not* dread them *half* so much as their brothers and fathers—that is, with the exception of the *old* ladies, whose nerves were more delicate than those of the younger portion of the sex. Then came a scrambling and inquiry among the servitors after plates, knives, forks, and spoons; the ladies and guerillas calling for their horses—the drums beating the *generale*—men moving down to the company alarm-posts: batmen saddling mules and horses; in short, great excitement and more regret at leaving so suddenly many agreeable, but too recently made acquaintances; at last, however, like good soldiers and light-hearted Christians, we submitted to the consolatory French maxim—*c’est la fortune de la guerre*.

Our column being formed, we moved on Almadilla, where we awaited further orders; no one about us seemed to understand what these movements meant, and if ignorance is bliss, we were left to its utmost enjoyment. At last intelligence reached us that the enemy, under Marmont, had made a show of passing the Agueda with some cavalry and a column of infantry. Sir Brent Spencer, brave as a lion in personal courage, was sensitively nervous in that moral portion of the virtue, the *responsibility* of command. Much vacillation ensued. Brigadier-general Pack precipitately destroyed the recently repaired works at Almeida; our army was somewhat disjointed in relative connexion to the different divisions; our movements seemed of an uncertain nature, and our baggage somewhat widely dispersed over the country. “In this state the Adjutant-general Packenham observed that the French did not advance as if to give battle, that their numbers

\* Fairy-land.



were small—their movements more ostentatious than vigorous, and probably designed to cover a flank-movement by the passes leading to the Tagus. He therefore *urged* Spencer to assume a position of battle, and thus force the enemy to discover his numbers and intentions, or march at once to Lord Wellington's assistance. His views were supported by Colonel Waters, who, having been close to the French, said they were too *clean* and *well-dressed* to have come off a long march, and must therefore be part of the garrison of Ciudad Rodrigo; he had also ascertained that a large body was pointing towards the passes."\*

At three o'clock A. M., of the morning of the 6th, we moved from Almadilla on Soita, where we again halted from eight till twelve. The whole of our *corps d'armée* was now in movement in three columns of divisions. The first from Almadilla, Aldea de Ponte, and Villa Major; the Light from Espeja; the fifth from Nave d'Aver, and the sixth from Almeida, Villa Formosa, and the surrounding villages, in full retreat towards the Coa. Some skirmishing, and a cannonade ensued between the advance guard of the enemy and our Light Division and cavalry, in which Captain Purvis of the Royals distinguished himself. In the night, as the Light Division, with their arms piled, were in bivouac, a sudden alarm took place in consequence of some fellow roaring out, "French cavalry!" There was no doubt that a charge was made on the sleeping troops, trampling over the men and their arms, hurting some of the former, and knocking down the latter. On rising to seize their muskets, our people discovered a drove of some fifty unruly bullocks, who, led by one more hungry and adventurous than the rest, had departed from their line of march, trotted off from the roadway in search of food, and, in spite of their drivers, scampered over a part of the 43rd and 52nd regiments. In the confusion thus created, some fellow suddenly aroused from sleep, who had possibly dreamed of the enemy, seeing a dark body of galloping quadrupeds, called out, "French cavalry!" totally forgetting that outposts had been set to guard against such an unpleasant intrusion.

On the 7th we passed the Coa, and took up a position in its rear; there we remained till two o'clock P. M. of the 8th, when Packenham and Waters's surmises of the intentions of the enemy proving correct, that their advance *was* meant to cover a flank-movement, and they having retired again, we received orders to march to Mimão on the road to Penamacor, *en route* for the Alemtejo; thus keeping a parallel movement with Marmont's corps. The Light Division headed our march, leaving Penamacor to our left. Our movement was directed to the passage of the Tagus at Villa Velha by Pedragao, Escalhos de Ceima, Sarmardas, and Atalaya; the heat was something awful, particularly to our poor men, each of whom, under the weight of nearly seventy pounds† (including great coat, blanket, knapsack, arms, and accoutrements), were moving sometimes in the hottest part

\* See Napier.

† It is to be hoped that in future campaigns this load may be lightened.

of the day through deep valleys covered with the shrub of the gum-cistus, emitting a powerfully aromatic and sickening effluvia. Thus surrounded and closed in by hills, the sun struck with intense force into these valleys, which, together with the dust raised by the movement of large columns of men, and a want of circulation of air, was most distressing and overpowering. I have seen a man's haversack wet with perspiration through his thick red coat, as if it had been dipped in water. Our men, however, bore this well, and few, if any, were left behind. One poor fellow was struck down by a *coup de soleil*. After the first day or two, Sir Brent ordered us to march at one o'clock P.M., so as to reach our halting-place before the heats began. It is no joke to be exposed to the sun in Spain or Portugal in the middle of a summer's day, when the thermometer stands between 80° or 90° of Fahrenheit. When the enemy kept at a respectful distance, Lord Wellington always made us march in the night, so as reach our bivouac or camp in the morning, before the sun's power prevailed.

On the 14th we passed the Tagus between two precipitous hills; the stream here is rapid, and its width more than a quarter of a mile; there were but two boats, each of which could transport only 200 men at a time, so our transit was slow, and the passage of the guns and baggage slower. Poor Johnstone, of the Artillery, was drowned on this occasion; he was much esteemed by all, and looked upon as a fine fellow and good officer. Although young, he had served in the campaigns of 1808—9—10—11, and had escaped unharmed till now. Here, my cattle failing, I purchased another mule of Joyce, of the 60th Rifles.

On the 15th we bivouacked near Niza, and on the 16th reached Portalegre, refreshed by rain, which cooled us, and, after an absence from our baggage of two days, we entered our quarters, which comforted us. The siege of Badajos had now been raised, and Lord Wellington wrote that "The quantity of 24lb. shot, we understand, that *could* be sent from Lisbon, was 480, which we fired in about two hours!" Picton said we had "been suing Badajos in *forma pauperis*." Portalegre was, with the exception of Lisbon, the *first* entirely undamaged town that I had as yet seen since entering Portugal, and, consequently, the only one that gave any notion of the original national habits or peaceful employments of the people. It was a large well-built city, with the advantage of being neither dilapidated nor deserted, which was so far favourable as to give it (in comparison to what we had recently seen) a busy and somewhat thriving appearance. The bishop's palace was a spacious building; the houses were good, with shops and other industrial indications of humanity. The Light Division, being in advance of ours, reached it two days before us. General Craufurd, who was in command, took up his quarters at the bishop's palace; Spencer, commanding-in-chief the whole of this wing of our army, sent on to take up *his* quarters in the said palace. His aide-de-camp, Captain Browne, found Craufurd in possession, and having announced Sir Brent's wishes and his intention to occupy it, Craufurd, ill to manage and of fiery temper, did not



like to vacate so comfortable an abode, and insinuated that he considered himself *divested* of military rank, and wished that his superior officer would consider *himself* so, and further mentioned something about the possession of pistols and other *small* matters concerning eight paces, which intimation he desired might be conveyed to Sir Brent, as a hint of the manner in which he meant to resist the intended ejection. This was so strong a step against the rules of order and discipline, that Spencer was obliged to report it to Lord Wellington; and thus the chief had, among other more serious occupations of mind and time, to administer *corrective* advice to his fiery-dispositioned lieutenant.

Both Spencer and Craufurd were men of tried and well-known intrepidity, and such differences were ill-timed, foolish, and detrimental to the service. Certainly, on this occasion, the junior, to say the least of it, was rather too demonstrative of the want of estimation in which he held his senior. Without vouching for its correctness, I may mention *another* anecdote of Craufurd, which was current at this time. He had some cause for discontent with a commissary attached to his division, who was displaced. On the appointment of another, the general formed his division into a square, and introduced the commissary; when, addressing his men, he animadverted on the misconduct of the former officer holding that position, who had not, he conceived, been sufficiently active in supplying the division; and added, that if the present commissary did not do his duty better, they might hang him for what he cared!

This uncourteous announcement did not suit the commissioned dignity or personal feelings of the purveyor of provisions, who took the matter much to heart, and quite *au pied de la lettre*. Under this impression, and being perfectly unappeasable, he repaired to head-quarters to make a formal report of what had occurred. Lord Wellington, happening at the time to be very much engaged, could not see him. He waited, and sent in a second time, to say that he was in attendance. At last he was admitted; when Lord Wellington asked, "Well, what do you want?" The unfortunate complainant, with much circumlocution, related his injuries. Lord Wellington could not bear a roundabout story; conciseness, alacrity, and energy were the elements in which he lived. He liked all that was to be done or said brought to a point clearly and quickly; and when the commissary ended the history of his sorrows by saying that the general had declared "they might take me and hang me," Lord Wellington replied, "Did he, by —! Then you had better take care, for he is *sure* to be as good as his word!"

On the 19th we left Portalegre, and it was with regret that we moved from so unusually good a quarter. Marmont, with the army of Portugal, directed his march by the Puerta de Baños, to join Soult. The whole French combined force of these two marshals, amounting to some 80,000 men, were now concentrated in our front. Lord Wellington writes from Elvas, under date of the 17th of June, 1811:—

"Under these circumstances I should, and shall, avoid a general action, *if* I can; but I *must* put a countenance upon the state of

affairs, and matters must be risked till provisions be placed in Elvas."

With this view our chief visited the position of Albuera, and ordered entrenchments to be thrown up to strengthen this ground. Elvas, which had been perfectly neglected by the Portuguese government (although their only stronghold of consequence in the Alemtejo), was now, at the *oft*-repeated demand of Lord Wellington, being provisioned and armed; and this at the eleventh hour. Some of the guns were so useless, and the ammunition so scant, that a detachment of French cavalry were allowed to pass over the glacis of the fortress without a single gun being brought to bear upon, or even a shot fired at them.

Our division on the 23rd moved from Azumar to St. Olaya, where we huddled ourselves. The same day "the French cavalry having passed the Guadiana in two columns, one by the bridge of Badajos, the other by the fords below the confluence of the Caya; the former drove back the outposts, yet being opposed by Madden's horsemen and the heavy dragoons, retired without being able to discover the position on that side. The other column, moving towards Villa Viciosa and Elvas, cut off a squadron of the eleventh dragoons, and the second German hussars escaped from it to Elvas with great difficulty. One hundred and fifty men were killed or taken in this affair, and the French aver that Colonel Lallemant drew the British cavalry into an ambuscade. The rumours in the allied camp were discordant, but no more fighting occurred, and a fruitless attempt to surprise the English detachments at Albuquerque ended the demonstrations. The French marshals then spread their forces along the Guadiana from Xeres de los Cavalheiros to Montijo, and proceeded to collect provisions. A great and decisive battle had been expected, and though the crisis glided away quietly, the moment was one of the most dangerous of the whole war."\*

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\* See Napier.



## SHORT CUT ACROSS THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Monday, August 9, 1852.

THIS morning, before the door of the Gairloch Inn, stood a dog-cart, which was to take away as many of the party as could be got into it. The party consisted of a veteran and Right Honourable Statesman, his daughter-in-law, and her sister, and myself. He had been persuaded to go out on a cruise in his son's yacht. The ladies went because they "supposed they must," and I went because I had no alternative but to go, or be left behind by myself. We had met with nothing but inconvenient winds ever since we sailed from the dark jaws of Loch Houra. We had managed to beat up the ragged and picturesque coast of Skye, by Kylaken, Port Rea, Rona, and Scalpa. Here we were on the fourth day wind-bound in the Gairloch, with what Hugh, the sailing-master, described as "a nice breeze dead against us." We had mutinied and deserted the yacht, resolving to make our way home by *terra firma* as best we could. A conveyance had been sent on for, over night—this dog-cart had come, and, at the conjuncture with which my narrative opens, the driver was being severely reprimanded for bringing a vehicle so unfit to carry ladies. The ladies, on the other hand, declared they were delighted with it, and only wished it had been a common farm-cart, so as to be even more reduced to the true adventuresque level.

Fit, or unfit for ladies, it evidently contained no place for me. The landlord luckily had a pony. He was brought out, caparisoned in a bran-new saddle and bridle, and shaking a very shaggy, long, blacky-brown mane. I had gone down stairs uncertain of my destiny, and half undecided whether to stick to the yacht after all. However, there was the pony, and I was recommended to lose no time; but canter away to Ochnashin (a distance of thirty miles), and take the mail down to Kylaken, where the yacht would call for me when it came by. My plans had been laid out for me by wiser heads the night before; but though I did not argue about it, I entertained a modest preference for a plan of my own, which had been formed upon the map during the discussion of my fate. This was to go across the country in as straight a line as lakes and mountains would permit.

Away I rode, as the first eighteen miles coincided with my own devices. Rising from the pine-clad glens of Gairloch, I came upon fine, craggy, hill-top scenery, among which one giant mountain-head, rising in the distance, and overlooking his fellows, arrested my attention. I cantered up, and trotted down, the uneven, winding road, by moss and crag and tarn, till I came in sight of the beautiful Loch Maree, studded with wood-crowned islands—a rare and striking ornament for a sea-loch. Here, too, was revealed at full length the horned giant peak rising boldly

## SHORT CUT ACROSS THE

the water, a very fine mountain. But, some way from shore of him, he did not seem so majestic as the brow alone appeared. So I stowed him as a metaphor on this wise:—

"A mountain-summit afar off, dimly seen to the eye, is a great name in the misty perspective of a great mountain near at hand, which fills the eye with magnitude, leaving nothing to the imagination for its eyes, and therefore less imposing, is a great disappointment."

The similarity, however, did not breed in my mind a healthy curiosity to know the name of the man, and so, overtaking a pretty lassie on her shoulder, I pointed to him, and asked

"What's his name?"

"The ben!" she said. "The ben!" she here began to talk Gaelic with me, and I shook my head, and kept on saying "the ben!" till she caught my idea and said

"The ben!" she had beautiful smiling eyes, and seemed of a good nature, by way of changing the conversation to English. I asked her if she would give me a kiss, perched on the tip of my finger and pointing to it. However, though she smiled yet more pleasantly, showing a very perfect range of pearly teeth, she passed her hand very gracefully over her shoulder, and resumed her tub, which had been set on the ground, and the conversation under difficulties.

I went on, stowing away the smiling maiden of the ben in my memory, as a pleasant recollection of a fine countenance, and a happier tub than that of the ben.

I then went to Ghleach (which was on the other side of the showery gorge, through which looked down the mountains shaped like tents. If any of the people go that way, they will see what I mean—these mountains will not give them a very clear idea—because they reminded me strongly of tents.

My long loch at last came to an end, and two days more to Kinlochewe inn. To go on to catch the train, I have to ride ten miles further, and this cantankerous horse had already rather whipped the froth off my little horse at the spot. I saw a steep and stony path slanting up a great hill. This, it struck me from the map, might lead to Craig Inn, where I found it did.

I then resolved to throw up the mail and the



double-barreled vomit, and trust to my legs and stick to *terra firma*; for, in confidence, I was very sick in the yacht. Some porridge and cream fortified me against the hunger and fatigue of a dozen mountain miles, and away I trudged in a heavy shower: for I was afraid to wait, for fear the dog-cart should overtake me with an ungetoverable reinforcement of good advice as to the really prudent thing to do.

However, I had now made up my mind to do the really imprudent thing for once—to leave the beaten track of convenience for the rough scrambles of romance. Warm in the fresh sublimity of this idea, I plodded through the rain, wrapped in my streaming plaid. I had unluckily taken the hill about two miles before the path began to slope up from the valley, and being too obstinate to come down easy, I persevered, crossing an inconvenient number of mountain-spurs with ravines between them. In one of these, where I stopped to take breath and drink, it occurred to me that it might be an advantage to know how time was going in these wild places, that I might see when it was necessary to be in a hurry for fear of being benighted, and to measure my pace. I had an old watch with me, which I carried more for the sake of the luck-money attached to it, than anything else, as I had forgot to bring the effective key. But, though the working-key was left at home, there was a superannuated worn-out partner who had lost his teeth in the service (so that he could not bite the winch of the key-hole), but who was retained on the bunch of supernumerary hangers-on in consideration of his being a specimen of my own goldsmithery. But now I took him off his gold ring, and with a stout pebble for my hammer, and a great rock for my anvil, bruised his mouth smaller till he would bite—wound up the watch, and set it to the time of day I conjectured it might be.

At last I reached the path, toiled over the hill and down into the valley on the other side, having then come about eight miles. In the valley there was a bothy, and in the bothy a woman who had no English. I said "Craig Inn?—Craig?" pointing about.

"No English," shaking her head.

"Craig!—Craig!—Craig!" very loud.

"Oh!" said she brightening up, "hhhrééeachchch," and a string of Gaelic, in which the word *roat* predominated, and that I concluded to mean *road*, for she pointed to a distant track up the broad sloping valley.

On I journeyed—over the slippery stepping-stones of the burn—along the grassy valley—very tired, and dragged in my weary shoulders by the weight of the damp plaid. By-and-by I took it off, and spreading it on the sward, laid my head on a little mound, and actually went to sleep for a few minutes near another cottage, where I had intended to ask for a drink of milk, but found it silent and deserted. However, I knew that wouldn't do. "Rheumatism, you know!" whispered I to myself, to encourage my weary bones to move on.

I topped at last the long slope of the valley, and saw below me, on the other side, a lake at a great depth down a very steep hill. I scrambled down it in a very severe shower—found a few cottages, but nothing like an inn—tried two or three of them, and at last found a man who had some English—entered his house, and sat by the fire, asking him questions.

“Had he ever been across the hills into the Glengary country?”

He had, but went with other shepherds who knew the way, and it was hard to find, and easy to lose, and only here and there a bothy for shelter at nights.

“How far would it be to Glengary—forty or fifty miles?”

“Oh! more than that,” and then he also recommended Kylaken and the mail; but the mail had gone by half-an-hour ago, and would not go again till Wednesday (the day after to-morrow). The inn was a mile back the other way. Here I almost repented of not riding on my other ten miles and taking the mail. But I said to myself, in the pride and obstinacy of my heart, “Come, now, don’t be beat! don’t own you were wrong to go again at the good advice of older heads! take to these wild hills and steer southward by the sun.”

“Ay, but perhaps I shall find nothing to eat and starve by the way. There is a prevalent notion that these mountains are dangerous.”

“Then carry some barley-scons with you; that and the water of the burns will keep you alive at the worst.”

“But where shall I sleep at night?”

“In a bothy if you can find one, if not, in the heather, and think yourself lucky if it does not rain all night like this.”

It was and had been raining violently. My plaid was dripping wet, and the whole of me more than damp.

Amid these reflections I reached the inn, which my informant in the cottage had said was “not a very good inn, just muddling.” But the hostess was a good woman, and lighted a peat fire in my garret bed-room, and gave me a dry plaid to wrap myself in while I dried my wet clothes before the flame. She baked me some broad, thick scones, and gave me some good tea and good cream and a fresh egg, so that I was deliciously comfortable. She seemed anxious to know where I had dropped from, and where I was going; I told her with some hesitation, fearing she would take me for an escaped maniac, as I rather think she did at first, though I took pains to talk as coherently as possible.

I asked her to send up her husband to give me what information he could about the way. He seemed a respectable, intelligent man and gave me a much more satisfactory account than the man in the bothy. He says it is six miles to Glen Iag, and six more to Monnar, where there is a shepherd who will set me in the very step of the way to Cluny. He was not very sure how far Cluny would be, perhaps a dozen miles or the like of that, and then he actually mentioned a place called Tomadour, which sounded almost like being at home, for it is the nearest place and a



household word to the dwellers in the happy valley of Glen Q—.

Loch Cluny too I have been at some years ago on an expedition to drive the deer; so I am fairly getting into a *pays de connaissance*. This sounds much less awful than taking to the hills by myself with nothing but the sun for a guide, for the landlord will himself set me to Glen lag the first six miles on his pony, and then I shall have only eighteen to walk to Cluny. I have got half-a-dozen stout scones and as many hard-boiled eggs and a little paper of salt for the road. So hip, hip, hurrah! for short-cuts and romance.

This I have written sitting in my borrowed plaid by the fire, and now I will to bed, for I am to be called at half-past five.

Tuesday, 10th.

And so my mountains, after I had made up my mind with a great struggle to face them, were to turn out molehills, mere bugbears which had frightened foolish tourists with an empty rumour of difficulty and danger. Perhaps after all, in writing the beginning of a formal account overnight, I had invested my expedition with an undeserved solemnity of literary importance. And to-day would be the *ridiculus mus* of a melancholy lack of adventures and easy travelling. Never mind. *Les aventures viennent en voyageant*.

The hostess called me at half-past five. I breakfasted on a basin of cream and a bit of biscuit, having no stomach for a huge soup-plate of porridge I had ordered overnight. Soon after six I set off on the landlord's fat, wheezy pony to ride the seven first practicable miles. After that, he said, the pony could not go.

"What was the name of this great mountain up whose knees we were climbing?"

"Skurnachanigan—that's the mearchant's hill. It was just two pack-men, that went wrong in the hill—they were dead when they got them; but I'm sure that's three hundred years ago—two hundred whatever. And it's no a very canny thing to find a road the like of this when it is dark; and mist is a curious thing. A man will think he knows the road and he will be ten miles; and many die for thinking that they know the road. But if it comes dark you will better just sit down for a few hours. A man cannot find his way on a road the like of this when it is dark, but a horse can. One night I was coming down from the gentlemen on the hill with games, and it came on to rain and as black as petch. So I took hold of the mare's tail and she drew me in the recht way, and she drew me through the burn that was so full that nobody could pass it that night whatever."

After climbing about two miles we turned and descended into an oval, flat-bottomed valley, from which Skurnachanigan rose like a wall; and indeed it was enclosed all round, somewhat like a theatre.

"What's the name of this place?" said I.

"Oh! it's just called by a Gaelic name *Neatoch*. I'll no be thinking there's any English for it."

Presuming it was only that he did not happen to know the English word, I pressed him to explain.

"Oo! it's jast suppose a doog will baark, it will give a sound."

Having thus discovered that Neatoch meant Echo, I shouted lustily, and a beautiful prolonged answer, clear and musical, rang the rocky walls of the glen and seemed to die away among the mopping heights. An echo gives back only the good elements in a sound, neglecting all the hoarse, discordant mixture which drops on the way, as the sand falls short when you throw a handful of gravel. Here is a simile for something—not clear what. Shall we say the works of an author and the response he awakes in an enlightened public? Does the enlightened public select the true and clear notes in an author's mind to echo and to dwell upon? Not perhaps at first, but let us hope it is so in the end.

We now turned to the left and got out of Neatoch into Glen Lag. Here we found the Shepherd's hut, but he did not "put me into the very step of the way" to Monar, for it turned out there was not a step of way at all. He told me, however, to go up by the side of a certain rushing burn, and turn to the left when I should see a loch. This sounds well enough on paper, but climbing, say 1500 feet, up a steep, rough gully with no sort of path, is serious work. It came on to rain too, and having to walk in my plaid I got very hot and thirsty. Stooping down under a small waterfall to get a drink, my foot slipped into a deep hole, and my strike-light pouch in the same moment dropped out of my pocket into the bubbling water. I snatched it out as quick as I could and found that the water had not run in among the tinder.

My feet being now wet, as I had previously encountered great difficulty in finding any walkable ground, I tried wading up the burn for a quarter of a mile or so, but it was hard climbing, besides being slippery and dangerous work among great rocks and gushing waters. So I left the bed of the torrent and scrambled up four or five hundred very precipitous feet in hopes of better walking on what appeared to be a ledge of more level ground.

This was very stiff climbing any way, but it was the worse from a painful stiffness in my right hip, brought on no doubt by my thirty miles yesterday. Besides which I had been weakened a good deal by two days' severe sickness in the yacht, being, into the bargain, suspected by my friends of a weakness in the lungs and heart. Here was a nice position for an invalid. Breathless and almost burst, with a thumping heart shaking my ribs as if I was a badly constructed little steamboat caught in rough weather. This was really a short-cut of the most orthodox character.

I felt somewhat distressed but consoled myself with a stanza, of an Arabic poet, which (I will translate it to you) runs,

"Say to him whom troubles overburden  
Misfortune is not eternal!  
Even as rapture passeth away,  
So shall anguish have an end.

I do not translate it into verse, but literally, meaning the ingenious reader to imply that I administered the quotation to my-



self in the original tongue. Do you doubt me? Here goes in Arabic :

“Cùll le mén yachméeloo húmma  
Enna humma la yedoom  
Mithlema yafn 'almasarra  
Hakaza tafn 'al hamoom.

“It shall have an end! it shall have an end!” so I climbed and plodded slowly on till I topped a ridge and saw a small lake at the bottom of a long slope. Towards this lake (Lochmenlich) a stream rising in the ridge, ran down Strathmulich, a distance of about three miles. First a whisper in the moss, then a murmur in the hollow, peaty channel, then a babbling rill, and, lastly, a brawling, roaring stream was the companion of my steps, for, as downhill is much easier work than up, I followed its example and *ran* down the hill too.

Being somewhat tired and out of breath before I got to the loch, I sat down by a large stone in the midst of the strath, and smoked a cigarillo, by which the reader will discover that the soused tinder responded to the flint and steel as if nothing had happened.

On again! taking the left shore of the loch, which proved to be about a mile and a half long. I was now getting hungry, and resolved that if I did not see Monnar from the other end I would eat a scone and an egg on the spot, and so I did, slaking my thirst at the stream where it began to run down the hill-side out of the lake. After a while I descended a steep hill, from which I saw that my south passage was cut off by a narrow-ended lake and a deep impassable looking river. Another steep descent brought me to the margin of Loch Monnar.

Here were some bothies, out of one of which I got a fiery-headed, red-eyed Yahoo, who had but little English. After a tedious cross-examination I made out of him that the lake was fordable, opposite a long, narrow tongue of sand which ran into it from the other side. My feet being already wet, “accoutred as I was I plunged in” and waded about ninety yards in some trepidation lest I should blob over head and ears, but the bottom was good and the depth pretty regular, about three feet.

There were two cottages near where I emerged. In one of them I found “no English.” In the other a pretty and hospitable young woman, whose husband was away to Kintail with wool. I sat before the fire to rest, being somewhat weary, and made a little conversation with my pretty hostess by way of civility, while two great pools ran down from my wet legs upon the mud hearth.

“How long had she been married?”

“A quarter of a year.”

“How long had the courtship been?”

“A year.”

“Did marriage, on experiment, come up to her expectations?”

She had not entertained very brilliant expectations, and indeed attempted to make out that she had married more to please her ardent suitor than herself,—a statement which I received with a polite incredulity.

She now began to cross-question me, and I satisfied her where I was coming from and going to. She asked me whether I had ever been the way before, and on my saying no, she observed, that I "must have a very stroong haaart to tak' the hills aloone."

I said that, "on the contrary, I had rather a weak heart, and weak lungs besides." Hereupon she suddenly inquired—

"Will you be married?"

"No; I am not so fortunate."

"That is good luck. If I was your wife my heart would be very sore for you on the hill."

She was going to have some tea, and invited me to take a cup, which I did, and it warmed me up after my wade. Her hospitality had an independent dignity of manner, by which I plainly saw it would be an offence to offer her any remuneration, so, when I had done my tea, I shook hands and thanked her for her kindness, and I left the turf-cabin with more goodwill and gratitude than is often carried away in splendid equipages from the doors of great mansions.

Here there happened to be a shooting-box of a gentleman I knew a little, and I called, but he was not there. I got some advice out of his keeper about the way. He pointed to a nick in the top of a stupendous mountain-range, about five miles off, towards which I toiled over bog and heather and hill and stream. As I approached it grew bigger and bigger; and as I laboured up the long mountain-flank, I had to remind myself several times that I was supposed to have a strong heart. The climbing became steeper and steeper towards the top, so much so at last that, as I was rather unsteady on my weary legs, I was in serious fear of losing my footing, and rolling down a few hundred feet of the almost precipice, which had, however, sufficient protruding jags of rock to tear me to pieces long before I should have reached the bottom. But the worst thing that could have happened would have been to fall and break a leg, in which case I should have had perfect leisure to starve to death, without hope of rescue. So I clung to the rough rocks as if I loved them, and bestowed all my attention, with a painful effort, on my climbing. The reader will think that, with the alternative of breaking one's neck, it cannot take much effort to keep a bright look-out for the safest step-pings, but when the same degree of danger lasts a long while the attention becomes wearied, and it is only when you stumble now and then, and nearly go over a precipice, that the inconvenience of being dashed to pieces affects the nerves with due seriousness.

At length I did get to the top. The westering sun was flinging about his golden lights aslant the clouds and peaks and lake which lay around my eminence, but I had not time to stop and admire them.

As I plunged down into the shade behind the mountain, I was seized with a fancy that this might be the last time my shadow should stand upright in the sunshine. So I got on a rock, and threw my likeness at very full length on the other side of the corrie. I now turned to the right along the shoulder of the



range, and then down a descent, if possible steeper than what I had climbed on the other side. After six or seven hundred feet of this, the slope of the mountain became more gradual. While running across this comparative level, I observed a peat-stack, and near it, all of a sudden, as if by magic, a bothy sprang out of the hill. I wondered I had not seen it before. It seemed small, and there was no smoke. Probably it was a shepherd's occasional, and now deserted, place of shelter.

I resolved to take possession, even if I had to enter by the chimney. I would light a peat-fire and dry my clothes, and gather myself a heather bed. And I had three eggs and three scones to sup upon. And would n't such be a real adventure.

Approaching still nearer in the instant anticipation of seizing it to my own use, it turned out to be a great stone; but so like a bothy, with a marked line for the eaves, and an irregular pent-house roof, indicating thatch, that even when I found out my mistake, I could not reproach myself with much stupidity. Petrified (like my abortive dwelling) by this melancholy discovery, I bounded away down the swampy slope, like a rolling stone, except that I gathered a good deal of moss in my shoes.

I now perceived a lake to the left, far below, and turned towards it, with the idea that at the end of it there would be houses. The sunlight was rising to the summits of the hills. It might come on before I could get down (and the head of the lake was yet three or four miles off), I should have "to sit down for a few hours," which, with my blood heated, my feet full of puddle, and every rag of my clothes wringing wet with rain and perspiration, was not a cheerful prospect for a consumptive patient with a very light plaid.

The sunlight was lifted from the last peaks, and only lingered in the loftier clouds. Twilight had begun. Though I was very hot, a cold shiver seemed to rise from my wet feet, and to creep all over my back, as if the darkness was pursuing me, and one of the shadowy sheriff's officers that arrest people in Nature's debt, had laid his clammy hand upon my shoulder.

I increased my pace, which was already almost dangerous, and for some time ran at about ten miles an hour, often slipping and tumbling head-over-heels, but I was lucky enough not to fall in hard places. But, independent of imagination, I felt I had received a dangerous chill, and it clung to me, though I got into a furious broil.

At last I was safe down at the river running into the lake-head. Here I found a boat, and rowed myself over. On the other side was a smart new cottage, a shooting-lodge of Captain Inge's. I presented myself and demanded shelter for the night. The captain was away, but his keeper, a most kind and civil man, gave me a change of raiment and lit me a fire in a comfortable bedroom, and took my wet things to dry. A bottle of "whiskey for gentlemen" (so ran the inscription pasted on it) was uncorked. Good hot tea followed, and, very much contrary to my expectations, I am better off to-night than I was last.





## THE LEWIS—WHAT IS IT?

I WONDER how many London people are familiar with this name, "The Lewis." How many will ask, "What is it? Is it Lewis the Great? Is it Louis Napoleon? Is it a fish, or a man, or a place?" A few who remember their geography—a canny Scot or so from the West Highlands; or those who are "well-up" in their Boswell, and recollect Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides, may just conclude, that I mean the island of that name, far up amid the stormy seas of the North Atlantic. But with great respect for the Fellows of the Geographical Society, some even of whom have probably bestowed too much attention on the remoter provinces of Japan, or on that "interesting tract" between the Himalayas and the Arctic Seas, to be acquainted with our Caledonian dependency. I believe most people would have stared, as much as I did myself, when at the beginning of last long vacation, I was asked by a kindly erratic and peppery Highlander, to accompany him to his native place "in the Lews."

"I would be delighted, indeed, if I knew where it was," was my (I hope) polite reply.

"What, not know where the Lews is! That comes of a Southern education. It's sometimes called 'The Lews,' or the Island of Lewis, and surely you must have heard of it."

I had a vague notion of proving my topographical acquirements by a neat and succinct description of the ancient Eubœa, or a particular account of Samos, or Melita, but, on reflection, thought it better to confess ignorance, and to content myself with muttering a modest hypothesis, that it was "somewhere about the Orkneys." Then did I hear my friend launch out with all the eloquence of enthusiasm on the charms of this new "Isle of the Blessed." He told me of its desert wastes of moor and mountain—of its dark streams "barbecued" with salmon, and all varieties of trout—of its rugged shores lashed by ceaseless billows, the noise of which would have set old Homer on some new word to convey it—him who threw away that splendid "poluphloisboio" on the gentle murmurings of the Ægean—of the uncertainty of regular postal communication—of the absence of "The Times" and politics—of mountain-mutton, oat-cakes, barley-bannocks, pure whiskey, grouse-pies, whales, seals, curlews, duck, deer, *feræ naturæ*, in man and beast—in fact, he vividly sketched a state of deliciously civilized barbarity and unbounded hospitality. What more tempting picture could he draw to a briefless barrister, whom no county court attorney had smiled upon in his hermitage, up three pair of stairs in Pump Court—where could one better escape duns, and the unprofitable tumult of the Forum? It was delightful to think of such a recondite solitude, especially to one like myself, whose wickedest and most determined spirits of hard reading had been often interrupted by the fancied echoes of a grouse's wings, as

ough it is suggestive of a deuced good pun or two, my notions of it forbid the attempt, lest I should be punished next I got into the power of the presiding Triton. Night in wailings for the steward, who, when his victims became to shout lustily, wisely retired to bed, and, in despairing cries, most of them evidently composed under the influence of monomaniacal disregard of the first law of nature. Next day wet, foggy, and blowy, instead of being merely foggy and blowy. Now and then we saw black stumpy rocks, against which the surge rose and broke in sheets of foam, "the lather Neptune's beard," or the clouds broke, too, for a little, lifting up, disclosed on the right hand, rising close to us the sea, the sides of massive mountains, heaped up like waves, adown the heather-clad steep of which, tumbled fearless impromptu cataracts, filling up the watercourses with tumultuous streams, running riot among stones, rocks, and boulders, they found rest in the bosom of the ocean; but ere the eye rested on it for a moment, the watery veil swept over it again. The strong-winged gannet skimmed past us, or dashed down like a bolt of lead into the sea just by the ship, and presently sprang up with a herring, mackerel, or pollock in his bill; the fleets of divers, guillemots, or puffins lay to, or bolted under water as we splashed by, and occasionally we came near a ledge of sharp rocks, on which a whole army of hungry black cormorants stood moodily in the rain, like a lot of apothecaries without business. At intervals of three or four hours we rushed into an inland harbour, got a glimpse of some whitewashed houses on the shore—saw a few of the natives—the women always washing and "beetling" clothes, and the men looking as if they would be much the better for undergoing the same process; disembarked a couple of captains and ministers, and a load of herring-barrels—took in more captains, maybe a major, certainly some more ministers, and more herring-barrels, and having hove-to for "the lady in the boat," who is always late, and renders the very existence of marine commanders wretched, rushed out on the sea into the fog again. Skye and Mull, and many places of note, were thus visited, but their beauties were all lost on us, while we were twice very nearly lost on their *dissecta membra*, which ran out like the fangs of some hungry beast to seize upon us. Once, as we slowly backed away from one of these long black teeth, warned of the danger by the gurgling splash of the tideway over it, a huge mass of brown roundness heaved itself above the water for an instant with a lazy roll, and up with a mighty breath spirted a blast of air and water from the end of it, full two fathoms high!

"A whale!—a whale! And a monster too!" But he had no mind to be made into train-oil, and, with a sullen angry plunge, down he dived again right across our bows, giving a graceful wave of his tremendous tail in the air by way of a parting salute, and as an indication of his general sentiments on the subject of steam-boats and the mercantile marine. We heard the fellow puffing and blowing, and blasting, like an alderman running after the last 'bus to the City, for some time, and a strong impression was



left on my mind as to the undesirableness of being a herring, or, indeed, anything smaller than a whale in these seas, if one were compelled to be a subject of King Proteus.

Seals now and then shoved up their knowing heads, to take a glimpse of us, and with one glance of that lovely mild eye, saw all they wanted, and returned to the pursuit of salmon as ardently as Mr. Scrope himself; but, notwithstanding such interesting visits from the mammalia of these waters, I was not sorry when, on the third day of the fog, we felt our way into Stornoway, the capital of the Northern Hebrides.

I had become quite tired of the smell of whiskey-toddy, and the talk of the ministers and the sporting major—"Killed him, sir! Dead! Egad! At seven—ty-three yards! The best shot!" &c.—while the ministers were continually spinning yarns of a serious character, or engaged in vivid descriptions of the "respectable characters" in their parishes, which seemed always, somehow or other, to be connected with the possession of a certain amount of pecuniary resources.

It must be admitted that Stornoway, notwithstanding the notion of the natives that in regal splendour it is superior to the great metropolis itself, is not possessed of much natural beauty or artificial attractions. There is an absurd-looking castle, bran-new, with the usual allowance of cruet-frame turrets, donjons, and embrasured parapets (placed at a moderate distance from the mud-bank, which is left high and dry twice a-day, for the use of the inhabitants), with a little lawn in front, and an air of *parvenu* impudence about it, which contrasts strangely with the stolid look of the great white-washed blocks of houses, perched higgledy-piggledy up and down the substitutes for streets. This is the mansion of the proprietor of the island, and is of his own manufacture. Much more creditable to his taste are the various works he has carried on in the neighbourhood; the patent slip in the harbour, which is, however, more for ornament than use; the good roads in embryo and *in posse*: the market-place, the chapel, the gas-lamps.

The island, which belonged in the good bad times to the Mackenzies of Seaforth, is as big as many a German principality, being about forty miles long, with a breadth varying from twenty-four to ten miles. It is now the property of a gentleman, who is at the head of a great mercantile house, engaged in the opium and Chinese trade. Stornoway, the capital, is its sole town, and has a population of —.

But I am becoming statistical. I was very near entering on the kelp question, on emigration, education, straw-plaiting, crofters and tacksmen, and the reclamation of land.

Poor, dear, dirty, hospitable, busy, herring-curing, cod-drying, ling-splitting, fish-selling, and smelling Stornoway! with your institutions and commerce, and mermaid population, and old tower, and nasty suburbs, with your floating hulks, fitted up as shops and habitations, so that one may see on the stern of a quondam herring-boat, "Dougal Mackenzie, Merchant, licensed to sell Snuff, Whiskey, and Tea;" or read on the bows of a *ci-devant* collier, "Angus Mackenzie, Potato Merchant and Shoe-maker."

I must leave you, though I bear with me many a pleasant memory of jolly evenings — (the mornings were sometimes less agreeable) good grog, and kind friends! The fiery Highlander was driving his fiery little horse at a great pace. We had travelled over some miles of road, bounded on one side by the sea and on the other by a wide expanse of bog, which rose in the distance into rounded hills all impurpled with the rich heather-bells. Now and then we had passed a clump of wigwams built of mud, and rarely possessing windows; the smoke issuing from holes in the roofs, which were composed of great flakes of straw tossed on in bundles, blended with squares of turf and fastened down by hay-ropes ballasted with heavy stones. It was wonderful to see what healthy young Celts rushed out to gaze on us, and what clean faces we could see peeping out modestly from the doorways, while the strong frames of the men we met showed that health had not deserted these unpromising abodes. Patches of fine oats and potatoes were scattered at long intervals over the vast sea of moor like little islands, but not a tree or shrub was to be seen. Even in the most miserable parts of Ireland one could scarcely find such apparent desolation. The worst cabins in Kerry were as good as the crofters' huts, but I am bound to say the dress and aspect of the people of The Lewis was much better, and bore signs of comfort unknown to their Celtic brethren in the western kingdom. The young grouse flew "cheeping" across the road, roused by the noise of the wheels, and curlew and whimbrels got up from the dykes as we passed with a wild startled cry; huge flocks of plover, sandpipers, and sea-larks whirled about with whistle and scream over the face of the dark bog, the snipe flashed up from the rills and piped a shrill treble for their long-billed partners in the rushes—now and then you caught sight of an orderly line of mathematical wild geese flying in an isosceles triangle, as if bent on doing the *pons asinorum*, and making as much noise as if Rome was in danger, and mallard, teal, and widgeon quacked and flew round in all directions—altogether it seemed as if it was a capital country for a man to live in, if he could only turn his mouth into a bill, and get waterproof leggings and a swimming belt.

"I must get out," quoth I.

"For what, man? You're miles from the place."

"Nevertheless, cross this stream, oh, child of the mist! I will not, till I have one whip of my Martin Kelly over that water, and try the attractions of a green-bodied wren with Lewis trout."

The stream in question was about six feet broad, so brown you could not see the bottom, and splashing from pool to pool till it flowed into the sea about one hundred yards from the spot where we had stopped, which was close by a line of stones that served as a bridge when the water was high. At present they were useless, for I had just seen a wee lassie run across like a redshank, and scarcely covering her ankles in the water; but I had seen, too, the whirls of the fish up and down the stream.

"De'il tak' me, but you're just mad, there's not a trout the size of a sprat in the whole burn."

But I was not to be intimidated. My little rod was put



together in a moment, red patches, and in two points the gut cutting the fishes lengthwise in the middle. "Saw you ever the like of that?" The fish had not touched the water ere splash, splash!—two yellow-bellies were flung head and feet. The eyes of the Highlander were very big indeed—not half as big, however, as those of a Scotchman here, who had looked him in a grin of derision, and had pronounced many decided opinions in the Celtic with respect to the honest and ingenuous character of my proceedings, which had been duly interpreted for me by my friend.

"He says you 'bushwhacked' me; that's what a fish."

At this point, however, I had two of them, small to be sure, but in a minute more they were kicking about on the turf. Another cast. "By Allah, we find him the fellow—a white trout as I live—up to the bit, however, look, live! up again! you'll soon be tired, my fine fellow, and the pool not being bigger than the washbasin in Trillick House, I must tell you for sparing my sport."

The fight was a short one. The Highlander still held fast, and a two-pound trout wallowed about on the grass; in a few minutes I tried a little pool close at hand, out of which I tossed trout after trout till, in ten minutes, I had taken sixteen! I am not proud, I hope; but I must admit that I felt very like a hero, as, I suppose, everybody, when I sawed them away in the gill, and heard the wondering remark, "Well, how the deil you managed it, I can't tell." That night, in a low-lowed comfortable room, with the clear post-fire burning cozy, good tobacco, and unrivalled whisky at hand, after a glorious dinner of real Scotch henth, real fish,—not the flabby imitations got up for the London-market, but firm, crisp, yet tender as goose, with hare, venison, great grouse pies, succulent compounds of cream, butter, macaroni, honey and jam, we caroused after the fashion dear to our forefathers. Had Osian been wandering past he might have heard the strains of a Highland song, by a gillie, in the corner, succeeded by a brindis, or a bit of Bellini; smelt a deal of tobacco and toddy, and seen a great deal of gun-washing and flask-filling for the morrow; as it was, the witnesses of the scene were the two large dogs, two or three hare-footed gillies, an "own-man," and a pet sea-gull; the latter of which seemed to take a great interest in a bag of No. 6 shot and some Eley's cartridges. "Back from the moor."

Here's a bag of game!—three brace and a half of ducks, a teal, three widgeons, a curlew, two whimbrels, a heron, a leash of hare, a jet-falcon, six and a half brace of grouse, fifteen golden plovers, thirty-two sand-larks (killed in three shots), a nondescript, hit in a pool, and taken out by a dog, said by the gillie to be a "Choragh-chagh," as near as I can spell it,—a field-fare, and a brace of snipes; besides stalking a deer and putting a dose of No. 3 into his stern, as he went away from me, and firing at the place where an otter had dived!—Glorious sport!—"dinner's ready—your whiskey (a dram) and hot water up stairs. To-morrow we'll try a salmon, and let the moor rest for a day."

W. H. R.

## A VALEDICTION.

As flowers that bud and bloom before us,  
 Then droop in languor and decay,  
 As clouds that form their bright shapes o'er us,  
 Then speed their trackless course away,  
 As sparkling waves we watch advancing,  
 That melt in foam beneath our gaze,  
 As sunlight o'er the waters glancing,  
 That smiles, and then withdraws its rays,

As summer insects, to their night-homes wending,  
 Sweep by us with a hum of melody,  
 As gentle showers on the earth descending,  
 Gem for a fleeting space each shrub and tree—  
 So pass away the gifts and joys of earth;  
 Frail as the rose, the cloud, the wave as fleeting,  
 We scarce can welcome happiness to birth,  
 Ere some sad note of change arrests the greeting.

The hopes we build, the friends we prize,  
 The visioned schemes our hearts delighting,  
 How do they vanish from our eyes!  
 The real our joyous fancies blighting.

The scenes we love Time marks with change,  
 And gladsome hours have no abiding,  
 And friends o'er land and ocean range,  
 The earth's wide space our lot dividing.

But shall we therefore shun the pleasant things  
 This else too barren wilderness adorning,  
 And give to joy and gladness swifter wings,  
 Shielding our hearts in cold and selfish warning?

No! for the memory of delights that leave us  
 Lingers—a welcome echo of the past.  
 No! for through all the myriad ills that grieve us  
 Hope struggles on, consoling to the last.

And through life's varied scenes and hours departed,  
 Its mingled heritage of joy and pain,  
 One solace ever clings to the warm-hearted,  
 Affection can live on—and friends may meet again.

ANGELICA M. DOUGLAS.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

WE believe that to describe "Castle Avon"\* in the proper conventional language of the craft, we should say that it is a "very unequal performance." It is thoroughly inartistic, and yet there are gleams here and there of art, as though the writer well knew the obligations of her calling, but in very wilfulness were snapping them asunder, as one intolerant of restraint. There is an entire want of unity of action in the piece. Two stories run on side by side, very slenderly and inartificially connected, though a very little expenditure of inventive power would have enabled the writer to connect them together, with mutual support, in one firmly-constructed whole. It is altogether, indeed, a disappointing, provoking book. It is hard to say what is properly to be called the main action of the piece. But as the book is called "Castle Avon," we conclude that the sorrows of Lady Aylmer, the widowed mother, whose only child falls into the hands of a gang of gipsies, and is lost to her for well nigh twenty years, is intended to engage the interest of the reader in its greatest strength. Certainly this *gipsification* of a young heir is no very novel idea. But up to a certain point, Mrs. Marsh has dealt with it very cleverly. Her gipsy-scenes are really good, here and there beautiful. Very clever, too, is the love-drama of Hernana Lovel and Philip Gorchambury. But we never knew so much good promise in the early part of a work, so lamentably falsified at the close. "Lame and impotent" indeed is the "conclusion."

To make ourselves clear to those who have not enjoyed the gentle excitement of "Castle Avon," we should say that Lady Aylmer, throughout the greater part of the three volumes, has lost her son. He is supposed to be dead. A corpse, indeed, was produced, at the time of the accident which was said to have terminated his existence; and every one but Lady Aylmer believed that the child was drowned. There was an inner voice, however, which, in defiance of law, seemingly in defiance of reason, was ever whispering to the bereaved mother that her child was *not* dead. With her child she had lost her property—a wicked usurper, next of kin to her husband, had destroyed the late lord's will, and his widow had only a scanty settlement. All this is very old in fiction, but the interest is well maintained, and there is vigour and strength in these veteran incidents, as paraded by Mrs. Marsh, more than in the original conceptions of less powerful writers. Indeed, it would seem that Mrs. Marsh, in her bold self-reliant manner, were endeavouring to show, in this work, how genius can triumph over any obstacles and make the dry bones live. Well; the reader knows all this time that the child is alive; he traces the boy's progress; he sees how he grows up, in the

\* "Castle Avon," by the author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. 3 vols.

gipsy camp, beautiful and loveable—all noble instincts at work within him; he is deeply interested in the gipsy-lord's fate; he deeply sympathises with the sorrows of the bereaved mother; he feels assured that, before he closes the third volume, he will learn that mother and son are restored to each other, and the cruel usurper ignominiously expelled from Castle Avon. And he is right. They are restored to one another. The fact is announced. Nothing more. That *dénouement* to which the whole action of the piece should tend, and which is worthy of a scene in which the full powers of the author might have been displayed, is dismissed in little more than a sentence. We are not told what Lady Aylmer did or said—what she thought or felt when her child was restored to her—though no small portion of the work is occupied with a minute account of what she suffered, thought, said, and did, in her bereavement. The catastrophe, indeed, is preposterously out of keeping with all the rest of the work—hurried—unsatisfactory—as though the writer were under some pressing necessity to complete her work within a certain time—had been interrupted at the last—and had, therefore, brought everything to an unnatural end. And this is the more remarkable in such a writer as the authoress of the “Two Old Men's Tales”—whose tendency is rather to elongate her catastrophe, than to subject it to this unnatural contraction. Who would have been satisfied with Bulwer if Ernest Maltravers had recovered the lost Alice in a single sentence? Mrs. Marsh has evidently read Victor Hugo's “*Nôtre Dame*.” The little glove in her novel takes the place of the French romancist's little shoe. But has she forgotten that most touching scene, in which we learn how the poor woman of the *trou aux rats* recovers her lost child? Who would have been satisfied if Esmeralda had been restored to her mother in a single sentence?

We write thus strongly, because the authoress of the “Two Old Men's Tales” has no excuse for the commission of such wilful offences as these. We cannot help constantly exclaiming, “The pity of it—O, Iago!—the pity of it!” when we see a writer squandering her genius in this profligate manner, and wilfully falling short of excellence, when, with a little more expenditure of thought, a little more homage to art, she might so easily attain it. This cannot be said of Lady Georgiana Fullerton's new tale,\* which is very carefully written. The construction of it may not be perfect—but it is plain that the authoress has bestowed infinite pains upon the work. It has the polish of white marble. It is an eminently lady-like book, and therefore, in spite of the painfulness of the story, is very pleasant to read. The language is, in many places, as finished, the words as well chosen, and the sentences as well balanced, as though they had been arranged for an elaborate historical work dedicated to Prince Posterity. There is something in the selection of the scenery and the characters of the drama which remind us strongly of

\* “Lady-Bird;” a Tale; by Lady Georgiana Fullerton, author of “Ellen Middleton.” 3 vols.



"Grantley Manor," dissimilar as are the incidents of the two works. Indeed, it would have been impossible to mistake the authorship of "Lady-Bird," though no name had appeared on the title-page. There is a peculiarity about both stories not easy to describe. It consists in the intermixture of what may be called the foreign element with the scenes and characteristics of English life. It is an English story, and yet it is not English—it is surrounded by foreign associations. The heroine—or, rather, one of the two heroines—of "Grantley Manor," was half an Italian. The heroine—or, rather, of the two heroines—of "Lady-Bird," is half a Spaniard. The natural characteristics are evolved, somewhat in the same manner, in the two stories; the foreign blood speaks out in both tales; and there is the same strong contrast preserved in both, between the excitable semi-foreign beauty and the gentle purely English girl. Perhaps Lady Fullerton's inventive powers are capable of taking no very extended flights.

#### THE PRIVATE JOURNAL OF F. S. LARPENT, Esq.

JUDGE-ADVOCATE ATTACHED TO THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF LORD  
WELLINGTON DURING THE PENINSULAR WAR.

If we cannot absolutely describe such a book as Mr. Larpent's "Journal" as a work of history, it is assuredly the next thing to it, for it supplies excellent materials of history. We do not know anything more serviceable to the historian than the Journals kept by intelligent English gentlemen attached to the army during an important period of a great campaign. Mr. Larpent joined the head-quarters of Wellington's army in 1813. He was sent out to fill the important office of judge-advocate-general, and was necessarily brought into frequent communication with the great soldier at the head of that varied force. The "Journal," therefore, is thickly strewn with anecdotes of Wellington, very illustrative of the character both of the leader and the man, of his personal habits, and of his conduct in the trying circumstances which often surrounded him throughout the Peninsular campaign. A few of these little snatches of personal anecdote and description we have marked for insertion. There are frequent notices in the "Journal" of Wellington's hunting exploits. The Duke never was a good sportsman, but we have an idea that something more than amusement was sought on those hunting days. Mr. Larpent says:

"Lord Wellington reads and looks into everything. He hunts every other day almost, and then makes up for it by great diligence and instant decision on the intermediate days. He works until about four o'clock; and then, for an hour or two, parades with any one whom he wants to talk to up and down the little square of Frenada (amidst all the chattering Portuguese) in his grey great coat."

It may be doubted whether he would have got through so much work, and so well preserved the *mens sana in corpore sano*, but for those hunting days. Here is another bit of personal description. The idea suggested by Captain — is not a pleasant one,

for it indicates what is commonly a characteristic of a little mind. The judge-advocate's repudiation of it is therefore a relief:

"He thinks and acts quite for himself; with me, if he thinks I am right, but not otherwise. I have not, however, found what Captain — told me I should, that Lord Wellington immediately determines against anything that is suggested to him. On the contrary, I think he is reasonable enough, only often a little hasty in ordering trials, when an acquittal must be the consequence. This, I think, does harm, as I would have the law punish almost always when it is put in force."

Here are some instances of Wellington's peculiar coolness and presence of mind. Those hunting days, doubtless, kept all the nerves well strung, all the muscles well braced.

"Lord Aylmer gave me two striking instances of Lord Wellington's coolness: one, when in a fog in the morning, as he was pursuing the French, he found a division of our men, under Sir William Erskine, much exposed in advance, and nearly separated from the rest of the army, and the French in a village within a mile of where he was standing. He could see nothing. But on some prisoners being brought in, and being asked what French division, and how many men were in the village, they, to the dismay of every one except Wellington, said that the whole French army were there. All he said was, quite coolly, 'Oh! they are all there, are they! Well, we must mind a little what we are about then.' Another time, soon after the battle of Fuentes d'Honore, and when we were waiting in our position near them to risk an attack, to protect the siege of Almeyda, one morning suddenly and early Lord Aylmer came in to him whilst he was shaving, to tell him the French were all off, and the last cavalry mounting to be gone; the consequence of which movement relieved him entirely, gave him Almeyda, and preserved Portugal. He only took the razor off for one moment, and said,—'Ay, I thought they meant to be off—very well;' and then another shave, just as before, and not another word till he was dressed. I find, however, it is said that he magnifies the French now and then; sees double as to the number of blue uniforms, and cannot see all the scarlet; but I believe that most men in his situation do this more or less."

The following is very delightful. It is characteristic both of poor Craufurd and the Duke.

"I have heard a number of anecdotes of General Craufurd. He was very clever and knowing in his profession all admit, and led on his division on the day of his death in the most gallant style; but Lord Wellington never knew what he would do. . . . On one occasion he remained across a river by himself—that is, only with his own division, nearly a whole day after he was called in by Lord Wellington. He said he knew he could defend his position. Wellington, when he came back, only said, 'I am glad to see you safe, Craufurd.' The latter said, 'Oh, I was in no danger, I assure you.' 'But I was from your conduct,' said Wellington. Upon which Craufurd observed, 'He is — crusty to-day!'"

The next, too, is very pleasant:

"The day before yesterday, Lord Wellington ordered young Fitzclarence to go and bring up two Portuguese companies to the attack. He went. It was close by; but he was highly pleased with the order. When he had given the instructions, he saw a cherry-tree, and went up to break a bough off and eat the cherries. When Lord Wellington lost his way the other night in the fog (returning to head-quarters), Fitzclarence told Lord Wellington he was sure the road was so-and-so, as they had passed the place where they found the two Portuguese companies. 'How do you know that,' quoth Lord Wellington, 'By that cherry-tree, which I was up just afterwards,' was the answer. It amused Lord Wellington much; and yesterday he called to him, with a very grave face, desired him to go and get some of the cherries, as though it were an important order."

We have more than once heard the question discussed as to



whether the Duke of Wellington was ever wounded in action. He was wounded at Orthes. Mr. Larpent says :

"It was curious that Lord Wellington and General Alava were close together when struck, and both on the hip, but on different sides, and neither seriously injured, as the surgeon told me who dressed them. Lord W.'s was a bad bruise, and skin broken. I fear his riding so much since has rather made it of more consequence, but hope the two days' halt here will put him in the right way again, as all our prospects here would vanish with that man."

And further on, the journal-writer gives these particulars. The anecdote is new and interesting :

"I walked down to the bridge with Lord Wellington yesterday, and found him limp a little ; and he said he was in rather more pain than usual, but it was nothing. At dinner, yesterday, he said he was laughing at General Alava having had a knock, and telling him it was all nonsense—that he was not hurt, &c. when he received this blow, and a worse one, on the same place himself. Alava said it was to punish him for laughing at him."

These anecdotes (and many more of the same kind might be cited) very fairly indicate the nature of the pleasant contents of these interesting volumes. In one respect they differ from all the journals of the Peninsular campaign which have come before us. Mr. Larpent was a civilian. He writes as a civilian ; and, to a certain extent, therefore, we see the progress of the war from a novel point of view. The "Journal" was written merely for the perusal of private friends. Indeed, it comprises, we believe, a series of letters to the writer's mother. There is therefore a literal, inornate truthfulness about it, which brings all the daily incidents of the camp much more clearly before us than if the writer had designed a work of more elaborate construction, and had executed it in a more florid style. On the whole, we think it will be regarded as a very valuable contribution to the history of the Peninsular War.

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#### NOTICE.

Want of space compels the Editor to omit notices of several new works. They will appear in our next.







*The Owl & the Kiltoms*

## ASPEN COURT,

AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Story of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS.

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

### CHAPTER XI.

#### A SKILLED WORKMAN LOOKS OUT A TOOL.

On the third morning after that on which Lilian Trevelyan and Bernard Carlyon had met for the first time, three persons were awaiting the arrival of the latter, in a small town a few miles from Aspen Court. The monks, who named the place Lynfield-Magna, had doubtless their own standards of admeasurement, and there are parchment records of the existence of a Lynfield-Parva, which have survived all vestiges of the latter, except that in a granary in its supposed neighbourhood, there is one wall of ecclesiastical solidity, a probable legacy from the days when churches were not vamped up by cheap contracts and sealed tenders. So Lynfield-Magna has now a solitary greatness, the components of which are a long dull street, which forks at one end into two shorter and duller ones, while, at the other end, an ugly square room, hoisted into the air on a number of piles (which the architect possibly considered to be columns) represents a town-hall, and acts as an umbrella to the market-women. The old church, at the junction of the three streets, has been so barbarously treated by its successive wardens, that its mutilated features can hardly be recognized; but it is the only object of interest in the place, and as you pace up and down its pew-cumbered aisles, you can at least exchange the sense of stagnation which settles on you outside, for an active instinct of wrath towards those who have clogged up the arches with clumsy galleries, painted sprawling texts from the Proverbs over the walls, set up high boxes lined with green baize, and labelled with brass plates, for respectable miserable sinners, and planted narrow rickety forms, between the worst draughts, for cotton gowns and smock-frocks. And if you ever read the poems of one of the finest gentlemen, as well as one of the best priests, who ever lived, namely, old George Herbert, you will wonder what pew-owners (with their pew-keys in their pockets) would think of his very low hint to the church-goer:—

"Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stocking. Quit thy state.  
All equal are within the Church's gate."

There are about a dozen good houses in the town, and it is in one of these, a stiff, red-brick building, with a highly-polished brass



knocker on the door, that the group we have mentioned is assembled. The house belongs to an apothecary, whose practice is not popularly supposed to be large, but the man must be bold—bolder even than an Income-Tax Commissioner—who should venture to point out to the stout and scowling Mr. Mardyke that his establishment appears larger than his gains seem to warrant. For the present, his drawing-room, and some other parts of his house, are occupied by strangers, but as Mr. Mardyke is a childless widower, this does not interfere with his domestic arrangements.

Lilian Trevelyan is painting at a small table near one of the windows, and the fair hair would descend in a cataract upon the paper, but for a golden net-work, which holds the curls in graceful imprisonment. She is not so completely absorbed in her work as to be unable to send an occasional glance up the long street, and her position gives her a view of the road a traveller from Aspen would probably take.

Two gentlemen are in the apartment. One of them, a largely made man, in the prime of life, is lounging in what was once supposed in London, and is perhaps still supposed in Lynfield, to be an easy chair. He is reading one of the reviews of the day. His occupation seems a careless one. Is the face careless? The features are large, and exceedingly fine. You might call them sensuous, especially the mouth with its full lower lip; and the violet eye, bright as it is, might possibly turn with no unrecognizing gaze upon certain good and fair things of this life, but look at the magnificent brow, round which the black, half-dishevelled locks cluster in ample folds. The massive head is almost Olympian. The beauty of that face is not a mere question of taste, but must be acknowledged on the instant of confronting it. Not that it is of the beauty which is most desirable in this common-place world, or one for which a man, emulous of ordinary successes, would prudently barter his neater fascinations, his drawing-room effectiveness. Some women, and a good many of the other and more cowardly sex, would be afraid of that face. If the author of the review could peep from between his own lines, he would dislike that face, and not without reason. For the article is a controversial one, designed to serve the cause to which the reader is attached, and the bright violet eye is lightening into the holes in the logic, and the lip is sneering at the hackneyed phraseology. The reader is certainly sitting in the seat of the scoffer. He has been making some pencil notes, but not in the book, and possibly as memoranda for some private and unfavourable communication.

The other gentleman is seated at a side-table, with his face averted from his companions. A faint muttering occasionally escapes him, to which they are probably accustomed, for neither takes any notice of the sound. A book, apparently of devotion, is before him, but he is not reading it, and arouses from long intervals of meditation to repeat rapidly a few scarcely audible words. He is slight and delicate in figure, with hands and feet

of feminine smallness. His features are marked, the nose is aquiline, but the mouth indicates irresolution, and there is timidity legibly written in the upper portion of the face. The hair is long, and thin, and grey, but its greyness, and a stoop, manifest even while he is sitting, seem the traces of suffering rather than of age. But the strangest characteristics of his face is its utter bloodlessness. Its whiteness is startling, and troubles the eye. It resembles neither the pallor of disease, nor the sudden blanching of terror, nor the sickly hue which attests the student's vigil, but a nearer approach to the ashiness of death than we might deem that life could make, and live. A man will hardly see that appearance twice in his time, and it is well for his dreams if he do not see it once.

"So far, so bad," said the reader, throwing his book upon the table.

"How ungrateful!" replied Lilian; "when the poor man has taken the trouble to write so many pages in the hope of pleasing you."

"*Sententiæ ponderantur, non numerantur*, Miss Trevelyan," returned the other; "which means, in the present case, that the quality, and not the quantity, of a man's sentences are in question, and if they are bad, like those of our friend here, it is an aggravation of his offence that they are many. Don't you agree to that?"

"I don't think that I do," said Lilian. "I have such a very great respect for anybody who can put words together in a way which makes them fit to be printed."

"That the more he puts together, the more your respect? Very well; but that is what we call in Latin a *petitio principii*, a logical mendicancy, a begging the question."

"Latin twice in two minutes," said the young lady, laughing; "unless the first was Greek. I will not be talked to in that manner. I have read, somewhere, that somebody who was very clever, mind, declared that what could not be said in English was not worth saying at all. Please to remember that, Mr. Heywood."

"Why, yes. Somebody spoke safely enough, considering what English is, and how little entitled it is to be regarded as a distinct language."

"On the contrary," said Lilian, "I will show you that it can be very distinct indeed, if you persist in debating everything with me. Why don't you sometimes agree to what people say?"

"Why don't people sometimes say what I can agree to?" answered Mr. Heywood. "Besides," he added, with a singular intonation of his rich, pleasing voice, "if I were too assenting, who knows but that I might be taken for a Jesuit, aiming at some ultimate object, and in the meantime striving, by my silkiness, to ingratiate myself with my tools and victims? That would be very sad, you know."

Lilian looked at him earnestly for a moment or two, but made no reply.

"It is a wonder," he said, after a pause, "that your conquering hero is so long in coming. You wrote, that after twelve o'clock



you should be happy to see him, and I am surprised that he makes you wait for your happiness."

"He will be here, I have no doubt," said Lilian, colouring, but speaking in a calm grave tone. "I wish that I had as little doubt as to—as to—." She hesitated, and bent over her work.

"It is my duty to remove any doubts you may entertain, Miss Trevelyan," said Mr. Heywood, drily. "I rather hoped that I had already done so, but I see that I underrated the power of another influence, upon which we had none of us calculated three days ago."

This time Lilian's fair face became crimson. But when she raised it, and met the keen gaze of her companion, she answered courageously enough—

"I thought we understood—no, I mean that it was agreed between us, that this subject was to be spoken of in one way only. That my duty was to be pointed out, and that I was to hear nothing but what related to *that*, and to my fulfilment of it. Is this the way in which you mean to treat me?"

"You can hardly forget to whom you speak, Lilian," replied Mr. Heywood, with displeasure.

"Had I forgotten, do you think I should remain to speak?" returned Lilian, with firmness.

That firmness was probably new to her. At any rate Heywood looked at her with that species of interest one might feel in watching the solution of a problem. He gazed for some moments, and then, as if he had made up his mind as to the character of some process which had taken place before him, he slightly nodded, and said, with a smile—

"*Quod erat demonstrandum*. Rely upon my not annoying you again."

She understood him, or thought she did, for she once more flushed over cheek and forehead, but she made no further answer.

"I think this Mr. Carlyon must remain with us during the day," said Mr. Heywood. "I should like him to dine with us. By the evening, I shall be able to see our course. Remember, please, that what I chiefly want to ascertain is, whether he has ambition."

"You visited his employer, I thought," said Lilian, "in order to understand his character?"

"I did, and for a better reason still, namely, to see whether enough could not be done with Molesworth himself to make his subordinate's services unnecessary. I do not think that I did my work badly, or that I left a point untouched where I could touch without danger. But as to the Wilmslows, he was so guarded that he only revealed to me that there must be something to guard, or he would have been more open. And as to Mr. Carlyon, though my companion took a very good story with him, which passed with Molesworth, he spoke as slightly as one would expect a lawyer to do about so unimportant a person as one of his *employés*. In short, we did little, except convincing ourselves that there is something wrong, and the first use we make of Carlyon is, to discover *what this something is*."

"And the next?" asked Lilian.

"Depends upon Mr. Carlyon himself; and," he added, as if urging the thought as likely to please his companion, "it may be very greatly to his advantage, as advertisers say."

"It is doing what is right," said Lilian, but repeating the words as if they were a form.

"It is doing what is right," repeated Mr. Heywood, earnestly and authoritatively; "and it is also a merciful and happy providence that we are enabled to achieve this good work without recourse to any agency but that which is honourable. I do not mean, of course, that there can be real dishonour in any act which promotes the welfare of the church, but she does not always call upon us to sacrifice even our worldlier feelings for her service, but more often invites us to baptize them into, and consecrate them to, that service."

And at that moment Lilian's blue eyes sparkled, and Heywood, observing her, felt that she had made out the approaching figure of Bernard. But he wisely abstained from reminding her to apply the lesson of his last words to the sentiment of joy the sight had caused her, for he knew enough of the Mysteries to be certain that her girl's heart was justifying its own delight without the aid of his theology. One of Heywood's manifold accomplishments was, the knowing when to hold his tongue.

Carlyon, having stabled his horse at one of the two very bad inns of Lynfield, hastened to present himself at Mr. Mardyke's house. He was welcomed by Lilian, who presented him to Mr. Heywood.

In an instant, the buoyant spirits, with which Bernard had ridden, somewhat hard, to the little town, were dashed and chilled. That magnificent-looking stranger, obviously on terms of intimacy with the family! When we have once committed the indiscretion of placing our happiness in the keeping of another, how suspicious we are of the trustee we have chosen. The cloud of trouble which came over Carlyon's heart must in some degree have shadowed his face, for Heywood turned to Lilian with a smile, and after a moment said—

"We poor Catholics are jealous of our titles, you know, Mr. Carlyon—the Reverend Cyprian Heywood has the pleasure of making your acquaintance!"

And Catholic clergymen do not marry; and what a glow of pleasure came upon Bernard's forehead! and how cordially he shook the hand Mr. Heywood held out to him—the latter reading the whole *historiette* as plainly as it is set down here. The pale gentleman then came forward a few steps.

"My uncle, Mr. Eustace Trevelyan!" said Lilian.

The ashy-looking uncle took both Carlyon's hands in his own, and in earnest, but broken sentences, warmly thanked him for his intervention in behalf of Miss Trevelyan. He then looked doubtfully at Bernard, as if anxious to know whether he thought sufficient acknowledgment had been made, and seemed hesitating whether he ought not to recommence his thanks. But as Carlyon,



after a brief reply, addressed himself to Lilian, the nervous man appeared relieved, and returned to his table by the wall. And so Bernard made the acquaintance of the "strange persons" whom Lilian promised he should see.

Incalculable are the advantages a French author enjoys over an English one. Among them, and not the least, is the amiable patience with which a not proverbially patient people allow their novelists unrestricted time and space to tell their stories. A hundred pages of dialogue, more or less, are nothing to a *feuilletoniste*, and to a story-teller who does not wish to be egotistic, and likes to set his characters talking, instead of himself talking about them, nothing can be pleasanter than making dialogue. Oh! for the good days of Sir Charles Grandison, and the interminable conversations in that oak parlour. But those days are gone, and stories are expected to make some little progress now and then. But for this oppressive tax upon free speech, what a number of things Mr. Carlyon should have said this day, nor should Mr. Heywood's artfulness have been inarticulate, nor Miss Trevelyan have been more silent than becomes a young maiden. But we have much work before us.

The stars were looking into the Severn when Bernard returned to Aspen. If their ciphers were but legible, it would have been good for him had he held the key. A large part of his destinies had been mapped out for him that day.

He had gone through the intended ordeal well, the better, perhaps, that he had not been for a moment on his guard, and had only thought of his happiness in finding himself passing hour after hour in the company of Lilian Trevelyan. The priest had exerted his marvellous powers of pleasing, and while apparently contributing only a handsome share to a varied and animated conversation, had in reality put the mind of Carlyon through its paces, and formed a plausible estimate of its powers. He found an intellect, of the order which is too ready (according to some profound persons) to be great, but singularly practical. He found scholarship, graceful, but superficial, and the better adapted, perhaps, to the uses of the world than a sounder learning. He found fluent speech, some wit, and much facility of self-adaptation to circumstances. And then he addressed himself to the moral nature of Carlyon—and was baffled. Not that Bernard affected concealment, or dreamed of the scrutiny he was undergoing. But there was a disturbing agency (like that of the undiscovered planet whose influence was felt in the calculations) which set that nature away from its ordinary tracks and channels, and, for the moment, enabled it to defy the analyzer. It was Lilian Trevelyan who came between her spiritual friend and his aim. Bernard might be proud, might be revengeful, might be ambitious, or might be none of these, but all that the priest could with certainty decide was, that Bernard loved, and on this he had decided very early in their interview. It would be necessary to apply some stronger tests, and it was on these, while Carlyon, on his homeward road, with a full and an untroubled heart, was weighing hopes, and

fears, and chances in scales which he held all unsteadily, that Heywood was meditating. And the plotter had fallen asleep long before the lover had merged the blue of Lilian's eyes in the dull grey of the dream light.

CHAPTER XII.

LILIAN TREVELYAN'S INVALUABLE GUARDIAN.

THE following day Carlyon strolled out for a solitary walk (rather to the discontent of the young ladies at Aspen, who had intended to enlist him for some little expedition of their own), and for a reason which any young gentleman who has ever fancied himself in love will possibly appreciate, he walked in the direction of Lynfield, though he had not the least intention of visiting that interesting town. A couple of miles from Aspen Court he met Heywood, who was also walking, and apparently intent on a book.

"Ah, Mr. Carlyon, I am very glad to have met you. I see," he said, looking round, "that my friend here has beguiled me into extending my walk most unreasonably, and it is fortunate that you have stopped me."

"Do they write such engrossing books?" said Bernard; "I never get hold of them."

"No, the art has gone out," replied the clergyman; "but this book has been doing its work for three hundred years and more. You will think it anything but a clerical hand-book, I suppose." And he held the open volume to Carlyon.

"Rabelais. Ah! I understand your overlooking the milestones."

"Is he not glorious? I was just reading Friar John's encouragement of his friends when they were going to battle with Picrochole. He tells them that he fears nothing but the great ordnance, yet he knows of a charm, taught him by a sub-sexton, that will preserve a man from the violence of guns and all manner of fire-weapons and engines, but, he adds, 'it will do me no good, because I do not believe in it.'"

"The philosophy of the failure of a good many specifics in this world," said Carlyon; "from beneficent legislation up to—what shall we say—galvanic rings?"

"It is true," said the priest; "and yet let me give you a piece of advice, which you need not be afraid to take even from a designing Papist like me. It is early in life for *you* to be severe upon the world, and you will get through it better by an occasional bow to its idols—at present at least. For if a very young man laughs at them, the kindly judging world will say, not that it is because he has eyes, but because he could never get near enough to the pedestal to join in the rites. Don't be incensed—you are five-and-twenty or so—I am forty, and I have lived in my time."

Bernard here judged it proper to inquire after his host of the preceding day—and indeed his host's daughter.

"Oh! very well, and delighted with you. You must come over



again when the Miss Wilmslows can spare you. By the way, I am doubly glad we have met this morning, for I had thought of asking you a question, one that affects Miss Trevelyan. Perhaps, though, it is asking you to do an unprofessional thing in giving some advice to your defeated antagonists."

"Pray make me useful," said Carlyon, mentally trampling all etiquette into the lowest contempt, at the intimation that Lilian was interested.

"Why," said the priest, "it is not of much importance, but one likes to be right. It is this—I speak of course in confidence. You see, when Miss Trevelyan was an heiress, she received, as you may suppose, a good many proposals."

What possible right had Carlyon to begin to feel so exceedingly sick at heart! Was it not most natural that a young and beautiful girl should have such offers? So he admitted, and then remembered that she had not accepted any of them, and he felt a most unjustifiable comfort in reflecting that she was no longer rich. Who says that love softens the heart? He made a sort of assent, intimating to Heywood to go on, but the latter thought it was rather a curious sound.

"Her circumstances having altered, of course any such negotiation terminates, *ipso facto*, unless renewed. Now, of two gentlemen who might have been considered to be pretty equally eligible, any preference on the lady's part set aside, one, a friend of my own, has entrusted me with such a renewal, couched in the most graceful terms, and really a creditable offer. He is a man of fortune, an educated person, and otherwise calculated, I think, to make Lilian happy. I have reason to know that she has a considerable regard for him, and, I suppose, this will be the marriage. Now, Mr. Carlyon—by the way, how white you look! Do you know, I think that you London men over exert yourselves when you come into the country, and the change of air upsets you."

"There is—there may be something in that," said poor Bernard, hastily, "I have been riding a good deal—but it is nothing—pray go on."

"Ah! and you ride hard too. Miss Trevelyan remarked yesterday, when you came in, that you looked flushed as if from a gallop." And he continued to watch Carlyon, who was conscious of changing colour two or three times under the other's gaze.

"I shall be more careful in future," said Bernard, with an effort. "But what is your inquiry?"

"Why this," said Heywood, "for I am in—I will not say a delicate, but a double position. This gentleman is, as I have said, my friend, and I would gladly promote a marriage upon which he has set his heart. On the other hand, I am still more bound, for reasons with which I need not trouble you now, to take care of the interests of Lilian Trevelyan. Of course we shall employ lawyers to do that which, in this happy country, lawyers only can do; but, in the first place, there are two or three points for consideration. I have no doubt that, with your knowledge and practical habits, you will put me right in a minute."

Carlyon only trusted himself with another slight assent,

"This lover of Lilian's," said Heywood, possibly choosing his words, "though rich, is unfortunately placed in certain circumstances, which, though in no way affecting his honour, would be exceedingly disadvantageous to his interests were they known. And—I speak to you, again, in the utmost confidence—they are so apparently—shall I say suspicious, that if Lilian herself—"

"One word, Mr. Heywood," said Bernard, "and you will forgive the interruption when you understand its reason. I must not hear the circumstances you were about to mention."

"I have to beg *your* forgiveness, sir," said the priest, with the instant and haughty humility of a man of the world. "I understand you. I had ventured to rely on your assurance a few minutes ago that you were willing to be useful. I *am* trenching, it appears, on professional etiquette—my ignorance is my only excuse." He raised his hand to his hat, as if about to terminate the interview, when Bernard replied quietly, for he had been for some time striving to master himself, and the little personality assisted him.

"You *do* understand me, Mr. Heywood. I repeat that I shall most gladly be of any service to Miss Trevelyan. But there is a reason why I ought not clandestinely to become possessed of information with which I might, as I gather from your statement, materially damage the interests of a suitor for Miss Trevelyan's hand."

Heywood's bold, keen glance was turned full upon the face of Carlyon, but it was met by a gaze as bold and searching as his own. For Bernard, after the first shock of Heywood's communication was over, had learned, either from an unguarded look, or from an over-acted passage—a word will suffice where the faculties are so painfully sharpened—that the priest knew his secret."

"You had better speak plainly, Mr. Carlyon," replied Heywood, who knew, in his turn, that both masks had fallen.

"I have done so," said Carlyon. "And I do not know that I ought to say another word. To Mr. Heywood it is certainly needless that I should."

"I am a plain man, sir," said the priest, "and I like straightforward dealing, and, therefore, if you will not speak out, I will. An attorney has sent his clerk to be a sort of man in possession at Aspen Court, and that attorney's clerk has done Miss Trevelyan, a beautiful young lady, of one of the best families in England, the honour to regard her with favour, and, like a chivalrous rival, declines to hear anything against a *millionaire*, who intends to marry her."

"How utterly unworthy I should be of the hopes I entertain," said Bernard, with an unmoved voice and a calm smile, "could I feel shamed, even for a second, by your high-minded taunts? Can you borrow nothing stronger than that from your friend Rabelais? He was a master of vituperation, but would hardly have found a sting in charging a gentleman with having raised



his eyes something higher than his fortunes, before raising his fortunes to the height he designed."

"A neat speech, and well spoken," said Heywood, "and one which sounds like a scrap from a sentimental comedy. Perhaps you write for the stage? At all events, accept my applause. I have not the slightest right to go further, and to ask Mr. Bernard Carlyon whether, as a practical man, he has any reason, the least, for anticipating the accomplishment of his ambition."

"That, sir," said Bernard, preserving his temper, "is not the question of the moment. My object was merely to avoid the receiving an undue advantage from what, when you began to speak, I supposed to be a professional confidence. Probably I mistook a supposed case for a real one," he added, in a tone which he tried to render as careless as he could.

"You would like to lay that flattering unction to your soul," said the clergyman, now laughing without reserve, but not offensively. "Come, we have exchanged cut and thrust, suppose we keep the peace for a few minutes, and, if you like, you may imagine that I spoke rudely in order to test your power of self-command. We priests, you know, are artful enough for anything. But I must try back on the old scent (is that the orthodox phrase?) and if we are to talk at all on the subject, I must ask you to consider your social position."

"Mr. Heywood," said Bernard, "we are speaking under curious circumstances. I interrupted you in a story which probably you introduced in order to be interrupted, and a certain inference, which I have not contradicted, naturally resulted. But—"

"My dear young friend," said Heywood, "you are clearly destined for the House of Commons, and will do well to reserve these phrases for the honourable and learned gentleman opposite, who may slightly misapprehend you, and so forth. You profess love for Miss Lilian Trevelyan, you are speaking to her best and most trusted friend, who invites you to speak out, and you answer in the platitudes of a debating society."

"I have great respect for Miss Trevelyan's friend," said Bernard, who was determined not to be driven, "but I have no right to suppose that he is mine."

"That is the first sensible word I have heard from you," said Heywood, good-naturedly; "and it deserves to be met with frankness. Lilian Trevelyan is everything to me, and all my friendships and enmities (if enmities were proper) must connect themselves with her welfare. That is plain speaking. Now for yourself. I like you, and I do not think it impossible that, with opportunities, Miss Trevelyan might ultimately be brought to a similar admission — though you need not flush up to your eyes in that manner. And as I was rude just now, I ought to say, though as a man of sense you are already sure of it, that the mere accident of your learning the law in an office, instead of yawning over it in chambers, is, with me, a circumstance in your favour, rather than against you. There is a man who will, one of these days, be a cabinet minister, who was, no very long time ago, hold-

ing your place in a solicitor's house in the city. But I do not intend that Miss Lilian Trevelyan shall be a lawyer's wife. *Meliora canamus*, Mr. Carlyon."

"I am indebted to you for having said so much," replied Bernard; "and it makes me quite sure that you mean to say more."

"Very little more, for you must speak now, or ever hereafter hold your peace on this subject. I have told you my position with regard to Miss Trevelyan, and as you have spent a day with us, I imagine you have convinced yourself that I have described it aright. So I speak with some authority. Have you any private fortune, or expectations of one?"

"I have no private fortune," said Carlyon. "It is not worth while talking of my expectations."

"I see what you mean," replied the priest. "Well, you must be near the expiration of your engagement to Mr. Molesworth. Is he going to take you into partnership?"

"There is no reason for my expecting such an offer," replied Bernard, "and were it made, I should decline it."

"Decline a share in a capital business which produces some six or seven thousand a year, I am told?"

"As you seem interested in the house, there is no objection to my telling you that your estimate is under the mark," said Carlyon, "and that were Mr. Molesworth's great energies supported by those of a working partner—"

"Such as you would make—instead of the gentleman who keeps bears and lynxes at Sydenham?"

"Just so," said Bernard, smiling at this fresh proof of Heywood's acquaintance with the subject. "But such as it is not my ambition to make."

"Come, you have ambition, then. That is something. I was afraid that you had none, and were content to grovel on, filing, and demurring, and endorsing, and attesting, and declaring, and excepting, and vouching, and muddling, until you could sit down with a good balance at your bankers, and complacently meditate on the noble and useful practice in which you had passed life."

"Let me compliment you on having picked up the mantle of Rabelais, and on its excellent fit," said Bernard.

"And I compliment you on your self-command, and I am glad to think that the loss of Miss Trevelyan will not break your heart," returned the other. "And now we may as well understand one another. In a spirit of kindness towards you, I have invited your explanations, and you refuse them, probably thinking that I am a mere interloper, and designing to address yourself directly to the young lady. But you do not know the family in question, or its habits. Come over to Lynfield, and make your proposals, and you will be at once referred to me for a decisive and final answer. You might have saved yourself trouble by an explanation on the spot, but that is your affair. Meantime, I was requested by Miss Trevelyan, should I accidentally meet you, to request the return of a chain of hers, which you forgot to mention yesterday. I believe that I see it—very thoughtful of



you to wear it yourself, to ensure its safety, but let me release you from the charge."

Now this was a mere guess of Heywood's, for he could not see the carefully guarded chain, but the shot told.

"Mr. Heywood," said Bernard, after a pause, "you are a clergyman, but—"

"But a Papist, who, if honest, wishes to convert you, and, if dishonest, to use you—is it not written in the book of the chronicle of Protestant belief, and do you suppose I am irritated with you for holding to your amiable creed!"

"I might be hurt if I thought you in earnest," said Bernard, laughing, "but I rather imagine that you acquit *me* of intolerance. I was about to say," he continued, with earnestness, "that during our interviews, both yesterday and to-day, your tone has been that of a well tried man of the world, a man whose conversation one enjoys, but who certainly does not invite one's confidences."

"People have said that to me before, do you know," said Heywood, smiling, "and it is very sad that it should be so. I must go through a course of tracts, or something, to make me less worldly. Do you think that any of your evangelical parsons would take me as an apprentice for a little while, due security being given that I should not proselytise or smoke tobacco?"

"But, considering our very recent acquaintance," said Bernard, not heeding the interruption, "I suppose I may believe that such a conversation as we have had would hardly have taken place, if you had not some reason for carrying it further. I will imitate your plain speech, and say I am convinced that I can be of some service to you."

"You are a man of talent, Mr. Carlyon, but does your talent carry you no further than this? You are silent. Well, admitting that you can be of service—not to me—but to the family to which I am attached, are you willing to be so?"

"The question is hardly one which you, Mr. Heywood, need ask."

"The Trevelyans are not ungrateful, and whatever you may do for them will be overpaid—I use the word deliberately, because I know that you will approve it. But still the service required is a large one."

"I am not afraid to hear what it is," said Carlyon.

"But I am half afraid to tell it you," said the other, "which, however, I should not be, if I believed you half in earnest about Miss Trevelyan. Don't look so haughtily indignant—a want of earnestness is one of the accomplishments which at your age a man studies, and is proud of, and does not utterly despise until his eyes open a little wider."

"Still," said Bernard, quietly, "I should like to hear what you have to say. You have, obviously, made close inquiries, no doubt in connection with the object you seek, and probably these have informed you that I am scarcely a trifler, or, shall I say, to be trifled with."

"Good," said the priest; "anger, as worthy old Fuller observes, is one of the sinews of the soul, and he that wants it hath a maimed mind. I am glad Miss Trevelyan has so complete a champion. Now, listen. Your house has taken away Aspen Court from Lilian Trevelyan. Will you do your utmost to restore it to her?"

This speech certainly made Bernard start, and not without reason. It sounded like one of those audacious things which people say so coolly to us in dreams, and which we hear and answer with so much composure, but then Carlyon had the disadvantage of being awake. He turned a bewildered eye upon his companion, as if to ask him to repeat his words. Heywood left him no time for discussion.

"Of course," he said, "this is not a question to be answered in an instant. Give it full consideration. Only understand, that those who make it, perfectly comprehend your position, and the amount of means you possess for carrying out their object. Do not imagine that they suppose they are negotiating with a mere tool. Understand this; and, also, that he who leads Miss Trevelyan to Aspen as its heiress, leads her there as his wife."

He spoke, at last, in the tone which carries conviction of the sincerity and good faith of the speaker, and he took Bernard's hand,

"I have set a prize before you, but it is set high. If your heart fails you, there is no shame in the matter, and I dare say you may make a very good solicitor, and lead a quiet and prosperous life, without Lilian Trevelyan. But if you choose the other course, and dare venture for Aspen, you will be well backed by those who can be good friends to their friend. And now, not another word. Come over to Lynfield the day after to-morrow. And should you decline to aid us, I will spare you all troublesome explanation—if I see you return Miss Trevelyan's chain, I shall understand that this conversation is forgotten. And now, good day."

He shook Bernard's hand kindly, and walked away.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE OWL AND THE KITTENS.

CHARLES, EARL OF ROOKBURY, attained his majority in the year of Lord Nelson's funeral. Public attention was called to the fact by the young Earl himself, who, having entertained a select party upon the evening of the solemn ceremonial, and having got outrageously tipsy, as was not unusual with the territorial aristocracy in the year 1806, did sally forth with some companions, and from the top of a hackney-coach, did laudably essay to dry the tears of the weeping metropolis, by assuring the crowds that he should take his seat in the Lords in a very few weeks, and though Nelson was gone, he, Charles of Rookbury, would watch over the country and the constitution. His friends hurraed this heroic declaration, but the mob did not see the fun, pulled the party from the coach,



near the King's Mews, and handled them almost as roughly as the paragraph-mongers did for some days afterwards. Very witty were the latter upon the young lord's foolishness, and came out bitterly in italics. "A certain *sprig* of nobility, just escaped from the *twig* at Eton, is supposed to have fancied himself an *admiral* t'other night, because he was *half seas over*." Such was the character of the epigrams, by which the despotism of the aristocrats was tempered half a century ago, and Lord Rookbury came in for his share, as may be seen on proper application to Mr. Panizzi. But Lord Rookbury, though unluckily notorious, for some time, for this unseemly outbreak, had done, and could do even better things than drinking claret, and publishing the fact.

He came, after a long minority, to an ample and well-nursed estate, and having distinguished himself at college, was, as usual, expected to distinguish himself in public life. As usual, too, he disappointed expectations founded on that basis, as anybody who will take the trouble to look through Mr. Dod's Parliamentary Guide for the last ten years, will find is still the course (with a few confirmatory exceptions) of University stars, a result, by the way, which ought to be set down to the credit of a system intended to prepare men to win the world's prizes, not those of the colleges. Lord Rookbury's family friends were chiefly Tories, which was perhaps a sufficient reason for the young lord, who always held that relations were a mistake, taking the other side. However, though he eschewed his native benches, he would not be naturalized on those opposite, and early gave evidence of the self-will, or independence, as he preferred to call it, which marked him through life. Of course, the Court and Carlton blandishments were alike tried upon the wealthy young nobleman, but while he could be made to like neither the king's wit nor the queen's snuff, he was also proof to "the virtuous Dauphin," and the vocal Morris. It was soon found that Lord Rookbury could not be "had." But he attended in his place very regularly, and often made a brief smart speech, full of sarcasm, and designed to show both sides that they were incapable of going to the bottom of the question. The latter half of his address generally overthrew the argument of the former, and his practical commentary on both halves was going away without voting at all. Even as a young man, recently printed diaries have shown that Lord Rookbury sometimes set older lords thinking, when they had only intended dividing.

Time passed, so did Percevals, Liverpools, and Cannings; and Lord Rookbury's nature continued to isolate itself. He read much; he thought deeply; and he did nothing. The brief keen speeches still flashed out amid the commonplace of the house, and everybody listened; but rising men felt, that though they might fear Rookbury's sarcasms, they need not fear his competition, and that is a thought which mightily consoles some of your rising men. And others who had risen, and could afford to be pleased when they liked, internally regretted that Rookbury had been too rich to be put into harness, or something might have been made of *him*, had he been duly bitted. It was even hinted that in reform

times, the great Earl Chimborazo, high-throned all height above, had looked down from his inaccessible mountain, round which he haughtily permitted the world to revolve, and had indicated one of the lower peaks as a station for Rookbury. But he refused it, and even lived. That Earl passed, and was succeeded, and again Rookbury might have had office. He was perhaps a thought nearer to it now than ever in his life, for though the new premier's jovial laugh was unlike Rookbury's taunting gibe, the men had something akin in their common scorn of humbug. But it was too late, at least so Lord Rookbury thought, and it was decidedly so when Sir Robert and Lord John began alternately to mount guard, relieving one another at intervals. Rookbury was too old for drill. When, in 1846, Lord John came in on his five years' repairing lease, Lord Rookbury was sixty-one. There is a trifle to add yet, before he arrives at Aspen Court.

It has not been mentioned, Lord Rookbury seldom mentioned it himself, and never among his friends, that he married. Nobody exactly knew why, but so many of Lord Rookbury's acts were incomprehensible. He was proud of his descent. Lady Rookbury's father was a tea-dealer. He liked beauty. The Countess was short, hungry-looking, and had high cheek-bones. And though Rookbury did not admire virtue, or set the slightest example thereof, he conceived it desirable in a peeress; and this made it the more strange that he should marry a widow whose Cheltenham interval had been talked about. There was some money, but not enough to be any object to his lordship—at least so people said, judging from his rental and the large sums he spent on his own amusements. However, they married, and lived decorously enough at Rookton Woods and in Acheron Square for four years, when the Countess of Rookbury, having presented the Earl with an heir, became dissatisfied with the Court physicians and called in a homœopathist. Being thus left a widow, Lord Rookbury announced, to prevent trouble to the mothers of families—for he was a very gentlemanly man—that little Viscount Dawton was not to have a step-mamma.

It would have been very delightful to me to have been able to continue the last sentence after the fashion of many charming writers of my acquaintance. Why can I not add, “and, retiring from the gay, but heartless metropolis, the bereaved father resolved to devote himself to the education of his only child, in whose expanding intellect and amiable ways the affectionate Earl found his only consolation for the loss of his Matilda?” Because, if I did make that statement, I should be committing *scandalum magnatum*. The Earl did not retire from the heartless metropolis, but, on the contrary, he re-furnished his town-house in exquisite taste, and during the season gave marvellous dinners, by which his cook, Monsieur Quenelle, gained a European reputation. But he was not fond of his child, nor even of his friends' children (which latter liking is sometimes found in men who take no great interest in their own), and he placed little Lord Dawton under such governess-ship and tutor-ship as he considered



might exonerate himself from all further trouble in that trifling matter. And having himself been sent to Eton and Oxford, he sent Dawton to Harrow and Cambridge, at which latter seat of polite learning and true religion the heir of Rookton Woods was beating bargees as our story began.

So far I have stated nothing against Lord Rookbury. He was an exceedingly clever person, shrewd, audacious and sarcastic, with ample means, and plenty of will. Also, let us give him his further due. He was a finished gentleman in manners, incapable of coarseness, except under strong provocations, and remarkably pleasant in the society of women. At the time we speak of, his tall figure, thin almost to fragility, but upright as a column, had not stiffened with age. His small, well-made head was perfectly bald. Wrinkles had reluctantly intruded to disturb the delicate Saxon features, and perhaps the habitual doubt—I do not like to write distrust,—which marked the old man's face, had aided to deepen the lines near the mouth. The cold blue eye was undimmed, and the teeth were white and perfect. Carefully, but not foppishly dressed, and bearing himself loftily and well, Lord Rookbury looked an excellent type of the English gentleman of rank, and when foreigners came to hear the debates in the Lords' they always marked him out as somebody, and were surprised to be told (by officials) that he was—"O, nobody particular—a peer." And by this time men with not a twentieth part of Rookbury's talent, had learned to speak of him as a mere crotcheteer, and even to pity him as possibly a little cracked.

I am afraid that I must not let him down so easily. He was a sad old reprobate, and there you have it in half a line. A fine classical scholar, he wrote Latin verses as good as Lord Wellesley's, but all the purity was in the style. He liked Juvenal, which was odd, for that uncompromising gentleman lashes avarice, fraud, and luxury, and Lord Rookbury practised all three. Chiefly, you would wonder that a man who looked so well, and spoke so boldly, was a downright cheat. And yet he was one. I do not think he exactly loved money for its own sake, and he would certainly spend it unhesitatingly in the gratification either of a pleasure or a vengeance, but he liked to take advantage of everybody. It was curiously developed, this passion for "getting the pull," as he called it; and he would make private sacrifices that the world might see him a winner. During part of his life he took to the turf; and more than one person now lives virtuously on the pension Lord Rookbury bestowed as a reward for taking the public shame of a daring turf-swindle, contrived by himself. You cannot cheat much at whist in England, but at *écarté*, in his own house, Lord Rookbury managed to win so wonderfully from a French gentleman, who knew himself to be of the first force, that the latter insisted on moving the table. There were looking-glasses in the room, by the way, and somehow Lord Rookbury not only won no more, but thought it well to return his past winnings. I shall not dwell upon his character more than is necessary, but he

will have a good deal to do with a struggle which I foresee is coming, and I do not wish any of my readers to be imposed upon by the talents or beguiled by the manners of this gentlemanly good-for-nothing old Lord Rookbury.

Rookton Woods, his seat, was in the same county with Aspen Court, but nearly at the other end of it. We need not describe the place, because we are not going thither at present, but it shall be shown in its season. Parliament was up for the Easter holidays, and Lord Rookbury had gone home. There had been some frosts, to the great wrath of the hunting-men, but the open day had come at last, and the Z. P. H. having met at Smudgington Bottom, and found, the fields around that moist retreat were soon studded with riderless horses, and horseless ex-riders. Lord Rookbury, who rode well to hounds, had been punctual at cover-side, and had shamed younger men by his management and boldness up to the first check. But while the old dog-fox was being extracted from the willow-copse near Blashtree End, which is about four miles, as the crow flies, from Aspen Court, a thought suddenly struck the Earl of Rookbury, and he was seen no more in that day's hunt. Soon afterwards the fox gallantly broke away at the other end of the wood, and after going to the right to Ankelow Butts, and over Bobchurch Hill, and so by Jobbins's farm and the Leasowes, took the left across the Hazleby road and the railway, where there was another check. But the hounds picked him up, and he went steadily over the downs to Grigs's Gorse, and thence by Low Whacks to Bibbington, and was finally run into within a hundred yards from the Three Blind Ducks, Sluice Common, after a fine run of an hour and ten minutes, making the ninety-seventh brace the Z. P. H. has killed this last month, and so hurrah for the manly pig-skin.

Lord Rookbury, who knew every inch of the country, having cleared himself from the hunt, set his horse's head straight for Aspen Court, and according to his custom, when he was bent on an object, lost very little time in getting there. He gave a glance at his perfect tops, and was gratified to find that he was scarcely splashed, and for the rest he knew that his costume was faultless. Even between sixty and seventy it is as well to be tidy when one calls upon ladies, and Lord Rookbury was looking exceedingly well. He rode up to the door, which stood wide open, and began to hammer with his whip-handle. After some battering, the red-armed Martha appeared, and immediately began to curtsy to horse and rider, with her usual industry.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Wilmslow were at home.

"Out for a drive, I suppose?" said the Earl.

"Naw, sir," said Martha, eager not to be misunderstood.

"Mr. Wilmslow out with the hounds, eh? I did n't see him."

"Naw, sir, naw," said Martha.

"But he's not here, you say, girl?"

"Naw, sir, I dint say so. But he don't want to see you, and he knows what you've come for."



"Does he?" said the Earl. "Then he knows a little more than I do myself."

"You be after no good," continued the faithful Martha, "and sooner you be off, better we be pleased."

It is impossible to say precisely what passed through the Earl's mind at this notification of his supposed intentions, but he made a most remarkable face at the rosy Martha, and then taking out his card-case, he endeavoured to hand a card to that uncompromising person. But she put her great hands behind her.

"I shan't take none of your papers, naw. It's just as master thought, and you may keep it to yourself."

"Don't be such a fool, girl," said Lord Rookbury, ceasing to be amused, and suddenly looking very black indeed. "Take that card to Mr. Wilmslow, who is under some mistake about me, and then let me hear his answer. Do you hear?" he said, hastily dismounting, and entering the hall.

*Noblesse oblige*, in more senses than one, especially in this country. And at any rate it was not such a person as poor Martha, who could be expected to resist that dark scowl and thunderous command. But she resolved to compromise between her fears and her duty, and so taking the card with some tremor, she hastily made off with it into the lower regions of the house, and far enough away from the smoking-room, whence, indeed, Wilmslow had espied Lord Rookbury, and having been seized with one of his old terrors of legal invasion, had issued the sternest orders that he was not to be visible.

Throwing his rein over a hook at the door, the Earl walked about the hall for some time, and might have been walking there up to this present writing, for any step Martha would have taken to abridge his exercise. He pictured to himself Martha returning to her master with the card—the horror of that master at finding that he had sent an offensive message to one of the leading aristocrats of his county, who had honoured him with a visit of congratulation on recovering his estate; and he went on to imagine Wilmslow hastily dressing himself, and preparing a speech of apologies; and his lordship even proceeded to arrange a pleasant little joking reply, which should set the penitent at his ease. All this was very well in theory, but practically beside the mark, inasmuch as the Rookton Woods card, with a large black smear on front and back, from the thumb and finger of the good Martha, was safely stuck between the spikes of a save-all on the kitchen mantelpiece, the damsel intending that it should there remain until her mistress returned; and inasmuch as Mr. Wilmslow, having bitten his cigar through, in his irritation, was pacing the passages in a high state of wrath and uncertainty, and wondering why the fellow below did not go, and whether he had not better secrete himself in one of the distant rooms, until his wife, or Carlyon (both of whom he heartily cursed for being away) should return to confront the supposed enemy.

Lord Rookbury waited a very long time, long enough, he said to himself, for Wilmslow to have put himself into full court cos-

tume, and studied a perfect oration. And then he began to think that he was really being insulted, and dark thoughts entered into his head. He was on the point of leaving the house in a rage, when some light voices, and some merry laughter, came pleasantly on his ear. His face became quite *rayonnant*.

"Now, Mr. Acton Calveley, just to see whether your club stories are more accurate than your Oriental researches. You may perhaps know a pretty girl from a plain one, though you do not know Mesopotamia from Cappadocia."

With which observation he crossed the hall, which he knew well, and listening for a moment, found that the voices were in the garden.

The fine day, which had opened the hunting, had been as welcome to the young ladies at Aspen as to the mighty hunters of the Z. P. H. It was a good day for bringing out poor little Amy, and in causing that pretty little field-marshal to review all the household troops of pets which her sisters had enlisted during her illness. And when Lord Rookbury entered the garden, the old nobleman thought that a very pretty group was before him; and as he had a keen eye for beauty, it may be presumed that he was right. Mention hath been made of an old tree, in the hole of which lived a lean cat, herself inaccessible to the civilizing advances of the girls, but who did not object to her kittens being patronized and instructed (just as some trustless and blaspheming she-Pariah, scowling from behind her short black pipe at her hovel-door, will snarl and scoff at the ladies from the visiting-committee, with their tracts and soup, but will yet send her brats to the infant-school), and who upon the present occasion was at home. A stool had been brought for Amy, who was carefully shawled, and deposited before the tree, and the tame fawn was placed in her arms, that they might keep one another warm, as Kate thoughtfully observed. The owl had been brought out, not much to his satisfaction, and was perched on a garden chair, blinking mightily in the sunshine. The rabbits were on the grass, munching and shaking their ears, and occasionally performing violent and convulsive jumps, throwing themselves into the air without any obvious cause for such feats. Emma was holding one of the ring-doves on her finger, and laying one or two of her glossy brown curls across the bird as she caressed it. And Kate, having climbed upon a large garden-basket, which she had reversed for the purpose, was withdrawing the old cat's kittens one by one for exhibition, a measure wistfully regarded by that matron, though on the whole she appeared to have a general confidence in the administration. Three of the kittens were already on the grass before Emma. The three girls were looking happy and laughing merrily as Lord Rookbury advanced.

He raised his hat, and smiled with great urbanity upon the group, as he gazed from one to the other. By a curious coincidence, the owl on the chair just then opened his eyes very wide, and gazed with considerable interest upon the three plump kittens on the grass.



## VANITY FAIR.

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Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher, all is vanity.—*Ecclesiastes*.

“VANITAS VANITATUM” has rung in the ears  
Of gentle and simple for thousands of years,  
The wail is still heard, yet its notes never scare  
Or simple or gentle from Vanity Fair.

This fair has allurements alike to engage  
The dimples of youth and the wrinkles of age :  
Tho' mirth may be feigning, tho' sheen may be glare,  
The gingerbread's gilded in Vanity Fair.

Old Dives there rolls in his chariot of state,  
There Jack takes his Joan, at a lowlier rate,  
St. Giles's, St. James's, from alley and square,  
Send votaries plenty to Vanity Fair.

That goal would be vain where the guerdon was dross,  
So come whence they may they must come by a loss ;  
The tree was enticing—its branches are bare,  
Heigh-ho ! for the promise of Vanity Fair.

My son, the sham goddess I warn thee to shun,  
Beware of the elderly temptress, my son.  
Her blandishments fly—or, despising the snare,  
Laugh, laugh at the follies of Vanity Fair.

That stupid old Dives, once honest enough,  
His honesty sold for Stars, Ribbons, and stuff :  
And Joan's pretty face has been clouded with care  
Since Jack bought *her* ribbons at Vanity Fair.

Contemptible Dives !—weak-spirited Joan !  
Yet each has a Vanity Fair of his own—  
My son, you have yours,—but you need not despair,  
Myself, I've a weakness for Vanity Fair.

Philosophy halts, wisest maxims are vain,—  
We go, we repent, we return there again—  
To-morrow, for certain, you meet with us there,  
The gayest of spectres at Vanity Fair.

## THE IMPERIAL FOUR.

ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, CHARLEMAGNE, AND NAPOLEON.\*

BY PROFESSOR CREASY,

Author of "THE FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD."

## CHAPTER III.

Points of Similitude and of Contrast between the Ancient Persian and the Modern Turkish Empires.—Egypt as a Persian and as a Turkish Province.—Importance of Egypt and Syria, with a view to the Conquest of Central Asia and India.—Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, Conquerors of Egypt.—Glory of the Foundation of Alexandria.—Compared with Charlemagne's Project for Uniting the Danube and the Rhine.—Splendour of Alexandria under the Ptolemies.—Cæsar's Egyptian Campaign.—Cleopatra.—Napoleon's Egyptian Expedition.

"THIS old Europe is weary and stale to me. It is in the East that Genius must seek for Empire and Glory." So said Napoleon, in the plenitude of his power: and his fondest day-dreams, when he was First Consul, and when he was Emperor, were of renewing the attempt which he had made, when he was the simple Republican general,—the attempt to retrace Alexander's path of conquest, and become Lord of the Oriental world. Similar visions had haunted the ardent mind of Cæsar. The great Roman is said to have wept with emulative envy, when, during his first command in Spain, he gazed in the Temple of Hercules at Gades on the statue of the Macedonian conqueror;† and the last projects which he was forming, when his career was cut short by assassination, were schemes of leading his legions against Parthia, and the other powers of the Eastern world.

The part of Alexander's life, that possesses most interest for modern readers, probably consists of his operations in the remote East, in Central Asia, and the north of Hindostan. His campaigns in those districts fix our attention, on account of the formidable difficulties, arising both from the natural features of the country, and the obstinate bravery of the inhabitants, which he encountered and overcame. We, and not we alone, have learned by bitter experience, during the last few years, how to appreciate those difficulties. The Russian expedition against Khiva and Bokhara, in 1840, and our own recent wars in Afghanistan and the Punjaub, have done more to aggrandise the fame of Alexander, than to build up the reputation of any of the modern European commanders. The disastrous fates of Peroffski's and Elphinstone's armies must make both Muscovite and English military students envy the superior fortune, or admire the superior genius, with

\* The Author reserves the right of translation of this work.

† Plut. Vit. Cæs., sect. xi.



which the Macedonian columns were conducted. And the carnage of our troops, even when successful, at Moodkee, at Ferozeshah, at Sobraon, and at Chillianwallah, ought effectually to hinder us from depreciating the triumphs which Alexander gained in the same regions over the ancestors of our own foes.

On the other hand, a comparative view of the ancient condition of the countries, which were the scenes of Alexander's earlier achievements, and of their state at the present time, is calculated to make us think too lightly of the first part of his career, unless the comparison be very carefully made. We can easily realize to our minds the idea of one of the strong powers of modern Europe attacking Turkey, and, if uninterrupted by any of its own European rivals, rapidly overthrowing the armies, and appropriating the provinces of the Osmanlis. The complete superiority of English, Austrian, French, or Russian troops, over those of modern Turkey, is a truism. We can readily understand the existence of a similar superiority of the Macedonian veterans over the armed rabbles that crowded the camps of the last Darius. With respect, also, to the facilities, which the decay of central authority, the corruptness of administration, and the insubordination of provincial governors offer to a foreign conqueror, the resemblance between ancient Persia and modern Turkey is striking at the first glance. The relation of the Satraps to the Great King, was precisely that of the Pashas to the Sultan. The powerful Satrap, like the powerful Pasha, seldom sought to throw off the semblance of allegiance, but his constant aim was to make his power hereditary in his family; and he exercised, in all substantial points of government, a lawless independence of the sovereign whom he affected to venerate. The classical reader of the biographies of Paswan Oglou, of Ali Pacha, and Mehemet Ali, is continually reminded of Ariobarzanes, Artabanus, and Datames. And, when we turn back to ancient history, it is peculiarly striking to observe how Egypt was in the same chronic state of revolt against her Persian rulers in former times, that she now exhibits towards her Turkish suzerains. Moreover the same wretched system of statecraft was practised at Ecbatana against refractory vassals that long has been established\* at Constantinople. Treachery and assassination were the favourite weapons of the court against a formidable or even a suspected rebel; and it was thought the height of royal policy to play off the ambition and the turbulence of neighbouring Satraps against each other. The misery, which this system of organized anarchy inflicted on the subject populations of the dominant Persian race, may be imagined from what we know now to prevail in the East: and the victorious stranger who offers to such populations the blessings of order and of protection for person and property, will be welcomed as a deliverer, though his rule be equally arbitrary, and equally extinctive of national independence.

\* The present sultan and his father, the energetic but unsuccessful Mahmoud, deserve to be excepted from the general censures passed upon modern Turkish sovereigns.

But after admitting the general truth of the parallel of ancient Persia and modern Turkey, with respect to their means of resisting a powerful European invader, there are some important points of distinction to be observed. In the first place, the Persian kings employed large bodies of Greek troops in their armies;—troops whose skill and spirit were little, if at all, inferior to those of the Macedonians; and who fought against Alexander, not with the carelessness of mere condottieri, but with the bitterest national animosity; like that with which, in after ages, the Varangian guards of the Byzantine emperors encountered the Normans from Apulia; or that with which the Irish brigade assailed the English at Fontenoy. The Greek soldiers of fortune, who served the Persian king, were chiefly natives of the republics of southern Greece, whose glory and whose independence had been destroyed by Philip and his son. Many of their leaders, like Ephialtes and Leosthenes, the eminent Athenians, were compulsory refugees from their country, and the objects of the deadliest Macedonian enmity. These men opposed Alexander with all the resources of Greek skill, and with all the vindictive energy of personal and national hatred. To make our imaginary analogy perfect, we must suppose the case of Austria attacking Turkey, and finding herself resisted by large bodies of well-disciplined and well-paid Hungarian troops in the Sultan's service; or of Russia, in a similar enterprise, being encountered by Polish armies acting under the banners of her Ottoman foes.

Another peculiar obstacle in the path of Alexander, to which there is nothing analogous in the present state of the same countries, was the inveterate hostility of the great maritime and commercial city of Tyre. This Venice of the ancient world had once been the undisputed mistress of the Mediterranean, and had also long monopolized the coasting trade of the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules; sending her merchantmen northward to the British Isles for tin, and to the shores of the Baltic for amber; and southward round the Atlantic coast of Africa for gold-dust, palm-oil, and ivory. Tyre also, by means of caravans, and of ports and fleets in the Red Sea, kept in her hands the large and lucrative traffic between India and the countries round the Mediterranean. As ages rolled on, she was surpassed in her Gaulish and Spanish and Atlantic commerce by her own daughter, the powerful colony of Carthage. She also suffered a disastrous siege from the Assyrian conqueror, Nebuchadnezzar; but her undaunted citizens, leaving the ruins of their old city, established a new Tyre on an island at a little distance from the main land, as the Venetians sought a refuge from Attila amid their islets and lagunes. The parallel holds good for the wealth and splendour with which these uninviting sites were soon crowned. In the course of time New Tyre submitted to the nominal authority of the Persian kings, who left to her her local self-government and her commerce, with but slight interference, and who required little of her beyond the services of her fleets in their wars against the Greeks;—services which the Tyrian merchants and mariners



willingly rendered; for it was among the Greeks that the Tyrians found their most fatal rivals, as to both the colonization and the commerce of the Mediterranean, so far at least as regards its northern coasts and its islands. Probably the sagacious forethought of the Tyrian merchant-princes enabled them to comprehend the character of Alexander, not only as a winner of battles, but as the great promoter of the ascendancy of Hellenic civilization, and as the ordainer of new channels for the commerce of the world. They resisted him with a "strenuous ferocity" and a determined skill, which, aided by the natural advantages of their city and its colossal fortifications, would probably have been successful against any other general. Tyre fell at last before Alexander, but it was only after a siege which is among the most memorable that either ancient or modern history records.

We have seen Alexander, at the passage of the Granicus, bold and rapid, like Napoleon, almost to temerity, when boldness and rapidity were requisite. But his conduct after that battle, as well as after the battle of Issus, showed that he did not suffer himself to be hurried forward by any impatience for winning pitched battles and capturing his enemy's capital; but that he could recognise the necessity of thoroughly securing one province before he grasped at another; that he knew how to make each successive conquest a base of operations for the next enterprise, and that he acted throughout with the deliberate intention of founding a new and enduring empire, and not of merely changing the ruling dynasty of the despots of Asia. The whole of the year that followed his victory at the Granicus was spent by him in consolidating his dominion over Asia Minor, and not until that was effected did he seek to advance beyond that peninsula. In 332 B.C. he met and overthrew the multitudes of Darius at Issus, as boldly and as easily as Clive routed Surajah Dowla at Plassy. But even then he did not move prematurely upon Ecbatana or Babylon; but first secured his rear and flank by the thorough conquest of Phœnicia, Syria, and Egypt. The importance indeed of the last mentioned country to every ruler who aspires to be the ruler of the world, has always been fully felt:—by Cambyzes and his successors, by the Cæsars, by the first Caliphs, by the Crusaders, by Sultan Selim, and by Napoleon, as well as by the great Macedonian.

The Persian yoke was preeminently hateful to the Egyptians, and Alexander made himself master of the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs, without his military talents being called into display. Egypt is, however, the cornerstone of his truest glory, and Napoleon has truly said of him that, "Alexander did more to render his name illustrious by founding Alexandria, and conceiving the idea of making it the seat of his empire, than by achieving his most brilliant victories. This city should be the capital of the world. It lies between Asia and Africa, within reach of India and of Europe. Its port affords the only anchorage to be found along the five hundred leagues of coast which extend from Tunis or ancient Carthage to Alexandretta or Iskanderoon. It is situated at one of the former mouths of the Nile; all the squadrons in the

world might anchor there, and in the old port would be sheltered both from the winds and from attacks of every kind."\*

It may, upon first consideration, seem marvellous that the great natural advantages of this site should have been so long neglected before the time of Alexander; and especially that none of the native monarchs of ancient Egypt, during the long centuries of her primitive splendour, should have founded a city on so promising a spot. But it is to be remembered that the population and civilization of Egypt were concentrated in early times along the banks of the Upper Nile. There is indeed reason to believe that Lower Egypt is a country gained in comparatively late ages from the river and the sea, partly by the natural alluvial deposits of the Nile, and partly by great artificial works constructed for the purpose by the ancient Egyptians, with pre-eminent engineering skill and unremitting industrial energy.† Still, when this had been accomplished, and when Memphis became the seat of empire instead of Thebes, we find no attempt made by the dynasties, at whose bidding the pyramids arose, to give Egypt maritime and commercial splendour by founding a city at the Canopic mouth of the Nile. The reason of this may partly be found in the fact that Egypt is, and must always have been, deficient in timber fit for the construction of large sea-going vessels; and still more in the peculiar tenets taught by the Egyptian priesthood, who (anxious probably to shut out innovation) taught the people to regard the sea with religious abhorrence. It was only under the last and short-lived Egyptian dynasty of Psammetichus that foreign mariners were encouraged or even permitted to frequent the Egyptian shore. And even then, though Pelusium and Naucratis became commercial places of some small activity and influence, the old Egyptian jealousy was watchful to prevent the foundation and growth of such an imperial city as Alexandria afterwards became. In fact, the Egyptian rulers appear to have actually observed the advantages offered by the site that was destined to become Alexandria, and they seem to have taken especial precautions against any settlement being made there. A village, named Rachotis, then occupied part of the ground. The Egyptian kings stationed in this village a permanent military force to prevent the landing of any foreigners; and they purposely granted the adjacent country to pastoral tribes, who were unlikely either to become sea-faring adventurers themselves, or to sympathize with any stranger from beyond the sea.

Under the oppressive domination which the Persians inflicted on Egypt, there was no probability of anything being undertaken, that was calculated to augment the power of the always disaffected and frequently rebellious province. But, on the arrival of Alexander, a new era of power and prosperity began for Egypt. He was welcomed by the natives as a deliverer from insult and oppression. By respecting their religious institutions, and relieving them from the burdensome tributes which their former masters

\* "Montholon's Memoirs," vol. iv. p. 218

† See Niebuhr's "Lectures on Ancient History," vol. i. p. 66.



had imposed, he assured himself of their devoted loyalty; and made it his own interest, as well as theirs, that Egypt should become wealthy and strong. But it was a fixed principle with him in all his conquests, to introduce the elements of Hellenic nationality and Hellenic civilization; and for this purpose it was necessary to develop the resources of Egypt for maritime traffic. Alexander, therefore, carefully examined in person the various embouchures of the Nile, and the adjacent coasts of the Delta. He saw at a glance the superiority of the site, where only the wretched huts of Rachotis then stood, to Pelusium and the other ports. Already was he meditating the conquest of India; and he resolved that on the sheltering belt of sand which divides Lake Mareotis from the sea, and on the adjacent little isle of Pharos, should arise the city, which was to receive the commerce of India by the route of the Red Sea and the Nile, and become the great emporium of trade and civilization for the three continents of Africa, Asia, and Europe.

The worthiest parallel for this masterpiece of Alexander's genius may perhaps be found in the magnificent project which Charlemagne formed, during his Saxon wars, of uniting the Danube and the Rhine, and thus establishing a channel by which the commerce and the civilization of Western and of Eastern Europe should interpenetrate through the centre of our continent. It has been only within the last few years, that the canal, which the old Frankish Emperor projected, has been completed. The natural difficulties of the soil proved too much for the engineering skill of Charlemagne's time. But the conception was worthy of the imperial mind that formed it, especially when we remember the rude barbarism of the age in which Charlemagne lived, and the contemptuous indifference with which even the best of his chieftains and counsellors regarded the interest of the merchant and the artizan, as compared with the glory of the soldier. We can readily imagine that in Alexander's great works of civilization the lessons of Aristotle bore their natural fruit. Charlemagne had been inspired by no such master of the human intellect. His glory, as a civilizer, is peculiarly his own; and though, in point of immediate success, his design for developing the full capabilities of the German rivers cannot be compared with Alexander's foundation on the banks of the Nile, it deserves to be mentioned and classed with it, as marking the grandeur of the originating mind.

There is, however, one point in which Alexander's genius, as displayed in the selection and creation of his Egyptian capital, is unrivalled. That is the decisive rapidity with which he acted. He did not become familiar with Egypt, as Charlemagne did with Germany, by repeated campaigns. He passed only a few months of his life in that country; but he felt at once the need of such a city as Alexandria became; he saw at a glance the advantageous nature of the site which he determined on, and he instantly caused the idea of his new city to become a reality.

No words can describe this intuitive power of comprehending

instantly the natural advantages of a particular spot, either for purposes of peace or war, better than the words which Napoleon uses in that part of his memoirs, which is devoted to the subject of Alexander and of Egypt. Napoleon truly says, that the eye of the great commander, is the eye of inspiration. "This faculty consists in a facility of seizing at a glance, the various circumstances connected with the ground, according to the nature of different countries. It is, in short, a gift which is called the military glance, and which great generals have received from nature."

The city, which Alexander thus planned, was reared rapidly at his orders by the skilled labour of the ready myriads of the Egyptian population, guided and animated by Greek science and inventive genius. Alexander saw the works so far advanced, as to feel assured of the successful completion of his great design, before he led his army, in the spring of 331 B.C., back from Egypt to Syria, and thence to the Euphrates, on their further path to the conquest of the East.

Two others of the Imperial Four, Cæsar and Napoleon, appeared in after ages in Egypt as conquerors, and we are naturally led to the contemplation of their exploits on the same scene of action. The parallel between Alexander and Napoleon in Egypt is peculiarly interesting, as each of these two commanders sedulously bent his mind to revive the wealth and splendour of Egypt, and to make the secure possession of her and of the neighbouring Asiatic province of Syria a base for extensive operations against Upper Asia and India. Cæsar's campaign at Alexandria is the most romantic part of his career, but it is not the portion that furnishes the best points of comparison between him and either his Macedonian predecessor or his Corsican follower in the subjugation of Egypt. It was in the autumn of B.C. 48 that Cæsar landed at Alexandria in eager pursuit of his rival Pompeius, whom he had recently defeated at Pharsalia. Pompeius had been murdered there by order of the Alexandrian Court a few days before Cæsar's arrival. The ministers of the young King of Egypt thought that they should conciliate Cæsar's favour by this crime; but they only excited his horror, and he entered Alexandria fully resolved to take every advantage which the quarrels among the Egyptian royal family offered him, for aggrandizing his own power and that of Rome (which now had become identical), and in particular for exacting the payment of an enormous sum of money, which he claimed from the Alexandrian Court for political services which he, as a Roman senator, had formerly rendered to the late King Ptolemy Auletes.

The dynasty of the Ptolemies was descended from Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, one of the ablest of Alexander's generals, who, in the confusion that followed the great conqueror's death, secured Egypt as his own share of the empire. The country had been generally prosperous under him and his successors, and the city of Alexandria itself acquired a degree of splendour which made it the second city of the world. Indeed as a seat of commerce, of literature, and of the arts and sciences it was far superior to



Rome itself. The fortifications were strong, the fleet was large and well equipped, and an army of 20,000 regular soldiers (many of whom were deserters from Roman armies), under the generals of the young King, was encamped close to the capital, at the time when Cæsar, at the head of only 4000 troops, haughtily made his way into Alexandria with all the insignia of Consul and Imperator of Rome, and bade the rival factions of the young King and his two sisters, Cleopatra and Arsinoë, submit their claims to his decision.

The charms of Cleopatra soon fascinated her judge; and Cæsar espoused her cause with an ardour that makes us think rather of some youthful Paladin of the days of chivalry, than of the grave, middle-aged statesman and warrior of ancient Rome. He was speedily involved in a war with the Alexandrians, in which not only all the resources of his genius, as a commander, were called into action, but he more than once owed his safety to his own personal prowess as a combatant. In one of the sea-fights that took place between his galleys and the flotilla, which the Egyptians fitted out after he had surprised and burnt their fleet, the vessel which bore the great Roman was sunk, and Cæsar was forced to swim for his life. Ultimately he baffled all the attacks which the Egyptian soldiery and populace made on his scanty force, and when his reinforcements at last were approaching, and King Ptolemy marched off with his regular troops to intercept them, Cæsar followed and gave his enemies a crushing defeat, probably not far from the very spot where Bonaparte afterwards defeated the Turkish army at the battle of Aboukir.

Ptolemy was killed in the battle, and the Egyptians in unconditional surrender implored the mercy of Cæsar. At a later period of his life he is said to have meditated making Alexandria one of the chief seats of his empire, and he probably would have done so now had not he been under the urgent necessity of encountering with the least possible delay the formidable enemies that yet defied him in Pontus and in North Africa. He was unwilling, too, in that troubled state of the Roman world to give any Roman officer the command of so important a province as Egypt, which could so readily be made the seat of independent power. Perhaps, also, his love for Cleopatra may have combined in inducing him to give her the crown of Egypt. It was not till after the Great Dictator's death, and till after that wondrous Princess had led other Romans to dare all and neglect all for the love of her, that Egypt was finally subdued by the Romans, and made an integral portion of the dominions of Augustus.

Eighteen hundred and forty-six years passed away between the time when Cæsar fought his war of barricades against the last Ptolemy for the sake of Cleopatra's eyes, and the time when Napoleon left his Josephine to invade Egypt. More than twenty-one centuries had intervened between the foundation of Alexandria by the great King of Macedon and the restoration of its fortifications by the French engineers under General Bonaparte's directions.

## THE SIEGE OF CABEZON.

## A BALLAD.

BY GEORGE H. BOKER.

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"La justicia del rey Don Pedro."

DON PEDRO before Cabezon  
 A weary time had lain,  
 Through summer's heat, through winter's frost,  
 Through sunshine, and through rain.

Still Trastamara's rebel flag  
 Flapp'd in the mountain gale,  
 And still the baffled monarch paced  
 In ire the tented vale.

"Now, by my crown," Don Pedro swore,  
 And clash'd his armed hand,  
 "I'd give my dearest year of life  
 Upon that rock to stand.

"I'd sprinkle all the path between  
 This valley and yon crag,  
 With my best blood, to lay a hand  
 Upon that vaunting flag."

"As well Don Pedro might besiege  
 The eagle's dizzy nest,"  
 A knight replied, and idly trimm'd  
 The favours on his crest.

"A train of damsels were as well  
 To stare at yonder tower,  
 As this array of martial men  
 Drawn out with useless power.

"Ay," laugh'd Don Pedro, moodily,  
 Beneath his lowering brow,  
 "Arms might be kept for holidays  
 If always used as now.

"Yet here I'll lay, hap what will hap,  
 Till famine drive them out."  
 Just then, from the left wing arose  
 A long triumphant shout.



"What means that cry?" "Two men at arms,  
Flying from Cabezón,  
Were by an outpost of your line  
Surprised and seized upon."

"Bring in the prisoners." Down they knelt  
Beneath Don Pedro's eye.

"Ha! traitors, have ye fled your liege,  
And come to me to die?"

"To die, Don Pedro, if you will,  
Rather than bear the stain  
Of those worse traitors unto Heaven,  
Who at their posts remain."

"Speak out; I'll listen. Do not fear  
To make your story long;  
Gramercy, we have time enough  
To tire a woman's tongue."

Don Pedro yawn'd, and stretch'd himself;  
But as the story ran,  
I ween, he bounded to his feet.  
Thus spake the foremost man:—

"We guarded rocky Cabezón—  
Unfaltering, nothing loath—  
Till faith turn'd into treachery,  
And guilt sprang up from sloth:

"Till all our lazy garrison  
Stood muttering apart,  
And framing wicked stratagems  
To vex the governor's heart.

"And now 'twas this, and now 'twas that,  
Fierce murmurs, huge demands,  
For ever closing with the threat  
To yield them to your hands.

"The governor rendered all to them,  
Rather than aught to you;  
But, day by day, his careworn face  
Paler and paler grew.

"Daily, his wife and daughter found  
The once so ready smile  
Came slower to his lips, and staid  
Thereon a shorter while.

"Yet, daily, by the old man's side  
They paced around the wall,  
Until they saw how with one look  
The men pursued them all.

- "Until they saw audacious leers  
Upon their persons cast,  
Or snatch'd their skirts from mailed hands  
That clutch'd them as they pass'd.
- "Or heard such jests as well might start  
A very wanton's blood,—  
Jests that forced modest cheeks to flame  
Beneath the close-drawn hood.
- "Then to their bower they fled amain,  
And hid their dangerous charms,  
And strove to talk away their tears,  
And lull their wild alarms.
- "Bolder and bolder grew the men,  
The governor grew more wan ;  
At length, from out a whispering knot,  
Strode one, and thus began :—
- " 'Bring us your wife and daughter, fool,  
Or down this flag shall come.'  
With a back-handed blow, our chief  
Struck the gross ruffian dumb.
- "At once swords flash'd, and visors closed,  
And spears gleam'd all around,  
And, with his dagger in his hand,  
The wretch sprang from the ground.
- "We spoke in vain."—"But he? your chief?"  
Broke in Don Pedro's voice ;  
Then held his breath, and bent his ear,  
To hear the governor's choice.
- "This said he, 'Hold your flag secure,  
And, ere to-morrow's sun,  
All mine be yours.'—"Saints!" cried the king,  
"The like was never done !
- "Shall he outdo us? Herald, ho !  
And let a parley sound ;  
Summon the governor to the wall,  
And call my guard around.
- "Ho ! governor, send your traitors down,  
And, in return again,  
I'll send you, man for man, my best ;  
All belted knights of Spain :
- "Who shall be sworn, by book and cross,  
To keep you safe from siege,  
Against all comers whosoe'er,  
Even against their liege."



Low bow'd the governor : " King, fair words  
Are barren pay and cold ;  
Yet God takes up a poor man's debt,  
And turns his thanks to gold.

" A thousand times may heaven o'erpay  
The deed you do for me ;  
And served I not a better liege,  
I'd draw my sword for thee."

The king smiled. " Knights, my future foes  
File through yon rocky arch ;  
You, with your love-knots in your crest,  
Be you the first to march !"

Up through the gates of Cabezón  
Don Pedro's bravest went,  
And straggling down the narrow path  
The sullen traitors sent.

Around the miscreants silently  
The royal soldiers drew.  
" Now, ballesteros," cried the king,  
" Ye know what work to do !

" Stand back, thou ghostly man of God,  
Thou shalt not pray nor shrive ;  
If 'twere within my power, to hell  
I'd hurry them alive."

A hundred maces swang aloft,  
A hundred blows were given,  
And, crush'd into one mangled mass,  
The traitors lay, unshriven.

The drawbridge rose, the castle-gates  
Rolled slowly back ; and when  
The king look'd up, he saw the walls  
Glitter with mail-clad men.

Slowly Don Pedro walk'd, as one  
Who turns a purpose o'er,  
Plucking the lilies in his path,  
Unconscious what he bore.

Slowly Don Pedro, towards his camp,  
Walk'd through the setting-sun ;  
And patiently next morn he lay  
Besieging Cabezón.

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# LEAVES FROM THE SKETCH-BOOK OF AN AUSTRALIAN SQUATTER.

BY A NATIVE.

I WAS born in the year 182—, at a station near Bathurst in the colony of New South Wales.

My parents remained near Bathurst until I was about four years of age, when the increase of their stock, both sheep and cattle, compelled them to desert what had been to them a quiet and happy home.

It is little to be wondered at, then, if, at the hour of departure, my father looked moody and abstracted, and if I detected a tear in the eye of my mother. Far different, however, were my feelings, the mustering of the cattle in the stock-yards, the energy of the stockmen, as they galloped about cracking their long whips, the bellowing of the cattle, the barking of the dogs, the bleating of sheep, yoking of bullocks, and loading of drags, formed a whirl of excitement, the fascination of which for my young mind was irresistible.

At last everything was ready for a start. Everything which could be of any use to us had been placed on the drays, our last meal had been taken off what was to be our bush equipage for some weeks to come; these, in their turn, were returned to their canteen, and the word given to the bullock-drivers to move onwards. And now the train commenced its journey. A confidential man led first my father's favourite horse; to him were given instructions as to what was to be the route for the first few miles. The drays, with the night-watchman perched on the summit of the stores, followed next. Then the cattle, about twelve hundred in number, driven by three stockmen. Next the sheep, each flock driven by two men well-armed, who received their final orders from my father as they filed past. And, lastly, two or three men well-mounted and well-armed, drove leisurely before them the stud of geldings, brood-mares, and foals. These were to be the future artisans of our houses, wood-sheds, and other buildings; in the mean time they were to do duty as our rear-guard, either by picking up cattle or sheep accidentally left behind, or by defending us from any blacks who might happen to molest the party.

The last bellow of the cattle, the last crack of the whip, was faintly heard in the distance, even they had ceased, and the silence was unbroken. I was looking on the ground, my little brother's hand was in mine, we were both quiet—I heard a slight noise—I looked up. It was my father lighting his pipe. He was looking furtively at my mother, whose face was turned towards the now paneless window—her eyes fixed on vacancy. She looked pale and sad.

My brother and myself were put into the back of the cart, my father kissed my mother as she took her seat beside him in front. She wept—I shall never forget the melancholy thrill that shot through my young heart as at a turn of the road I caught a last glimpse of our dwelling lately so trim and gay—now deserted—windows and doors gone, looking the very picture of desolation.

And now the horse bent himself to the collar, and one party of our emigrants after the other were overtaken and left behind by us, till we found ourselves at the head of the party. My father then resigned his



seat to the man who had been leading his horse, and mounting, put himself at the head of the line ; his rifles on his back, and his pistols in their holsters, as a good bushman's should be.

We soon quitted the road, which led to the station-post, passed the one we had deserted, and set out for some plains, which had been just discovered, and on which there had already squatted two or three parties, who, like us, had left their overstocked runs to find new ones. These were the Maneroo Plains.

We all soon recovered our spirits,—we soon forgot the home we had left, and giving rein to our imaginations, drew so flattering a picture for ourselves of what we were to find, that we soon learned to pity those whose less adventurous dispositions bound them to Bathurst and other located districts.

A month or six weeks' travelling brought us to the newly-discovered district of Maneroo, where my father again pitched his tent, and shortly after built his hut, occupying country enough to depasture about four times the quantity of stock he was then possessed of. Maneroo is a fine, cheerful-looking country, open, and very undulating, but cold, and much subject to catarrh. We were on the very outskirts of the district, and under the shadow of the Snowy Mountains. It will be needless, gentle reader, for me to describe to you the scenery of these ranges ; suffice it to say, it is grand and desolate ; and being useless as a grazing country, from its cold and sterility, was—tourists in Australia not being common—then, and even still, remains quite unexplored.

How I used to wonder, as I gazed in boyhood on these mountains, what could be behind them. Their stupendous summits seemed to me to hide from us a forbidden ground, like a bar to the progress of man and beast. And so they were spoken of by shepherds, stockmen, and others about me. This feeling even extended further ; for my father and other gentlemen in the neighbourhood seemed gradually to take up the tone of their dependants, and even to this day they are the *ultima Thule* in that direction of the Sydney settler.

Sometimes I was indulged with a nearer view of these objects of my wonder and reverence ; for it was usual, on the first appearance of snow falling on them, at it did at the commencement of winter, to send the stockmen round this boundary of the run. My father himself would sometimes go with the man, and allow me to accompany him. It were useless to describe my horsemanship, in a country where all ride well, and how on these occasions I galloped and trotted my horse round the party, keeping up a continued cracking of my whip.

Arrived at the foot of the mountains, at the mouth of each gully, as we came to them, we would stop, and repeatedly crack our long whips. These instruments are about twenty-two feet long in the lash, and are attached to a handle about eighteen inches long. They are peculiar to Australia, and when used in a wood or gully, where there is a tolerable echo, make a report in proportion to their dimensions. A few faint bellows in the distant ravine was the first effect of our cracking—it gradually grew louder ; then was heard and felt the heavy tread of feet,—the roar increases—now stand on one side—your horse cocks his ears, and looks for something unusual ; he is uneasy, soothe him a little—it is when the beast is frightened you may give him heart—that will do,—now look here—hurra ! down they come in all their majesty—hundreds rush forwards, breaking, crushing, ruining all before them—an avalanche of cattle : woe to the brute that misses his step now, he never rises, he

is trampled to death. Hark to their bellowing—a charge of cavalry is not more magnificent! Then rein back your horse a little, they will charge right down the gully—nothing turns them; what a reed one would be in their path!—a moment, and they will pass close by the rock on which we stand—you will feel their hot breath:—’tis past—you look a little pale—one *feels pale* before so great a force! They are gone—the fall of snow had made them uneasy—our whips caused them to make up their mind; what we urged them to do, a little later, if unmolested, they would have done alone—they have returned to their winter pasturage, and will no more explore the dark confines of the mountains till summer shall have breathed on them with its hottest breath.

“Mais tout cela n’est pas Magdebourg,” as the inexorable Corsican said to the Queen of Prussia. Here I have been wishing to give you some of my adventures in Australia, and not one word about them have I yet said.

In such an atmosphere as I have attempted to describe, my boyish days ran on, and at seven years’ old I was as untutored and light-hearted a being as any unweaned colt in my father’s stud; scarce a cloud had passed over my brow. I was a favourite from my expertness in horsemanship and other exercises, with all around me. My brother and myself were as attached as brothers could be, and it would be needless to say, we both enjoyed our parents’ love. But now “a change came o’er the spirit of our dream;” we were not to go on as we had been going, but were to be prepared to take our place in the world, and such a station as our father’s wealth would entitle us to. We were accordingly sent to England, and to college.

Here our former course of life told against us. Freedom had entered into the soul, and could not be dislodged. Though not idle, we would not study; though the antipodes of lazy, we would not work. I never could find in my heart to bend my will implicitly to any man’s nod. The very fact that I was ordered to do so and so was sufficient reason, if others were wanting, why I did not do it. When I ought to have been studying Virgil, I pored over Tacitus, when my task was in Tacitus I read Fenelon. I had been accustomed to be led, and could not be driven. The upshot of this was, I left Alma Mater, where, as Lord Chatham says of the English troops in America, “I had done nothing, and suffered much.” A very great share of punishment and a very small stock of learning by this means fell to my lot.

In due time, my early ideas and impressions, though long smothered, being still unchanged, the hour came for me to leave college, and once more to return to the land of my birth. After about ten years’ absence, I again landed in my country. I found things much as I expected, that is, I had not changed much, putting aside, of course, such changes as one may fairly expect years to make. I was still the Australian, a being quite apart from the English colonist, however long he may have been there. For there is always a marked difference between a *parvenu*, even a *parvenu* bushman, and “one unto the manner bred.”

Though not unpopular with my companions, I found out that they were always as it were on their guard with me. What was the reason of this? Nothing but a sort of difference of feeling. My education had given me a wider range of ideas. I had learnt more, but above all, had thought more, and more deeply, and on a greater variety of subjects, than they had. They felt this as plainly as I did; and so, to get into their good graces—and it was worth while to do so, for



they were my only neighbours, and as free-hearted, high-spirited, jolly a set of dogs as ever lived—I was obliged to make the *amende honorable* to their feelings by—at least for a time—adopting their fashions. I did more, I took their approbation by storm, and by my doings won golden opinions from all sorts of men. Nature having given me a hard head, I voted water a useless adjunct to brandy. This was a good beginning. The proposal of some desperate attempts concerning the taking of sheep across the Snowy Mountains, or forming a new settlement to the northward, finally placed me at the very pinnacle of their esteem. Some even were charmed into frankness, and said, "Well, Gray, what a devilish curious way you had with you when you first came out the other day: did not know you again; very much afraid you were spoiled—so very slow."

"Why, Jackson, you know this, when a lad has been treated as I have—no doubt my father did it for the best—when, I say, he has been sent to college for ten years, his riding absolutely spoilt—don't interrupt me—I say, his riding absolutely spoilt; when he finds on his return that he is as helpless as a new-born babe, not even able to tie a cracker on his own whip, or find his way ten miles in the bush, to save his life; when he feels that in company he knows nothing of all those things of which a man should be informed, why, what can he do? If he has any spirit, only one course is open for him—out with his foolish ideas to be sure, make a fool of himself, and learn better. But don't make me blush again on the subject; light your pipe, fill your glass; my case might have been yours."

In this sort of company I underwent another kind of training. I rode and drove all over the Sydney and Port Philip districts, met many strange characters, saw all that was to be seen, and learnt all that was to be learnt. When I had satisfied myself I returned to my father's house a perfect squatter, and a likely man for a pioneer. Indeed, at this latter game I could not be quite looked on as a novice, for I had already entered my name on the list of overlanders.

I was now about twenty years of age, and the time had come for me at which the Australian youth is usually set a-going in the world for himself. My father's run had been long over-stocked, and being in good circumstances, he was as willing as able to send me forth well provided with all that was necessary to my future well-doing. Nor was I, you may suppose, much grieved when I found I was about to become my own uncontrolled master. To be one's own master is always sweet, but never has it such charms as in early manhood.

At the period of which I write the Sydney district far to the northward, and most of the Port Philip district, had been occupied by the ever-advancing flocks and herds of the squatter, if we except the banks of the rivers Darling and Lochlin. These are on the most western frontier of the available country of New South Wales. For many reasons, too long to detail, I was obliged to select the country through which these rivers run as my whereabouts.

Unlike the rich, undulating, park-like scenery of Australia Felix or Port Philip, these central wilds of New Holland are of the most desolate character. The country is, to the eye, a dead level; the scanty herbage is all of a meagre and culinaceous description; and nature, no doubt—as Major Mitchel notices—to protect this stinted supply of grass, has bound the earth together with a rough prickly shrub, whose hardy nature is proof against the fiery breath which issues from the large central dis-

trict of New Holland, during, at least, six months of the year. But though the country is of so uninviting a character and aspect, nature has not failed to bestow on it qualities which tend, in some measure, to neutralize its defects. Thus we find that catarrh, that scourge of the sheep-farmer, is unknown. The qualities, too, of the salt scrub and herbage, are undoubtedly of a very fattening description; sheep can be seen in large flocks; and, to crown all, a large extent of country was at that period unoccupied, and to be had for the asking. And to it I determined to bend my course.

I shall not trouble my reader with a detailed account of my leaving home, or of my journey. Three thousand sheep, two hundred head of cattle, with horses, bullock-drays, and so forth, in proportion, were given to me by my father, and with these I started to make myself a home in the wilderness. The windings of the river Darling had been the route formerly pursued by Major Mitchell, and which he has so well described in his interesting book. Along its banks before him had Oxley taken his adventurous way, to look for an inland sea. Captain Sturt, another explorer of these regions, had oft encamped under the lofty cosmorama he so gloriously depicts. It was almost to me, what the Borders were to Scott, a land of recollection and of poetry; and I thought of it with as much enthusiasm, as I should have done of Thermopylæ or Babylon. As to the dangers to be encountered, I looked on them as positive blessings. I craved the excitement they promised; and I have no small notion that these very dangers had some influence in my decision as to the road I took. My drays and stock had proceeded some days on the road before I took leave of my parents. I had promised to return in six months and see them, and also to spend some weeks every year with them. So short an absence did not call up in me the disagreeable feelings, which the word "good-bye" is apt to induce, so that I felt in the very acme of good spirits.

Nothing particularly worthy of note marked our course from Monaro to the Darling. When on the banks of this stream, we took the precautions usually taken by all parties who are out with stock. The stock started at daybreak every morning. I led the way. They were followed by a light cart, carrying the necessaries for breakfast, which meal we took when the day had become so hot, as to entice the flocks and herds to cease travelling, and betake themselves to the welcome shade of the trees. Whilst in our mid-day camp, the bullock-drays with the heavy baggage overtook us; and leaving the stock to the overseer, I led them on and selected a site for our night camp. The tents were pitched by our supernumeraries, various watch-fires built, and everything put in readiness for the night. Whilst these operations were going forward, I was again in the saddle, examining the lay of the country for eight or ten miles ahead, and determining on the route of the morrow. This task usually took me until sun-down; sometimes much later. Sometimes I was unsuccessful in my search, not being able to find water, when, taking a drink from my horn, and lighting my pipe, I have tied my horse to a tree, and lain down to sleep, until daylight enabled me again to pursue my search.

And now the last settlement of the white man was behind us, and, like our first parents, it might be said of us,—

"The world was all before them where to choose  
Their place of rest—and Providence their guide."

Having put two good days' travel between myself and the last station, I



halted my party on a large plain, which, from the banks of the river, extended as far back to the north as the eye could discern. Here our encampment was formed with rather more care than usual. The drays were drawn up in an exact square; the tents nicely set within them; the exact spot for camping allotted to each flock; and even the stakes driven at which the various dogs were to be tied as night-watches. To every man his post was assigned. The overseer received his instructions and was put in charge, whilst I, taking with me two men, each of us being well armed and well mounted, set out to look over the unoccupied country, and fix on my future station.

This was an operation which lasted several days. Plenty of water, extensive plains, and good camping grounds for the sheep, were the main points which claimed my attention. It will seem strange to some of my readers, that water should be an object of anxiety to one settling, as I was, on the banks of a river. But a great many of our so-called rivers, are of a very doubtful character. The Darling, for example, does not run, I suppose, on an average, more than three times in six years. Perhaps when it does run, it may flow for six weeks continuously. It may run thus three seasons in succession, and the three following ones fail to run at all. Then comes a period of fearful drought. You may ride all day along its banks without finding one drop of water. At one moment the course of the river—habit, you see, makes me still call it a river—at one moment the site of where the stream once ran is all but undistinguishable for a hundred yards or two; then you come to a huge ravine, hollowed out of the rock, which, when full of water, would have floated the ark; proceed, and another and another such follow each other; but they are all dry. These huge excavations of nature have not returned one drop of water; but keep on—another—another—and another—but all dry. The heart of the new-comer sinks within him. Why, thinks he, did I ever leave the banks of the wide, ever-flowing Murray. Let him not despair. Push on; the hope is hardly expressed before it is realized. In crossing over a small arid bank, you find spread out before you, shaded by the lofty cosmarine, a large sheet of deep clear cool water; green reeds clothe its banks, and on its bosom float thousands of ducks and swans, who, from miles on each side, have winged their flights here. And as the river becomes drier, more flocks will, of necessity, follow their example. All that has life and needs water, water-fowl and vermin, emu, and kangaroo, black men and white, must all come here.

When the banks of the river had been all ridden round, and I had drawn in my pocket-book a small map of the country, when the plains and the forests had been examined, and the whole well considered, I at once made up my mind what part of the country I had explored I would settle on. I fixed in my mind at what water-holes I would erect my outstation huts, where my head station should be, where I could wash my sheep and where shear them. The back country I had not explored, but *n'importe*, it would be a fair ground on which to build castles in the air. When I had settled everything I was at ease, and I wended my way back to a fine sheet of water, on the banks of which we passed the night. At daylight I was in the saddle; my horse's head and his rider's thoughts pointed to the camp.

And now, gentle reader, you must suppose a long period to have passed in our narrative. For eighteen months I had been a most contented and industrious resident on my station. My wool-shed had been built, my own three-roomed hut—garden—paddock—store—men-huts—hurdles—

everything was complete. The aborigines had become quiet, the wild dog had been stopped in his ravages, even the poor defenceless emu and kangaroo had not escaped unscathed. I was now no longer on the frontiers of civilization, for to the southward, eastward and westward, I had been hemmed in by other squatters. It was about this period that I felt myself growing a little uneasy, a something was wanting to my happiness,—what could it be? All the discomforts of an early settlement had been got over, and when everything conspired to make me comfortable, I found that I was farther from content than ever.

I was in this state when, one evening, Wilson, followed by the overseer of a neighbouring settler and a black fellow, radiant with spirits, galloped up to my hut door, and, sprang from his horse. "Well, Gray, here I am," said he; "I've sold my station, arranged everything about payment, my boy, and am now come to make you fulfil your promise of helping me to look for another. What say you?"

"I am your man for ten days or so, if that will serve you."

"And when?"

"Now."

"All right then. I'll give my horse a couple of days' spell in your paddock, and then, if after you have heard my say you are still willing to go with me,—for it's an affair of considerable danger,—we'll set out together. Now I'll wash my hands."

We sat down to dinner, and after our frugal meal was finished, and where the component parts of a meal are but mutton-chops, damper, and tea, this does not take long. Wilson commenced laying before me his plans, and these I, in my turn, will lay before my reader.

"I was one day," said he, "questioning the blacks, who were camped at my place, about the nature of the country back from the north bank of this river. At first I gained but little information from them, until Tommy, whom I have here with me, let out that in the year of the great flood, when Oxley was out surveying, he and his tribe had, partly from invitation from a tribe to the northward, and partly ousted by the flood from their own country, gone and stopped the winter in a creek in that direction. This creek runs to the south-west, and joining the Darling, he tells me, low down, and, he adds, runs through plains of a more grassy description than ours here. This, Gray, is all satisfactory enough, but now for the bad. The route to it lies through a complete desert so far as want of water goes."

"And the distance, Wilson?"

"One hundred miles, as far as I can make out from Tommy. I have arrived at this idea of the distance by making him compare it with distances between places with which we are mutually acquainted. Now, Gray, you have a horse and so have I, which would carry you a hundred miles without a drink; but supposing when we got to this creek we were to find it dry, what would then be our fate? death without a doubt. You will say why not wait until the rainy weather sets in, when you can explore in tolerable safety. I answer, because I have heard of several people who, with the first appearance of wet weather, are going to do a little exploring as well as myself, so I have weighed it all, and made up my mind. I have run many risks in my day, and now for another. But I forgot to add, Clarke has sent his overseer, Johnson, with me, and if we find any country, he is to suit himself after I have had my choice of a station."

"Well," said I, laughing, "you find me in the doldrums, and try to



compose my spirits by allowing me to risk my life at the odds of about one to three in my favour, with very little hope of gain to me at least, and this in your august company. However, I should be very happy to accompany you."

Here our conversation on the subject ended, and in due time we separated for the night. Next morning we were up early and preparing for our journey. The horses were got up and fed with a little wild oat hay, their hoofs looked to, and saddles tried on, and where there was occasion, the stuffing altered or removed. Our fire-arms were examined, and vessels collected in which to carry a supply of water. In fact, everything was done which prudence, without going to too much trouble, would suggest. When night came everything was in readiness, and an hour before daylight was the time appointed to be in the saddle. When we retired to bed, I must confess that I did not get to sleep with my usual celerity; it was not anxiety that kept we awake, but a feverish desire to be up and doing. Though I had often been with and led these sort of parties, yet my late quiet existence had made the thing feel novel to me again. However, morning found me standing at my hut door, blowing a *reeille* on my hunting horn, which was soon answered by the appearance of various men about the place, proceeding to do what they had been ordered on the past evening. Wilson, Johnson, Clarke's overseer, and black Tommy were also on the alert, as had been agreed upon.

We each took a good breakfast, and then started. Wilson was mounted on a dark-bay horse, standing fifteen hands three inches high; he was about half-bred, of great power; in truth, a noble steed, and well fitted to carry his rider anywhere where a horse would have fair treatment; but he was not exactly the beast I should have chosen for a trip like ours; there was a want of a certain *varmint* look about him which I should like to have seen, and he carried rather too much flesh to my taste. However, my friend was a man most difficult to mount; he stood six feet two inches, and I think must have weighed fourteen stone. I noticed at the time a great similarity in the *physique* of the rider and of the horse. Both were very powerful, and both gave the idea that though, if well fed, equal to immense exertions, yet I fancied that if there was any very serious scarcity in the commissariat department, their own size and weight must tell against them. Both also were young for what we were undertaking.

Johnson was a spare Scot, who had been well-tried and toughened by the suns of New Holland; he was about five feet eight inches high, weighed about nine stone, and in appearance was equal to any exertion. Tommy, our guide, a fair specimen of his race, was of the middle height, about thirty years of age, light and sinewy, and capable of bearing any heat and thirst which are to be borne by the human frame. They were both mounted on active well-bred hacks, whose figure and gait promised well for them.

We increased our party by a pack-horse, which was led by Johnson. On each side of his saddle was strapped a keg, each capable of holding five gallons of water, a few provisions, and a small supply of ammunition were placed between them. A light spring-cart, with a little hay and a large cask of water driven by one of my men, swelled our train. Everything being ready as day just gave symptoms of where he would break, we took our way due north from the banks of the Darling. Little was said by any of us at starting, for, in truth, such early rising inclines one to anything but talking. The very horses seemed half

asleep, and a few birds we started from the trees flew lazily away.

Our way for the first twenty miles lay over a desolate plain, the first five miles of which bore evident marks of the frequent visits of my flocks. After this was passed, one would have thought, from the wild lonely look of everything around, that probably neither man nor beast had passed over this dreary waste since the days of the creation. The herbage was all of a dwarf description and saline nature, the ground loose, and every here and there intersected with immense fissures, caused by the heat of the sun always playing on this thirsty soil. These, besides being very tiresome to ourselves and horses, were very dangerous, as a horse putting his foot into one would most probably break his leg. As the sun rose we saw before us a line of forest which would be, as it were, the first stage of our journey. This was calculated to be about twenty miles from my hut. And here we arrived before the sun got much of his power. However, our halt was but a short one. Our horses were watered and tethered out; without, however, their trappings being removed, to pick up what they could, and we got our breakfasts. This done, having stayed about an hour, we were again in the saddle, pursuing our way over an unaltered country. By ten o'clock we had done thirty miles, and finding ourselves in a shady line of timber, we made here our midday camp. Then every man's first care was his horse. They were unsaddled, groomed, watered from the cask in our tax-cart, and hobbled out to feed on the best grass at hand. In an hour they were again watered, and the hay which we had brought with us was placed before them. Their masters then betook themselves to indulge a little.

We boiled each our quart of tea, and, not being hungry, lit our pipes and enjoyed ourselves as we sat in the shade, which we had constructed of boughs, till each, one by one, the black fellow first, dropped off into a quiet slumber. About two o'clock we were again on the alert, our dinner was quickly got ready and dispatched; again we watered our horses, and again we smoked our pipes. At three the kegs on the back of the pack-horse being filled with water from the cask we had brought in the tax-cart, bidding adieu to the driver of this cart, and ordering him to return home with it, we resumed our journey. A long, long, weary horizon-bounded plain now stretched itself before us. The monotony of the scene and the intense heat of the evening conspired to silence us. Questions at long intervals addressed to the black fellow as to the nature of the ground we might expect—when should we come in sight of trees, and so forth, made the total of our conversation. And still we rode on, nor did we draw bridle until we had put thirty miles between us and our mid-day camp. We then halted on the wide plains and prepared to camp. And here began our misfortunes, for whilst Johnson was dismounting, our pack-horse, which he led, put his foot into one of those fissures which I before mentioned, and strained his off fore-leg so severely that to think of his ever leaving the spot, with or without his load, was vain. Had water been accessible, of course in due time he might have recovered; now to save him from dying of thirst, that most torturing of ends, I shot him. Nor was the loss of the value of the horse so serious an evil as the inconvenience it put us to. What was to become of our supply of water? We had but one alternative besides using it at once or throwing it away, namely, making a pack-horse of one of our hacks and leading him by turns,



but when the matter came to be discussed the majority preferred going without the water, we therefore helped ourselves freely to it, kept enough for breakfast, and divided what remained amongst our horses, we then went to rest.

Morning broke, the sun rose, and we prepared to continue our journey. Our reason for not getting under-weight earlier was, because the horses after their long day yesterday, required to fit them for another long day without water, at least, a few hours extra rest.

The sun rose red as blood; the sky was of brass; nature seemed to say to us,—woe to you wanderers, if this day you find not water. But we were blythe and light of heart, as we stepped into our saddles:—our horses, too, looked well.

After a ride of thirty miles we again camped; Tommy's knowledge was in great request. He now appears to have discovered that he had underrated the distance, which was not to be wondered at, as he had never been backwards and forwards but once, and that long since, and said that we had still thirty miles to go before we arrived at the nearest point of the creek. We now found that, without very much overworking our horses, we should not be able to reach the creek this night, but that we should be able to do it easily next morning by breakfast. Our thirst now became very severe; we had ridden almost the whole of a long summer's day over arid plains without one drop of moisture having passed our lips. Our horses, too, had now been thirty hours with only a few pints of water each. However, our hopes were cheering, and we lay down to rest. Our horses fed but little. Wilson seemed to suffer the most of the party, myself the least. We passed a miserable night, and none of us slept much, nor could we help now and then adverting to our sufferings. More than once Wilson said to me, "Gray, do you recollect the large water-holes near Omburgo? What fine springs, too, you have in Mineroo! I wish we had one of them here, and kegs in that stream." The fact was, however we might control our tongues, we could not banish from our engrossing thoughts—water, water, water—we could think of nothing else. During the night I drew from Tommy, that the trees in sight on our left, grew on the banks of the creek to which we were going, though not to his point; our distances from the two points were about the same; but the water was deeper in that reach of the creek which lay through the timber, and consequently more likely to have lasted through the dry seasons. As the night wore on the air grew cooler, and we all dropped off to sleep.

Morning dawned at last, and I was awakened by a cry from Tommy. I sprang to my legs; the cause of his cry was at once apparent to me. Wilson's horse and Tommy's were both missing. This news soon roused the whole party. We flew to the spots where they had been tethered, and found that the rats had gnawed their ropes in two during the night, and they had wandered off in different ways in search of water. However, no time was to be lost. Tommy went on the track of his horse; Wilson and Johnson went in search of the other. I remained to take care of those at the camp. The hours rolled slowly on, as I gazed around me, first on one side, now on the other; or as I listened to any sound in the scrub which might give me warning of my returning comrades. For a long time all was still; at last I heard a sort of smothered trampling, and looking in the direction whence it came, found that it was Tommy mounted on his horse. It was now ten o'clock; the sun was hot, and my thirst began to become severe. What must that of the

others have been? Eleven, twelve, and one o'clock, and still Wilson and Johnson came not. At two, however, I saw them coming over the plain, Wilson riding his horse, and Johnson walking beside him. They both looked ghastly with suffering, and I could see a sort of wild look, which savoured of madness, in their eyes. By three o'clock we were under way, but the greatest exertions of my companions could not hasten their horses, so as to accomplish the ten miles under three hours, so much exhausted were both riders and beasts. At last the creek came in view, and never shall I forget what I felt, or what my companions looked. I was naturally, as I had not been exposed to the sun in the morning, the least exhausted of any of the party, and my horse was much the freshest; but still I felt that I could not have had the fortitude to delay quenching my thirst, when water offered, for one five minutes, to save the life of a brother. We pressed steadily on; the very horses pricked their ears and looked forward; and now, thought I, at last I shall drink, and to drink to me seemed heaven—I shall bathe—I shall lie in the water—vain hope. The black fellow, instead of going straight to the creek, swerved when we were about fifty yards from the bank a little to one side, and ascended what had once been an oven of his tribe. From this small elevation he could see a reach of the creek for half a mile on each side of us, and just as the bed of the creek met my eyes, the fatal words, uttered in a voice of despair, *weereeallee*—no water—fell upon my ear. I felt a sort of madness come over my brain.

We now all alighted, the horses were utterly unable to proceed, and we were, like them, in the last stage of thirst. Wilson first broke silence. "Gray," said he, "I shall never drink again," and letting go his horse, he seated himself on the ground, with his back to a tree. And truly he looked wretched amongst the wretched. I now tethered his horse and mine, as it was evident we must remain here until night. I loosened the girths, pushed the saddles off the horses' backs, allowing them to lie where they fell, and then returned to sit down with the rest of my companions. And now commenced a period of torture that time has failed to blot from my mind. Poor Wilson's splendid form was now bowed down to utter powerlessness and imbecility: never shall I forget his groans; at last those ceased, and he sat with a stupid gaze fixed on nothing, but there was something startling and hurried in his look. From this moment his intellect deserted him, and he became frantic—he called in a hoarse voice for water—he dug up the ground with his hands, but could not rise. At last his utterance grew faint and thick, then ceased entirely; once again I heard him say "water;" his eye glazed, and then his head fell back against the tree, and my friend was no more;—and there, dead, with unclosed eyes, he sat a horrid, frightful spectacle. But what at that time was friend or foe to me? both were alike indifferent,—the tiger's heart is merciful to that of a man who suffers what I then suffered. I was—should I not curse nature whilst I think of it—I was glad he was dead. "Now," said I, "let us drink the blood of his horse;" and we sprung to our legs, the idea seemed to give us new life. I opened my knife, and rushing on him, plunged it into the neck-vein, and put my mouth to the orifice. Oh, how sweet seemed that draught! I made way for Johnson, and he for Tommy; and again and again we drank, until the brute fell exhausted from loss of blood; and again we returned to revel in the now ebbing tide. Again, like savages, we knelt and sucked until the blood ceased to flow; and then rose, blooded, disgusting, and frightful to



look at. And now came repletion and sickness, for our stomachs refused to retain the horrid draught. Oh, what a subject were we for the pencil that loves to depict the horrors of humanity! But we felt revived, and all sat upright on the ground. Day declined, night set it; it became cooler; the moon rose serene and clear. I spoke, "Unless we drink within a few hours, we are dead men,"—this was evident. "What do you say, Tommy?" He seemed to consider, and at last told us, that there were yet left two places where water might be found. One was at the foot of the hill I have just mentioned, and was about twelve miles' off; there the creek we were now on formed a large hole, which generally had a great body of water in it; the other was a smaller hole, about seven miles' off, in the contrary and homeward direction, but not so sure of water. I at once decided that the larger hole should be my aim, and I told my companions so; but the nearness of the other was a temptation too strong for them. "Then," said I, "we part; I shall set out now, I advise you to do the same." No more was said—each saddled his own horse—Johnson and Tommy turned one way, myself the other; adieu there were none, I did not even look which way my comrades went.

My horse had grown very weak, and I had not been long in the saddle, before I began to feel confused; my thirst, too, returned in full vigour; but on I went; for, though sometimes I found myself awaking from a state of stupor, yet I perceived that I always kept going in the direction of the hill—on one large tree, at whose foot I kept my eyes steadily fixed. I could not have been longer than two hours crossing that barren plain, yet how long they seemed to me! For the first hour I could not perceive that I got the least bit nearer; I almost felt tempted to despair. I neared the tree—I could see its branches. Is that a few green reeds in the hollow? I see water,—let us not die before we drink! The horse saw it—he staggered on,—I jumped from the saddle—I fell on my knees—I drank of the cool water—I drank of it, I revelled in it, I swam in it. I felt as if I could never have enough. My horse, too, was little better than his master: long did he stand mid-flank deep in it, tossing it about with his legs after he had ceased to drink. At last I drew him from the water, removed his saddle, and tethered him, and having loaded my gun, lay down to sleep. The sun was high when I awoke—I drank again, and was refreshed. At first, I could not well recollect where I was. I was more confused than when I went to sleep; I felt hungry too. Just at this moment two crows came winging their flight across the plain, and lighted in the large tree at whose foot I was sitting. I could see their eyes, they were so close; their beaks, too, were open, and their tongues protruded; they were thirsty, but were doomed not to drink. I raised my gun, a sudden nervous tremor passed through my frame—I thought I had felt a spear against my back, but it was nothing. I raised my gun again—they were about to descend—I fired, they fell. I now had something to eat, I lit a fire, and ate one of them.

My tale is told; my dangers and trials were now over. Five days I rested at yonder lone hill. During this time, gentle reader, you may well suppose, I did not neglect my horse; and he did not disappoint me. In four days he had almost resumed his good looks as well as spirits.

## THE DOOM OF CORMAC.

BY W. A. S.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all."

COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*.

It was a glorious summer day,  
The sunbeams laughed in the wild waves' play;  
Brightly they glanced on each whitened crest,  
And full they lay on the burnished breast  
Of the broad Atlantic, which stretched afar  
Past the sounding rocks of Buinaha.

From the quivering limbs of its mangled prey,  
With a startled scream the osprey flew,  
And wildly echoed along the bay,  
The sudden cry of the sad curlew.  
Around each point of the rocky shore,  
Dashed Carriga-howla's sounding oar.

Proudly and gaily, with music and song,  
The gallant vessel passed along,  
Tossing the foam on either side,  
As it bounded over the swelling tide.  
The rowers pulled with rivalry,  
Beneath the haughty master's eye,  
For its angry flash and sullen glare,  
Were softened by beauty's presence there.  
And less hated by far was Cormac's pride,  
With Mulraney's daughter by his side.

O'er many an acre of bog and fen,  
Of high black rock and heathery glen,  
The name of that chieftain was heard with awe,  
Where his wish was will, and his word was law.  
Stern was the spirit which dwelt in his breast,  
And his brow was black, as the mountain's crest,  
When darkly sweep o'er it the storms of the north,  
And the voice of the thunder peals sullenly forth.

But she was gentle as a child,  
When its innocent heart smiles forth in sleep;  
And oft she soothed the tempests wild,  
Which o'er that fierce soul would fitfully sweep,  
Like the spirit's blast o'er the charmed deep.



"Oh! look you, my lady," the steersman said,  
"Where the breakers are foaming so madly ahead,  
In the dancing waves and tossing spray,  
Oh, watch, my lady, the wild seals play!"  
The lady saw the ocean's child,  
And she fancied the curling waters smiled,  
As they harmlessly broke o'er the golden hair  
Of the wild creatures which wanted there.

"A chase! a chase!" the master cried,  
The boat shot on to the boiling tide;  
The rowers bent to the sounding oar,  
But the children of ocean were far before.  
For a weary hour they sought in vain,  
To reach the water's denizen;  
And homeward were turned stern Cormac's eyes,  
When the shout broke forth, "a prize, a prize!"  
The master's word had been obeyed,  
And the young of the seal was a captive made.

They brought it from the ocean deep,  
And it learned to live in the castle keep,  
For kindness had tamed its nature wild,  
And gentle and fond grew the ocean child.  
It would bask in the sun of the summer day,  
And with uncouth antics frisk and play.  
It would float on the waves which never tire,  
And sleep at night by the chieftain's fire;  
The spotted sea-trout, and salmon rare,  
To Cormac's hall it often bare.  
For the dumb thing would bring and lay  
Before its lord its choicest prey.

Fierce Cormac's halls are full of mirth  
And feast and song are there;  
Aloud the minstrel chaunts the birth,  
Of the haughty chieftain's heir.  
And the holy priest, with flowing vest,  
And nobles and warriors wild,  
Are kneeling round,  
While, with solemn sound,  
The sign of the holy cross is impressed  
On the innocent brow of the sleeping child.

And years passed on; and oft again  
Those guests were gathered there;  
For Cormac's halls were hallowed then,  
By the voice of holy prayer.  
And round about his table now,  
Shot up the frequent olive-bough.

And it was such a sight, I ween,  
 As gifted men in visions see,  
 That fairest lady, like a queen,  
 In the midst of her company;  
 For youth and innocent hearts were there,  
 And bright glad looks, such as angels wear.

And there was mercy, sure, in store,  
 For that stern heart so dark of yore;  
 That icy heart, which ne'er could find,  
 A sympathy with human kind,  
 Melted beneath the summer rays  
 Of beauty's eye, and childhood's plays.  
 But yet the frowning brow would show,  
 That cold bad thoughts still lurked below.  
 And passion would regain her power,  
 In many a fierce and bitter hour;  
 And kindlier feelings soon would pass  
 From his heart's blighting loneliness;  
 A spell was o'er his spirit thrown,  
 And joy he ne'er before had known.

It was the voice of music flinging  
 Its soft notes o'er a stormy sea,  
 It was the crystal water springing  
 In the parch'd sand's sterility.  
 The thoughtless serf rejoiced to find  
 His sullen master strangely kind;  
 Whilst deeper minds would question make,  
 What turn the doubtful strife would take;  
 Much musing which would win the day,  
 Stern Cormac's pride, or love's soft sway.

Time passes on, which changes all,  
 And change it wrought in Cormac's hall;  
 There had been mirth within his tower,  
 High guests well pleased in festive hour;  
 Barons, and knights, and liegemen's throng,  
 And beauty's light, and minstrel's song.  
 But there was woe and wailing now,  
 The stifled sob, the knitted brow,  
 Of manhood's grief; the bursting cry  
 Of younger, tenderer agony;  
 Where early childhood's bitter tear  
 Fell on a lifeless mother's bier,—  
 For she was gone; in calm decay,  
 Her ebbing life had passed away.  
 Feebler each pulse—more faint each breath—  
 Gently, as sleep on childhood, death  
 Stole o'er her; could it—thus to die—  
 Could it be death's reality?  
 And he, that iron-hearted man,  
 Whose soul had withered 'neath the ban



Of passion's uncontrolled reign,  
How bore he harsh affliction's chain?  
There have been those whom such an hour,  
Hath visited with healing power,  
Whose spirit hath been taught to know,  
The secrets which the heart can show;  
Hidden from joy and gaiety,  
But opened oft to sorrow's eye.  
To whom such storms of grief have been,  
Like some good angel's visiting.  
But *they* have bowed beneath the stroke,  
*He* did but fret against the yoke.  
Through those long weeks of sinking life,  
Fierce in his bosom raged the strife;  
Strove restless hope, and black despair,  
Submission never entered there.

And she was gone! with steady tread  
He followed forth where rest the dead;  
Unmoved, he heard the death-shriek raised,  
Nor wandered once that eye-ball glazed,  
When holy sounds, to mourners dear,  
Fell on that dull and frozen ear.  
Then to his chamber's gloom he turned,  
All sympathy in sorrow spurned;  
Bade piety's calm voice depart,  
In ice-bound sullenness of heart.

There rose upon his cheerless way  
A sun of glad delight;  
It seemed glad summer's live-long ray,  
But sunk in sudden night.  
It left him, like the winter's gleam,  
Which mocks us with its passing beam,  
More keenly taught by pleasures gone,  
Life's bitterness when lived alone.

Time passes on—and once again  
The chief is seen amongst his men;  
More fiercely now, without control,  
Rolled the chafed torrent of his soul.  
No softer influence had the power  
To charm his rage in passion's hour.  
His boys, affrighted, shrink away  
From his dark eye; the noisy play  
Turns to a sad and stifled hum,  
Or dies in silence, if he come.  
They crowd together silently,  
Oppressed and scared, they know not why.  
His little Una, gentle thing,  
Fair as the opening flower of spring;  
When once he gazed upon the child,  
Screamed with affright,—because he smiled!

Upon a stormy winter's night,  
 Led thither by the castle's light,  
 A stranger's knock and hollow call,  
 Claimed food and rest in Cormac's hall.  
 All eyes were bent upon the guest,  
 His haughty form, his uncouth vest:  
 His lowering brow, which bore the scars  
 Of sorrow's wounds, and passion's wars.  
 Most fearful when he sought to please,—  
 Not soon the curious eye release,—  
 Rude merriment and boisterous jest,  
 Were hushed uneasily to rest.  
 The dreaded stranger's bright grey eye  
 Peered round the hall inquiringly.  
 It rested soon upon the seal,  
 Who, where its dull cold blood could feel  
 The sparkling ember's cheerful blaze,  
 Slept calmly out the winter days.  
 What was there in that restless look,  
 The timid creature could not brook?  
 It ne'er was known on such a night  
 To leave its corner of delight.  
 What was there? anxious glances say,  
 As fearfully it crept away;  
 Its bright eye fixed upon him still,  
 As on some minister of ill.

The night wore on; the stranger guest  
 Craved of them solitude and rest;  
 With morn he would resume his way,  
 But first, his thanks to Cormac pay,  
 For hospitable welcome due,  
 And brief would be the interview.  
 But, when the haughty chief had seen  
 The aspect strange, the noble mien,  
 He read the marks of mystery  
 In that pale cheek and restless eye,  
 And longed by closer search to know,  
 The secrets that dark breast could show.  
 What are those hidden links which bind,  
 Spirit to spirit, mind to mind?  
 Those secret signs, beyond control,  
 The sworn freemasonry of soul?  
 When kindred hearts at once unite,  
 Firmly, as welded iron's might.  
 Still that dark stranger tarries there,  
 At Cormac's bidding; welcome rare,  
 And ever by the chieftain's side  
 In converse close he would abide.  
 Soon amongst Cormac's wondering clan,  
 Half uttered hints and murmurs ran;



"What this mysterious union meant?  
These nights in secret watching spent?  
Who was this guest? and what the art  
With which he tamed that stubborn heart?"  
The holy priest, the liegemen said,  
Had crossed himself, as if in dread  
Of some unholy thing; when he  
Met that dark stranger suddenly.  
In vain for him the mass was sung,  
The matin-bell, or vespers rung:  
For him all holy rites were vain,  
Slighted through hatred or disdain.

"Ho! man the boat! and quickly bear  
This hateful creature hence, to where  
The distant waters chafe and roar  
On the far island's rocky shore,  
For I have nursed in it, 'tis said,  
What has brought sorrow on my head."

In vain the unwilling serfs delayed,  
Vainly his weeping children prayed,  
That he would spare the gentle thing  
Which pleased them with his gambolling.  
For it was mild in every mood,  
Though gayest in the summer-flood;  
And sported with them in the sea  
In wild familiarity.

In life's fresh morning they had known,  
And loved to call the seal their own.  
And now to lose it at the word,  
Of one, whom trembling, they abhorred!

"Nay, father! send it not away."

"My word is passed. Clansmen obey!"

The crew, who marked his passion rise,  
His lip compressed, his flashing eyes,  
Break off that sad prolonged caress,  
And part in hasty sullenness.  
They bore it to the distant shore,  
And hate that dark adviser more.

That evening in the blazing hall,  
The seal was missed and mourned by all.  
It was a rough and stormy night,  
But instinct-led, by morning light,  
Through breaking billows he had sped,  
And crept to his accustomed bed.  
Soon the glad welcome Cormac heard,  
And, crossed in purpose, spirit-stirred,  
He sternly bade that it should be  
Taken beyond the inland sea;

And cast upon the whitened crest  
Of the Atlantic's heaving breast.  
On the loathed errand they depart,  
With muttered curse and bitter heart.

But vain the toil; e'er twice the sun  
His short-lived winter course had run,  
Its bright eyes, beaming with delight,  
The seal was gambolling in sight.  
"Returned again? then bring it here;  
And Allan, reach the salmon-spear!  
Shall Ronald's son be thus defied?  
Why then let babes and girls deride.  
That dreaded name, which but to hear,  
Made armed warriors quail with fear."  
Unknowing what the master meant,  
Yet doubtful of some mad intent,  
To chafe his angry mood afraid,  
The clansman silently obeyed.

"There! rest thy burden; take the spear:  
Whence, Allan, this unwonted fear?  
Thou shakest—and thy face is pale—  
Like woman's cheek at terror's tale.  
'Tis but the evil creature's sight,  
I'd have thee darken—that the light  
Guide not again its homeward way,  
To blight us with its cursed stay."  
"Nay, master, say not so! nor dare  
The avenging powers who never spare  
One who hath tamed its nature wild,  
And then hath harmed the water's child.  
Think how O'Gorman, who defied  
That vengeance—think how Connor died.  
Look, master, where the dull thing lies;  
Heavy and rude—yet mark its eyes,  
As eagle's bright; and surely He  
Who lighted up that brilliancy,  
Will grudge to see it darkened now,  
By cruel treachery's hateful blow."

A moment o'er that hardened soul,  
The fragrant air of pity stole;  
One moment mercy won, to try  
His fixedness in cruelty.  
'Twas but a moment—from the nook  
Of that deep window, a cold look  
Of calm contempt, and serpent art,  
Withered again that frozen heart.  
Nor longer respite mercy craved:  
Sadly the guardian angel waved



His golden wing, then fled away,  
And left to evil fiends their prey.

Fiercely he seized the murderous spear;  
"Hence with thy tales of girlish fear,  
Babble to dotards if thou will,  
Whose shrunk arms shake at sound of ill.  
There—bear the sightless creature hence,  
And see if still its blinded sense  
Will guide it through the trackless way,  
Where the long restless billows play."  
Days passed, and nights returned, but never more  
The sportive creature wantoned on that shore.

The sun set pale in the blotted sky,  
And the night came on uneasily.  
Wildly the startled eagle screamed,  
As high the lurid storm-lights gleamed;  
And wheeling far from human ken,  
Plunged in the mountain's deepest glen.  
The sea-birds wailed upon the shore;  
And distant thunder's sullen roar,  
Came on the wind, which seemed to sigh,  
As unseen wings were rushing by.  
And now the rising whirlwind spoke  
In clearer notes—the long surf broke  
Upon the vexed and beaten bar;  
It was an awful time. The war  
Of earth, and ocean, sea, and sky,  
Raged through the night unceasingly.  
The morning dawned, and on the beach,  
Beyond the billows' farthest reach,  
High up, above the weeds and spray,  
Close by the castle's gate, there lay  
A sightless, wasted, lifeless thing,  
Tired of the rude waves' buffeting.  
Once it had loved their wildest play,  
But now they vexed its darkened way.  
Faint hunger, too, its strength subdued;  
In vain the blinded thing pursued  
Its wonted prey; yet, constant still,  
Its faithful heart unweaned by ill,  
The desperate struggle it maintained,  
Once more the well-known shore had gained;  
Crawled, fainting, up the steep rock's side,  
And by the castle's wall sunk down and died.

With morning's slow returning light,  
'Twas whispered round, that in the night,  
In that fierce storm, unseen, unknown,  
The hateful stranger-guest was gone.

'Twas passing strange—what could he be,  
Thus shrouded in thick mystery?  
Dark hints were muttered—much they meant—  
He came in storm—in storm he went.

That night when all was silence deep,  
The little Una, in her sleep,  
In evil dreams, shrieked, wild with fear,—  
The aged crone soon solaced her.  
But trembling, marked in cheek and eye,  
That fever heat was burning high;  
Wildly she talked of lightning's gleam,  
And dark forms seen in hateful dream.  
Soon came a change; and then she grew,  
Silent and still, and little knew,  
Of aught that passed around the bed,  
Where her young spirit languished.  
Bright visions cheered her then; her mother smiled  
Upon her sweetly, said the feeble child:  
And with the vesper bell at eventide,  
She, like a withered flower-bud, drooped and died.  
Loud wept her brothers—childhood's grief is loud—  
Hung on her father's brow a heavier cloud.  
Ah! hapless man! whose sullen heart  
Was never bowed by sorrow's smart.  
And childhood's grief is short: ere long  
The noisy shout and merry song,  
Trolled from those happy lips again,  
As though they ne'er had tasted pain,—  
Save when in heedless sport they flew,  
Near the small mound, whose green turf grew  
Beneath the tree where Una lay,  
Then would they start from broken play,  
And each to other sadly creep  
With downcast eyes, in silence deep.  
But soon it passed; the trembling shade,  
A cloud upon the water made.  
Too bright for grief is childhood's thought;  
What to those things of life, can aught  
Of death's cold secrets e'er disclose?  
What laughing light of darkness knows?

The joyous summer's sun was high;  
A little boat danced merrily,  
Bounding, with snowy sails unfurled,  
O'er laughing waves the land-breeze curled,  
In mimicry of Ocean's play,  
As it swept lightly o'er the bay.  
Forth ever and anon were sent  
Shouts of light-hearted merriment;  
For youth and joy were comrades there.  
The while, old Allan's trusty care,



(Gay Spring, by Frozen Winter led),  
Their little vessel piloted.

And so they parted: but at night  
In vain was stretched the weary sight,  
For the small bark's returning sail.  
"What sound was that upon the gale?  
Help! to the boat! 'twas sure the cry  
Of struggling hopeless agony.  
Hush! list again!"—'twas silence all,  
Save where the tumbling eddies brawl;  
Or where the hollow night-wind sighed,  
Whilst echoes from the hill replied.  
"See! what is yon that floats below,  
There—nearing fast the vessel's bow?  
It crosses now the moonbeam's path,  
With its dark shade—oh, hour of wrath!  
'Tis Allan's self!—and where are they,  
Whose light hearts danced at break of day."  
In bootless search, till morning light,  
Wore sadly on the weary night;  
But soon 'twas seen, as warmth returned,  
That life's faint struggling flame yet burned  
In Allan's breast. No voice he heard,  
But with convulsive motion stirred;  
His torpid limbs; as men who break  
From terror's dream yet scarcely wake.  
Across his mind dark shadows fly,  
And cloud returning memory.  
'Twas long before his lips could tell  
The tale of anguish; how there fell  
A sudden squall upon the wave;  
How those he vainly strove to save,  
Sunk one by one before his eyes,  
Struggling in death's fierce agonies.  
On one he seized—the chieftain's heir,  
And long the precious burden bare;  
Till desperate weariness oppressed  
His fainting limbs—and on his breast  
Strange numbness seized—and then he hears  
Dull murmurs rushing through his ears.  
Wild visions scared him: then there crept  
A stillness o'er him and he slept.  
Till life returning in each tortured vein,  
He woke to bitter consciousness again.  
  
Sore was the grief in Cormac's hall,  
And childishly the tears would fall,  
Down rugged cheeks from iron eyes;  
There was a burst of mingled cries,  
Stout manhood's sob and woman's wail.  
How bore the childless man the tale?

Sternly, unmoved, he heard it all;  
No sigh he breathed, no tear let fall:  
His keen eye glazed not—waxed not dim,  
No quiv'ring passed o'er lip or limb.  
Paler, perchance, his aspen hue,  
And his dark brow yet darker grew;  
But for lament, or tear, or groan,  
He might have been a thing of stone.

Yet from that bitter hour 'twas seen,  
That wilder grew his savage mien;  
Seemed, with those broken links, to part  
All human feelings from his heart.  
From that dark fount, their streams abhorred,  
Fierce cruelty and outrage poured;  
Fall where they might, like lightning's wrath,  
They left a withered, black'ning path.  
Tired of the hated life they led,  
To other lords his vassals fled;  
Fled, one by one, till all were gone:  
Old Allan's faithfulness alone  
Clinging like lichen to the wall,  
Did service in that lonely hall.  
Yet not the sight of him e'er brought  
The healing balm of grateful thought  
To that sick soul, but proud despair,  
And sullen hate, still rankled there.  
And ever answered Allan's sigh,  
With insult, scorn, and mockery.

Time passes on; stern winter's form  
Came wrapt in clouds, and girt with storm;  
The rising whirlwind rudely spent  
Its fury on the battlement,  
And echoed through the gloomy hall.  
Old Allan started: "'twas the call,"  
Half sleeping, half awake, he deemed,  
"Of some strange guest—or else he dreamed."  
Rare was the summons—"but it might  
"Be some lone man, whom, failing light,  
Had left to face the night-wind bleak,  
Or shelter in the castle seek."  
The gate unbarred, no guest appeared,  
Yet sure a stranger's voice he heard.  
"Perchance he missed the door." He turned  
Down the side path, but still discerned  
No trace of wand'ring traveller.  
Yet now there struck upon his ear,  
The sound of footsteps hurrying by;  
And doubtfully his straining eye  
Deemed that there left the castle gate,  
That form of mystery and hate.



With trembling speed the porch he past,  
Nor second look behind him cast;  
Barred firm the gate—the wide hall fled—  
And sought his solitary bed.  
Yet all night through, in weary dreams,  
That stranger's eye upon him gleams,—  
Of evils gone, the broken rays,  
Light up beneath that blighting gaze:  
Groaning, anew he seems to taste,  
The bitterness of sorrows past.

As in his veins the fever burns,  
In sleep uneasily he turns.  
Then starting, woke—the storm was gone,  
And through his casement brightly shone  
The morning's sun. He shook away  
The visions of the night's dismay;  
Like falling leaves, each anxious thought  
Floats from his mind,—and soon he sought  
The chamber of his gloomy lord,  
His wonted service to afford.  
In vain he went—the room was bare—  
Nor slept, it seemed, the chieftain there.  
Shook with wild fear the old man then,  
And passing shadows crowd his brain.  
“What was that form so dimly seen?  
And was it ONE? or had there been  
Two in that darkness? had HE come  
To lure his wretched victim home?”

Vainly he racks his tortured mind,  
Nor clue, nor answer can he find;  
And never more, from that dark hour,  
By hill or dale, in hall or bower,  
Living or dead, that form was found.  
He rested not in hallowed ground;  
His unblest bones were never laid  
To sleep beneath the church's shade.

Time passes on; and near the strand  
Grey walls and mouldering ruins stand,  
Of what was once stern Cormac's tower.  
And yet, if at the evening hour,  
When shadows cloud departing day,  
The trembling peasants pass that way,  
With hasty step, and low'ring eye,  
They cross themselves and hurry by;  
And deem that in the rude wind's moan,  
They hear tormented spirits groan.

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## THE TUILERIES TILL 1815.

It is quite characteristic of France and French dynasties, that they should have no Windsor and no Westminster, no spot in either town or country, kept sacred as haunt, as residence, or as temple, by the family of sovereigns; no spot hallowed by recollections of glorious, of feudal, of chivalric kind. The only remains of the residence of the old French Kings within the old city of Paris, are the chapel and the prison, which flanked the royal residence on either side. The *Sainte Chapelle*, restored indeed, but still with sufficient of genuine antiquity which recalls St. Louis, and the Conciergerie have reminiscences of the old Justiciaries. But the modernized Palais de Justice is as unlike Westminster, as if there was a determination to suggest a contrast. What more different than Westminster Hall and the Salle de Pas Perdue, which answers to it; modern, noisy, glaring, full of police and petty vendors. The old royal palace there, as well as the later palaces, built around, such as that of the Tournelles, have disappeared, and there is now no royal residence in Paris more ancient than the Louvre, none in the provinces more ancient than Fontainebleau.

The palatial history of France, however, like that of most other countries, is symbolic of its political and social progress. England, which still retains the chivalrous and the feudal element even in its modern constitution and habits, has preserved the old donjon of Edward the Third, in which the trophies of Crecy still hang; and it is surrounded by edifices of each successive century. The palatial history of Windsor is the counterpart of the political history of England. Russia never passed through feudalism; there are, consequently, nothing but Corinthian and Ionic columns at St. Petersburg. The Kremlin of Moscow has vanished, and, despite of restoration, all the vestiges of the barbarian antiquity of Russia has disappeared.

The palatial antiquity of Prussia goes no further back than the great Frederic. Potsdam is all in all. There, and at Spandau, is Prussian history written. The Hofburg at Vienna tells equally well the story of the House of Hapsburg. Built on the very battlements, and overlooking the very glacis, which so short a time ago repelled the besieging army of the Turks, it is still a fortress, though not a feudal one, and bespeaks the military sovereign, surrounded with imperial power. Not very far from it, indeed, between the palace and the gate of Carinthia, took place the late mad attempt on the life of the young Emperor.

In France, the change from those old turreted and befossed residences of the fourteenth century, to the courts and halls of the Louvre, bespeaks the kingdom having emerged from feudalism into a more civilized period. Francis the First fitted up the Louvre chiefly for the purpose of receiving Charles the Fifth.



He employed his architects and artists to fit out and adorn the palace, so as to give the highest idea of the magnificence of its master. Italy then, instead of Machiavelism, which it matured in the previous century, had, under the school of the Medicis, come to practise itself, and, of course, to give the example of, magnificence in princes. The Medici adorned Florence and Rome: Francis was determined to vie with them, and throw all the capitals of his rival, Charles, into the shade. He therefore planned, built, and painted the Louvre. His palace, forming but one side of the square pile of building, now called the Louvre, is, however grandiose for that period, nothing remarkable for this. His interior arrangement and decoration, too, were of the frittered and fantastic kind, which succeeding sovereigns did not respect. And little remains of Francis, beyond his portraits by Titian, his goldsmiths' work and armour by Benvenuto, his porcelain, and his carvings. Francis was a magnificent upholsterer. The Louvre, which he built to inaugurate French magnificence, was devoted for the rest of the century to the plots, meannesses, and cruelties of a miserable set of bigots. Here was Guize murdered, here the signal for the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew's day given. The most beautiful specimen of architecture in the Louvre, is the end-window, that looks upon the Seine. Near this window, and from its stone-balustrade, Charles the Ninth fired with his own royal hand upon the Huguenots, as they fled from massacre across the bridge. The infancy of the Louvre was magnificence and gilding; the maturity was intrigue, cruelty, and blood.

Even Catherine of Medicis was appalled by the spectral reminiscence of the gloomy Louvre. She removed to the Tuileries in order to forget, amidst its gardens and green fields, the grim aspect of the royal palace and its deeds. It was Francis the First himself, whilst in the midst of his rearing up the Louvre, who made the site of the future Tuileries royal property. Louise of Savoy, his mother, complained that her residence, the Palace of the Tournelles, was unwholesome. Francis, therefore, purchased for her a small residence, about a bowshot countrywards of the Louvre. It had been a place for drying tiles or slaughtering cattle, until M. De Villeroy had enclosed it and built a small house. This Francis purchased, and Louise inhabited. Later, Catherine of Medicis took possession of it, and spent her Florentine taste and fortune in building the central tower and the two wings, which form about half, and that the central part, of the present edifice.

The Louvre still remained the royal abode. It and the Palais Royal remained for a century longer the seat of intrigue and power. With Louis the Fourteenth commenced another epoch and another taste. He first of French, and perhaps of European princes, conceived a horror of the close walls and narrow streets of and around the old town-residences. His youth was passed in a kind of captivity in the Palais Royal. And his first impulse, on taking power into his hands, was to transfer his court to more open and independent space, away from the prying eyes of citizens. He first of monarchs felt that he could do this in security. His predecessors required a castellated residence, with

moat and drawbridge, well guarded against surprise or conspiracy. But by Louis the Fourteenth's time the frowardness of the nobility was broken, religious dissent crushed, civic freedom destroyed, the parliament so humbled, that the King could enter there whip in hand, and control them in the rudest manner. Louis the Fourteenth thought the windows of his residence need no longer look into a narrow court, or contemplate a watery ditch. He hated the Louvre, and forsook St. Germain. He deemed the finest palace nothing without its adjunct of garden and grove, lake and waterworks. He found an artist to his taste in Lenotre, and a parterre became to him as essential as a pilaster. Louis the Fourteenth enlarged the Tuileries, and built Versailles. In saying, that he considered a garden the necessary adjunct to a palace, we were wrong. It should have been said, that he considered a palace the necessary adjunct of the garden. For the garden was the principal object with him, and the palace was built, so that its every window should afford a view of alley and fountain.

But although Louis the Fourteenth completed the Tuileries itself, as well as the long gallery connecting it with the Louvre, it was not to inhabit it. Marly, and finally Versailles, were his favourite residences. And all the reverence of monarchy and court, its splendour and pettiness, intrigue and ambition, were confined to Versailles. The characteristic of the sovereigns of the French, from the commencement of the century to the extinction of the monarchy, was timidity, reserve, almost bashfulness. They had no desire more strong, than that of escaping from the world, hiding themselves from the metropolis, creating for themselves a kind of retirement, in which women, woman's pleasures, and woman's ways, quite superseded every manly ambition and manly thought. Effeminacy without purity, idleness without repose, solitude without seriousness, such was the unhappy lot of monarchs, endowed with all that the world would consider an immense accumulation of enjoyment.

There was no greater cause of the estrangement of the Parisians from the Bourbons, and of the harshness first dealt in judgments upon their character, and then in cruel insult upon their persons, than the simple act of their altogether deserting the capital, and inhabiting Versailles. Here the Court resided. Had it passed the winter months at the Tuileries, it could not fail to have sent forth the ramifications of obligation and dependence amongst the middle and lower ranks of the Parisian population. The expenditure, the *fêtes*, the shows, the ceremonials, the small and large acts of benevolence, personal contact and condescension,—these thousand things would have endeared the prince and his family to thousands. Instead of this, the French Kings had raised up a rival city, peopled by courtiers, and nothing else, not containing, in fact, any body of the people, and leaving the capital widowed of the splendour, gaiety, and scattered wealth, attendant on a court. No troops ever resounded in the deserted courts of the Tuileries, no equipages rattled through them, no lights illumined its long line of windows. Nor did the gay forms of courtiers enliven the garden promenades. Vex-



sailles was all, Paris nothing, except the abode of that Parliament, to which the King came from time to time to dictate the registry of his decrees of injustice and taxation. The hatred of Paris against Versailles was one of the foremost causes of the Revolution of 1789. A cause that has never been sufficiently taken into account.

Here again the palatial history typifies the political. The French dynasty turned their back on the middle classes, and ignored the existence of the lower, shutting themselves up with courtiers and *noblesse*, that crowded to Versailles for means and permission to prey upon the people. Louis the Fifteenth and Sixteenth saw nothing of the people, save their courtiers, and notwithstanding the triple row of etiquette and the profundity of obeisance, there was no great amount of mutual love or respect engendered even between monarch and *noblesse*.

At last came the catastrophe of 1789, when the citizens and the mob of Paris rose simultaneously against the courtiers of Versailles, the end of the first act of that terrible drama being the triumphant re-capture of the King by the *poissardes* of Paris, who brought the monarch away from Versailles in procession to inhabit the Tuileries. The transferring of royalty thither was indeed a revolution. It at once established a very different kind of monarchy from that which had thriven at Versailles. Instead of being surrounded by courtiers and *gardes du corps*, it was watched by an envious public, whilst the sentinels on duty at its gates were now taken from the National Guard, and bidden to receive the orders, not of the monarch, but of Lafayette.

The memoirs of the period represent the distresses of the royal family, driven from their comfortable apartments in Versailles to those of an uninhabited palace like the Tuileries, in which there was neither comfort nor convenience. Yet what luxury was it compared with what awaited these hapless victims! Had the populace of Paris, or their terrible tribunes, who were at that time assuming the sway over it,—had these had the building of the Tuileries, they could not have planned a royal residence, where privacy was more impossible, or where the monarch could be more completely watched and intruded upon by his people. It is, in fact, a mere gallery of glass, that can be seen through, a long series of apartments, without even room for corridors to establish separate communication.

Poor Louis the Sixteenth was obliged to develope the ingenuity of an artizan in order, first, to sink in the wall an iron closet or recess for the holding of valuable papers, and, secondly, to devise his escape, and that of his family, from such a transparent palace. Such concealments had, however, a facility which they could never have at present. This was the space now open towards the Carousel, between the palace and the *grille*, was occupied by a cluster of low buildings and courts, which obstructed the vigilance of the citizen guard, and the suspicion of the revolutionary police.

Never was so painful and so tedious a royal martyrdom as that which Louis, his Queen and sister now endured. Their residence in the Tuileries was attended with as much misery, and more

incertitude than when they came to be confined in the Temple. The King was confiding, the Queen suspicious, and when Louis might have got help from the Constitutionalists, Marie Antoinette would never allow him. The unfortunate and doomed couple invariably refused all reconciliation or understanding with any party, as long as that party had power to save them; but the moment they ceased to have that power, then the royal pair were ready to enter upon terms with them. The reason was natural enough: as long as a party was in power, they spoke the language of the people, and were obliged to echo the inveterate and universal suspicions of the Court. As soon as they declined from popularity and power, more moderate sentiments resumed their sway. But their moderation was but in proportion to their feebleness and want of influence.

The Queen would never trust Lafayette; the King never trusted Mirabeau, till he had lost his power and health. Nor would he listen to Barrave or the Girondins, till these had been reduced to a minority, and made to stand on the defensive for their lives. The Constitutionalists of their day were not more wise than those who came after them, but they were more energetic. They left the King a full command of money; and if they did not leave him the command of an army, it was that the old *régime* had left no army to command. But with the money he had, the army that was left, and the Constitutionalists who were ready to aid him, if he had trusted to them, and given them the right guarantees, Louis might have been saved. But he would trust no one, save M. de Bouillé and the emigrants; in other words, he refused to make friends, or make use of the aid, of any influential or acknowledged party within his kingdom. And the wonder is, not that he was taken at Varennes, but that the royal fugitive had escaped so far on his way to the frontier.

One of the great difficulties even at present for the tenants of the Tuileries is, how to take the air. There now extends a narrow garden, railed off under the windows; a promenade far from private.

In Napoleon's time there was a subterranean passage discovered, leading from the cellar of the palace underneath the garden. It was supposed to be for the secretion of treasures. The passage was prolonged by Louis the Eighteenth, and it was brought to open upon the terrace which overlooked the Seine. Through this dark and long passage the Duchess of Berri, while *enceinte*, used to proceed to her morning promenade on the terrace, which was considered the safest for her.

Poor Louis and Marie Antoinette were worse off. The authorities assigned to them the Terrace des Feuillans, that on the side of the Rue Rivoli, for their promenade, and the public was shut out from it at certain hours by ropes. Here the royal family walked not very often; for they met with more insult than respect. It was no wonder, for the walk extended on the opposite side to the very *foci* of agitation.

On the site of the present Rue de Pyramides stood a large wooden building, in which the Assembly sate, and around which



could not wait to pass, not merely of the enthusiasts and the idle, but of disaffecteds and petitioners. Here, of course, in the very heart of the city, the public eye was fixed on the flying sheets of calumny, impiety and blood, which gave dread immortality to the names of Herbert and Marat. The waves and the currents of such a tide could not break and rise around the walls of the Tuileries without bursting into it. And accordingly, on the 20th of July, the popular ocean did burst in, once in a kind of way of strength, to insult and see how far popular violence might be carried with impunity.

It was then that poor Louis got behind a table of the hall adjoining the Pavillon de Flore, and harangued the mob with professions, that he had accepted the revolution, and would carry out its interests and behests. The mob expressed at once their approbation and contempt by pulling a greasy red nightcap over the powdered locks of the King. Louis himself seemed unaware of the indignity, till one of his friends in the crowd withdrew the revolutionary badge.

This was the forerunner of the tenth of August. Santerre very credulously brought his artillery into the Carousel to blow open the gates. The Swiss guards were incapable of any prolonged defence of such a pervious building, consisting of suite of halls and the wide staircase of the Tuileries. These, as has been said, seemed made to tempt a mob. Indeed, no royal occupation of the Tuileries had ever been attacked by a popular force without at once losing all courage, and giving up all strength of resistance. It was just the same with Louis Philippe at the close of the revolutionary period, as with Louis the Sixteenth at its commencement.

After having been the scene of the long agony of Louis the Sixteenth's decline, from the period of his capture at Versailles to that of his escape into the wooden building, in which the Assembly sat, and which was still standing in 1820, on the site of the present Rue des Pyramides, and from which building he was transferred to the Temple, the Tuileries became the seat of the Convention and its government. Paris, in truth, did not contain another building suitable for the purpose. And the many issues from it were considered advantageous for enabling the deputies to escape upon occasion the fury of the mob.

The true government, however, will never be found in a legislature, or in the place of a legislative sitting, but beside it. And thus the government of France, though nominally established at the Tuileries, was in reality to be sought at the Jacobin's, or found in the hall of the Hotel de Ville. The armed force of the capital was in the hands of those who held the municipal magistracy. And this enabled the Terrorists to send the Girondists to the scaffold; and, later, enabled Robespierre to sacrifice Danton and Desmoulins.

A very slight degree of moderation and address would have secured to Robespierre a reign of some duration. But he had become like a wild beast, that must have prey, and his friends and followers were obliged to turn against him, lest he

should devour them. The Tuileries was the scene of the fearful struggle, in which Louis the Sixteenth and his Queen were fully avenged. The royal victims left the palace to the executioners as an abode of faction, terror, of death-struggles and mutual extermination.

Soon after came the Directory, and the separation of Executive and Legislature, the Directors withdrawing to the Luxembourg and leaving the Tuileries to the Assembly. But even then, the terror over, the royal palace was a place of panic and of trial to those who sate in it. In the reaction of the moment the better thinking of them became royalists and sought a restoration. The Republican Directors punished them for it by arrest, and by a sweeping deportation to Cayenne. The young citizens, who entertained the same royalist ideas, and who without the Assembly sought to establish themselves in the streets, were crushed by the cannon of Bonaparte, firing from the steps of St. Roche. The Directory in employing Bonaparte had taught the military instrument how to put down themselves. This, after a glorious campaign, he had the character and the courage to effect. And Bonaparte, as First Consul, took possession of the Tuileries at the commencement of the century.

He was the first occupant to whom the residence of the Tuileries really brought prosperity, and for the time happiness. The *locale* he contrived to render splendid. If the first object of Louis the Fourteenth was to have a garden to contemplate, which inspired ideas of the beautiful and the *grandiose*, the first object with Bonaparte was a good review-ground. And he forthwith formed it by removing all the cross buildings and courts that obstructed the palace on the side of the Carousel. These he swept away, and was enabled always to review 20,000 soldiers from his balcony. This was the diversion he loved. It was to him, what guillotining was to Robespierre, a pleasure he could not dispense with. And as the one cut off heads, till his comrades, in fear of their own, cut off his, so Napoleon went on marshalling and marching armies against his dear friends and brother sovereigns, Alexander and Francis and Frederic, until they turned their big armies against him, and having crushed him once, declared they would never trust him with an army again.

Inside, Napoleon filled the Tuileries with the best and most enlightened society that his position could command. His wife was charming, agreeable, and had the manners of the highest class under the old Court. Napoleon himself patronized men of science, was an ardent lover of the drama. The Institute, and the theatres, both objects of his care and patronage, grew eminent under his fostering care. But philosophy, and that description of letters which partakes of it, and brings large and philanthropic views into its views and rules for men, these could never be brought in harmony with a despotism, of which the very principle was to annihilate freedom and publicity, to forbid politics to the masses, and proscribe all intellect that would not wear the livery. Genius and art, therefore, were not to be found in her saloons. Let it be hoped, however, that had the age demanded a *Voltaire*, a



or a Rousseau, there would have been politicians, and would have been moral, religious, and political philosophers, to answer the demand. From 1800 to 1815, however, a halt for the French mind—a syncope of its intellect.

If the Tuileries were an abode of triumph and success for Napoleon, they were not so for those who succeeded him. For as he grew and swelled from the general into the emperor, he flung off from him all his old friendships, loves, companions, and society. Duroc and Berthier were the only military commanders who enjoyed his intimacy. A cannon ball carried off the one, whilst the other lived to be a traitor to him. Talleyrand and Fouché fell into disgrace, which both found the opportunity of avenging. Josephine, who at first rendered the saloons of the Tuileries so charming, and who made herself generally beloved by the noblesse, whom she protected, and the people, who appreciated her virtues, had even cause to regret her country retreat of Malmaison, and the private condition, which was hers ere advanced to grandeur. At first rendered unhappy by the favour of Mademoiselle Georges, she soon found more serious cause of anxiety, in the project to remove her from her throne, in order to make way for the daughter of the Cæsars. The cold *faste* of Marie Louise was very different from the *enjouement* of Josephine. But whatever regrets were felt or shown by either her husband or by the Court for Josephine, were soon extinguished in the breasts of both by the emulation and hope, arising from the birth of the King of Rome. It was no longer the mere reign of the hero, but the dynasty and the empire, that promised to be eternal. This mighty jubilation gave a high tone to national feeling. It swelled Napoleon's pride and confidence to a degree that mocked all prudence, and the orders for the Russian expedition were given. Napoleon did not again see the Tuileries until after his return from Moscow. And then, day after day, its court was filled with troops, which he as anxiously as ever reviewed. But they were no longer the veterans of his early victories, but beardless youths, torn from their families, who adored his renown, indeed, and were prepared to sacrifice themselves to uphold it, but in whom even Napoleon could no longer see the certitude of victory. There are few pictures more touching than that of the Emperor's departure for the next campaign, when the troops filling the ground before the Tuileries were no longer of the line, but consisted of the National Guard of the capital, to whom the Empress Marie Louise appeared on the balcony, holding in her arms the King of Rome. Napoleon entrusted these pledges, he declared, to the protection of the National Guard of Paris—pledges that he was destined never more to behold. The Marshals, without perhaps an alternative left, abandoned them. The brother of the Emperor despaired of the defence of the capital. And the Empress, with the ladies of the Court, carefully packing up their jewels, escaped to Blois, almost without an escort, certainly without one staunch follower or friend.

Thus were the Tuileries a prize for which royal pretenders

and rival politicians struggled, pleaded, conspired, and intrigued for. The game was played out in the saloons of Talleyrand at the corner of the Rue St. Florentine. The Bourbons carried the day, and Louis Dixhuit, with legs like those of an elephant clothed in enormous gaiters, was wheeled into the Tuileries, swore there to the people's liberties, which he meant to be illusive, and received in turn the oaths of allegiance, which were given with the same conviction. Within the year the chair of the great king was wheeled out, even before the grand officers were installed. Then came more reviews, the re-kindled enthusiasm of the young, the re-doubled mistrust of the old, more promises of constitutions, and more oaths of allegiance and attachment. The fortune of war fixed the duration and value of both, and Napoleon, flying from Waterloo, hid himself in the Elysée, nor dared to face the sombre grandeur of the Tuileries. The Constitutionalists bearded him in the Elysée, whilst Fouché tracked and cast his nets around him. Fortunately he threw himself on board an English ship, for Baron Muffling's Memoirs, containing Gnesenau's original letters, prove that Wellington had some difficulty in saving his old rival from being actually shot by the Prussians. Gneisenau stigmatizes the Duke's determination in this respect as a signal proof of his *weakness*.

When such were the feelings of the allies, the marvel is that there were not more executions. And Louis the Eighteenth must be done the justice to admit, that at such a moment of general reaction, he stood as firm as could be expected of him against the hosts of proposals, which were showered upon him for establishing tyranny and shedding blood. A younger person, or a more active man, might have been carried away by this savage and retrograde zeal. But Louis sate in his easy chair, thought of Hartwell, of English sentiments, principles and ways, and so withstood the frenzy, not merely of his courtiers, but of the Chamber of Deputies itself. Louis established himself in the pavilion or square tower of the Tuileries near the river, his brother, the Count d'Artois at the other end. The Duke and Duchess of Angoulême took the ground-floor apartment on the south side of the great entrance. The Princes and courtiers filled the old palace to the very garrets. And secretaries and aides-de-camp were obliged to seek lodgings elsewhere. The *gardes des corps*, composed of youths, who could claim birth with the *Cent Suisses*, who could merely boast height, now filled the *Salle de Maréchaux*, a great square guard-room under the central clock, a beardless generation compared with the old *moustaches*, whom they expelled. The Count d'Artois restored, as far as he could, the old etiquette of Versailles, whilst the Duchess d'Angoulême tried to bring back with it the prior usages, which the Court of Versailles had neglected. The Chapelle Royale began to be the great resort, and almoners came to jostle aides-de-camp on the great staircase.

We have dwelt enough, however, on the Tuileries as it was, and must reserve for another time an account of what they have been for the last twenty-five years, and are now.



## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF CAMPAIGNS UNDER THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Lord Wellington wrote from the Quinta de San João, under date of the 30th June:—

"As nothing is believed in England that is written by persons in *authority* in this country; it is not believed that the generals commanding the French armies have *no* communication with each other, and that they are entirely ignorant of all that is passing around them; and that they have, in fact, no information, excepting what they derive from deserters from the foreign regiments in our service, of whom there are, I am sorry to say, too many, and from the prisoners occasionally sent back to them, in exchange for some of our officers and soldiers. Adverting to the superiority of the enemy's numbers over the allied British and Portuguese armies, and to the inefficiency of the Spanish troops, I attribute the success which we have had hitherto in a great degree to the want of information by the enemy's general officers. At this moment, though the whole army are within a few miles of them, they do not know where they are; but, if disabled prisoners are to be sent to them, they will get all the information they require, if not directly from themselves, from their friends in the French interest at Lisbon, from Portuguese or English newspapers, &c."

And further to show the state of affairs at this period, it may be as well to quote other short extracts from a letter of Lord Wellington's to General Dumouriez, under date the 5th July, from the same Quinta.

"Il y a presque trois ans, à présent, que je conduis les opérations de la guerre la plus extraordinaire qu'il y eût jamais . . . . Je crois que ni Buonaparte, ni le monde, n'ont compté sur les difficultés à subjuguier la Péninsule, étant opposé par une bonne armée en Portugal. Il a fait des efforts gigantesques, dignes de sa réputation, et des forces dont il a la disposition; mais il n'en a pas fait assez encore; et je crois que l'ancien *dictum* de Henri Quatre, que, 'quand on fait la guerre en Espagne avec peu de monde on est battu, et avec beaucoup de monde, on meurt de faim,' se trouvera vérifié de nos jours; et que Buonaparte ne pourra jamais nourrir, même de la manière Française moderne, une armée assez grande pour faire la conquête des royaumes de la Péninsule, si les alliés ont seulement une armée assez forte pour arrêter ses progrès . . . Vous verrez quelle est l'espèce de guerre que nous faisons. Il faut de la patience, de la grande patience, pour la faire, &c."

We remained in our huddled camp in daily expectation of the enemy's movement in advance. The heat was excessive, our shelter from its intenseness inadequate; large plains, dotted and interspersed with olive trees, afforded more dust than shade; our huts were not constructed of the best materials to defend us from the

sun's scorching blaze; soon after daybreak they became little hot-houses, or rather ovens, from whence came forth for parade an almost *baked* battalion. At this place our brigade was considerably strengthened by a reinforcement of detachments from our different regiments at Cadiz. Here also his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange joined us as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington. He was accompanied by his friend, Henry Johnson,\* acting as *his* equerry and aide-de-camp.

On this occasion Lord Wellington reviewed the whole army to show it to his Royal Highness. To be sure, we were not so numerous as the combined corps of the two French marshals in our front, but what there was of us, together with the Germans, improved by past experience under Lord Wellington's guidance, was *tried* good stuff; at the same time our ranks were a motley group of all nations, British, Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Chasseurs Britanniques (composed of French royalists and deserters), Portuguese, and Spaniards. We were in appearance like Joseph's many-coloured garment, whilst our enemy formed one compact army under French chiefs with the advantage of *one* discipline and *one* language. In our ranks sickness began now to prevail to a considerable extent. Our vicinity at this season, to the banks of the Guadiana, was anything but healthy; fever existed on the low and extensive plains surrounding the river. We were not sorry to find, therefore, that the enemy had withdrawn from before us. After provisioning Badajos, "Marmont covered Soult's retrograde operations and retired gradually; he quartered his army in the valley of the Tagus, leaving one Division at Truxillo." We were thus relieved from the French when we had most reason to expect, if not an attack from them, at least one from the Guadiana fever. Indeed, the latter had already made some progress, but we were now spared a further contest with both and the inconvenience of a longer residence in an unwholesome vicinity. Want of provisions and the pestilent neighbourhood induced the enemy to decamp. Marmont so placed his force on the Tagus as to act on the flank of any movement of ours against Soult and towards Andalusia; his central position covered Madrid, and he could in a short time collect 70,000 men against any incursion Lord Wellington might have contemplated in that direction; but after all, the concentration by the two French marshals of 80,000 men did not result in a renewal of an attempt to invade Portugal. We therefore regarded each other with contemplative curiosity, our chief waiting and watching like a tiger for a spring upon his prey.

On the 23rd of July we broke up from our camp and marched *viâ* Azumar to Portalegre. Here Lord March left head-quarters on sick leave for Lisbon, and Sir Brent Spencer left for England. The latter had frequently been good enough to notice me, and, on taking leave of him, he informed me, that, in consequence of Sir James Graham's appointment to this army as second in command (having held that high position himself for so long), he could not reconcile to his feelings to accept a lower post, such as remain-

\* Now Sir Henry A. Johnson, Bart. of Gresford Lodge, Denbigh.



ing in command of the First Division, which had been offered him by Lord Wellington. He had, therefore, determined to resign and return to England; that he mentioned this to me as he had intended to have appointed me as his aide-de-camp, had I liked to serve on his personal staff, and that, should he be employed elsewhere, he would keep the appointment open till he heard from me. I thanked him for his kind intentions, and the estimation in which he was good enough to hold me, and replied, that should he hold any command on *active* service, I would most readily accept his offer, but that in any *other* case I should be loth to leave this army, as I conceived it to be the duty of every young officer to serve where he could most profit in the knowledge of his profession. He was good enough to approve of my views, and so we parted, and the matter ended, for he did *not* succeed to Sir George Prevost's command in America as was at the time contemplated. During the few days we halted at Portalegre a young, gallant, and hilarious major-general (who was quartered in the Bishop's Palace near the church) had, as usual, a few officers at dinner. The company was composed of youthful and buoyant spirits like himself; the weather was very hot and the wine very plentiful. After a somewhat late sitting, in consequence of the tempting vicinity of a wardrobe full of canonicals, they proposed to attire themselves in priestly garments and to march forth with long candles in their hands; this was put into effect, chaunting, in grave procession as they went, most unintelligible music interrupted by bursts of laughter. Luckily it was late and the inhabitants were at rest, or otherwise disagreeable consequences would in all probability have ensued. A report of this effervescence of wine and reckless spirit reached headquarters, and, considering the sacred ceremonies it imitated, the prejudices it waged war against, the high military rank of the person engaged in it, and the consequent bad example to others, this escapade was severely rebuked by Lord Wellington. *He* who was the promoter of the fun and folly will now perhaps smile as he recognizes the scene of past thoughtlessness (should its relation meet his sight), for he still lives, and but lately at St. Paul's I saw him shed abundant tears of regret on the bier of him who recalled the too lively young general to a sense of his position. Thus was settled this *great candle* and *surplice question*, which unfortunately in these days cannot be so *easily* settled at home!

Lord Wellington then turned his mind to other cannons, not of the church, but of those in the mouth of which "man seeks the bubble reputation." "He caused the battering train of iron guns and mortars just arrived from England with their gunners to be re-embarked ostentatiously at Lisbon as if for Cadiz, but had them shifted at sea into smaller craft, and while the original vessels went to their destination the train was secretly landed at Oporto, and carried up the Douro in boats to Lamego. From thence they were brought to Villaponte near Celorica without attracting attention, because Lamego and Celorico, being great depots, the passage of stores was constant. Other combinations deceived the enemy and facilitated the project before the troops commenced their march for

Beira. . . . The bringing sixty-eight huge guns with proportionate stores across fifty miles of mountain was an operation of magnitude. Five thousand draft bullocks were required for the train alone, and above a thousand militia were for several weeks employed merely to repair the road.”\*

At about the same time all our field-guns, except those of the Horse Artillery were exchanged for others sent out at Lord Wellington's demand. We found the French eight-pounder guns overpowering against our sixes, nice light little things fit only for short and sweet Lilliputian boating expeditions, but not made to contend with the heavier calibre of metal the enemy brought to bear upon us.

Lord Wellington immediately after the battle of Albuera had sent Beresford to Lisbon to organize the restoration of the Portuguese army. No man was more fit and capable for the execution of *this* object than Lord Beresford as demonstrated by the organization, the discipline and eventual state of the Portuguese army which had hitherto been paid by England and three-fourths of them supplied from our commissariat, but still the Portuguese Government left the remaining fourth to starve. “The disputes between Lord Wellington and the Portuguese Government were also becoming unappeasable, he drew up powerful expositions of his grievous situation, sent one to the Brazils and another to England, declaring that if a new system was not adopted he could not and would not continue the war.”† The successful results of the conduct of the campaigns in the Peninsula by Lord Wellington's prudence, activity and foresight, seem at length to have inoculated the ministry in England with more confidence in his views and somewhat less in their own. Luckily, at this moment no cabinet minister happened to be affected with that serious and cruel disorder, a stratagetic expeditionary mania, to any other part of the new or old world, so we began to be more effectively supported with men and material, although *money* was still wanting in our military chest. This change for the better did not occur till after the army had been engaged in this war for nearly three years, and, in spite of all the representations made by Lord Wellington, Mr. Perceval still remained inimical to his views and either would not or could not understand this great concentrated effort towards one grand and worthy end. The Spaniards would not consent to be officered by us, and at this moment were, as far as their armies went, really of little or no use.

Lord Wellington writes to his brother on this subject as follows:

“You will then say, what is Great Britain to do? I answer, persevere in the contest and do the best she can, while she endeavours to prevail upon the Spaniards to improve their military system. . . . We have already in some degree, altered the nature of the war and of the French military system. They are now in a great measure on the defensive, and are carrying on a war of magazines. They will soon, if they have not already, come upon the resources of France; and as soon as *that* is the case, you may depend upon it the war will not last long. We may spend ten

\* Napier.

† Ibid.



millions a year in this country, but it is a very erroneous notion to suppose that all that expense is incurred by the war in the Peninsula. Our establishment which we have here would cost very near half that sum if they were kept at home, and the surplus only should be charged as the expense of this war. I do not mean to say that that expense is not great, but it must be borne as long as the Spaniards and Portuguese can hold out, or we must take our leave of our character as a *great* country."

The military departments at home also seemed in happy ignorance of the nature of the requisites essential for an army *established* in continuous warlike operations on the continent of Europe. Pig-tails, pipe-clay, stiff stocks, powder, tight breeches, long gaiters and eight hundred lashes before breakfast, was the costume and discipline of that day and the old time before it. These antiquated notions began to be loosened, through the practical knowledge and necessities of the war. We ourselves were in a normal school of education under *him*, who lived to see and assisted to make great and advantageous changes and improvements. Lord Wellington, having now changed the artillery of the army to a larger calibre of gun and received reinforcements of some Cavalry and Infantry from England, once more set us in motion for the north of Portugal having obtained intelligence that Ciudad Rodrigo was straitened for provisions.

On the 31st, accordingly, our division moved from Portalegre for Alpayão; on the 1st reached Niza, and on the 2nd passed the Tagus on a ponton bridge—another most requisite material for an army, and now for the *first* time only in our possession. (Here, by moonlight, after so many hours' exposure to the sun, sundry of us took a most luxurious swim in the Tagus.) In descending from the north the flying bridge of two old crazy boats was the dilatory and only mode of transit over the Tagus.

On the 7th our new chief of Division, Sir James Graham,\* joined us as second in command of the army. He was a fine, gallant looking old man, who began his military career somewhat late in life, by raising, at forty years of age, a regiment, of which he became at once the colonel, and in this rank commenced his services.

We continued to move by Sarnadas and Castello Branco to Escalhos de Ceima, where we had a day's halt; then on to San Miguel, Pedragão, Val de Lobo, and finally to Penamacor, where we halted. The Light Division took up their old quarters between the Agueda and Dos Casos, at Gallegos and Espeja. Lord Wellington left General Hill with 10,000 men in the Alemtejo to watch Soult, and cover any attempt on Lisbon from that quarter; Hill's front being covered again with some Spanish corps. It was remarkable that he was the *only* one of his generals, after the battle of Albuera, to whom Lord Wellington confided, for any *length* of time, the command of a separate corps; and well did General Hill merit the confidence placed in him.

No man, however, was more fair and considerate towards a first failure of others in a military attempt than Lord Wellington. A

\* Afterwards Lord Lynedoch.

staff-officer, attached to head-quarters, informed me he had heard him declare that a man failing *once* (under certain circumstances), should not preclude his being tried again; and on one occasion he added, "Where should I have been had I not had a second trial at Seringapatam?"

Marmont was drawn to the North by our movements, and although our advance arrived too late to prevent some small supplies reaching Ciudad Rodrigo, still the enemy made no attempt to molest any of our corps on their march, except by some French dragoons from Plasencia, who "captured a convoy of mules loaded with wine, got drunk, and in that state falling on some Portuguese infantry, were beaten, and lost the mules again." \*

On this march, the weather being very hot, most of us preferred bivouacking to sleeping in the filthy cottages, with their *too* numerous inhabitants. One of my horses knocked up, and I left him, poor fellow! on the top of a mountain, at his own discretion to sustain himself as best he could on some sorry-looking leaves and grass. I had no choice in the matter, or he either: he could not move further. It was no longer possible for him to carry me, and, as it did not occur to *me* to carry him, we parted, wishing each other well, no doubt. I lightened his back of the saddle, which I placed on my own till the day's march was over. Privations and hot weather render men anything but amiable. It requires much forbearance and good feeling in such positions to "love your neighbour as yourself;" besides, perhaps the fiery sun may add to fiery tempers; for which reason there generally *is* more squabbling in India than elsewhere; in short, people get *bilious*, if they are not "born so." Heaven knows, as far as indulgence in comestibles went, we had neither profuseness nor luxury to generate dyspepsia. But, be this as it might, it did not prevent two field-officers of our brigade from coming to loggerheads. One of them established himself at the village of Pedragão, in some hovel, more convenient-looking than ordinary. The other, of senior rank, arrived later, but, on doing so, turned out the first possessor. Warm expressions passed in consequence, and the following day, while on the march, the ejected party rode up to, and remonstrated with, the ejector. The latter coolly assured him that, "so far from relinquishing his right to what he had done now, he should continue to act in the same manner on all future occasions." The other replied that, in such a case he "sheltered himself under his rank as a superior officer, to be guilty of a dirty and ungentlemanlike action." This, of course, was a *closer* to the conversation at the time.

After some little delay, these two men went out; the junior fired at the senior, the senior at the junior, and so ended this stupid and ill-conditioned dispute. Most people thought, that as the French were so near, it was quite a pity that these gentlemen should have had occasion to try to shoot one another; by only going a little distance the enemy would, in all probability, have done it for them with the greatest possible pleasure, and in a much more soldier-like and professional way. Our subordinate rank precluded us

\* "General Harvey's Journal," MSS. See Napier.



from entering into the indulgence of such luxuries, we belonged to that happy portion of his Majesty's service who were in the full enjoyment of what sailors call "monkey's allowance," that is, of "more kicks than halfpence." With the alacrity of youth, however, the necessity of obedience to those numerous grades above us, and the inutility of resistance, I do not remember any instance of a duel among the subalterns, although I have seen men turned out, not only of quarters, by those immediately above them in seniority, but even from under the scanty shade afforded by an olive-tree. At that cheery age we bore all, laughed at all, and were ready for all. We left it to those of higher rank, and more matured ill-temper, of less good feeling, or absence of good breeding, to set so bad an example when on service before an enemy.

The English newspapers of the 15th July reached us here, and kindly communicated to us that we had all retired to our lines at Torres Vedras.\*

On the 28th of August, however, we moved from Penamacor, and closed up to our advanced Divisions on the frontier of Spain, passing through Val de Lobo, Sabugal, to Nave d'Aver. Ciudad Rodrigo was now surrounded by the piquets of the Light Division, which were extended to the Salamanca side of the town, cutting off the communication between the garrison and the surrounding country. Marmont was at Plasencia, and Dorsenne, with 20,000 men, in the north; their communication with each other was sustained through the passes of the Sierra de Francia, "where, early in September, Marmont pushed a detachment from Plasencia, and surprised a British cavalry piquet at St. Martin de Trabejo, and this opened his communications with Dorsenne." Ciudad Rodrigo could not be besieged in the face of these combined corps, and even the blockade must be raised if they united and advanced. Our Spanish allies were at this moment of small, or, rather, of no use to themselves or us. From the reports of reinforcements arriving to the French in Spain, the formation of depôts at Burgos, &c., and, lastly, that Napoleon himself meant to head an army to drive us from Portugal, Lord Wellington was induced to order the lines on both banks of the Tagus around Lisbon to be again strengthened, and many additional labourers were employed in their farther improvement and completion. The garrison of Rodrigo now again became short of provisions; Marmont had been reinforced from France, and had 50,000 men. He now entered

\* As illustrative of the ill-omened reports and opinions existing at home at this time, I may venture to quote an anecdote from "Moore's Diary," with a note of Lord John Russell's on it. "Sheridan always maintained that the Duke of Wellington would succeed in Portugal; General Tarleton the reverse. It was a matter of constant dispute between them. Tarleton, who had been wrong, grew obstinate, so on the news of the retreat of the French, Sheridan, by way of taunt, said, 'Well, Tarleton, are you on your high horse still?'—'Oh! higher than ever: if I was on a horse before I am now on an elephant.'—No, no, my dear fellow, you were on an *ass* before, and you are on a *mule* now.' Lord John goes on to say, 'I remember that, having been at the Lines of Torres Vedras, Sheridan was much pleased with my sanguine account of the position.'—Ed. of "Moore's Letters and Diary."

on a combined operation with Dorsenne to succour the garrison of the above place. Marmont passed the mountains and collected a large convoy at Bejar; Dorsenne and Souham collected another convoy at Salamanca, and came down to Tamames on the 21st. This was a far superior force to any that we could front them with, and although Lord Wellington was unable to fight beyond the Agueda, he would not retreat till he had *seen* the French army, lest a *detachment* might relieve the place, instead of their being obliged to bring their whole force to effect that object.

The operations which followed Marmont's advance it is neither my province nor my intention to detail, further than to afford some general idea of what occurred. In our extended position, covering the different roads and their wide range leading into Portugal, personal observation of simultaneous events, beyond our own immediate locality, was out of the question. I can only narrate, therefore, the occurrences to the different corps and to individuals as they came to my knowledge after the events. Marmont's specific object was the maintenance of Ciudad Rodrigo, hitherto surrounded by our outposts, to regarrison it with fresh troops and to supply it amply with food and military munitions. Situated as we were, this object could not be prevented except at the risk of a general action against a superior force, which, having no sufficiently adequate object to attain, Lord Wellington did not contemplate.

On the 23rd the advance guard of the enemy's combined *corps d'armée* made their appearance from the hills and descended into the plains surrounding the fortress, but they soon after withdrew. Our divisions were distributed as follows:—the Light Division at Vadillo, near Ciudad, well posted to watch the enemy's advance; the Third Division at El Bodon and Pastores, supported by the Fourth in the neighbourhood of Fuentes Guinaldo, which place was Lord Wellington's head-quarters; the Sixth, with Anson's cavalry, at Espeja and Campillo; the First, Fifth, and Seventh being in reserve at Payo, Almadilla, and Navé d'Aver; the last was our post where we were held in immediate readiness to support either our front, our right, or any divisions needing our *collateral* assistance. The baggage was dispatched to our rear and to the other side of the Coa; our movements were thus left disembarrassed from incumbrances either in "high-ways or bye-ways."

On the 24th, a corps, under General Montbrun, again advanced and crossed the Agueda with 6000 cavalry, four divisions of infantry, and twelve guns. At day-break on the 25th the enemy made a reconnaissance to mask the introduction into Ciudad Rodrigo of their convoy of provisions and a fresh garrison. With this intention they passed the lower Azava with fourteen squadrons of cavalry of the Imperial Guard and with a *corps d'élite* the Lanciers de Berg, Murat's own favourite regiment. We early heard the popping in our front to our left, and inclined to hope that our division might soon have some nearer participation in what was passing, but it did not so happen. Like the patients of foreign pathologists under a *médicine expectante*, we were not too *patiently* awaiting the result, but were hoping for a further early



simmer or consideration of our present position from our French leeches. Sir Thomas Graham commanded our wing of the army, of which our division formed the left centre and reserve, the Sixth Division, and Anson's cavalry being to our left and in front, one squadron of the 14th, under Brotherton,\* and another of the 16th, under Hay and Major Cocks (considerably in advance of their supports), were on the right bank of the Azava. The first passage of arms, which occurred that morning, arose between these troops and the enemy. The Lanciers de Berg, about 900 strong, advanced most rapidly and gallantly in order to cut off all preparatory impediments of skirmishing. The lance and sword were their weapons, they being only partially armed with carbines. The distance our advance was from its reserves, the serried phalanx of superior numbers armed with new, formidable, and hitherto unencountered weapons, induced our advance post of cavalry to retire on the principle *de se retirer pour mieux sauter*. They frequently, however, formed up and checked the too rapid advance of their foe, and then again, in compliance with orders, retired on their own brigade. At length the enemy were encountered by our three squadrons, were charged and promptly checked; they attempted to rally and return, when, to their no small astonishment, they received a well laid-in volley from the Light Infantry of Hulse's Brigade of the Sixth Division, composed of the light companies of the 11th, 53rd, and 61st regiments, under Major John Mansel. These had been placed, by Sir Thomas Graham, under cover in a cork wood on the flank of the rallying Lanciers de Berg; of whom sixty were rolled over by the fire of the 61st Light Company and the charge of cavalry. Among the prisoners was their Lieutenant-Colonel O'Flynn, an Irish Catholic in the French service, who, after surrendering, attempted to escape and was killed. He evidently was of the genus Dandy, for in stripping the body they found the colonel, under his boots, wore silk stockings. The dragoon who served as valet on the occasion, offered his epaulettes to the officer of the 14th, commanding his troop, who rejected the proffered trophy, but made particular inquiries concerning Colonel O'Flynn's sudden *demise*, which being satisfactorily accounted for, no more was said on the subject. Another officer also was here taken; his name I forget, having made no note of it, although on arriving at Navé d'Aver he dined where I met him. He was gay, good-looking, light-hearted, and reckless, and with so happy a disposition that he drank and sang, seeming careless, or at least unwilling to show annoyance, at being made prisoner. In one of the *mêlées* of this day a *sous-officier* of the enemy left his ranks and singling out Brotherton, charged him. A trial of skill with the sabre ensued, each showing good knowledge of the weapon he wore. Matters thus remained equal, till the Frenchman suddenly drew a pistol from his holster and shot Brotherton's horse through the head,—it fell instantly. Brotherton quickly disengaged himself from the fallen charger and the Frenchman was

\* Now Lieutenant-General Brotherton, C.B., late Inspector of Cavalry.

about to follow up his advantage when another officer of the 14th, as pistols were resorted to in preference to swords, shot the Frenchman dead. The horse from which Brotherton had been dismounted by the pistol-shot was a trooper, his own having been killed or wounded the day previously, and, singular to relate, the poor wounded troop-horse recovered its consciousness, rose, trotted back, replaced himself in the rank of his troop and fell down dead. The above gallant rencontre and its results was witnessed by those engaged, and many are still living who remember the facts. After the charges made by the squadrons of the 14th and 16th on the Lanciers de Berg, and the French advance guard the latter were driven across the Azava, and our people once more reoccupied the ground of their original outposts of the morning at Carpio. On our right other matters were transacting, which I cannot better explain than by referring to a short paragraph from Lord Wellington's dispatch under date of the 29th September, 1811, from Quadraseis: he says,

"But the enemy's attention was principally directed during this day to the position of the Third Division on the hills between Fuente Guinaldo and Pastores. About eight in the morning they moved a column consisting of between thirty and forty squadrons of cavalry and fourteen battalions of infantry and twelve pieces of cannon from Ciudad Rodrigo, in such direction that it was doubtful whether they would attempt to ascend the hills by La Encina or by the direct road of El Bodon towards Fuente Guinaldo, and I was not sure on which road they would make their attack till they actually commenced it upon the last."

From our post at Navé d'Aver our attention and our telescopes were turned to these objects. We plainly saw the advancing masses of the French approaching the heights of El Bodon, where, with a small advanced guard, Lord Wellington commanded in person. We witnessed the salute the enemy received from our guns and marked the curling smoke rising in clouds from their brazen mouths, echoing and resounding again and again from their crested height over plain and wood and far intervening space. At once, and suddenly, it ceased; a closer struggle and confusion ensued; then once again the destructive booming recommenced, and thus went on—now the undulating ground or elbowed point of some small promontory intercepted sound and sight together, then the kind of hog's back formation of hill on which the operations were transacting gave us but a partial and uncertain view of what was really passing. After about an hour's uncertainty and investment of the promontory by the enemy's numerous cavalry, at length (by force of numbers and dashing courage) we saw they had reached the ascent and gathered on its summit. Next in their turn the enemy's guns opened and we beheld our people, surrounded by clouds of cavalry, retiring in columns and squares. After this we could no longer see distinctly what took place, but what did occur is pretty much as follows. Marmont advanced with his columns of cavalry, directing their march to the height on which four battalions of infantry, a brigade of Portuguese guns,



and three squadrons of cavalry were posted under Lord Wellington in person. They formed part of the Third Division, consisting of the 5th and 77th British and the 9th and 21st Portuguese regiments, the guns under Arentschild and the German Hussars under Victor Alten. "This height was convex towards the enemy, and covered in front and on both flanks by deep ravines." Marmont, surrounded by his staff, advanced to the foot of this height and halted immediately beneath it, until the closing up of his infantry columns. Lord Wellington was posted immediately above this spot, and the chiefs and head-quarter staff of the two armies were not 200 yards distant from each other. On looking over the height every movement of the French Marshal and his staff could be distinctly seen. From their proximity, as the voices ascended, the conversation carried on below could almost be overheard. The enemy, on the contrary, could neither see what force occupied or what movements were occurring on the hill above, and had therefore no notion of what they should meet with on reaching its summit. Lord Wellington now ordered the guns to open; with good effect and unerring aim they sent their destructive messengers into Montbrun's columns of cavalry in the plain beneath; they had scarcely done so, however, when a sweep of French horsemen, like a whirlwind, stormed the rocky height, charged the guns in flank, cut down the gunners at their posts, and took two cannon. Major Ridge commanding the 5th regiment, a prompt and intrepid soldier, immediately brought down the bayonets of his battalion to the charge, and storming the dashing captors drove them headlong from the rocky heights and retook the guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey,\* attached to head-quarter staff, promptly seized the occasion and ordered the draught mules to the front, the guns were limbered up, and by the quick and gallant decision of Ridge and the ready energy of Harvey, these two guns were not only at the moment saved, but the enemy felt later the inconvenience of their being so. While this was going on with the 5th, the 77th regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Broomhead, were attacked in front by another body of the enemy's cavalry, which they repulsed by an instant advance and charge of bayonets. Again and again did the enemy storm these heights with their horsemen, but in spite of the great numerical superiority of their cavalry they were manfully maintained by the oft-repeated and almost constant charges delivered by Victor Alten's three squadrons of the first German Hussars and 11th Light Dragoons. At length the enemy made a great and simultaneous effort from two opposite points at once, and rising from the valleys beneath like some vast wave, they rushed up and with weight and force irresistible reached the crowning plateau.

It was not until the hill had been carried by superior numbers of the enemy's cavalry, and that a division of their infantry were fast closing up for an attack, their artillery already being in action, that Lord Wellington thought proper to order the small body of troops

\* In the Portuguese service at the time, now Lieut.-General Sir Robert Harvey, K.C.B.

he commanded at this post to retire on Fuente Guinaldo, where he had previously thrown up some redoubts and field-works. A brigade of the Fourth Division had been ordered up from Guinaldo, and the remainder of the Third Division from El Bodon, except that part of it at Pastores, which was too distant. The French cavalry, on reaching the summit, dashed on among its defenders; assailants and assailed, with the chiefs and the staff of the contending armies, seemed in the sudden *mêlée* to be thrown together in inextricable confusion. Lord Wellington was greatly exposed at this moment, and had a narrow escape amidst the rush of French horsemen, though at first surrounded by the friendly few, he suddenly was now enveloped by the inimical many. A few yards only separated him from the charging enemy; I think it was poor Gordon,\* his aide-de-camp, who was said to have first pointed out the proximate danger of being captured, before Lord Wellington thought proper to turn his horse and canter off. The enemy, on reaching the height, seemed astonished at the paucity of the defenders they had so stoutly contended against, but, odd to say, profited little, as our casualties were few, and they scarcely took a single prisoner. The two weak battalions of the 5th and 77th were now thrown into one square, supported by the 21st Portuguese in solid formation of close column. The enemy's cavalry immediately rushed forward, and obliged our cavalry to retire to the support of the Portuguese regiment, much hard galloping ensued; the 5th and 77th were charged by the French horsemen on three faces of their square, when thus brought to bay, they halted, receiving the attack with cool, steady, and gallant bearing—repulsed it—then rose from their bristly formation, and in phalanx order and admirable discipline, once again moved on. For six miles across an open country, in face of this superior force, did these small columns, in square, continue their march, menaced and surrounded on all sides by their enemy, and exposed to the fire of the French artillery inflicting chasms in their ranks, they quietly closed up, maintained their formation, although with diminished front, and once more moved towards the position destined for them by their great chief. In their retreat, a shell fell into the solid column of the 21st Portuguese, and burst in its centre, destroying numbers; they opened out, left the dead or wounded, closed in again, and moved on. The Quarter-Master-General, Colonel Murray,† rode up to this regiment to give them an order, but neither the commanding, nor any other officer, who happened to be present, understood English sufficiently to enable him to communicate his orders to them. Captain Burgoyne,‡ of the Engineers, being at hand, offered his services as a linguist, and was ordered to remain with this battalion, and directed to com-

\* Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Sir Alexander Gordon, of the 3rd Guards, aide-de-camp to the Duke of Wellington, fell at Waterloo.

† Afterwards the Right Hon. Lieut.-General Sir George Murray, G.C.B., M.P.

‡ Now Lieut.-General Sir John Burgoyne, G.C.B., Inspector of Fortifications.



minute to them the instructions to be conveyed during the remainder of these very brilliant and creditable movements. Our infantry, thus surrounded, conducted themselves in as cool and orderly a manner as at a field-day; those present declared they never saw a more beautiful sight. Such is the worth of steady discipline.

The French cavalry were now galloping in forward movement all over the field, out-flanking our cavalry and infantry, pressing on our rear, and in all parts became inconveniently disturbing and obtrusive. To sportsmen, and the many home-bred seekers of action and excitement, I may here relate an episode of adventure, midst more serious matters of the kind, which occurred that morning.

Lord Charles Manners, extra aide-de-camp to Lord Wellington, in a most sportsman-like manner escaped from being made prisoner. By hard work his horse had been knocked up, and he rode to the rear, where he had posted his fresh one, to get a remount; on returning, he met an officer of artillery, who informed him where he would find Lord Wellington (this was on the hill immediately above them, over which he was retreating with our troops); the artillery officer, however, advised him by no means to go in a direct line, as he must, in such case, throw himself and his newly remounted charger right into the range of fire of three French howitzers which had just opened upon our retiring columns.

On this, Lord Charles took a slanting direction, and turned the hill instead of going directly up it, but on rounding a small declivity he came plump upon two squadrons of French Chasseurs à cheval; he instantly drew up his horse (a capital hunter) from a canter to a walk, and at that pace quietly proceeded on to reconnoitre. On arriving within some thirty yards of the enemy, however, the French General, Déjean, commanding these troops, accompanied by four orderlies, had stationed himself at their head in advance, and called out, "Que cherchez vous, Monsieur?"

The gallant aide-de-camp replied, "Milord Wellington."

The general immediately made a signal with his sword, pointing out Lord Charles to his orderlies, who galloped forward to take him; but he turned his horse, and, knowing the country, led them across a difficult part and towards a nasty wide yawning water-course, still keeping the direction in which he believed Lord Wellington to be. The pursuing four pressed on, and when within hopeful distance of catching the pursued, to their astonishment they saw his horse flying in the air over the vast chasm, which, becoming to them an impassable barrier, brought them up to a stand-still. Alava, on the hill above, seeing the pursuit, and what was passing beneath, not knowing the confidence placed in his horse by Lord Charles, sent down some Spanish guerillas, who soon induced the baffled pursuers to return hastily under cover of their numerous friends, whilst Lord Charles, in a quiet canter, continued his course and joined Lord Wellington.

Some of the rest of the Third Division had now joined, and also forming squares, the whole continued to retire. Soon after

they were met by the Fourth Division advancing to their support, under the fire of the enemy's artillery, and environed by their cavalry, they still continued their retreat to the ground near Fuentes Guinaldo. Here Lord Wellington had already caused two redoubts and some field-works to be thrown up, orders had been sent to the Light Division to retire from Vadillo, with which that gallant but unmanageable chief of Division, Craufurd, did not think proper to comply. With, or without reason, he really liked fighting, and never threw a chance away of bringing "a scrimmage" about; he always held to his own ideas, and loved to see his name in the Gazette.

With many stirring and soldier-like qualities he was the sublime of the refractory and provokingly useful. The consequence of all this delay created much inconvenience and no small danger to Lord Wellington, who had taken up the position at Guinaldo, and awaited Craufurd's joining him. The deployment of Marmont's forces towards this point became threatening; but, at all events, Lord Wellington would not and could not move farther to the rear until assured of the safety of the Light Division. Separated, and at a distance, Craufurd's procrastination to obey orders very nearly occasioned him to be cut off from the rest of our army, and he had to make a considerable *détour* and a night-march to retrieve himself and regain his communication with Lord Wellington. Here again was exemplified the necessity of prompt obedience to the chief in command, whose designs and reasons the commanders of separate corps may not at the moment be able to comprehend. In the mean time Lord Wellington having regained his intrenchments about four o'clock P.M., the enemy, whose activity in favouring the retreating columns with round shot and shell had been excessive, halted and ceased firing. While this was going on upon our right, the advance of the left wing of the army under Graham was ordered to fall back on our division at Navé d'Aver, leaving cavalry outposts on the Azava, and thus we passed the night.

On the 26th, in the morning, Lord Wellington still held his post at Guinaldo with only the Third and Fourth Divisions, some cavalry and guns, in all about 14,000 men. No news of the Light Division had as yet reached Lord Wellington; he therefore held his ground, deploying his troops to make them look more numerous than they were, in short, making as imposing an appearance to his enemy as he could. The concentrated and overwhelming numbers of the enemy had been brought to bear on this one single point of the extended divisions of our army. 60,000 Frenchmen, with great superiority of cavalry, and 100 guns, stood immediately before, and their sentries and videttes in actual and immediate contact with those of the two divisions commanded by Lord Wellington in person. This certainly *was* a most anxious and critical moment: all eyes were turned to the front, in momentary expectation of a crushing attempt being made on our small force, when Lord Wellington, seemingly tired of waiting, and feeling drowsy, told one of his aides-de-camp to call him if anything was the matter, wrapped himself in his cloak, lay down in the broiling sun, and slept very



composedly and soundly for more than two hours.\* For some unknown reason, Marmont made no attack this day; he did not seem to know the positions of our different divisions, was deceived by the appearances displayed by our chief, and was otherwise mystified.

Of the operations of the 27th Lord Wellington writes as follows:—

"It had been the enemy's intention to turn the left of the position of Guinaldo by moving a column into the valley of the Upper Anaya, and thence ascending the height in the rear of the position by Castillejos; and from this column they detached a division of infantry and fourteen squadrons of cavalry to follow our retreat by Albergueria, and another body of the same strength followed us by Forcalhos. The former attacked the piquets of the cavalry at Aldea da Ponte, and drove them in; and they pushed on nearly as far as Alfayates. I then made General Pakenham attack them with his brigade of the Fourth Division, supported by Lieutenant-General the Hon. L. Cole, and the Fourth Division, and by Sir S. Cotton's † cavalry; and the enemy were driven through Aldea da Ponte, back upon Albergueria, and the piquets of the cavalry resumed their station. But the enemy having been reinforced by the troops which marched from Forcalhos, again advanced about sunset, and drove in the piquets of the cavalry from Aldea da Ponte, and took possession of the village. Lieutenant-General Cole again attacked them with a part of General Pakenham's brigade, and drove them through the village; but night having come on, and as General Pakenham was not certain what was passing on his flanks, or of the numbers of the enemy, and he knew that the army were to fall back still further, he evacuated the village, which the enemy occupied, and held during the night."

There had been this day some very heavy skirmishing at Aldea da Ponte, and in this sharp affair, among others, Captain Provost, son of Sir George, and aide-de-camp to Sir Lowry Cole, was killed. On this night, the 27th, I was on piquet in front of Navé d'Aver, when, about ten o'clock, an order came to withdraw the outposts. Our division made a night march of six hours and halted at Bismuda, in rear of Villa Major.

On the 26th the army were all concentrated in a very strong position on the heights behind Soito, having the Sierra de Mesas on their right, and Rendo on the Coa on our left. A loop of the river covered both flanks, and in addition rough, rocky, and woody ground impeded the advance of the enemy in front. The most singular circumstance was, that the enemy commenced their retreat at the very same time that we did, and we were each moving away from one another.

\* The greatest general of antiquity possessed a similar power of sleeping when he would, or rather when he could. Livy (xxi. 4) records of Hannibal, "*Vigiliarum somnique nec die, nec nocte discriminata tempora. Id quod gerendis rebus superesset quieti datum: eaque neque molli strato, neque silentio accessita. Multi sepe militari sagulo opertum, humi jacentem inter custodias stationesque militum, conspexerunt.*"

† Now Lord Combermere.

It is not my intention to enter into the merits of the tactics displayed on this occasion, for much superlatively fine military criticism has been bestowed upon these movements. One strategic censor thinks that the position on which Lord Wellington meant to retire, and perhaps fight, with a river in his rear, was objectionable; another, that his contempt for his enemy led him into a hazardous imprudence; and a third, that if Marmont had done *this*, and if he had done *that*, neither of which he *did* do, why, something else would have probably resulted. These suggestions may, or may not be sound; the movements may not have been upon military principles strictly correct, but the argument of what *might* have happened, but which *did not* happen, is like entering into that complicated point, that if your aunt was not your aunt she might have been your uncle. The fact was, that Lord Wellington on this occasion placed himself *hors de règle*, and acquired the knowledge he wished to obtain, while the enemy had no knowledge of him; his own quickness, and the excellence of his troops, rendered such a liberty at least warrantable. All movements depended upon supply. He knew that the enemy wanted means to support an army together for any length of time. Ignorant as Marmont was of the precise whereabouts of Lord Wellington's divisions, he perfectly well knew that if a successful action had been fought it would scarcely have led him into Portugal, where there was as little to be found to sustain life, as poor James Macdonald, of the Guards, discovered when he opened an *economical* general's cupboard, and found two lean mice contemplating with tears in their eyes, a hard crust of bread.

Lord Wellington was master of his circumstances, was aware of his enemy's ignorance, knew no serious attempt could at that moment be made on Portugal by Marmont; he therefore put on a bold front, made an imposing appearance, and gained his object without any great loss. I find the following paragraph in an old letter of mine, written just before these movements, and dated from Navé d'Aver, the 24th of September, 1811, addressed to a general officer in England:—

"The enemy are advancing with a convoy for Ciudad Rodrigo. Report also says, that they are in movement in the Alemtejo; but I will make *two* bets. One is, that whatever force the French can bring (and Marmont is reported to have 60,000 men in our front), that they will not attempt to enter Portugal; and the next is, that *if* they try, we shall not fight till we reach a position on the Coa. God knows what will be the result. I do not mean the result in case of fighting, for *that* we are all *confident* about, but the result of their advance. By the by, it is said, that the Duke of Leinster, Lords Delawarr and Clare, and Henry Fitzgerald have landed at Lisbon, and are all on their way up to see the army. A very nice time they have chosen for their trip! No baggage, much movement, short commons, and no respect of personages. Adieu! I am called away."

The first part of this letter was perfectly verified by what I have related in the foregoing pages.



## THE LAST YEARS OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.\*

BY F. A. MIGNET,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS."

IN the year 1556, the Emperor Charles the Fifth renounced all his crowns, and determined to pass the remainder of his life in the solitude of a cloister. This extraordinary resolution astonished his contemporaries, and posterity has found it difficult to arrive at a satisfactory explanation of the causes which led to its adoption. Old Pope Paul the Fourth considered that Charles the Fifth "had lost his senses," and declared that he had fallen a victim to "the same madness as his mother." The Protestants regarded his abdication as an act of discouragement and almost of despair, which they attributed to the unexpected reverses which he had recently experienced in Germany, where his plans for the re-establishment of Catholic unity, and for the consolidation of the imperial authority, had been frustrated by the combined efforts of the Lutherans, whom he had previously conquered, and of the princes whom he had temporarily subdued. Many Catholics, on the other hand, ascribed his retirement to the impatient ambition of Philip the Second, who, they said, had induced his father to descend prematurely from the throne, in order that he might succeed at once to the possession of the supreme power.

The doubts entertained with regard to the motives of Charles the Fifth's abdication, extend also to his feelings after that act was consummated. Some have affirmed that he speedily gave way to the bitterest regret, that he soon grew tired of solitude, and desired to resume the crowns which he had laid aside. Others, on the contrary, have represented him as conforming to the habits, and leading the humble routine life, of a monk in the Jeromite convent of Yuste: far from describing him as a repentant and ambitious man, they have portrayed him as an austere devotee, punctually observing all the rules of the monastery, and carrying his anxiety for his salvation so far as to inflict discipline upon himself, in the choir of the church, at the same time as the other monks, and in their presence. Sandoval the most pompous, and Robertson the most accredited, of the historians of that powerful politician who, for more than thirty years, had held sway over Europe, have placed him at Yuste in a condition of poverty more befitting a hermit than a great sovereign who had retired from public life, and have described him as living there insensible to all that occurred beyond the limits of his cloister, and utterly unacquainted with the affairs of the kingdoms which he had once governed. On the

\* Translated, with the Author's permission, by Andrew R. Scoble.

authority of Father Joseph de Siguença, who, in his Chronicle of the Jeromite Order, has given an account of the residence of Charles the Fifth in the convent of Yuste, Robertson, Strada, and other historians have even stated that he died there of an illness which he had caught while celebrating his own funeral, in a fit of pious idleness and superstitious eccentricity.

All these statements are very incorrect. Charles the Fifth did not abdicate until after he had long and carefully discussed the matter in his own mind. He did not repent in the slightest degree of an act to which he was naturally inclined, and which he accomplished with prudent and sagacious slowness. Retaining full possession of his powerful reason and consummate experience, he received minute information, in his cloister, of all the affairs of the Spanish monarchy; and he was consulted upon all delicate and important business by his son, who always behaved towards him with the most respectful deference, and the most submissive affection. He lived at Yuste, utterly separated from the monks, and surrounded by all the habits and dignity of a former sovereign. Notwithstanding his deep piety, he encouraged his son to wage against Pope Paul the Fourth an implacable warfare, similar to that which, in his youth, he had himself carried on against Pope Clement the Seventh; and he was of opinion that Philip the Second had not taken sufficient advantage of his superiority, but concluded peace with too much subservience and alacrity. His death did not result from his absurd funeral; it proceeded from a much more ordinary cause. Charles the Fifth ended his life simply, as he had passed it, with noble piety and natural grandeur of soul. All this we shall have no difficulty in proving by the aid of authentic documents. These documents, relative to his projects of retirement, as well as to his residence, occupations, mode of life, infirmities, last illness, and death, in the monastery of Yuste, consist chiefly of letters written either by himself, by his son, Philip the Second, by his daughter, the Princess Donna Juana, who governed Spain in the absence of her brother, or by his major-domo, Luis Quixada, his secretary, Gaztelu, and his physician, Mathys, who had accompanied him to his retreat. These letters, deposited in the Archives of Simancas, were copied by the archivist, Don Tomas Gonzalez, who composed from them a judicious and interesting narrative; so that they form a complete journal of the last years of Charles the Fifth, and furnish us with indisputable certainties in regard to all those facts which had previously been distorted by false suppositions. This volume, consisting of more than seven hundred folio pages, together with its valuable appendix, was purchased by the French Foreign Office, in 1844, of the brother and heir of Don Tomas Gonzalez. Its title is as follows:—"Retiro, estancia, y muerte del Emperador Carlos Quinto, en el monasterio de Yuste. Relacion historica documentada por Don Tomas Gonzalez." By its aid, I shall be able to correct the errors of previous writers, and give a faithful account of the last years of this great man.

The idea of abdicating his power and retiring from the world had long been entertained by Charles the Fifth. It would appear



that, as early as 1539, sorrow for a great loss inspired him with this desire, although seventeen years elapsed before he carried it into effect. The death of the Empress, who was very beautiful, and whom he tenderly loved, plunged him into extreme grief, and caused him to feel considerable distaste for the supreme authority which he wielded; he was then thirty-nine years of age, and in the full meridian of his power. He had brought to an advantageous termination the conflicts which had lasted from the beginning of the century between Spain and France for the possession of Italy. The conqueror of Francis the First, and henceforward the undisputed possessor of the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan; the protector of the Medici, whom he had rendered sovereigns of Florence, under the title of Dukes of Tuscany; the master of Genoa, which was governed by the old and noble Andrew Doria, who, under his auspices, in 1528, had wisely and strongly reconstituted that previously turbulent republic; and the permanent ally of the Duke of Savoy—he had reduced the powerful republic of Venice to sincere neutrality, he had easily repressed the hostilities of the Duke of Ferrara, and he held the Holy See in subjection to his influence, and was endeavouring to increase his ascendancy over it by the marriage of his natural daughter Margaret to the grandson of Pope Paul the Third, Ottavio Farnese, afterwards created Duke of Parma and Placentia. He thus occupied the two most extensive States of northern and southern Italy, swayed all the others either by interest or by fear, and had established in that peninsula a territorial and political arrangement which continued to exist for several centuries. On the other hand, he had successfully continued the work begun in Africa by Cardinal Ximenes, who had pursued the ancient rulers of Spain on their own territory, after they had been driven from Granada by Ferdinand the Catholic. To the conquests of Oran and Boughiah, which had been made during the reign of his predecessor in 1509 and 1510, Charles the Fifth had added the occupation of Bona, Biserta, and several other maritime towns, as well as the capture of Tunis, which he had wrested from the famous Barbarossa, and restored to the dethroned King, Muley Hassan, who had become his tributary, and whom he maintained in obedience by the fort of La Goletta. The object of all these establishments was to protect from fresh Mussulman invasions a country which had so painfully delivered herself from her old Moorish rulers; for to attack the coast of Africa was to protect the coasts of Spain.

Up to this time, Charles's efforts had uniformly been crowned with success. He had not yet engaged in the semi-religious, semi-political affair of Germany, the complication and gravity of which could not fail to render it extremely difficult and dangerous. In 1539, therefore, he had no external motive for abdicating his power and retiring from the world, since fortune had not yet shaken his confidence by reverses, nor had nature reduced his strength by infirmity or disease. He was unequal to his great task neither in vigour of mind, nor in activity of body, nor in the invariability of his good-fortune. Accordingly, the inclination

which attracted him towards solitude, when the Empress died, was only fleeting; it passed, as it were, through his naturally melancholy soul, without permanently fixing there. The pious Francisco Borja, then Marquis of Lombay, who soon after succeeded his father as Duke of Gandia, and who ended his life as the third general of the already celebrated Society of Jesus, consoled him against his grief. He had been Master of the Horse to the Empress, and in that capacity had accompanied her to her last home, and buried her remains in the Cathedral of Granada, beside those of Ferdinand and Isabella; and he possessed the full confidence and friendship of Charles the Fifth. If he opposed, on the part of his sovereign, a resolution which the sight of the empress in her coffin and of her lovely countenance decomposed by death led him to adopt for himself, he doubtless had no difficulty in diverting Charles from his purpose. That sagacious prince, who had a son twelve years of age, and unable as yet to succeed him, was incapable of abandoning to chance, by descending from the throne, a work which it had cost his predecessors and himself so much to accomplish.

But the inclination which deep grief had then originated was renewed at a later period by extreme fatigue. Disease soon attacked and overwhelmed Charles the Fifth; he became prematurely old. His numerous infirmities and the precocious exhaustion of his strength proceeded from causes which must be attributed partly to himself, and partly to the government of his dominions. His physical constitution, his mode of life, the administration of so many countries, and the weight of all the affairs which he had to undertake and direct, early sapped his strength. It may be said with truth that he fell a victim to the excess of a power which was too great and too diffuse, and the persevering and opportune exercise of which was beyond the activity and genius of a single man.

He had, in fact, to rule Spain, the Netherlands, the Kingdom of Naples, and the Milanese; to govern the empire of Germany; to maintain the States of Italy in dependence or friendship; to struggle almost constantly against France; to induce England to continue in alliance with him from motives of interest, now that she was separated from him by a difference of creed; to repulse the Turks on the frontiers of Hungary; to confine the Barbarescos to the shore of Africa; to sustain by arms and negotiations his political system, which extended over the whole of Europe; and to resist the progress of a religious revolution which had overthrown the old church of Christendom in several countries, and threatened it with the same fate in many others. This immense task he performed almost single-handed; for his ministers, his generals, and his negociators were only the well-chosen instruments of his designs, and the able executors of his will. He had personally directed the complicated administration of his dominions and their affairs ever since 1529. At that period, and after the death of the Chancellor Gattinara, who had succeeded his governor Chièvres in 1521, in the exercise of all his authority,



he had not tolerated the existence of a prime minister: he had assumed the government of his States like an absolute master, and had carried it on like a prudent politician. He had surrounded himself by capable, but subordinate, men, whom he knew well how to choose with sagacity, to employ befittingly, to inspire with fidelity, and to enrich slowly, in order that he might retain their services the longer; and all of whom he surpassed in steadfastness of opinion and vigour of resolution.

At this period, his two principal ministers were the secretary Covos, and Granvella the keeper of the great seal; he despatched nothing without the signature of the former and the opinion of the latter. He called Granvella his chief adviser, and would discuss questions with him for hours together before coming to a resolution. He wrote down the reasons for and against, that he might see more clearly, when he had enumerated and weighed them all, what course would be best for him to take. Even when he had arrived at his decision, he frequently detained the courier for several days, in order calmly to examine his despatches once more, before commanding their irrevocable execution. But then, no considerations were capable of inducing him to abandon the course which he had adopted; he followed it up to the end, and after having concentrated his mind on resolving wisely, he concentrated his character on executing thoroughly.

So many states to govern, countries to traverse, affairs to determine, measures to prepare, and acts to accomplish, could not fail rapidly to exhaust the strength of a single man, although Charles the Fifth had made every arrangement for facilitating the administration of his vast government. He had allowed his different dominions to retain their special form of administration; each of them was governed internally by its own laws and ancient usages, and had at its head a supreme representative of the sovereign power. His brother Ferdinand presided, as King of the Romans, over the affairs of Germany; his sister Mary, the Queen Dowager of Hungary, was Regent of the Netherlands; his son, the infante Don Philip, had been entrusted, since the age of thirteen, with the government of Spain, by the aid of prudent councillors, among whom were the Cardinal de Tavera and the Duke of Alba; and excellent viceroys resided at Naples and Milan. But the general government of all these States centred in Charles the Fifth, who remained their supreme director, guided their policy, and carefully watched their administration. For this purpose he had organized a sort of central government which was attached to his person, and followed him wherever he went. In addition to his ministers he had three chanceries: one German, another Spanish, and the third Italian; and he had, moreover, a council composed of doctors and legists, selected in equal numbers from among his Sicilian, Lombard, Franc-Comtois, Flemish, Aragonese, and Castilian subjects, and presided over by Granvella, Bishop of Arras, the son of the keeper of the great seal, and who was destined to become one of the ablest statesmen of his age. Charles the Fifth was thus the centre of his dominions and the connecting

link of his peoples, who, though differing greatly in manners and tastes, could all find some point of affinity in his character. A Venetian ambassador has remarked, with that judicious shrewdness befitting the politicians of his nation, that "he was agreeable to the Flemings and Burgundians by his familiarity and good nature, to the Italians by his wit and prudence, and to the Spaniards by the splendour of his glory and his severity."

But though his great good sense and the varied qualities of his character rendered him capable of watching over the interests and satisfying the exigencies of all these nations, his physical constitution and his mode of life did not permit him to remain long equal to his task. Of moderate height, but athletic frame, he had possessed in his youth the strength and dexterity necessary for engaging in manly exercises, and even excelling in them; he had been able to break a lance, ride at the ring, or use a quarter-staff better than most men. He had been exceedingly fond of the chase; and had even descended into the arena to fight with bulls, which he had frequently slain with his own hands. These salutary exercises of his youth had soon given way to exclusively political labours. The singular activity and vigour of his mind, which were evident in his spacious forehead and his keen, penetrating glance, had found no counterpoise in bodily exercise; he had led too sedentary a life. Addicted to certain pleasures, in the gratification of which, to use the expression of a contemporary ambassador, he was not "guided by sufficient moderation of will," he indulged in them "wheresoever he was, with ladies of lofty as well as of low condition." At table he was not more temperate; he ate four copious meals every day. The somewhat defective conformation of the lower part of his face was even more injurious to his health than to his appearance. His lower jaw was extremely large and long, and projected far beyond the upper jaw; so that when he shut his mouth, he could not join his teeth. This prevented him from uttering the ends of his sentences distinctly, and also from masticating his food. He stammered a little, and his digestion was very bad. In order, doubtless, to make up for this physical imperfection, and also to give a more agreeable flavour to what he ate, he gave an unvarying preference to strongly-spiced dishes. He had so far lost his palate that everything seemed insipid to him, and he continually made use of a senna wine, which was prepared expressly for him, and composed of a certain quantity of grape-juice and senna-leaves fermented together. One day, finding that not one of the dishes served up to him was sufficiently savoury, he complained of it to Baron Montfalconnet, one of his major-domos, and reproached him with having corrupted the taste of his cooks by ordering them to prepare none but tasteless dishes. Montfalconnet, who was a wag, and whose repartees were always welcome to Charles the Fifth, answered facetiously, making allusion to the Emperor's mania for clocks, which were fabricated for him in large numbers and under all shapes by the famous mechanician Juanello: "I do not know what new means to find of pleasing your Majesty's taste, unless I can succeed in preparing a



dish of stewed clocks." The Emperor laughed heartily at this joke, but continued to retain his taste for savoury food, and his passion for collecting clocks.

His excessive labours and his irregular mode of life were equally effective in accelerating and aggravating his various indispositions. He became subject to gout whilst still young, and its attacks, which increased in frequency and duration as he grew older, fell principally upon his right hand and his knees. He was not always able to hold a pen; and when he was engaged in a campaign, he was very often unable to mount on horseback, and was obliged to follow the army in a litter. Racked by gout, tormented by asthma, subject to cutaneous eruptions on his right hand and both his legs, with his hair and beard prematurely grey, he felt his forces decline at the same time that his obligations increased. Nevertheless, in 1547, after having suffered more than usual from his various maladies, and before carrying into effect the project of retirement which occupied his thoughts, he undertook to bring back Germany to its allegiance, and thoroughly to quell the Protestant party in that country. With irresistible vigour he attacked the confederates of Smalkald at Ingolstadt in Bavaria, and at Muhlberg in Saxony, defeated them in both the South and the North, captured their two principal leaders, the Landgrave of Hesse and the Elector of Saxony, taxed, disarmed and reduced to subjection all the free towns, and appeared for a moment, in the Empire, to have triumphed over all its habits of political independence, and to have arrested the progress of religious innovations. After this rapid campaign, and this apparently complete victory, he had so violent an attack of gout at Augsburg, in January 1548, that he thought he could not survive it. He dictated a very lengthy letter of instructions, to teach his son how he ought to govern the States which he would leave him at his death, and pointing out the maxims which should guide his political conduct, and the rules which should influence his behaviour towards men; seeking thereby to transmit to him the results of his experience, and to inspire him with the ideas that had governed his life.

The Infante Don Philip was then twenty-one years old. Charles the Fifth had entrusted him at six years of age to Don Juan Siliceo, afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, by whom he had been educated with the greatest care. He had early initiated him into State affairs, and at the age of thirteen had confided to him the administration of Spain, which the young Infante conducted with the assistance of a council, whose members were wonder-struck by his precocious prudence and application to business. In 1543, he had married his cousin, the Infanta Donna Maria of Portugal, who had died in 1545, a short time after giving birth to the unfortunately celebrated Don Carlos. Left a widower at eighteen, Don Philip had been summoned to Brussels, in 1547, by his father, a short time before he undertook his campaign against the Protestants. Charles the Fifth was desirous that he should visit the countries over which circumstances would ere long call him to reign, and that he should learn their peculiarities from personal observation. From Spain the Infante repaired to Genoa; he then travelled through

Italy, passed by the Tyrol into Germany, and thence from Germany into the Netherlands, where his father put him into possession of the Duchy of Brabant.

This first journey did not present him to his subjects under favourable auspices, and led them to conceive no great hopes of his future government. Until then he had lived constantly among Spaniards, and had imbibed their haughty disposition, cautious character, and proud imperturbability. Small in stature, and delicate in constitution, he had the broad forehead, quick blue eye, and projecting chin of his father, as well as his light-coloured hair and fair complexion. In appearance he was a Fleming, and in character a Spaniard. Taciturn and haughty, timid and obstinate, grave and imperious, loving rest and inspiring fear, "he exhibited," say contemporary writers, "such severe and intolerable dispositions, that he pleased the Italians not at all, displeased the Flemings greatly, and was odious to the Germans." But his aunt, the Regent of the Netherlands, and his father warned him of the danger of such sternness, and assured him that it did not become a prince who was destined to govern nations, which, though different in other respects, were all Christian. This lesson was not altogether thrown away; but he received others which were not equally profitable to him. The Netherland nobles, by order of the Emperor, instructed him in the various exercises of chivalry, which his education and tastes had prevented him from acquiring in Spain. He yielded to this, but merely in order to please his father, who wished to make him a warlike as well as a politic prince. The teaching which he received from his father pleased him better. During nearly four years which he remained with him, the Emperor made him come for two or three hours every day into his cabinet to make him familiar with the transaction of public business, either by witnessing the deliberations of his council, or by private instructions. In this excellent school, the Infante Don Philip learned to restrain himself, and prepared to govern others.

The long-hoped-for moment when Charles the Fifth would be able to resign his crowns to his son was now drawing near. The campaign of 1547 had marked the culminating point of his power, and the limit of his good fortune. The religious compression and political subjugation of Germany could not be effected in a single year or by a single victory. It is even doubtful whether, by devoting to this object, at an earlier period, and in an exclusive and persevering manner, all the energy of his will and all the strength of his resources, Charles the Fifth would have succeeded; but it was then too late. Time as well as means were wanting to him to accomplish, at the end of his career, with a body always diseased and a mind frequently fatigued, so complete a change in the constitution and creed of that indomitable country. He soon perceived this. Nearly all the chiefs of Germany in alarm entered into a secret league with Henry the Second, the new King of France; and the Emperor, in the security of his triumph, almost fell a victim to their unexpected attack. Detained by gout at Innspruck, he had great difficulty in escaping in a litter from the pursuit of the Elector



Maurice, whilst Henry the Second took possession of the imperial cities of Metz, Toul and Verdun, which, from that day forth, have remained incorporated with France.

The old Emperor, surprised and defeated, was compelled to release the Lutheran princes whom he held in captivity, and to give up his designs upon Germany, to which the Treaty of Passau again secured independence and liberty of creed. He had also the mortification of raising the siege of Metz, which he had attempted to retake in midwinter at the head of a powerful army, and which the Duke of Guise had victoriously defended against him. He felt conscious that the progress of his plans was at an end, and we are assured that, alluding to the age of his successful opponents, he said, with as much wisdom as wit, "Fortune is the friend of the young." He continued the war only that he might conclude it creditably; and seeing that his son was old enough, and competent to succeed him, he prepared to carry into effect, with prudence and at a befitting moment, the abdication which he had so long contemplated.

The tranquillity and salubrity of the climates of the South appeared to him the only remedies for the infirmities which the fatigues of business and the inclement temperature of the North were continually increasing. He therefore fixed upon Spain as the place of his final retirement; and in Spain, he chose the Vera of Plasencia, which he had visited in former days, and which his imagination pictured as a very agreeable and healthy spot. In a rocky chain of Estremadura, intersected with valleys, well wooded, and watered by streams descending from the topmost peaks, he had remarked a picturesque site, where the freshness of running water tempered the fierceness of the sun's heat, and whence the eye, wandering at the east and south over the plains of Talavera and Aranjuelo, could follow the course of the Tietar and the Tagus, and discern the mountains of Guadalupe, standing out in bold relief on the distant horizon. Here some Jeromite monks had founded a monastery of their order in the year 1402. This monastery, called Yuste, had consisted first of all of a few humble cells for a small number of pious solitaries, but it had gradually grown into greater importance by the protection of the Infante Don Ferdinand, the assistance of the Archbishop of Santiago, the metropolitan of the country, the munificence of the Counts of Oropesa, whose estates lay in the vicinity, and the support of the great Jeromite convents of Guisando and Our Lady of Guadalupe. It possessed, at the period to which we refer, cloisters, dormitories, and a rather large church. The rule of St. Jerome was observed with great strictness within its precincts, and its monks were very learned. The Emperor esteemed them on account of their piety and attainments, as his ancestors Ferdinand and Isabella had done; and in their midst he proposed to end his days.

But it was his intention neither to adopt nor to disturb their mode of life. He proposed to erect by the side of their convent a contiguous but separate edifice, from which he could have free access to the church of the monastery, and obtain the society of the monks

whenever he pleased,—whilst retaining his own independence and respecting theirs.

On the 30th June, 1553, nearly three years before his abdication (and not a few months, as Robertson incorrectly states), he wrote a private letter with his own hand to his son, in which he directed him “to cause to be built, next to the monastery of Yuste, a habitation sufficient for him to live in, with a train of those servants most indispensable to a person of private condition.” He recommended the Infante and his secretary of state, Vasquez de Molina, whom he informed of his plan, with strict injunctions of secrecy, to entrust its execution to Brother Juan de Ortega, prior-general of the Jeromite order, in whom he had the greatest confidence. And he directed the Contador Francisco Almaguer to place at the disposal of the prior the funds necessary for the construction of this edifice, according to the plans prepared by Gaspard de Vega and Alonzo de Caborrubias, the two most celebrated architects in Spain.

Whilst there arose, beside the convent of Yuste, the modest royal residence whose destination had been learned and divulged by the monks, Charles the Fifth was making every arrangement to transmit his dominions to his son with as little encumbrance as possible.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### THE FOUNTAIN.

THE fountain upward loves to throw  
 Its waters, like a silvery thread,  
 That, Heav'nward shooting, overflow,  
 And fall back murmuring to their bed.  
 Up straight and steadily they spring,  
 Till having gain'd their destin'd height,  
 Gracefully curved and glittering,  
 They drop in showers of liquid light.  
 And still as to the stream below,  
 That pours them from its little urn,  
 Cooling the noontide's sultry glow,  
 Pattering and scattering they return,  
 They seem delightedly to repeat  
 Their travell'd tale like them that roam;  
 Prattling, and closing with “'Tis sweet  
 To wander, but how sweet is Home!”



## LIFE OF AN ARCHITECT.

## RETURN TO ENGLAND.

England! with all thy faults I love thee still.—COWPER.

ENGLAND, after Italy, addressed my feelings and apprehensions, like Cowper's "Task" after Byron's "Childe Harold;" by which I intend nothing disparaging to my country; for, whatever admiration may be due to the superior power, depth and intensity of my lord's genius, there may be a still greater love for the purity, substance and charity, which distinguish the writings of one, whose melancholy soured not his muse, and who, under the pressure of saddest affliction, left his countrymen a treasure of manly thought, cheerful satire, and impassioned wholesomeness. So, after the mingled magnificence and meanness, might and weakness, intoxicating loveliness and deformity of Italy, the pervading comeliness, strength, and mildly winning beauty of England, arrest our regard and affection with sure, though sober, eloquence.

I cannot conclude my "reminiscences of travel" without contrasting the conditions of locomotive provision, as they existed on my return to England in the summer of 1826, with those which now advantage the tourist. My departure homeward from Southampton was by the means, then unequalled out of Great Britain, the stage-coach and four. Compared with all of the kind elsewhere, it was a thing to be nationally proud of; for, indeed, it was the last perfection of horse-and-carriage transit. The vehicle, how light in form! how luminous in colour! how comprehensive (though rather compressed) in accommodation, for "four inside and twelve out!" The horses, how sprightly in their obedience, and how gay in their trappings of polished brass, ribbon rosettes and leather of matchless workmanship! The coachman, how unique in character!—at once calm, sly, grave and cheerful, important and submissive; costumed for any weather, but with scrupulous nicety of neckerchief-tie, well brushed boots and hat, and white coat radiant with buttons of mother-of-pearl! The guard, quite as smart, and something saucy on the strength of successful gallantry and musical accomplishment, with the burden of a love-song for many a road-side maiden, and fearless but equivocal execution on the French-horn! All this may remain, in degree, even to the present time; but it is no longer a thing of such observance and national characteristic; and it is only to be seen occasionally in anything like perfection where railroads are not; and where is that? Even Cornwall, the last remnant of our ancient Damnonium, has a *bit* of a railway; and, ere long, the two mail-coaches which still run, the one from Exeter, the other from Plymouth, to Falmouth, will consign their teams of four to be subdivided into pairs for the station omnibus, and the red-

coated guards will descend from their sulky little seats — those especial samples of the condensed sentiment of “oneness,” — to be boxed up in the more spacious and protective comfort of a locomotive post-office.

At the period alluded to, the first great rail-road for passengers was in progress of formation, *viz.* that from Liverpool to Manchester; and this was not opened until 1830. The portly coachman still “held the reins of government,” and derided the idea of his disenthronement. “It *won't* do, you see, sir,” said he, benignantly accompanying his confident scorn with a “Lor’ bless ye! — It *can't* do, marm!” he added, turning round to one of his female “outsides,” “for who’s a-going to be sent to smash at the rate o’ thirty miles an hour? O’ coorse, there’s no use in going a simmering on a’ter a tea-kettle, if as how ye can’t distance my four osses; and if ye can’t bile up a gallop without busting the hengine and making a hash o’ the passengers, what’s the good on it?”

Since then, however, the sovereign of the coachbox has been deposed, and a republican President has mounted the imperial chair of France. Above all, the electric telegraph has brought London within a few moments of Paris, and the year 1852 leaves the year 1826 to be regarded as a mere infant, incapable of prophetic thought! The fulfilments of the present exceed the chimeras of the past.

I vividly remember my journey from Southampton to Salisbury. So strong were continental impressions upon me, that old home facts had a positive struggle to reassert themselves. I seemed rather to have dreamed prophetically of what I now beheld, than to have practically experienced its former established influence. Saving the great exceptional cases, everything appeared to be rather distinguished by *moral* beauty, than by *material* scale and substance. All was so “neat, and trimly dress’d!” so small, and sweetly compact, that the “abstract of all that was pleasant” in nature and domesticity, seemed to follow all that had been unsorted, unordered, unsocialized. I had, as it were, quitted the mine for the metal; miscellaneous splendour and gloom, for uniform moderation and homely cheerfulness.

But if the city of Salisbury, in its general aspect, looked lowly in its pleasantness, the cathedral wore a lofty aspect indeed! and that in a sense irrespective of the four hundred and four feet of its crowning spire. I felt I had returned to the land of the truly sublime in Gothic architecture. I had been absent from combinative and proportional perfection, and when the emphatic developments of the clustering features which compose this magnificent church addressed me in their distinct beauty and harmonious unison, I experienced an excess of emotion which could only relieve itself in tears. “There is in souls a sympathy with sounds which poets only know;” so it is only known to the true architectural enthusiast what a sympathy may exist between majestic structural forms and our deeper sensibilities. “To me,” says Byron, “high mountains are a feeling.” This may be understood by many; but few participate in the soul-stirring effect produced by the contemplation of such an artificial “mountain” as Salisbury Cathedral; and \



could not but remark, as I joined a party of tourists, whom I met as they were entering the church, how completely secondary its majestic bulk and sublime perspectives were to its monumental and other accessorial details. Impressive as are the triple-towered forms of York, Lincoln and Canterbury Cathedrals, and superior as are the "grand west fronts" of York, Wells, Peterborough, and others, there is a completeness in Salisbury, and a preeminent union of grandeur with elegance, which, speaking critically, place it second to none of our great church models; and, if it had emulated, on its superior scale, the *three* spires of Lichfield, nothing had been wanting to its supremacy, as including everything which cathedral design admits of. The much greater internal height of the larger foreign churches is a partial sublimity, obtained at the cost of effects otherwise deteriorated; since apparent shortness, narrowness, and the frequent subjugation of the towers, are the results of this dominant feeling for interior altitude.

It must be confessed, however, that, on subsequently entering the cathedral of Exeter, I felt as oppressive the proximity of the vaulted ceiling; and this is the more apparent from the size and boldness of the moulded ribs and bosses, which would well bear an additional elevation of at least twenty feet. The vaulting is, in itself, far superior to what is ordinarily seen in the continental churches; but we require the haze of more intervening atmosphere to lift it into the mystery of that degree of "distance" which is ever necessary to "give enchantment to the view." In spite of the *elevating* tendencies of Harry of Exeter, his cathedral is yet liable to the charge of "low-church" exhibition. It presses too heavily on the "upturned eyes" of wonder-loving mortals; and it is a matter of some surprise, that his lordship's aspiring soul can find breathing-room within it. The city of Exeter, however, stood well, under the test of my travelled eye. Its picturesque Fore Street, and the scenic beauty of its surrounding vicinity, its cheerful handsomeness and expressed wealth, its seductive shops and its pretty women, all contributed to recover me to a sense of Old England's claims to the pride and affection of her sons and citizens.

Crossing the valley of the Exe, and making the ascent to Haldon, the granite tors of the bleak and barren Dartmoor appeared, like sentinels, to challenge the stranger as he advanced into West Devon. The scene did not strike me as *quite* "Alpine;" but, for reasons that are perhaps explainable, it suffered less by comparison with the gigantic things I had then recently seen, than it did subsequently on returning to it after a visit to Wales.

This brings the opportunity for a few words on the impressions made by mountain-scenery; and which more result from form, and less from magnitude, than is usually imagined. Snowdon is about one-fourth the height of Mont Blanc. To compare them as *mountains* would be absurd. But when we speak of the mountain *rocks* of Wales, we allude to distinct natural features, which, as individual examples of their class, are as gigantic as the apprehension can fully estimate; and such is the *expression* of grandeur, given by their occasional precipitousness, singleness, and uniformity of sur-

face-character and tone, that they would not essentially gain by any addition to their bulk or altitude.

What a mighty thing is the huge inland cliff known as Cader Idris! How all-satisfying in relative comparison and actual grandeur are the vast monoliths which rise below the west-end of Llyn Ogwen! These are not mountains, formed by distinct gradational parts, rising from an extended base, piled one above the other till the upper parts are dim in the distance, and the summits are crowned with eternal snow,—and so far they leave the majesty of the Alps unapproached,—but they are single stones of some three thousand feet in height; and, beyond that, computation loses its arithmetic. How awful the circling precipices which rise from the dark cistern of Idwal! What forms can be more great in feeling than the rock-buttresses which shore up the core and summit of Snowdon, with their intervening deep gorges and shadowed tarns! It may perhaps be said that Snowdon is the grandest *model* of a mountain in Europe; and, after all, “the sense (of greatness) is most in apprehension.”

I have seen a view of Snowdon, taken from the opposite elevation of the Llanberis Valley, during the snow season, and I took it for a representation of Mont Blanc from an especially favourable point of observation. Some of the Welsh elevations are merely huge hills; others partake more of the jagged mountain-outline; but there are many positions of views from which the Welsh heights are seen to present a profile and a compendious exhibition of marked features, which will stimulate the imagination and feelings of poetical observers to a greater amount than the ordinary eulogist of alpine grandeur can conceive. The flats of France had perhaps subdued the memory of the Alps and Jura mountains, but certain it is, that the granite tors of Dartmoor, on my return to England, “stood their ground.” On the contrary, when I subsequently returned from a visit to Snowdonia, the billowy heavings and crested shapes of Devon seemed as if they had “dwindled to a calm.” There was, possibly, comparison in the latter case, none in the former. Differing things within the same range of scale are comparable, but otherwise not.

I re-arrived in Plymouth. Its beautiful harbour, with a mile of white foam dashing over its breakwater,—the picturesque rocky form of St. Nicholas Island,—the quarried precipices under the western Hoe,—and the oriental loveliness of Mount Edgcombe,—all this left nothing to be desired except some correction of the long and level outline of Staddon Heights; but there were a first-rate man-of-war and two frigates riding at anchor within the Sound; and I had still more especial reasons for feeling blessed in the assurance that I was on the threshold of my parental home.

With exulting gladness I greeted the welcome of my father-in-law, my mother, my little brother, and *five* sisters; but, with an instinctive assurance, I felt, that *one* of the five, was—no sister at all. Through “the sisterly regard that veiled it well” (to use the pretty expression of Talfourd’s *Ion*), I saw, or fancied I saw, something less, or more than the regard of a sister. At all



events I experienced, myself, something more, and nothing less, than the emotions of brotherhood. The exhibition of the varied contents of my portfolio attested at least the deserts of industry, and the economical management of the means which had been afforded me, obtained the most gratifying acknowledgments. My artistic achievements were happy in the reception of great, but of no very severely criticising, admiration; and my musical accomplishments, displayed with voice and guitar, were such, that the more "aged ears" were greedy for my song, "and younger hearings were quite ravished."

A few days confirmed me, as being in that state of mind, which the sagacious reader may anticipate. With a slight variation, I may say, with Shakspeare's *Claudio*,

"Ere I went onward with my travel's purpose,  
I look'd upon her with a brother's eye,  
That liked, but had another task in hand,  
Than to drive liking to the name of love :  
But now I am return'd, and that my thoughts  
(Of architectural varieties)  
Have left their places vacant,—in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting me how fair the lady is."

According to my custom, when I felt the indubitable sickening of love's wound, I applied myself instantly to its cure; either by the stanching process, to be effected by the lady's denial; or by the gentler operation consequent on her acceptance. "I will bear this state of uncertainty no longer," said I, on going one night to my bedroom. So I sat up, and, having delivered myself of my feelings and idealities on a closely written sheet of quarto letter-paper, consigned myself to the sheets of my bed, with no very ready aptitude for sleep. It was late when I closed my eyes, and early when I opened them. The sun shone brightly into my chamber, and I awoke. It was not yet seven o'clock. Drawing up the window-blinds, I looked out. There was a beautiful sycamore-tree on the lawn, with a rustic seat beneath it; and, on that seat, plying her needle, in practical and poetical illustration of good housewifery, sat the object of my epistolary devotion,—the subject of my "night thoughts!" This was wholly unexpected, palpitatingly startling, and obviously "providential" of course. Dressing in haste, I descended to the lawn, and approached her with the affected step of leisurely composure. Sitting down beside her, I informed her, in rather a clumsy stile of utterance, that I had a "great favour" to beg of her,—“would she grant it?” With that prudential regard for propriety and possibility, which ever distinguished her, she replied that her grant must depend upon the nature of the request. Prompt to believe in the hopelessness of any gain I might particularly desire, I took this as very decidedly to signify "more no than yes;" but, as the letter was written, I put it into her hands; and, having read it with a beating heart and a tear-filling eye, she let it fall into her lap. It is likely that I now presented much the appearance of the poor-devil lover in Frank Stone's picture of "The Last Appeal." Though not up to

the wished-for mark, her reply was not wholly discomfoting. "I should like papa to see this," said she, "before it goes any further." She had overlooked the sentence begging her to keep papa ignorant of the letter, and I had quite forgotten it; so I told her to show it to him by all means, and then took her a little composing walk into the beech-grove. After breakfast, papa was made acquainted with it; and her openness and honest duty were brought into very disagreeable contrast with my intended secrecy and deficient honour. He said he had expected what was coming,—that it had made him very uneasy,—that, circumstanced as we were, and circumstanced too as he was, it was his duty to his daughter and himself to prohibit any further commerce of the affections between us, at least for the present,—and that he hoped I would no longer delay my departure for London, there to make such efforts as would be necessary to my own single maintenance, after which it would be quite time enough to think of a wife. Stern resolve, however, gave way, in the course of a few days, to milder restriction, though the progress of our feelings involved the most trying alternations of fear and favour on his part, and of hope and despair on mine. My mother interceded for us. Our mutual brother and sisters looked upon the whole proceeding with the most entertaining exhibition of infantine bewilderment; but the most singular result of the perplexities which beset us, was a report in the neighbouring village, that, in opposition to the regulations set forth on the Table of Affinity in the parish church, "a young man, down to Yelverton, was wanting to be married to his own sister!"

Shortly after, the young lady departed for a trip to Paris with her uncle and cousin; and, in a few days, I left for London, with her father's permission to correspond with her. This I admitted was quite enough for the present. My *besoin d'aimer* was at length gratified. No desire for imprudent haste in marriage ever entered my mind. The conditional consummation of my wishes was all I aimed at. It sufficiently gratified my heart to know, that, under conditions, which unremitting industry would no doubt enable me to fulfil, I WAS—AN ENGAGED MAN!

"An engaged man:" and yet, *not* so—in the sense of anything very tangible; and the next thing was to secure some other "engagement" that might be so regarded. Of all professions, however, connected with the arts, that of an architect is most dependent on connexions; and, in the absence of it, most liable to the sickening influence of "hope deferred." The painter and sculptor make way, immediately any real artistic ability is developed; and the veriest dauber, if he can map a likeness, acquires instant patronage for his portraits, in spite of the confirmed inability which will ever preclude him from becoming an artist. The decorator, or the modeller, if he have taste and ability, effects at once the thing desired. All, except the architect, in forming their design or model, essentially produce their work complete. A few shillings and a few days enable them to exhibit their perfected credentials. The landscape, the portrait, the bust, the vase, or the ornament, is



confirmative of the artist's pretensions, and ready to the purchaser's hand; but the design of the yet unpractised architect is a piece of waste paper, in respect to any remunerative value attaching to itself merely. People can look with pleasure and with some (not much) feeling, on the architectural *ruin*-paintings of Panini; but an untried architect's set of plans, elevations, and sections, suggesting the edification which must *precede* "ruin," has little more interest than the "broad sheet" of a newspaper, before the printing-machine has impressed it with the intelligence of the day. It is, at best, a prophecy of doubtful issue;—a promissory note, unendorsed, and with little chance of acceptance. It is neither understood, nor believed in. Even the "perspective view,"—all coloured, and enlivened with cloud, and tree, and figure,—is more like a chimerical prospectus than an honest and *bonâ fide* prospect. It lies under the ban of proverbial suspicion. It represents nothing that *is*: it probably misrepresents what *would be* the result of its professed realization. It is *designing* in its character, rather than obviously satisfactory in character as a design. It is an imposing proposal by one who has performed nothing—in his own name at least. It is the suggestion of a building by one who has not built; though the observation concluding the former sentence may leave this assertion open to question. Whatever the young architect has yet done, was done by him as a pupil. He was not paid for doing it; nay, it was done under the privilege of his own payment. What, then, was the value of his "doing," as affecting himself? He may be one of the few whose industry has made them competent to a practical undertaking: he may be one of the many who are much less able. Be it as it may, if he have not connexion, to afford the early trial of his pretensions, he may, like myself, much more easily make a flattering "engagement" with a mistress, than a very profitable one with a patron or a master. My own "connexion" was, at present, limited to little more than that alliance of heart which has been alluded to. I was now twenty-four years of age, with not a shilling that I could call my own; and with about as much hope of success, as there is of a fine afternoon when the morning is black with rain clouds coming from the south-west. Nevertheless, I flew to London on the wings of determinate resolve; and the first thing I did, on arriving there, was to rush to the post-office, and there inquire, "if there was any letter—from Paris!"

## THE BONAPARTE FAMILY AT FLORENCE.

THE supper of dethroned kings, at which Candide was present at Venice, described by Voltaire with such sparkling wit in the most celebrated of his novels, might have been repeated at Florence with a yet greater variety and number of guests, in the years which preceded the revolution of 1830. Ex-majesties were there to be seen of every colour and of every race. The negro was represented by the ex-Queen of Haïti (the widow of Christophe), who every day displayed on the Cascine, that delicious promenade of the Florentines, her great fat face shaded by an enormous straw hat. A Persian or Hindoo Prince, whose father was said to have been assassinated in some mysterious manner, betrayed through his copper-coloured skin a singular mixture of cunning and credulity, and repeated, with all the gravity in the world, stories of genii and prodigies in every way worthy a place in the Arabian Nights. The Hospodar of Wallachia, whom the revolution of Greece had cast upon the banks of the Arno, presented a striking contrast, in his airs of pride and grandeur, with the humble and ceremonious bearing of the Indian Prince. Iturbide, who had lost the empire of Mexico as rapidly as he had won it, was as great a gambler at Florence as he had been in America, and lost his doubloons with a *sang froid* perfectly Spanish. This coolness, this resignation, however, was not real. He one day suddenly disappeared, and went off to get shot in America at the very moment when he thought he was about to seize again on his empire. At a later period the Dey of Algiers, driven from his territories by the French, made his appearance with pipe and harem in Tuscany, where also the Prince of Carignano, afterwards so celebrated under the name of Charles Albert, took refuge when forced by the events of 1821 to quit Piedmont. Never had such a gallery of dethroned princes been seen, and at the entrance of this gallery might be placed a family of Osages, Princes or Caziques by birth, who were awaiting their restoration and, *en attendant*, exhibited themselves for money, and devoured enormous piles of beefsteaks for the delectation of the gaping crowd.

I have purposely reserved for the last, as forming the most interesting portion of this singular reunion, the Bonaparte family, most of the members of which had agreed to meet at Florence. This family alone could furnish more sovereigns, past and future, than is sometimes to be found in an entire dynasty. Having had the advantage not only of frequent, but also of familiar, intercourse with the greater number of the members of this extraordinary family, which for fifty years has made so much noise in the world, I shall submit to the curiosity of the reader that only which I have seen with my own eyes or heard with my own ears.

On the banks of the Arno, near the beautiful bridge A Santa



Trinità, built from the designs of Michael Angelo, and close to the modest dwelling in which the celebrated Alfieri passed the last years of his troubled existence, Louis Bonaparte, ex-King of Holland, occupied, under the name of the Count de St. Leu, a handsome and spacious mansion, of which he did the honours with the most perfect urbanity. There resided with him his eldest son, Napoleon, who had married the Princess Charlotte, daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, ex-King of Spain, and then a refugee in America. At a short distance dwelt the ex-Queen of Spain, the Countess de Sarvilliers, with her sister and her niece, Madame and Mademoiselle de Villeneuve. Subsequently Jerome Bonaparte, the ex-King of Westphalia, established himself at Florence with his family. Jerome was a singular person. Napoleon related, when at St. Helena, that he wished to make him an admiral of France and had sent him on board a frigate which sailed for the United States. But, instead of furnishing himself with compasses and astronomical instruments, the embryo-admiral, who was extremely fond of croquets, had laid in a cargo of sugar-plums to the value of 400*l.* sterling. He is now heir-presumptive to the throne of France: under his reign we shall not despair of seeing confit-makers members of the Senate.

Without mentioning the Princess Pauline, who, only at the close of her life, came to Florence to re-unite herself with her husband, the Prince Borghese, other members of the Bonaparte family from time to time appeared for short periods in the same city. Sometimes we saw there the Prince of Musignano, son of Lucien Bonaparte and author of some works of merit on natural history, the same who, under the title of Prince of Canino, has figured recently among the most fiery demagogues of the Roman Republic. Sometimes it was the Queen Hortense, the wife of the Count de St. Leu, who passed through Florence without making any long stay there. Her second son, Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French, remained with her, for he had no sympathies in common with—his father.

Although these visits were very rare, they did not appear to produce an agreeable impression upon Louis Bonaparte and his quiet and orderly household. The Prince of Musignano was accused, be it justly or otherwise, of having brutally ill-treated his wife, who was sister of the Princess Charlotte. These reports might explain the terror exhibited a few months ago by that lady, who lives apart from him, at Rome, when, having heard of his unexpected arrival at Civita Vecchia, she demanded in all haste from the Pope a guard of police to protect her, in the event of her husband making his way to her.

As to the Queen Hortense, her husband never saw her, and he who was in general so reserved, would give way to most incredible outbursts respecting her. He had the misfortune to have almost lost the use of one side from paralysis and could not walk without support. One day when I was with him in his library he made a movement to reach a book and nearly fell. "Wretched woman!" exclaimed he. "Wretched woman! I am indebted to my wife

for this." And in his despair he forgot himself so far as to tell me things that were inconceivable. He seldom saw and always treated with icy coldness the second son of Queen Hortense. The doubts which have been thrown upon the right of this young man to call himself nephew of the Emperor have been so much discussed recently that it is not necessary to say anything upon the subject here.

Louis Napoleon, Count de St. Leu, was a man of moderate capacity; but he was gentle, good, charitable, and most honourable. It is well known that he resigned the crown of Holland, without affectation and without regret, because he would not adopt the views of Napoleon, so ruinous to the country. He was exceedingly fat, and he resembled very much, particularly in profile, the likenesses we have of his brother when at St. Helena. He spoke Italian and French with a slight Corsican accent, which he had never been able to correct. He wrote several works which met with very indifferent success, and some poems which are below mediocrity. He made an unsuccessful attempt to banish rhyme from French verse, which led people to say that his poetical pieces had *neither rhyme nor reason*. Each day was the counterpart of the other. He was fond of the society of a few persons, and frequently visited the theatre as an amusement. Occasionally he had receptions, the most numerous attended of which was that at Christmas. On this occasion he gave a splendid repast, preceded by a midnight mass, which was celebrated in his chapel.

His eldest son was a fine, amiable, upright, noble-hearted young man, but without much grasp of intellect. He cultivated the arts as did also his wife, and I preserve in my album with much pleasure some lithographs made from their drawings, and which they presented to me. The Princess Charlotte was small, and slightly deformed, but her character was more firm and decided than that of her husband, who allowed himself to be governed by her. They were both easily caught by new ideas and projects; their brother, the Prince Louis Napoleon, had inspired them with his own taste for aerostatics, and they occupied themselves with endeavouring to discover the means of guiding balloons. They persisted for a long time in their experiments, notwithstanding all my efforts to persuade them to desist. We have recently seen Louis Napoleon give himself up again to this mania of his youth.

The younger portion of the family generally passed their evenings with the Countess of Survilliers, at whose house several distinguished men were in the habit of assembling. Of these the most frequent visitors were M. Giordani, the most elegant of the modern writers of Italy; the Count Mamiani, who has since been prime minister to Pope Pius IX., in circumstances of much trouble and difficulty; and the celebrated engraver, M. Jesi. The evenings passed without any display, and with a certain calm resignation. The ladies sometimes amused themselves with music, the gentlemen conversed about literature or politics, and their opinions generally had a republican tendency. It was Bonapartism taken up at its source. But the subject which was never



exhausted was the life of Napoleon. The private anecdotes about him were innumerable. Sometimes we were shown with a sigh curious objects which had belonged to the Emperor, or documents connected with the history of his life. Amongst these papers was preserved, with great care, a collection of love-letters written by Napoleon to the Queen of Sweden, before she married Bernadotte. When about to ascend the throne, she confided these passionate effusions to her sister, the Countess of Survilliers, by whom they were only shown to a few very intimate friends. The soul and warmth which pervaded them often supplied the place of orthography.

Amongst the persons who at this period were received with kindness by the Bonaparte family, I must not forget a young and amiable French artist, Mademoiselle A——, who afterwards married a banker, established at Rome. Her name recalls to my mind a very piquant anecdote, which displays in a striking manner the Corsican and primitive manners of the Bonaparte family. This young lady had painted an excellent portrait of the Count de St. Leu. When she quitted Florence for Rome, the Count recommended her to his mother, Madame Letitia Bonaparte, who at that time resided in the latter city, at a very advanced age. Madame Letitia had amassed an immense fortune, for even during the most brilliant period of the career of the Emperor she appears to have looked forward to a less prosperous future, and to have taken her precautions accordingly. Mademoiselle A—— was commissioned to paint the portrait of the mother of this family of Kings. The work being finished and admired, Madame Letitia demanded the price. The artist replied at first, that she had been but too happy in painting the portrait of the mother of the Emperor; that this honour was sufficient recompense. Being further pressed, she said, that she had received 3000 francs (120*l.* sterling) for the portrait of the Count de St. Leu, and that she should be happy to accept the same sum from Madame. Madame Letitia considering this to be an exorbitant demand, fell into a truly Corsican passion, in spite of her eighty years, ordered the money to be told down in her presence to the young artist, who stood trembling and sobbing, and at the same time her rage increasing more and more, kicked the unlucky portrait to tatters, in the true style of a *poissarde*.

Jerôme Bonaparte was far from living at Florence with the same respectability as his brother, the Count de St. Leu. I did not know him personally, but it was notorious that his affairs were always wrong, that he was crippled by debts, and that he lived an unquiet and irregular life. The history of his marriage is no secret. At the time when he carried his cargo of sugar-plums to America, he married in the United States a young and handsome lady, who, at a subsequent period, figured to advantage in the saloons of Paris and of London under the name of Mrs. Paterson. To please the Emperor, he basely abandoned wife and child, and married a princess of Wurtemberg. At Florence he extricated himself from his pecuniary embarrassments by dazzling with his royal

title the eyes of a young and rich widow, the Marquise B——, and uniting his daughter, the Princesse Mathilde, to M. de Demidoff, son of a Russian merchant of great wealth, but of whom it was predicted that he would not make a very good husband. These melancholy forebodings have been realized: the husband and wife are separated, and the Princesse Mathilde is the subject of constant gossip at the present day at the new Imperial court of Paris.

Jerome had also two sons by his second marriage. One, if the journals are to be believed, died mad, the other, after having made himself conspicuous at Paris during the last four years among the most violent republicans of the Mountain, is now an Imperial Prince, with a vast number of titles and decorations of a very *unsocialist* character. An absurd duel, constantly announced and never coming off, has made one of the sons of Jerome the laughing-stock of Italy.

The monotony of the life of the Count de St. Leu was disturbed, at the commencement of the year 1831, by the sudden appearance of his second son, Louis Napoleon. This unlooked-for arrival was quite an event in the society of Florence, and many stories got into circulation as explanatory of the circumstances which led this young man to quit his mother at Rome, and seek an asylum with his father, who had always manifested so little affection for him. He had hardly arrived when he began to take part in the preparations for insurrection which were going on in Central Italy, and devoted himself entirely to them. His elder brother followed in the same course, but with somewhat less eagerness: he did follow, however, and the Princess Charlotte, his sister-in-law, was a powerful auxiliary to him. At the same time, and from this very epoch,—he was then but twenty-two years of age,—he meditated the attempt of a *coup de main* on France. I will here repeat what I know respecting this project of a *coup de main*, which preceded the expeditions of Strasbourg and Boulogne.

I have just said that the young sons of the Count de St. Leu wished, unknown to their father, to connect themselves with the insurrectionary movements which were then preparing in Italy. Always resting upon the principle of Imperial legitimacy, they looked upon the Duke of Reichstadt, the son of the Emperor, as being still King of Rome and the true King of Italy. They maintained, therefore, that the Italian revolution should be effected in the name of the Duke of Reichstadt, and that the Italians should rise to support the rights of the son of the Emperor Napoleon. They frequently talked to me about this project, which I endeavoured to make them give up by urging upon them the impossibility of exciting an insurrection in the name of the grandson of the Emperor of Austria, an insurrection which, in fact, could only be directed against the Austrians themselves. It was all in vain. Each day there were fresh conferences, fresh discussions; the object of which was to persuade the Italian liberal party that it ought to fall in with their views and take an active part in their proceedings.



These plottings could not be kept entirely from the knowledge of the police, and the Bonaparte family was closely watched. One evening I was in a box at the theatre *Della Pergola*, and found myself almost opposite the box in which the Count de St. Leu was seated with the present Emperor of the French. As soon as the latter saw me, he endeavoured to make me understand by signs that he wished to speak to me. This telegraphing in the midst of some hundred of spectators, who had seen the signs which the Prince Louis Napoleon made to me, and who were watching us, appeared to me worse than imprudent, and I turned my back in order to make it appear that I had not noticed anything. In a few minutes a sort of aide-de-camp of the Prince knocked at the box in which I was seated, and announced to me that the Prince desired to see me immediately. In vain I objected that we were observed and watched, and that our interview in the green-room, as he desired it to be, would be witnessed by at least half a dozen agents of police. The aide-de-camp urged me so strongly, that I was obliged to comply, being quite unable to guess the cause of such extraordinary haste. The Prince had hardly accosted me, when he placed a letter in my hands, which he had just received, and upon which he desired to have my opinion. This letter—it was very long—was addressed to him by an old colonel of the army of Napoleon, who seriously proposed to him to make a descent in Provence at the head of 1500 Corsican mountaineers, covered with goat-skins, and armed with guns, who should proclaim the Empire and name him regent until the Duke of Reichstadt could escape from Vienna. Although accustomed to the most extraordinary projects on the part of young Bonaparte, this appeared to me so utterly senseless, that I could not help saying that I saw only two hypotheses by which the letter he had just communicated to me could be explained, and that, in my opinion, either the Corsican Colonel was stark mad, or that he had been bribed to ruin the Prince by drawing him into an enterprise which would only end in his being shot. I added, that he had but to recall to his mind the expedition of Murat, who also set out from Corsica to reconquer a throne, and who was shot almost as soon as he had disembarked on the coasts of Naples. To this Louis Napoleon, without being at all disconcerted at the astonishment this project of a descent in France with 1500 Corsican peasants caused me, answered coolly, "My uncle did it with 600!" I retired, utterly confounded by the boldness of this young man, who from this time believed that he was destined to renew the miracles of the return from the Island of Elba, and who, after two fruitless attempts, has succeeded, though in a manner which perhaps did not enter into his calculations.

A few days after this event, Bologna and the Legations were in full insurrection, and the excitement which spread even into Tuscany, was felt in no slight degree in the Bonaparte family. One morning as I left my house, my head full of the reports of what was taking place at our very gates, I saw the two sons of

the Count de St. Leu in a travelling carriage. The eldest, who was seated at the side next to me, smiled, and gave me a most friendly salute. I guessed by the direction the carriage took that the two young gentlemen were about to transport themselves into the insurgent districts. My conjecture was well-founded. Unit- ing, from that time, this spirit of adventure with the taste for uniforms and travesties, to which he has subsequently addicted himself with so much success, Louis Napoleon, who had drawn his brother into the enterprise, and, in fact, directed everything, dressed up twenty peasants like Polish lancers, and went, with his brother, to offer his valiant maskers to the insurrectionary government of Bologna. But the unlucky efforts which they had made in favour of the Duke of Reichstadt had, as I foresaw, rendered the two brothers so extremely unpopular, that the government of Bologna was obliged to separate themselves publicly from these two auxiliaries, who, moreover, laboured under the disadvantage of compromising, by their very name, the Italian cause in the eyes of the French government. The two young Bonapartes were, consequently, ordered to quit the insurgent country without delay. Their position was now very awkward, for they could not quit the insurgent districts without entering those of the Pope or of Tuscany, which were devoted to Austria, and where this escapade would in all probability be severely punished. They were endeavouring, therefore, to gain the mountains, when the elder brother died suddenly, some say from the measles, according to others—but, I believe, it is a calumnious report—in a more terrible and mysterious manner. Louis Napoleon, now left alone, entered France with his mother. Notwithstanding the law by which every member of the Bonaparte family was proscribed, he was received with kindness by Louis Philippe, who allowed him to go to Switzerland.

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## BROWN—A TRAVELLING PORTRAIT.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

## CHAPTER II.

## I ENTER CAIRO: AND FIND BROWN HAPPY.

AFTER I left Brown at the little inn at Baveno I did not see him for some time.

One lovely November morning—a November in Egypt it must be understood—I was so worried by the flies, which still constitute one of the plagues of that land, that after I had broken my porous walls-bottle, and knocked over my ink, and flicked the corner of my handkerchief into my eye, and got generally into a fever, without killing one of my persecutors, I went out for a donkey-ride, to get away from them.

Donkey-riding in Cairo is a very exciting sport, not to be conceived by those whose experience ends at Hampstead Heath or Pegwell Bay. It requires a combination of various attributes—great physical powers, an undaunted spirit of enterprise, an indurated heart, a general absence of pride, stout lungs, no end of a whip, and great respect for the Prophet. When you have made up your mind to go abroad in the streets, you come down to the gateway of Shepherd's Hotel, and as soon as you are seen, every donkey-boy below the acacias opposite makes a charge at you. There is small difference between the boys of Cairo and the boys of Margate. Little tawny Assur, going to the Pyramids, with his faded skullcap, blue night-gown, and iron legs, shouts as lustily, whacks as unceasingly, runs as untiringly, and deports himself generally as saucily, as Bill Simmons, on the road to St. Peter's or the North Foreland. At the first charge, by which you are at once driven back into the court of the hotel, Shepherd comes to the rescue. He runs out armed with a wiry bit of rope, with which he licks them (it is the best word) about the head and face and legs. They retreat in great confusion; and you take courage and advance. But you have scarcely emerged from the gateway when another rush is made. This time, however, they make shields of their donkeys, seizing them by the heads and backing them against you, the animals forming such a defence that the boys are beyond reach of Shepherd's rope. But there is sure to be a dragoman loitering about the hotel, who attacks the enemy in the rear with a *kurbash*—a whip of buffalo-hide,—and another wild retreat takes place. At last you choose one donkey, and whilst the driver is beating back his rivals he neglects to hold the stirrup-leather, and you come to the ground the instant you attempt to mount; for the reason that the stirrups on the Cairo donkey-saddles are not each hung separately, as with us, but attached to two ends of a strap, which passes over the seat, so

that you can see-saw your legs up and down as you will. At last you are fairly in your seat, with a large round pommel before you, as big as a quatern loaf; and with a wild yell the boy starts the donkey off at a gallop along the Esbekeyall; and before ten minutes have passed you knock over more old women, get called more dogs, and involve yourself in more rows than ever you imagined possible.

In this position I met Brown. I had upset a tub of *sesame*, real Arabian Nights' *sesame*, and been squeezed against a wall by a camel laden with water-skins covered with black grease; a very Morgiana-looking female had spit at me for accidentally touching her dress, and I had been carried against my will into the very middle of a wedding procession, and had my eyes filled with salt, thrown at me by the women to destroy the powers of the "evil eye," when who should I find, at the entrance of one of the bazaars, but Brown; still in his brown wide-awake, and still with "Murray" in his mind. After our first greetings, Brown observed—

"What a jolly place this is! Been here long?"

I told him about a fortnight.

"I only came in last night," he said, "with the Overland Mail people. Are you at Shepherd's?"

"Yes."

"By Jove! there's the best beer there I ever drank. Here! I say,—*ici*—John!"

This was addressed to his dragoman, a cunning-looking Maltese in a fez.

"Demanday combeang pour ça," and he pointed to a pipe, one of the commoner sort of *narghileks* made with a cocoa-nut, from which, in Persian, it takes its name.

"Have you got a good man there?" I asked.

"Yes, pretty well. They all *do* you, but I think he does you less than others. I call him John, but his real name's Giovanni. I can't call him that. We isn't like him. I should be expecting to hear him sing recitative answers if I did."

"Does he speak English?"

"Very little. French, Italian, and Maltese, which is no language at all, I believe. They say it's Arabic undergoing quarantine. I speak French you know."

I had heard Brown's achievements in that language.

"The worst is, he don't understand it always. But when he don't, I draw what I want in my note-book. Look here."

Brown now showed me his book, filled with wondrous hieroglyphics: it was a marvel how we ever got anything.

"I tried it on last night at Shepherd's with one of the black parties there, but it was no go. I wanted a champagne glass, and he brought me an old speaking trumpet, belonging to one of the Nile steamers."

The dragoman now returned, having purchased the *narghilek* on very advantageous terms to everybody but Brown; and we then went back together towards the hotel.



"I suppose Cairo can be done in a week?" he said. "There's the slave-markets, and the citadel, and Joseph's Well—the Pyramids, the egg-hatching, and the Petrified Forest, that's all, I reckon. Have you been in the Pyramids.—No!—very well, shall we go together?"

I told him I should be very glad to do so. On our return we engaged the donkeys and the boys; ordered a luncheon to take with us; borrowed some guns; ate a great many flies at dinner; skirmished with the mosquitoes; got irritated, and went to bed.

The donkeys were at the door at six o'clock the next morning, and Brown and I started. Our caravan, consisting of ourselves, the dragoman, three donkeys, with two boys, and a strange dog, who joined the party promiscuously. Brown carried "Murray" with him; and also a "Translation of Herodotus," whom he styled "a cautious old party." Parties, of different attributes, formed a large proportion of Brown's acquaintances.

It was a mild calm morning. The beautiful acacias that bordered the roads were clothed with our deep green summer foliage. The Arabs, with their water-skins, now laid all the dust, and a cool refreshing smell came up from the damp highway, on which the sun was just beginning to shine. All sorts of people were coming into Cairo. Arab women and girls, *very* scantily dressed, with water-jars on their heads, and naked babies perched on their shoulders—scampish looking dervishes, reckoning how much their howling and singing would bring in that day—sheiks on Arab horses, with men running by their stirrups—pilgrims, baggage-camels, dromedaries, slaves, wild Bedouins, and water-carriers—a charming picture, with the "Arabian Nights" again rising above every other association. There were the Pyramids on the horizon, in all their solemn and mysterious vastness, there was the Libyan desert, the Nile, ebbing day by day, as it left another ridge of red rich alluvions behind it, the citadel, from which Enim Bey leapt on horseback at the massacre of the Mamelukes—every step on the way offered traces of Mehemet Ali's reforms and Anglo-Indian enterprise; but one train of thought alone reigned. The man with the wood on the donkey, there was Ali Baba: Bedreddin Hassan just passed us, we were convinced—it could have been nobody else—and we hoped the pastry-cook would be careful that day about the pepper in the cream-tarts. And there was a man with one eye—another, and another: they were evidently the Calendars, sons of kings, perhaps: and that porter, bending below his heavy *cafass*, or basket, must have been to market with Lobeide again, and had more to carry than before: and one almost wondered whether that lady on the donkey, wrapped up in the mantle, had her breast covered with scars, like Amine's. And then, as this dream increased, Brown broke it suddenly, by pointing to a large blue board nailed against the lattice of an Arab dwelling, on which was inscribed, "*The Union Livery Stables, Horses for Excursions to the Pyramids and Heliopolis.*"

We went on through the picturesque suburbs of Old Cairo to the Nile, and crossed to Ghizell—a little dirty village of huts,

where as many people appear to live out of doors as in. When they did inhabit their houses, it was in company with goats and poultry, and some of the hovels had egg-hatching ovens attached to them. I believe it was not the right time for the Arab Cantelos to be engaged; but the ovens produced one thing, or rather countless millions, in marvellous profusion. I never saw so many fleas in my life at one time.

After a time Brown got so bewildered between Murray and Herodotus, that he was obliged to shut them both up; after informing me that Sir Gardner Wilkinson was "a very hieroglyphical party."

"Have a cigar?" he said.

I informed him, for the second time, that I did not smoke.

"By Jove!" he said, "I can't make that out. I can't understand a fellow travelling who don't smoke. It is half the pleasure. My brother kept a yacht entirely to smoke. Do you like yachting?"

"I like many other things much better."

"I love it: it is so jolly starting from one place, and not knowing when you'll get to the next."

I am afraid I lost *caste* a little by telling him that I preferred a certainty of arrival.

"Ah! you get sea-sick."

"Not at all: but I get bored. A handful of men must be uncommonly well selected not to peck at one another during a long voyage: and you can't be always reading "La Dame aux Camelias," and "Alfred de Musset." Even "Les Trois Mousquetaires," and all they did before and after, must come to an end at last, unless Dumas carries on their adventures to the third and fourth generation."

"But one feels so devilish independent, and one's own master out at sea."

"That's the 'I'm Afloat, and the Rover is Free' sort of sentiment: and is, on the ocean, what a life in 'The Merry Greenwood' is on land. No poet will ever persuade me that he would sooner spread a leafy couch in a damp copse towards the end of autumn, than get into a comfortable bed in a proper room with all his things about him. Nor will a yachting man ever convince me that a 'dirty night' in the Gulf of Lyons, lying on a shelf, with an oscillating Palmer's candle, and a tooth-brush chattering in a tumbler, and your boots scuffling about the floor by themselves, and your heels alternately higher than your head, is 'jolly.'"

"But you are independent."

"But you are *not*. I say nothing of the *hic tumidus* and *ille minax* authorities: but look at the sailing master. It's all very well to take the helm when the ship is going straight-forward, and nothing a-head but smooth deep water, and imagine you are doing the real thing. You are not."

"But fellows *do* like braving stormy seas."

"But they *don't*. How many men going up the Mediterranean



join at Marseilles, preferring the Paris and Lyons to 'off Cape Finisterre?' I know the Mediterranean, from Genoa round to the Bosphorus, and down to Beyrout, but I must confess the most charming voyage I ever made, was one fine calm day, in what Tennyson would call 'the blue unclouded weather,' dreaming round from Torquay to Babbicombe, and on to Dawlish."

"But the handsome women on the Mediterranean."

"But the lovely girls in Devonshire."

Brown looked as if he thought me "a nasty practical party," and a quantity of peasants going down the river on a raft made of canes and pumpkins, turned the conversation.

The inundation of the Nile had not quite subsided, and we went along a great many raised causeways, like small railway embankments, which wound between groves of date-trees, and over the flooded country. The people were gathering the dates: and climbing the tall straight trees with a hoop round them, by means of which they got up very cleverly. Irrigation was everywhere going on, with creaking water-wheels worked by buffaloes; and hard-working men, who, nearly naked, lifted up pans of the Nile water with a balance weight, and then tipped these into a trough. I should think a man with a little steam-engine could make a fortune at irrigating, only there is no money.

All this time and the pyramids appeared close at hand, and yet we never got nearer to them. In the pure bright air, all notion of distance was lost sight of; and when, at last, we did approach them, a feeling of disappointment forced itself on us, in spite of the enthusiasm we had determined upon, and this was not lessened at the first view of the Sphinx.

"What a dilapidated party!" observed Brown.

I must confess I was not struck myself with its imposing effect. Possessing but a slender store of classical knowledge, and having had little time to read generally, I have usually been compelled to form my own ideas, rather than adopt, as a nucleus, those of another person. And if, in some instances, I have made mistakes thereby, in others I have escaped much hack conventionality. I have never been one of those who look at everything Eastern through a prism which surrounds all alike—the dirty, the ugly, and the practically uninteresting—with the most brilliant hues. I did not agree with those authors who have raved about the calm beauty of the Sphinx. I thought its feature perfectly hideous; and now that time has passed, and the disappointments subsided, and I am looking at a photograph of its head, taken under every advantage of light and shade, I see no reason to alter my opinion.

"Let's see," said Brown: "What was the riddle? I can't find it in Murray. Oh—all right. I remember. What animal is that which goes on four legs in the morning, two at noon, and three at night?"

"I don't know what it was, though."

I suggested the solution.

"Oh!" replied Brown: "Yes: not first rate. The Sphinx must have taken *Cedipus* for a very mild party, to think that would bother him. I should have said a Hansom's cab-horse:

first, on all fours, when he's on the stand; then, off his fore-legs, when a heavy fare tips him up by leaning back; and, lastly, on three, when he goes home lame at night. I heard a comic vocal party sing a song at Vauxhall once, with more riddles in it than would have lasted the Sphinx for a year. He had a capital one, but I forget it. Perhaps the Memnon used to do the same thing at sunrise, to amuse the Sphinx."

"Do you like riddles?"

"No, hate them, and all people who ask them. They get worse and worse—I mean the people. Once, it was sufficient to cry at once, 'I give it up;' but now they say, 'Oh, don't—think, think!' I always sell them if I can."

"By giving the right answer."

"No—the wrong one. A man came rushing into the smoking-room of my club the other day, asking everybody, 'Why did Joseph's brethren throw him into the pit?' The answer ought to have been, 'Because they saw an opening for a nice young man,' but I said, 'Because he didn't behave well in the boxes.' It shut him up, sir."

And this talk went on under the shadow of the Sphinx!

During this time, the Arabs had seen us from the villages, and we made out their white dresses fluttering towards us in all directions. When they came up, there was a general fight amongst them for the honour of conducting us up the Pyramid: and it was not until Giovanni had taken the donkey-whip and thrashed them all soundly, that they fell back. Then he selected one, and we prepared to mount, all the rest scrambling at our heels, with water-bottles and curiosities to sell.

The ascent of the great Pyramid has been described as difficult and dangerous; it is perfectly easy and safe; resembling nothing so much as going up an enormous flight of stairs. The steps are three or four feet deep at the base; but they decrease in regular gradation, until near the summit they are not higher than a chair. About half way up, a quantity of blocks have broken away at the angle, and here we halted for a few minutes. I do not suppose we were a quarter of an hour reaching the top from the sand: and there we stood upon an irregular platform about five-and-twenty feet square, covered with English names, cut in the soft magnesian limestone of which the Pyramids are built.

"How could these masses ever have been raised?" I half thought, half said.

"A priest told Herodotus," said Brown, "but he was rather an indistinct party, I must confess, I don't care how they were made. Here they are, and here we are, on the top, and now we'll beer. Here—ici, Jean: dormez-moi du pale ale."

Giovanni was making preparations for the luncheon, and instantly obeyed.

"I always come to the conclusion," said Brown, "when I don't know how anything is done, that it is done somehow. The word saves a great deal of worry, especially with cotton-mills and conjurors. I am never astonished to see a lot of pluff go into a hole



and come out thread: nor to see a man put a handkerchief into a tea-caddy and bring out a guinea-pig. You know it's done somehow. I should be a great deal more surprised if, having put the handkerchief in, he pulled it out again."

Brown's easy investigation was no novelty. Every autumnal continental *table-d'hôte* will furnish another example. Having thus delivered himself, he drank his beer, puffed his cigar, and remained silent for a space—as quiet as the Arabs who were squatting around us, following our slightest actions with the greatest curiosity—not the least odd, being that with which they examined the remains of a lucifer that Brown had thrown aside after lighting his cigar. They handed it round from one to the other; and, finally, put it carefully by in a safe place.

As Brown had observed, "Here we were,"—on the top of the Pyramid of Cheops, sitting as unconcernedly as we should have done on the top of an omnibus. For actual presence robs everything of its effect—it is only in anticipation and retrospection that the great charms of romance and sentiment lie. And gorgeous—illimitable as was the view—I have been very angry with myself since that I did not enter with more enthusiasm at the time into its glories. To the west, far out and away, stretched the sand of the Great Desert, honeycombed with tombs and excavations in the comparative vicinity, but gradually becoming level and unbroken till it was confused with the sky on the horizon, and beyond that horizon, for hundreds and thousands of miles, the sand still lay, until the east wind blew it into the Atlantic. It encompassed deadly swamps and arid spires of rocks, and fever-teeming rivers—patches of rank jungle, where the lion and hyena reigned in undisturbed ferocity, and mounds of mud cities, where, thus lurking with the human race, lived in almost equal brutality, of whom no man might bring back records. Immediately below us was the Nile, now no longer restrained by banks, but pouring its red flood of fertility over the land, until Egypt became one vast lake.

The various causeways, winding along, from village to village, had a pretty effect; and some of the smaller clumps of houses were converted into small islands, surrounded by belts of the date palm. Where the waters were subsiding, the tender green wheat was coming up immediately; and the effect of these patches was as refreshing to the eye, as water to the parched throat. Along that old river, now covered with rafts and *kandjias* and steamers, even the dark-eyed girls from Memphis had once floated down to Canopus, and, in turn, tried to outburn Cleopatra's lamps, in their mysteries "of which," as Herodotus would say, "I would rather not speak;" but I have no doubt they were things to be invited to; only, of course, to pick up characters at, as authors and artists say when they are found at places. But now the dark-eyed Memphian girls are gone—they cannot have been those unlovely forms Mr. Pettigrew now and then unwinds—and Canopus is gone, and nobody even knows where it was, or anything about it, except that its festive people kept uncommonly late hours, and perhaps

sang choruses to the sistrum, of their determination to stay out from their homes, until sunrise woke the tuneful Memnon, and the lamps in the night-boats of the Peninsular and Oriental Company alone illumine the midnight river. The minarets of Cairo were glittering in the sun, to the west, and to the left, towards Shoobra; on the borders of the river the land was very rich and green, even to Heliopolis; but beyond this the Suez desert commenced; and then there was nothing but sand again, for miles, and miles, and miles.

We finished luncheon. Bass's labels were lying about the Pyramids; the plates were of the old blue willow pattern, and the knives were stamped "London made." It was impossible to get away from England anywhere. The very antiquities that the Arabs sold, the little gods, that they commenced by asking a dollar a piece for, and finally disposed of at a shilling a dozen, had a suspicious Staffordshire air about them, and English money was the current coin. They gave Brown a bad sixpence in change—a proof of the gradual advance of civilization on the Lybian desert—and understood halfpence as well as we did. But they entertained a greater respect for the pennies with rims, "carthorse pennies," as we used to call them at school, than for the later coins.

Brown was very happy. He was leaning at his ease, upon the blocks of stone, with a bottle of pale ale at his side, a cigar in his mouth, and "Herodotus" in his hand, from which he now and then read comical pieces; how, when a conflagration took place in Egypt, a supernatural impulse seized all the cats, who threw themselves into the flames; and how, when a cat died a natural death in a house, all the family shaved their eyebrows; how the phoenix carried the dead body of his father in an egg of myrrh to bury it in the temple of the sun; and how the crocodile allowed the trochilus to enter his mouth and eat the leeches that collected there under water.

At all this Brown laughed immensely, and said Herodotus was as good as Punch, and he would as soon have known him as Mr. Keeley, whom he defined as a very humorous party.

It was evening when we got back to Cairo. The Overland Mail, homeward-bound, had arrived from Suez, and Shepherd's was crowded with passengers. Some ladies and babies had even invaded my room. But, at last, accommodation was, somehow or other, found for everybody; and I was glad to get to bed.

But not to sleep; for long after the Arab story-tellers had ceased on the Esbekeyall, and the coffee-sheds were closed, I heard Brown in the *salle-à-manger*, which was next my own room, offering cigars to everybody, telling wonderful tales about storms on the Alps; promising the first shooting in Surrey to half a dozen dried-up old swells, who had not a liver amongst them, when they met in England; and, finally, singing a song about the maids of merry England, which, coupled with the brandy-pawnee, at last made the company generally think they were in England already;—and in the midst of this I went to sleep.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

GREAT works are not born every month, any more than great men. But the literary Registrar-General is never idle. He has always births (and *deaths*) to record. Every work-day of the month sees the nativity of a book destined to longer or shorter existence; but it is not often the privilege of the critic to celebrate the appearance of a *magnum opus*, to which, with any sincerity of conviction in the truth of his vaticinations, he can venture to promise length of days.

And yet good books—readable books—books which both interest and inform, and so far fulfil their mission, come every month before us, and we have no right to complain. The month which we have just completed has not been a barren one. There are books of all classes before us. In Lord Grey's "History of the Colonial Administration of Lord John Russell,"\* we have one of those works which have, at the same time, strong contemporary interest and permanent historical value. It is a rarity in this age of mystification, of confidences intended to deceive and explanations designed to perplex, to see a Cabinet Minister, speaking out boldly and unreservedly in print of the political events with which he was officially connected, within a year or two of their occurrence. To us it appears a refreshing innovation. There is, in these days, a great deal too much of official reserve—too much unwillingness to convert the literary wealth of the bureau into the materials of history. Much is said about "public inconvenience,"—but public inconvenience in these cases generally means private inconvenience, and the innocent public are deluded that peccant individuals may be screened. "Nice customs curtesy to great Kings;" and King Truth is the greatest monarch in the world. The doctrine that public men have no right to make use, in any private capacity, of information officially obtained may be pushed a little too far. There are those who would seal the fountains of authentic history with bureaucratic wax, and bandage the eyes of the community with inexorable red tape. Lord Grey is not one of these. We respect him for putting himself in direct communication with the public. The value of such contributions to the history of our country is great; and we hope the precedent will be serviceable.

With this example before him Mr. Robertson need scarcely have expressed any misgivings regarding the disclosures, which, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, he has made with reference to the "Political Incidents of the First Burmese War."† No one was so competent to write on such a subject as himself; and,

\* "The Colonial Policy of Lord John Russell's Administration," by Earl Grey. 2 vols. 1853.

† "Political Incidents of the First Burmese War," by Thomas Campbell Robertson, late of the Bengal Civil Service 1 vol. 1853.

in as much as history has only yet rendered us acquainted with the military aspects of the war, the present volume, whilst it fills up a gap in history, has considerable novelty and freshness about it; and, moreover, in its relations to the present topic of the "Second Burmese War," has something of contemporary interest. Much, however, of the attractiveness of this work is derived from the manner in which Mr. Robertson handles his subject. There is nothing of the old almanac about his book. It is written in a pleasant, gossipy style, and sparkles with original anecdotes. Many of the little personal incidents which he narrates are very amusing and suggestive. He tells a good story with a keen relish, and his readers are not likely to be much behind him in their appreciation.

The public men of the Continent have ever been less chary of their revelations than our own. "Baron Müffling's Memoirs of the Campaign of 1813-14-15,"\* is another valuable contribution to the history of the great European war, which ended in the downfall of Napoleon. Baron Müffling was quarter-master general of the Prussian army, and the friend and confidant of Blücher. His acquaintance with the more secret history of many of the great operations of the war, and his familiarity with personal details and motives of action, enable him to throw a flood of light upon many of the transactions of the great campaign. He writes thoroughly as a soldier, and as an honest man. His evidence is entirely to be trusted. He does not seek unduly to glorify his own nation—to claim for Blücher and the Prussians a greater share, than is justly theirs, of the praise which belongs to the glorious termination of the war—and in one most important instance, he shows in contrast very favourable to the English chief, the difference between Wellington and the Prussian Field-Marshal, who would have shot Napoleon like a dog.

Turning now to a very different work on a very different subject, we come to consider Mr. Joyce's History of Convocation,† "showing the latest incidents and results of synodical action in the Church of England." "To all parties," says the historian, "we offer the following pages. They have been written in a belief that the surest index and warning of what Convocation may do, is to show what it has done. We have endeavoured to trace the origin of its privileges and the development of its organization; to describe the changes that both have undergone, the purposes to which they were turned, and the results to which they led. During the era following the Reformation we have delineated the share taken by the synod in planning and building up the Church on the bases of Protestantism. And when the glorious fabric was erected, when little remained to be done for internal edification, and less for establishment and security against outward foes, we have detailed with more minuteness the discussions wherein the members expended their leisure and their energies."

\* "Passages from my Life; together with Memoirs of the Campaign of 1813-14." By Baron Müffling. Edited by Colonel P. Yorke.

† "Last Glimpses of Convocation, showing the latest Incidents and Results of Synodical Action in the Church of England." By Arthur J. Joyce.



And what Mr. Joyce proposed to himself he has done fairly and impartially, and with considerable literary ability. Doubtless such a book was wanted. The subject is one of great and growing importance—one, too, regarding which even intelligent, well-informed men have indistinct, hazy ideas. The matter, indeed, had passed out of men's minds. And now that there is a sort of galvanic resuscitation of it, it is well that we should know what it is. In these days, the want of such a book as Mr. Joyce's is obvious; and we cannot help thinking he has supplied it; modestly and unpretentiously, but still with excellent effect. The present volume is the result of considerable research. It is purely historical. There is nothing of a polemical or controversial tone about it. It deals in facts rather than in opinions. And it has a merit not very common to histories of the present day, it has been kept within very reasonable bounds. There must have been considerable temptation to overload such a book with 'cited authorities, but Mr. Joyce has conscientiously resisted it. We are not sure, indeed, that he has not fallen into an opposite extreme. A few foot-notes, indicating his authorities, would have increased the value of the work.

Of books of travel there has not recently been a very prolific growth. Baron Von Schonberg's "Travels in India and Cashmere,"\* fill two very readable volumes. They deal, however, more with the external aspects of Indian life, than we could have desired at the present time; they are objective rather than subjective, and do not add much to our stock of ideas. A book on India, written by an intelligent and unprejudiced foreigner, would be very valuable at the present time. Baron Von Schonberg, however, did not write with an eye to charter discussions, and, in one sense, his book is all the pleasanter for it. Indeed, we are not sure that we could have trusted him to write on such a subject as English rule in the East, for, judging by some incidental passages in the present work, he is a little too much disposed to arrive at hasty conclusions, regarding matters affecting the character of the British conquerors of the Indian world. But, apart from these very natural outbreaks of prejudice, and some obvious mis-readings of outside facts, the book is both amusing and instructive, and may be recommended to fire-side travellers, in whom the cutting winds and driving snows of our western springs, may perhaps raise a strong inclination to make closer acquaintance with the sultry climate of the East.

The "Isis" of the elder St. John is to be called, by courtesy, a book of travels;† and yet it belongs more to the ideal than to the real. It is altogether shadowy, dreamy. It seems rather to resemble a dim reminiscence of the past, than a record of contemporary experience. But in this mode of treatment there is something peculiarly appropriate to the subject. The indistinctness of the manner is all in harmony with it. The absence of distinctive

\* "Travels in India and Cashmere," by Baron Eric Von Schonberg. 2 vols.

† "Isis; an Egyptian Pilgrimage." By James Augustus St. John. 2 vols.

landmarks, both of time and space, is wonderfully suggestive of the remote chronologies, and trackless deserts of ancient Egypt. And then it is flushed all over with the warm, voluptuous colouring of the East; and there is a lounging, smoking, story-telling air about it, which pleases us mightily. It is not quite the book to gratify the plain matter-of-fact reader, who likes to travel by the map and the almanac—to measure distances and compute dates. But it will charm the man of imagination and refinement, by the poetry, both of thought and diction, which suffuses it; it will lift him out of the cramping realities of the present, and the narrow environments of Liverpool or London. But it is more than this. There is in some places a grave and earnest thoughtfulness about the book. Its prevailing character changes from the picturesque and objective, to the meditative and subjective. We are not sure that the author's meditations always run in the right direction. There is a little too much liberality—toleration—catholicity—latitudinarianism—call it what you will—about them, entirely to suit our taste; but with this we do not care to meddle. We leave it to graver critics than ourselves. But we must add that there are, here and there, descriptive passages, the freedom of which we hardly know how to reconcile with the charming domestic idea suggested in the Dedicatory Epistle.

The transition from Mr. St. John's "Isis," to the avowed works of fiction which lie on our table, is easy and natural. Again, in this department of literature, the writings of the lady-novelists predominate; but truth compels us to record our conviction, that the most noticeable fiction before us, is one which bears no feminine name. "My Novel" is, in many respects, a very remarkable book.\* There is as much matter in it, speaking typographically, as in two ordinary three-volumed fictions, and more character and incident, than in half-a-dozen of the modern stamp. Truth to speak, we are doubtful whether it is not somewhat overcrowded with both. We see clearly the author's design, and nothing can be said against the execution of it. But it appears to us to have been a somewhat dangerous experiment, and we are doubtful of its entire success. The "Varieties of English Life" are somewhat overwhelming and distracting. Such, at least, is likely to be the verdict of the general reader. For our own parts, not caring to be greatly absorbed in the fate of any particular hero or heroine, we are content to lose sight of one set of personages for a while, and to find ourselves in company with another. But ordinary novel readers delight in a little more unity of action. They do not like the trouble of holding together the threads of so many different stories, and are insensible of the skill with which the author keeps them all artistically in hand. It is not every one who can drive six horses without running against a post. Now all these "Varieties of English Life" are, somehow or other, mixed up, immediately or intermediately, one with another. They all contribute something towards the development of the plot. A

\* "My Novel, by Pisistratus Caxton; or, Varieties of English Life." By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton. 4 vols.



"Catalogue Raisonné" of these Varieties would occupy many pages. We can only afford barely to indicate them. There is a country squire and a country parson, each with his womanly wife—a rustic genius, earnest and pure-hearted, who makes his way up to town, and achieves distinction as an author—a travelling tinker—a severe land-steward, well inclined to grind the faces of the poor—a statesman, strong-minded and high-principled, half-brother of the country squire—a young cold-blooded adventurer, connected by marriage with the said statesman—a young guardsman, good-hearted and weak-headed, the son of the country squire—a wealthy narrow-minded *parvenu*, the uncle of the rustic genius—a poor fine-minded author, debased by evil habits—an Italian exile, tenant of the country squire, eccentric, inconsistent, indescribable—a nobleman, type of the purest chivalry, youthful in everything but years, the best and the most loving—with others of less note, and some "Varieties of Life" not English—and closely associated with most of these is the great money-lending genius of the times, an English lawyer, but a foreign baron, who influences the destinies of many greater men than himself, and has them, for a time, firmly in his grasp. There is a great worldly truth in this. It would be a strange "Variety of English Life," over which the genius of *£ s. d.* does not exercise some sinister influence. Of the feminine "Varieties" we have not spoken. But they occupy their proper ground in the great map of "English Life," and are not the least charming personages in "My Novel."

On the whole, we are inclined to think that there are, in the last work of the author of *Eugene Aram*, evidences of power strengthened by exercise, and chastened by time. We do not say that it is Sir Bulwer Lytton's greatest work, but that there are more fine things in it than in any single work which he has yet produced. And they seem to come forth more easily and spontaneously than in his earlier fictions. There is more unconsciousness about them. Time was when his intellectual wealth did not seem to sit easily upon him. He writes now as one more sure of his position—one not constrained to make a show of his riches—to indicate his possessions. It is all the difference between your new man and your true aristocrat—the one restlessly seeking the homage which the other quietly takes for granted. It is well that the writer should have confidence in the reader—that when he gives utterance to a fine thought, he should leave the public to find it out for themselves. Such utterances should glide out by chance, as though it were habitual to the writer to express fine thoughts in fine language. In some of Bulwer's earlier works, there was apparent a sort of nervousness lest the reader should miss his good things, and a desire, therefore, to indicate them. But there is little or none of this uneasy ostentatious manner observable in "My Novel." The wealth has accumulated with years; but it sits naturally on the possessor, and is expended without parade.

In the estimation of the discerning few, "My Novel" will

elevate Sir Bulwer Lytton's literary character; but it will not go far to increase his popularity with the many. The experiment, as we have said, is a dangerous one, for it is an experiment on the patience of an impatient public. People do not like even "too much of a good thing." For our own parts we regard the work as one to be turned to again and again with renewed pleasure—to be read and reread, not *for the story*. But the public are not easily persuaded to read a novel for anything *but* the story; and we fear they will pronounce that there is a little too much of this—a little too much of the squire and the parson, and the stocks and such matters—matters, indeed, with which the writer has no great acquaintance; for the "Varieties of English Life," with which he is obviously most familiar, are of the city type; and it is not improbable that they will vote the Caxtons utterly a bore. We could have wished, on this account, that less had been attempted—that the exuberance had been pruned down—that the canvas had been less crowded—and the story of Harley L'Estrange worked out with fewer hindrances and distractions. We look on this as the finest character that Bulwer has ever drawn, and there is not anything much finer in English fiction than the scene, in which his better nature triumphs over his sense of injuries received, and treading down the first eager longings for revenge, he takes the man, who has wronged him, back again to his heart. All this part of the story, indeed, is managed with great skill, and worked out with great power. The revelation takes the reader by surprise, and is as touching as it is surprising. We cannot afford to dwell upon details, and have already exhausted the space at our disposal; but before we lay aside these four pregnant volumes, we must say that the sketch of poor Burley, the man of fine parts, but evil habits—a grand Porsonian representative of a class of men now happily becoming more and more rare—is a very fine but very painful conception. There is nothing, indeed, more touching. It is, as we have said, a picture of a Variety of English life, now fast passing away. But we have known a Burley in our time, and recognise the truth of the picture.

Whatever we may feel disposed to say of the new novel by the authoress of "Jane Eyre,"\* we cannot urge against it the objections which we have brought against "My Novel." "Villette" is certainly not over-crowded with incident and character. It is a simple every-day story, and the "Varieties" are rather those of continental than of English life. The heroine is an English woman, attached, as an instructress, to a Belgian school. The hero is a tutor, or "Professor" in the same school, and not an Englishman. It will be remarked, by nine readers out of ten, that the authoress is unwilling to get rid of the scholastic variety which has already figured so prominently in her former novels. Now, doubtless, governesses and tutors are loving and lovable beings, but all the human love in the world is not confined to the breasts of governesses and tutors. We are really inclined, on this score, to quarrel with "Currer Bell." It is mere wilfulness on her part.

\* "Villette." By Currer Bell, author of "Jane Eyre." 3 vols.



It seems as though, stung by the friendly admonitions which "Shirley" elicited, she had doggedly said to herself, "I will do it again." They quarrel with me on account of this *second* exhibition of the scholastic variety; let us see what they will say of the *third*." Now we will not say what it would seem to be her intention to provoke us into saying, that all this denotes the absence of creative power. We do not say this; because we do not believe it. We would rather believe in the wilfulness of the writer. It is true, that some of the scenes between Lucy Snow and M. Emanuel remind one, rather uncomfortably, of certain passages between Jane Eyre and Mr. Rochester, only they are more feeble and continental—they want the hearty English character—they are more *petit-maitre-ish*—altogether more "finikin" and foreign. To speak truthfully, we do not like M. Emanuel at all. He is a sort of small Triton among the feminine minnows, and he bullies the weak in a very unmanly manner. The bearishness of Mr. Rochester was just tolerable. There was something of an excuse for it. His environments were certainly of a very irritating and exasperating kind. All the external adjuncts too were in keeping with the Salvator-ish character of the hero; the antecedents of his life favoured the development of such a character. But a professor of literature in a boarding-school for young ladies is altogether a different personage. When such a man as this plays the bully we feel certain muscular twitchings difficult to restrain.

But although we speak thus freely of what we conceive to be Currer Bell's wilful offences we cannot do otherwise than speak respectfully of her genius. You can hardly read a page of "Villette" without feeling that it is the emanation of no ordinary mind. It has little or none of the intensity of "Jane Eyre," but it has the same truthfulness, the same knowledge of the workings of the human heart—or, as perhaps we ought rather to write, the female heart—the same unity of action and completeness of development. The painting is altogether more finished and minute. It has much less breadth, but it has more fidelity; and beneath a more frigid and formal exterior, the same warm human heart pulses as strongly as in the old mansion among the northern wilds. There is something, too, in "Villette" which "Jane Eyre" has not. It has great merit as a picture of manners. The truthfulness of the setting is not to be denied.

In Miss Kavanagh's new fiction, "Daisy Burns,"\* we have a work somewhat of the same type as "Villette." We are introduced to a single household, made very familiar with its inmates, and interested in them as friends. The story is simply this:—a young girl, the daughter of a medical practitioner in the country is left an orphan at a very early age and thrown upon the protection of friends. After a brief sojourn in the house of an eccentric, somewhat ogreish grandfather, she is rescued by a young Irishman, who had been educated by her father, known her well as a child, and now, in the fulness of his gratitude, determines to support

\* "Daisy Burns." By Julia Kavanagh, author of "Nathalie," &c. 3 vols.

and protect the bereaved one in her journey through life. He takes her home, places her under the charge of a sister with whom he lives, and the results are much what might be expected. Daisy Burns, as her mind and heart begin to develope and expand, becomes precociously enamoured of her protector. He loves and is betrothed to another, a frivolous, handsome creature quite unworthy of him—and the torments of jealousy, which afflict the child's heart, supply, for a time, the leading incidents of the story. After a while their positions are somewhat reversed. He begins to understand the moral character of the frigid beauty to whom he has given his affections; the engagement is broken off; and he, in turn, misunderstanding Daisy's childish openness and simplicity of character, feels himself the pangs of jealousy, which he some time before had inflicted. There is much delicate truthfulness in the manner in which all this is worked out. The story is not an exciting one, but it is very interesting; and it is charmingly written. We do not think that such a story could have been conveyed in language more femininely appropriate to the subject.

In "Nelly Armstrong,"\* we have a tale not merely of domestic life, but of domestic service—a story of the sorrows and sufferings, the temptations, the errors, the punishment, and the expiation of one of that class, of which so little account is taken, although nearly all our daily comfort is dependent on them—our female domestic servants. It is full of quiet truthfulness and homely pathos. And there is grave and earnest teaching in it. It is a book that ought to be read by everybody in Great Britain, for the lessons and warnings it contains. Not that there is anything of a didactic tone about the work. It simply "teaches by example." There is nothing so little understood amongst us—at least so little regarded in practice—as the responsibilities of the heads of our households. We think that as long as we pay our servants their wages, and give them enough to eat and drink, we have done our duty towards them; but we may learn what a fatal mistake this is from the pages of "Nelly Armstrong."

In the story of "Alice Montrose,"† by Miss Mackintosh, we are transported to Trans-Atlantic ground. It is illustrative of the war of opinion between the North and the South, and as a picture of a phase of American society, with which in this country we have but slender acquaintance, has an interest and importance beyond those which belong to it merely as a romance. But the authoress of "Charms and Countercharms" is not likely to forget her calling as a romance-writer, and to cease to exercise that influence over the heart of the reader which she put forth so successfully in the work which first introduced her to the British public. The novel reader is not the less entertained because he is instructed—because he carries away other recollections than

\* "Nelly Armstrong;" a tale, by the author of "Rose Douglas." 2 vols. 8vo. 1853.

† "Alice Montrose." By Maria Mackintosh, Author of "Charms and Countercharms." 3 vols.



those associated with the ideal personages who have been moving before him.

In "Bannerford, or the Valley of Gold,"\* English fiction breaks ground, for the first time, we believe, at the "Diggings." A quarrel between two brothers, ending in a personal collision, supposed to result in the death of the elder, sends the younger to California, where others connected with his early history follow him in course of time. The romantic machinery of the story is, it must be acknowledged, somewhat melodramatic. We like the English incidents in the earlier and later part of the work less than those which are laid on Californian ground, and which are recommended by novelty, and freshness, and a sort of scrambling breathlessness in keeping with the character of Californian adventure. There is interest and excitement enough in the volumes to satisfy any novel reader; and perhaps a little improbability in such a work is not to be regarded as an offence. "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"

Among other works, at which we can only afford to glance, are the "Autobiography of an English Soldier in the United States," which gives us some glimpses of the condition of the American army, and some incidents of the Mexican war—a book of considerable interest, which we are compelled to dismiss more hastily than we desire;—the journal-story of "Preciosa," a sort of history of the heart, not undistinguished by some knowledge of the inner and more mysterious workings of our nature; the "Canadian Crusoes," a charming story for young people, written by Mrs. Traill, a sister of Agnes Strickland, one who writes with a thorough knowledge of the life of a settler, and throws her experiences very pleasantly into action; and Patrick Scott's brief poem of "Love in the Moon," which contains some fluent verse and a few good thoughts, but will scarcely add to his reputation. Besides these, we have several works on Indian affairs, elicited by the Parliamentary inquiries now in progress. They are almost entirely of a speculative and controversial character, and scarcely come, therefore, within our critical province. The most noticeable of these works is Mr. Campbell's Scheme for the future government of India, which comes recommended by the writer's reputation as the author of "Modern India," but which seems, to our sober comprehension, to mix up a good deal of what is visionary and wild with some very sensible practical suggestions.

Among the most noticeable new editions is a reissue, in a cheap and portable form, of Lord Mahon's "History of England," and a condensed one-volume edition of "Fellowes' Travels and Researches in Asia Minor," two works it is well to place within the reach of the general public. These less costly editions of standard works are always deserving of a word of welcome.

\* "Bannerford; or, The Valley of Gold." 3 vols. 1853.

ASPEN COURT,  
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,  
AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. CHEQUERBENT AT THE BAR OF JUSTICE.

THE chivalrous and captive Paul raged vehemently as he was conducted to the police-station, and lost no opportunity of conveying to the police, and to such other audience as accumulated around the procession, his unhesitating opinion that of all the miscreants permitted to encumber the earth, a full-blown tradesman was at once the most offensive and the most despicable. His guardians rather evaded than exhausted the question by good-natured advice not to make a fool of himself, and the party soon reached the station, where the public was abruptly dismissed, the charge taken down, and Mr. Chequerbent locked up.

A cold seat in a gloomy cell, however, does wonders with those to whom it is a novelty, and Paul's passion began to subside with the fumes of the stimulants he had taken. He reflected, with some dismay, that he ought to have left town that evening, and that probably Carlyon would write to the office to inquire after him, that even if he escaped easily from the presence of the magistrate, the affair might be reported in the papers, and Mr. Molesworth always read the police cases, and in short that there was a very good chance of his getting into a very disagreeable scrape. And, being a good-natured fellow, he then found time to feel annoyed that he had made a scene which might injure Mrs. Sellinger with her connexions, to say nothing of the vexation to poor little Miss Livingstone. Altogether he grew very hot and fidgety, and paced the scanty dungeon with so much irritation that one of the policemen looked in at the grating, and asked him whether he thought he was the white bear at the "Zulogic gardens."

A gentleman with money in his pocket, and a little tact, has not much to apprehend from the severity of the police force. So as soon as Paul had calmed himself, and resolved upon a plan of action, his request to be let out, that he might say a few words, was very favourably listened to. There happened to be no other criminal in the station (except a brawny and drunken costermonger who was awaiting, in gentle slumber, a mild magisterial remonstrance for a little excess in enforcing domestic discipline—his error was stunning his wife with a poker and then stamping on her), so the inspector felt the less restraint in offering Paul a seat by the fire, and the conversation became friendly enough.



During the discussion which preceded Mr. Chequerbent's removal from the dancing-academy, Mrs. Sellinger, thoughtful amid her annoyance, had fetched him his *paletôt*. Luckily his cigar-case was in his pocket, and his explanation that he was ordered to smoke a good deal on account of neuralgic bronchitis in the vascular ventricle was humanely considered by the official, who having himself an hereditary tendency to the same complaint, did not refuse to share the remedy. And, in short, for a night in a police-station, Paul got through the hours pleasantly enough, and heard some profitable discourse, from which he may have learned, among other things, how little chance an accused person has of escaping from justice, when her inferior ministers have sufficient confidence in one another's honour and veracity to support one another by any confirmation the rules of evidence demand.

In the morning Paul had a tolerable breakfast brought him, and he had scarcely finished it when a lady arrived to see him. It is needless to say that this was poor Angela, who had already been to Mrs. Sellinger's, and who brought a selection, from Paul's carpet-bag, of everything he would want for a morning toilet. Angy was agreeably astonished to see him come out to her with his usual laugh. She had half expected to hear his fetters come clanking along, like the husband's in *Fidelio*. And she had scarcely a word of scolding for him, but was eager to go anywhere, and see anybody, and do anything in the world, after the manner of our beloved ones when we really want their assistance. She proposed to visit Paul's antagonist, and to try and soften him, but this Paul would not hear of. He admitted that he had behaved rather badly, and he meant to offer the fellow an apology himself (though his insolence showed that he was a mere hound, who deserved all he had got), but Angela should not go near him. What did Mrs. Sellinger say? Angela had looked into her room, she was of course in bed, for the ball had gone on until nearly six—but she sent her love to Mr. Chequerbent, and though she had tried in vain to mollify the man he had beaten, whose name was Shaddles, and who was a sort of miscellaneous grocer in the neighbourhood, she had written a note to the reporter who usually attended the police-court (whose daughter she had once taught), and had begged him to suppress the story for the papers. This piece of kind thoughtfulness, when she had good right to sulk, proved, Paul declared, that the handsome dancing mistress was a most amicable party and an out-and-outer.

Paul then began to consider whether he had better defend himself by counsel, and he thought of two or three barristers, just called, who had eaten many oysters and applauded many Adelphi performances with him, and any one of whom would have cheerfully come up to Clerkenwell, and harangued the magistrate in his favour, citing every precedent of a combat from Moses and the Egyptian down to the last Members of Parliament who fought for a cab. But the friendly inspector dissuaded him from this course, as inimical to his own interests, summing up his reasons in a terse whisper,

“Eh?”  
 suggestion and strictly inhibiting Miss Living-  
 apt upon the plebeian Shaddles, Paul dismissed  
 diction, and arranging that they should meet in  
 little actress went away somewhat comforted at  
 ness, but still in awful terror at the thoughts of the  
 which she felt assured would be launched upon him  
 magisterial bench. She determined to be near him dur-  
 she chose to think his “trial,” and to console him in  
 hour of doom, and although I do not suppose her line  
 ding had ever made her acquainted with that sweet saint  
 sat by Russell’s side, she instinctively resolved on a similar  
 urse of devotion. She wandered about the streets (for she was  
 much too restless to go home and study her part in the new drama  
 of the “Fiend Idiot of the Gory Gorge” as she ought to have  
 done), and altogether looked too fresh, and too neat, and too pretty  
 to be walking about among the soddened, slovenly, slipshod  
 natives of Clerkenwell.

The magistrate usually came down at half-past ten, and the poor  
 little girl grew tired of walking about, looking listlessly into  
 shop-windows, and being recognised by various patrons of the  
 stage, who, in their shirt-sleeves, were going for their morning  
 dram. She kept near the street in which the police-court stood,  
 and at length went into a small newspaper shop, bought a miscel-  
 lany in which some wretched stories were balanced by a mass of  
 good sense and practical information, and all for a penny, and  
 asked leave to sit down. Her arrival was providential, for the  
 woman of the shop was dying for an audience to hear how shame-  
 fully her Johnny, a fine fear-nothing fellow, ma’am, and only  
 eleven, had been caned by a gentleman, as he called himself,  
 though anybody might have seen he was nothing of the kind,  
 for just knocking his tip-cat into the eye of a lady who happened  
 to be going by promiscuous as the poor child was playing. And  
 when Johnny’s grievances had been told out, and a few other  
 revelations of interest, including the probability of his speedily  
 having a new little brother or sister, and a treatise on various  
 infantine diseases, had been offered, after the manner of matrons  
 of that class with their chance customers, Angela was allowed to  
 take up a newspaper.

Members of Parliament are not the only people who take hints  
 from the press. Angela’s eye happened to fall upon a paragraph  
 headed, “Disgraceful Bigotry in a Parson.” She read on, and  
 found that a clergyman was being vehemently castigated for hav-  
 ing expressed a wish that a certain theatre in his London parish  
 were closed. The indignant journalist made mince-meat of the  
 haughty and bigoted buttress of a bloated establishment. A par-  
 son presume to attack the stage, whose business “’t was to hold a  
 mirror up to nature!” Probably this insolent priest did not know  
 that four words of a Greek who had written plays had been quoted  
 by St. Paul, a humble tent-maker, whom proud ecclesiastics in  
 purple and fine linen thought beneath their notice. Perhaps he



had never heard of Shakspeare, who was not for an age but for all time, and who had written glowing lessons of virtue and morality, which it would be well if all sermons contained. Perhaps he thought that assailing an establishment where sixty-seven people got their bread was the way to spread peace on earth and good will amongst men. The fierce and haughty priest, who would doubtless be a Laud or an Inquisitor if he had the power, was recommended to keep to his books, and not to wing his venomous shafts against the drama, which contained passages of a purity which churchmen might well imitate, and whose eloquence and pathos made their way through the iciest bosom, and turned to melting charity the coldest heart.

This intense and logical appeal, addressed to a poor, white, threadbare, over-worked curate, who had regretted that a theatre, which nightly collected all the scoundrelism of the district to see scoundrelism glorified upon the stage, and which its managers avowed was weekly supported "two nights a week by wages, four nights by thieves," could not be better regulated, produced an effect of which the exasperate writer little dreamed. It was not the closeness of its reasoning, or the beautiful fervour of its language, but the eulogy on the powers of the drama that did the work. Angela laid down the paper, and with a raised colour and a flushing cheek walked out of the little shop, ringing, with a violent clatter, the spring-bell on the half door, and cutting the shop matron short in an elaborate discussion, with another customer, on the tyranny of compulsory vaccination.

Miss Livingstone, with an energetic step, hastened to the nearest stationer's, where she bought a very fine card embossed with roses and wreaths, and upon which, with a very scratchy steel pen, she inscribed her name, not over legibly, for her education had been a little neglected. And then she made off for the police-court, where she found one of the officers who had seen her at the station, and who, learning her errand, conducted her to the magistrate's private door, and apprised her that "the Beak had shown."

The Beak, known in private circles as Mr. Prior, had arrived—if it is necessary to translate—and while his chief clerk was disposing of some routine business in court, was amusing himself with a newspaper containing an attack upon one of his decisions. The article was in quite another vein from that of the energetic assailant of the clergy, and after giving a report of the case in question, proceeded to argue, closely and wittily, that Mr. Prior had done an injustice. Nor could this be disputed, if the premises had only been correct. But—and the accomplished journalist, who in his West-end chambers penned the smart and biting diatribe, never condescended to speculate on a chain of such vulgar chances—the report was incorrect in every important particular. And for this the reasons were so shockingly low that I am ashamed to write them. The regular reporter at the police-court could not attend at the hearing, because his wife was engaged in presenting to him, with some difficulty, a ninth co-heiress to the manifold writer and the flimsy. He sent a substitute, who would have been efficient,

but, not expecting to be employed, had taken so much whiskey and water in the course of a religious argument with a brother-reporter, a Catholic, for whose conversion he was anxious, that, though he managed with habitual instinct to scratch several facts of the case together, they were arranged in such a form as to present anything but the story which came out before Mr. Prior. Then another trifle interfered with the accuracy of the report—the reporter did not hear the case at all; he was too late for it, but as it was one of interest, he gleaned his points as well as he could from spectators, policemen, and other unrecognized authorities. The wonder was, not that a duty done under such disadvantages was done so ill, but that it was done so well; but this was small consolation to Mr. Prior, who was spiked on a glittering epigram for bad law and bad English, of both of which he was quite innocent.

Paul Chequerbent's liberality at the station-house had ensured for his pretty little friend an attention which possibly she might not otherwise have gained. For on her knocking at the magistrate's private door, and presenting her splendid card, the policeman, who knew her, made such a sign to the one who opened the door, that he received the imposing document without a grin, ushered her into a waiting-room, and went through a double-door, into the presence. There was a pause, during which little Angela, with a fluttering but a resolute heart, unfastened her bonnet-strings and repeated some words to herself.

"Ah! well—let her come in," she heard a deep, kindly-sounding voice say, as the doors opened. The policeman beckoned her.

I think she was a little taken aback as she entered the magistrate's room with a hasty but heroine's step. She rather expected to be confronted with somebody more theatrically terrible. She supposed she should find a stern potentate in robes, and with a fierce frown, while his chin high in air, in the fashion of stage-haughtiness, should be over his left shoulder. His hand should have rested significantly upon the open volume of the law. Her intended rush was somewhat spoiled when she found herself before a portly gentleman, certainly, with grave but handsome features, which lighted with a pleasant, encouraging smile as she entered, and who even bowed slightly and laid down his newspaper to hear what she had to say. She hesitated.

"You wished to speak to me," said the magistrate, taking up her card and trying to read it, "Miss—a—Lumpingstart—Leamington—I beg your pardon?"

"Livingstone, sir," faltered out poor Angela, who was beginning to think that her proposed plan of attack might not be altogether so eligible as she had fancied it.

"So it is," said Mr. Prior, "but you young ladies write such Italian hands that they are troublesome to an English eye. Well, do you wish to speak to me on business?"

"To speak to him on business," Angela thought, was hardly cue enough for the speech she meditated, so she timidly explained that a gentleman of the name of Chequerbent was to be brought up that morning before his lordship for an assault.



"Don't say lordship," said Mr. Prior, "because that is premature. And whom has your friend been assaulting. You?"

"No, sir," said Angela, startled into new excitement by this sudden and injurious supposition, "he would protect me with his life. But in a moment of ungovernable rage, and stung into unmeasured madness by a taunt hurled at me by a wretch, he raised his hand against the base minion of tyranny, at least his name is Shaddles," said Angela, getting bewildered and travelling out of the theatrical record.

The magistrate looked amused for a moment, and then said,

"Is the affair a theatrical squabble, Miss Livingstone? Because if so, I hope it will be made up without my interference. You know that words which would be tremendous between private people go for nothing among professionals—the most frightful vow of eternal hatred and hideous vengeance only means a little annoyance at not being repaid half-a-crown, or asked to supper. Surely you can make peace among you without me."

"It is not so, sir," said Angela, once more resolving to try her powers, and gaining confidence at the grave fatherly voice of the magistrate. Measuring her distance, like a practised artist, she suddenly dropped her bonnet, dishevelled her hair in a second, and dashing to his knee, knelt before him.

"Mercy, sir, O mercy," she exclaimed in those wild and piteous tones which nightly drew tears down the grimy cheeks of her Hoxton audiences, in the speech from *The Hangman's Darling*; or, *The Bride of the Gallows*, with which she now favoured the worthy magistrate. "Mercy for his own young blood, mercy for his father's grey hairs. Misled by infatuation, he has plunged into the abyss of crime; but while the white-robed angel of Pity weeping waves her gentle wings over the storm-lashed deep of Passion, the boisterous surge may be baffled of its victim, and the wanderer's bark find happy harbour. Mercy, sir, for you too are human—nay, think not I mean to insult you—but in that quivering lip I see the workings of compassion, and in that glistening eye I behold the dew of sympathy, a thousand times more precious than the diamonds sparkling upon the monarch's brow."

Inspired by her own energy, she almost listened for the three rounds of thunderous applause which habitually greeted her clever and spasmodic delivery of the above beautiful passage. Instead of that demonstration, however, as she hid her face between her pretty hands, really crying, but sobbing with her shoulders in good melodramatic style into the bargain, the magistrate took her hand and raised her to her feet.

"Your elocution does you great credit," he said, "and the authors who write for you are fortunate fellows. And now tell me what you came about. See what is going on, Williamson," he added to the attendant policeman, who had stood considerably astonished and scandalized at the scene. "Now," he said, as the officer withdrew,—“what is it? You know I have but little time to spare."

Angela's tears now flowed very fast indeed, but having relieved her mind by the heroic effort, on the effect of which she found she had miscalculated, she told her little story in plainer English, taking the whole fault upon herself for coming to Mrs. Sellinger's in her Apollo dress, and begging the magistrate not to inflict a dreadful punishment on Paul.

"I can decide the case only as it comes before me in evidence, you know," said Mr. Prior, "and in strictness I ought not to listen to you at all, for we have no asides here. However, I don't know that you need be very much terrified for your friend. And now I am going into court, and I leave you to put on your bonnet at your leisure. Good bye."

In the mean time Paul had been brought into the court, and, at a suggestion from his friend, the attendant policeman, had taken a seat at the table below the dock, where he was not exposed to much observation. He was soon informed that Mr. Shaddles had come, and, rising, he beheld that gentleman, looking very vindictive, and with nearly half of his face eclipsed in a huge green shade, which acted like a blinker, and made him walk awkwardly, as if trying to get round its corner. He was attended by his two daughters, who looked as if they came by command, and seemed fidgety and uncomfortable, and by no means grateful to him for thrusting them into rather a prominent seat, and talking to them loudly.

Paul immediately went up to Mr. Shaddles, and said, in a manly way enough,—

"Mr. Shaddles, I was both irritated and tipsy last night, and I find that I conducted myself very absurdly, and, as regards yourself, very unjustifiably. I am ashamed of myself for what I did, and I should be more ashamed of myself if I were afraid to say so. I am willing to apologize to you, in the presence of such of your friends as were at the ball, and to pay five pounds, in your name, into the poor-box, or to any charity you like. I don't know that I can say much more."

"O, pa!" imprudently exclaimed one of the girls, quite colouring up with pleasure, "I'm sure he couldn't speak more gentlemanly; could he, Nelly?"

"No," was upon Nelly's tongue, but she had looked into her parent's face, and the half-formed word expired, as the classics say. Mr. Shaddles's scowl, or rather the instalment of it, visible outside the shade, was rather vicious. Having apprised his child that if she did not hold her d—d tongue he would knock her head against the wall, the worthy tradesman turned to Mr. Chequerbent.

"O!" he grunted, with his head on one side, and his mouth held half open, to let the taunt come slowly out, "O!"

Now, as was said about Gibbon's history, nobody can refute a sneer, and it is equally difficult to offer a repartee to a zoological noise; so Paul, though marvellously inclined to echo it, held his tongue.

"No," said Mr. Shaddles, with a savage oath, "not if you was



to offer fifty pound: what, I've brought you on your knees, my swell, have I?"

"Why, no," said Paul, "not exactly that; but I think that when a gentleman has acted wrongly, he ought to apologize; and, what is more, I think that a right-minded man will accept his apology."

"O, you're a gentleman, and I'm a man, am I," retorted Mr. Shaddles, furiously. "Very well, my gentleman, we'll see what the man can do. I know all about it: devilish little apology you'd have made, if you hadn't been in a funk, and now you think, with your swaggering hairs, to carry it all off." And he added an illustration, borrowed from natural history, to the effect that Paul's selection of a female pig, and retention of her by her ear, was not fortunate. "Into that dock you walk, my cove," concluded Mr. Shaddles.

"It's your place to give orders in the court, I suppose," said, sharply, the policeman, who had witnessed the interview; "perhaps you'd mind your own business, and not make that row."

"O, what?" said the enraged Mr. Shaddles, vindictively; "that's the game, is it? Palm oil, hay? Now, you'd best mind what sort of evidence you give presently, Master Peeler, or I shall know what it means. Look out, that's all."

"Don't be afraid, Shaddles," replied the officer, haughtily. "You'd better take your seat, sir," he said to Paul. "Here comes his worship;—silence!"

"Then you refuse my apology and my offer, Mr. Shaddles," said Paul, in a lower voice.

Mr. Shaddles made no reply; but turning, so that the magistrate could not see him, he performed a gesture of defiant derision, seldom considered strictly graceful, and least so when executed with a stubby thumb on a swollen nose, and over a mouth opened to intimate a jeering laugh, suppressed by prudential considerations. So Paul once more took his place, with a bow to the young ladies, and the policeman went round to the comrade who had assisted him in taking Mr. Chequerbent.

The Beak seated himself, and for some time there passed before him a portion of the grim phantasmagoria of depravity, want, and brutality, which every morning surges up to the judgment-seat from the turbid sea of London existence. The wife, foully battered and bruised by her husband, came, as usual, and hardly raised her swollen eyes to deny his counter-charge of drunkenness and aggravation. The mother was there to beg the law to protect her from the child that robbed and kicked her, and the sullen and vicious cub replied with a lie of starvation and ill-usage. The baby was laid, all bones and bruises, before the minister of justice, to testify that a beast's dam is kinder than some baptized and married mothers. Vile women, hoarse and pert, told their shameless quarrels, and bared their flesh to show the wounds of nails and teeth. A brawny ruffian, his head and face seamed with crimson plasters, pleaded that drink had maddened him, and hoped that the blows he had received before he could be secured,

might atone for his having mutilated three or four officers. Children were placed behind a barrier, over which nothing but their shock hair and bright eyes could be seen, to be judged for pilfering, while the Jew fence, or the marine-store keeping Christian, lurked near the door, to hear whether his pupils were to rejoin him at once, or after some whipping and imprisonment. A lithe-limbed pick-pocket took his thirtieth sentence, with a pleasant bow to his judge; an Irish beggar-woman sobbed and howled frightfully during the hearing, and then flung a stone at the chief clerk's bald head; a maniac preacher announced his divine mission, with hideous cries about eternal fire and the undying worm; and a consumptive gay woman, in yellow satin and a lace bonnet, was bound over not to assault a brown and corpulent hag, who lent her the trappings for her dreadful trade, and exacted, in return, nearly the last sixpence it produced. Such were some of the "cases" of the day. Take a chair in a police-court for one morning, and you will, perhaps, go away with a resolve to do quietly, and to the best of your power, the work which lies nearest your hand, but not to shout very much, for the future, when Mr. Sadducee, in the Commons, boasts about this enlightened age, and Earl Pharisee, in the Lords, brags about this Christian nation.

Mr. Shaddles's case came on at last, and the worthy man, being placed in the witness box, and having knocked up his green shade in his extreme eagerness to bring the inspired volume to his lips, gave his evidence against Paul with great bitterness, and held forward his discoloured eye for the examination of the magistrate. He looked rather disappointed that the latter did not recoil with horror at the sight, but Mr. Prior was in the habit of seeing so many dozen black eyes a-week—in fact a mechanic's wife seldom appeared in court without one at least—that he merely glanced at it with a quiet "Humph—ah." Mr. Shaddles was then about to call his daughters as witnesses, when Paul begged that his admission of having struck the blow which produced the effect exhibited might save these young ladies the trouble of being sworn.

The policeman who had been cautioned by Mr. Shaddles then got into the box.

"From information which I had received your worship I watched Mrs. Sellinger's ouse in Spelton Street where a dance was being carried on. At twenty minutes to twelve I eard a gent in the all say that there would be a row in two-twoes to which the other replied and no mistake. The door was open your worship and a cab at the door number 2642."

"What do you talk that nonsense for?" said the magistrate. "Do you mean that there are two thousand six hundred houses in Spelton Street?"

The officer had learned his lesson so well, that being interrupted put him out, and he considered for a minute. Then he looked uncomfortably at the magistrate and said, in a low and troubled voice,

"The cab, your worship."

"Very well," said Mr. Prior, "then you should have said the cab."



"Number 2642," resumed the officer, going off again in good style, "and many coats and hats in the passage which I kept my eye upon. Hearing screams I ran up the steps and see the parlour door—"

"Saw the parlour door," murmured the magistrate, by way of protest, but did not stop the witness.

"Open and this person," pointing to Mr. Shaddles, "a squaring up to this gentleman (Paul) and trying to hit him upon which this gentleman likewise square up."

"But he had knocked me down fust," bawled Mr. Shaddles, from the floor of the court.

"Be quiet, sir," said Mr. Prior, "you have given your evidence. The officer can swear only to what he witnessed."

"O, that be hanged," said the excitable grocer, "it's all jugglery."

"You will be removed from the court if you make another such remark," said Mr. Prior, "you do not help your case by showing that your temper is so bad, that even in a court of justice you cannot refrain from misbehaviour."

How the oppressed Misses Shaddles enjoyed this speech, and how they promised themselves the pleasure of reporting it to a rather nagging mamma they had at home! It would be good stock for her.

"Then the ladies and gents crowded round them and I just stepped to shet the street-door and then I came in and Shaddles gave this gentleman in charge and I locked him up your worship."

"But what right had you to lock him up?" said the magistrate. "By your own account he was being assaulted, and only raised his hands in self-defence."

The policeman knew all about it very well, having in truth watched the scene from the moment Angela, in her Apollo dress, had been drawn into the room, to the discomfiture of the dancers.

"I took him out of the house your worship as was wished by Mrs. Sellinger and all the parties, but he was locked up for rather obstropulous conduct in the street."

"Put my daughter into the box," shouted Mr. Shaddles.

"How old is she?" inquired Mr. Prior. "Does she know the nature of an oath?"

"If she does not, sir," said the chief clerk confidentially, "it is not her father's fault—he has been growling an accompaniment of curses all through the policeman's evidence."

"She's nineteen," said Mr. Shaddles: "here, Sarah, get into the box and tell the magistrate that you saw this fellow—"

"Hold your tongue, sir," interrupted Mr. Prior. "Are you not ashamed to dictate to a witness, and that witness your own child, what she is to swear. I never knew an instance of more disgraceful behaviour."

The furious grocer was so seldom put into harness in this way, that little white streaks of foam actually showed themselves at the corners of his mouth. He rubbed his stubby hands over one another, and glared fearfully as Miss Sarah took off a tight glove

from a fat little hand, and pressed the Testament to her large pleasant-looking mouth.

"What did you see of this affray, Miss Shaddles?" said the magistrate.

"There was a young person brought into the room, sir," said Miss Shaddles, casting down her eyes (for she had a good deal of that middle-class modesty which hastens to fix upon any objectionable subject, and then disquiets itself therewith), "in a strange dress, though no doubt very proper in its place, and some unpleasantness was felt, though I dare say no offence was meant."

Sarah was determined to do her best for Paul, if only to beat her father.

"Of that you can hardly judge," said Mr. Prior. "But come to the assault."

"I did not see the assault, sir," said Miss Shaddles, "for I was dancing at the other end of the room; but when I came up, papa was fighting with Mr. Chequerbent, and had received a shocking blow, and I was so terrified on his account that I am quite unable to give any further information."

"You have proved nothing yet, Mr. Shaddles," said the magistrate. "There is your daughter, naturally anxious to make the best case she can for you, but she only swears that you were fighting. Can the other young lady prove more?"

"I don't think so, sir," said Miss Sarah, "because she was my *vis-à-vis*."

"Why, I could bring a dozen witnesses," cried Shaddles, "who all saw him hit me the moment I called him an offensive puppy."

"It is all very well to say you *could*," said Mr. Prior, with provoking calmness, "but I sit here to decide on the evidence that is brought. You admit that you used exceedingly objectionable language, and from your conduct here to-day, insulting the court, dictating to a witness, and uttering blasphemies in the hearing of the officials, I think that quite probable, though I might hesitate to believe it on your own unaided testimony. Have you anything to say?" he added, turning to Paul.

The policeman gave a look as much as to say, "Not such a flat," but he was in error.

"Only, sir, that none of us behaved too creditably, but as I have been locked up—I mean as I have been in the station-house all night, perhaps—"

"Serve you right, and I hope you will remember it. The case is dismissed."

Paul was soon out of court, and was received in the passage by Angela, who was all smiles and delight, and who looked so pretty that we must not be too hard upon Paul for being unable to resist the temptation of again postponing his journey to Aspen, in order to take her to dine somewhere or other. I could say where, but as there is no place in all London where one can give a lady a casual and decent dinner in privacy and comfort, I see no use in asking Mr. Bentley to advertise the establishment in question. If I were not sure that, wherever it was, they had to sit in a cold room, or a hot



room, or a dirty room, and with a number of other people; that the things they wanted were not in the *carte*, and that half the things they ordered were badly cooked; that either the men in the room stared at the lady or the waiters looked surprised she should come there; that the wine was low in scale and high in price, and that generally the whole thing was felt to be a mistake, I would gladly mention the place, and so I will, whenever a London *restaurateur* has brains enough to take a lesson from his Parisian rival. Meantime, my brothers, eat with women in private houses only. *Liberavi animam meam.*

One is afraid to think in what frame of mind the defeated Shaddles took home his daughters and his black eye. Nor was his discomfiture complete until his neighbours, with usual neighbourly kindness, called his attention to the police report in the next day's paper. The conscientious reporter, with whom Mrs. Selinger had kindly tried to tamper, would not be swayed from his duty to the journal he represented, and gave a full and graphic account of the case. But by some accident Mr. Chequerbent's name was muddled into Speckleback, or something equally unlikely to be recognised by Messrs. Molesworth and Penkridge. I cannot think that this was a wilful blunder,—it must have been an error of the press—for the excellent reporter, in his exceeding desire to be accurate, not only gave Mr. Shaddles's name and address with perfect correctness, but, to prevent a possibility of mistake, added what he must have learned from Paul's friend, the policeman—"The complainant is a tradesman, who has several times been fined for cheating the poor, by 'riding the monkey' and other devices for giving false weights, and who has boasted that another week of short weights always repaid him his fine with interest, leaving him the rest of the cheating as clear profit on the quarter."

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### THE DEMONS OF THE CAPE.

LORD ROOKBURY, privately deciding that for once Mr. Acton Calveley was right, and that the Misses Wilmslow were very pretty, proceeded to cultivate their acquaintance forthwith, and being, as has been observed, a very gentlemanly old nobleman, speedily made himself acceptable. He entered so easily into the zoological occupation of the moment, and seemed to take so much interest in the assembled menagerie, that the girls were quite delighted with him, and began to consult his opinion on points of training and education, as if he had been their friend and confidant since their respective christenings. And as he chatted away, the old Sybarite duly noted and approved Emma's brown curls, and Kate's large eyes, and despite Amy's shawls, and rather moped look, he made out that she varied and completed a charming group, and he half-resolved to order down a painter, and have a sketch made, for the adornment of one of his rooms. It was a sad thing that the old man's appreciation of physical beauty

was so keen, while his regard for moral beauty was so stagnant;—a classical scholar, too, as he was, and one who might have learned from Horace, and other virtuous writers, how superior mind is to matter, and so forth.

Mr. Wilmslow, meantime, was pacing from room to room upstairs, in great disquiet concerning the errand of the visitor. But at last Carlyon came in, and Henry Wilmslow, calling him behind a door, intimated, with great mystery, and many grimaces, that he suspected a Philistine was about.

"No, no," said Bernard, "Philistines don't ride horses like that I saw at the door. I will reconnoitre, however." And hearing voices in the garden, he went down, and found the young ladies exceedingly amused at a story Lord Rookbury was telling them about a sea-crab, which had, by some accident, been dropped from a cart, and left on the green of an inland village, the inhabitants of which were very Protestant, but not very well informed. The Earl was saying that such a thing had never been seen by the oldest inhabitant, and he was describing, with much humour, the proceedings at a public meeting, which was called to consider the queer-looking stranger, and at which it was decided, by a large majority, that the hideous creature must be one of those Roman Catholics, of whom they had heard so much. As Carlyon came out into the garden, the girls all called to him at once that he must come and hear one of the best stories in the world.

"All Lord Rookbury's stories are the best stories in the world," said Carlyon, raising his hat. The Earl returned his salute, and eyed him keenly, it was hard to say whether favourably or not. The girls looked much surprised; in fact, his lordship had not mentioned his name, and had at once begun to talk so pleasantly, that it did not occur to them to consider whether he had one.

"O, are you Lord Rookbury, sir?" said little Amy, with her usual straightforwardness.

"Dear me, did I not say so," said the Earl; "I thought I had introduced myself. I must make you all sorts of apologies. I sent in my card, however, and fancied it had been brought to you. This gentleman received it, I suppose, as he knows me."

"No," said Bernard; "and the servant has evidently suppressed it. Mr. Wilmslow is unaware of your lordship's visit; I will find him."

"A relation?" asked Lord Rookbury, as Carlyon went off; "you have no brother, I think, Miss Wilmslow?" he said, addressing Kate.

"Emma is Miss Wilmslow," said Kate, handing the inquiry to her sister to be answered, and with a little blush, which did not escape the Rookbury eye.

"That is Mr. Bernard Carlyon," said Emma; "he is no relation, but he comes from the firm of lawyers, who managed our trial, and he is staying with us."

"Understands all about the estate, eh? A very gentlemanly person, apparently," said the Earl.



"I think he understands all about everything," put in Amy; "don't you, Kate?"

There was another show of colour; the young lady's "blood looked out," and Lord Rookbury "looked on 't,"—so, whichever of the "Winter's Tale" readings, old or new, may be preferred, our quotation will do.

"A pleasant companion in the country, and not a bad one in town," said the Earl. "What do you say, Miss Kate?"

"We all like him very much," said Kate, "and he is very good and attentive."

"Not lately," said the accurate Amy, with a becoming expression of petulance; "not since the time came when he began to go out by himself, and stay away nobody knows how long; and if he does not behave better, I shall tell him to go back to London. He has no business to neglect me now that I am getting stronger, and he might be of use in walking me about, and reading to me. He knows that I do not read French fast enough to enjoy the stories half so much as when he translates."

"Sad fellow, to neglect duties which he seems to have begun so well," said Lord Rookbury; "I must talk to him, if you'll let me?"

"How can you be so silly, Amy?" said Emma; "I am sure that nobody could be more kind than Bernard was, all the time you were ill."

"And is that any reason for his being unkind when I get well?" demanded resolute Amy, who stood to her guns.

"Bernard, too," said the Earl, to himself. "All very pretty. Ha! here comes the king of the castle—blessed donkey, by all accounts—looks it too." And he advanced to meet Wilmslow, who came forth in a great flustration, blundering out half a dozen contradictory lies, by way of excuse, for his delay. The Earl said but few words, but they were so kind and graceful, and so exactly expressed the congratulation which one large-acred gentleman should offer to another on the recovery of his rights, without making so much fuss about it as should imply that it was a matter of grave concern. He cordially welcomed Wilmslow into their county, with a manner which said that now, perhaps, the county might go on decently. And then he complimented Wilmslow upon his charming family, in a way which really intimated that the world owed him gratitude for having favoured it with such a group; and Wilmslow almost began to believe that he had been a model father and educator, and, at that moment, a very little brandy would have made him quite sentimental.

"Haw, yes, my lord," said Henry the humbug, drawing Kate to him, in a most affectionate manner, "after all, there's nothing like one's children,—aw. They make one happy, when nothing else can." And, certainly, that was the only time he tried the experiment.

"That," said the Earl, who always took his cue at a moment's notice, "that, and the society of their mother. I am, unhappily, a widower, and the solace of female sympathy is therefore denied

me, but the memory of my own married happiness teaches me to appreciate that of others, and yours, Mr. Wilmslow, is, I know, singular."

"An admirable person, in every respect, is my wife, yes, though I say it that shouldn't say it," responded Henry, "and I wonder where the devil the woman's got to."

"I trust to see Mrs. Wilmslow," said the Earl, "if only to assure her that I hope she will remember we are neighbours. Rookton is not quite what it ought to be—what place is, without a lady—but I have some pictures, and the conservatories are in good order. I ought to be a great deal more ceremonious, but these young ladies have made me feel as if I had known you all for years."

"Quite right, my lord," said Wilmslow, feeling perfectly comfortable, as Lord Rookbury had intended. Ceremony is all walker among people whose position in society makes them sure there is no mistake" (the Ambassador was coming out) "and if the aristocracy of England cannot afford to waive ceremonials among themselves, who the doose can?"

"You be hanged with your aristocracy, you insolvent snob," was the indignant reply thought by Lord Rookbury, though, for that matter, he had no right to think it, for, as we have seen, the Wilmslows came in at the Conquest, or said they did, whereas the Rookburys were strictly anonymous until the Revolution, points which should be remembered in estimating the worth of our fellow-creatures.

"*We'll* waive it, at any rate, Mr. Wilmslow," said the Earl, and continued to talk in a familiar off-hand way until Mrs. Wilmslow arrived. And then his manner gradually changed, for though he knew perfectly well that these Wilmslows were living in a corner of their house, and had been very needy, and had still no money to spare, and could not visit their richer neighbours, he knew a little too about feminine nature. And though the free-and-easy style was just the thing to please Henry, the Earl was aware that a well-regulated English matron has no idea of being condescended to, and he was much too wary to let Mrs. Wilmslow think he wanted to make allowance for her want of means, and to get her to come in undignified fashion to Rookton. So, while nothing could be pleasanter than his manner to Jane, there was also nothing in it which could make her think his lordship did not suppose she had a dozen carriages and a troop of horses on the other side the garden, instead of *not* having there the two little ponies of her ambition. He made no attempt at an engagement, knowing that Mrs. Wilmslow would like to receive a formal invitation, duly carded and crested and so forth, but after walking about the great hall with the family, finding a likeness to Emma in one of the family portraits, and holding that young lady's hair from her face in order to make the resemblance more striking, he mounted his impatient horse and departed, a good deal pleased with the ladies of the family, and leaving them and their head a good deal pleased with him.



Just on going away Lord Rookbury said, as if suddenly recollecting the subject,

"I don't see your friend, Mr. Carlyon—but he hunts, I think. Tell him that Thursday is the last day, and that they meet at Featherstone-edge. I dare say he knows it, though, and I shall see him there. But perhaps Miss Kate will say so to him for me."

The message was duly delivered by Kate, who wanted to know whether Bernard had been acquainted with Lord Rookbury, and how he came to recognize his lordship so readily.

"I never spoke to him until to-day," said Carlyon, "but I have occasionally heard him lecture the House of Lords. And the face is not one which it is easy to forget."

"And do you go and hear the speeches in Parliament?" asked Kate.

"Sometimes. One likes to see machinery at work, you know."

"And sometimes, I dare say, you wish that you were part of the machinery, is it not so?"

"I don't know. I never wish. But," he said laughing, "I should make a very good member of Parliament, for I can hold my tongue, which is a remarkable gift in days when everybody can speak. If one could only push one's talents a little further, and be the only member in the House who could not read. Imagine absolution from all the best sources of information."

"It is all very well to talk nonsense," said Kate gravely, "but I believe you would distinguish yourself very much, and that you think so yourself."

"Well, when I have a chance, I shall expect you to lurk behind the ladies' grating, and judge me. And now let us see about the grating for your rabbit-hutch."

But on the Thursday, Carlyon was at the meet of the Z. P. H., at Featherstone-edge. He had managed to get a pretty good mount from the town nearest Aspen, and as he rode light, and with judgment, had upon three or four previous occasions kept a fair place for a gentleman who dropped in upon the hunt as an amateur. He had not ridden over anybody, certainly, but then nobody had ridden over him, which was something, and I need hardly say he had escaped being sworn at for any blundering. Altogether, though not riding a horse which permitted him to do more than get respectably through the business, he had made the best use of his materials. To-day the hounds soon found, and an extraordinarily good run followed. The pace was desperately telling, and of the few who saw the last death of the season, Lord Rookbury and Bernard Carlyon were two. But while the splendid hunter from the Rookton Woods stable looked more splendid than ever, as he sprang eagerly into the field where Reynard the Fox was dying mute, like Bertram Risinghame in the church, Carlyon's more plebeian animal, though he had got through his work gallantly, "struggling, yet stemming all," and bringing his rider to the post of honour, gave unmistakeable signs of being thoroughly done up.

Lord Rookbury had bowed courteously to Carlyon at the cover-

side, and had immediately sent up the stranger about five hundred per cent. in the estimation of the observant members of the Z. P. H. He waited until the last rites were over, and then rode up to Bernard.

"I thought it would be so, Mr. Carlyon," he said, nodding at the distressed horse of the latter, "and you have managed admirably to get him here. You are just sixteen miles from home. My groom will meet me with a fresh horse somewhere about. Do me the favour to take that, we'll leave this fellow at Torling, the hamlet over there, and if you will come and lunch with me at Rookton Woods, we'll send you home to-night, or in the morning, or when you like."

Worse offers may be made to a man on a jaded horse sixteen miles from home, and in an hour from that time the Earl and Carlyon were descending a bridle-path which led them to Rookton Woods.

The house was somewhat curiously situated. The original owner, or his architect, had selected the centre of a small valley, or rather a species of basin, surrounded by wooded slopes, for the site of the mansion, which however, though it lay low, as regarded much of the circumjacent country, was placed upon a gentle elevation in the midst of the basin. Into this basin water was turned on, for a pretty, clear little river, plashing over stones, wound round two thirds of the central mound—it was scarcely more—and was crossed by a couple of bridges, one of stone and pretentious, the other rustic and effective. The house itself was one of those "modern Gothics" from which Mr. Oldbuck so devoutly prayed to be delivered, but which, though defenceless in point of taste, was singularly defensible as a most convenient and luxurious dwelling. It is possible that no ingenuity could have drawn a faithful plan of the confused and miscellaneous apartments which shot out, stuck out, and jutted out, according to their degrees of prominence, from the external sides, on which advanced towards one another, crossed, or ran parallel in the centre, but at any rate there was a noble dining room, a range of capital drawing-rooms, a comfortable library, a picture gallery, and a billiard-room, a ball-room (with a large organ in it), besides "all the ordinary requirements of a nobleman's mansion." And, after all, a house is made to live in.

"There is Rookton below us," said the Earl, as the narrow bridle-path emerged from among some lofty leafless elms. "It was built, in part, by an ancestor of mine, who found his account in bribing the Duchess of Kendal, George the First's mistress, a good deal. I'll show you her picture. An ugly wretch. I believe she cheated us in some way, too, after all our trouble in corrupting her, which proves that she was unprincipled as well as ugly."

"Was that the lady who thought the king's soul revisited her in the form of a rook?" said Carlyon.

"No, hang it," said the Earl, "not a rook—a raven. For the honour of one's crest let us be exact. I should be ashamed to think that a rook had called on a favourite when her loving king was dead, and no more was to be got by the humiliation."



After riding nearly round the house, they descended, and getting upon the carriage-road, which curved at a lower elevation, and a gentle slope from the public road, three quarters of a mile off, they crossed the stone bridge, and reached the house.

"Now, Mr. Carlyon," said Lord Rookbury, as they stood in the spacious hall, where the coloured glass threw upon a few admirable pieces of sculpture that cheerful false light which answers for sunshine when the real article is not procurable, "I will first entrust you, for your bodily comfort, to the care of Jameson here, and, after some lunch, we will settle other arrangements."

Was it Canning, or somebody else, who, hearing a virgin orator of some promise sailing very safely through a sea of common-places, remarked,—

"Confound that young man, why don't he risk himself a little?"

Bernard Carlyon risked himself a good deal that day.

I am not going to justify him, or anybody else. But it should be recollected that Bernard had much upon his mind. Firstly, he was in love. Next, he had had a most mystifying and apparently ridiculous proposition made to him by the guardian of the lady of his dreams, and the consideration of the subject had occupied him day and night, and by no means tended to keep his mind in that healthy state at which it has perfect control over the body. Thirdly, he had ridden very hard for sixteen miles, and less hard for four more, but then, during the last stage, he had been talking to an Earl of so much age and note, that he was almost an institution of the country, and you may mumble as much as you like about all mankind being equal, as of course they are, but there is an excitement in the effort to hold your own with a celebrity—peer, cook, or even book-writer. Lastly, the Earl of Rookbury gave Bernard some extraordinarily fine Madeira.

No part of this history shall be shirked; and whatever damage I may do to the character of my hitherto unobjectionable, and I may say courageous, chivalrous, and intelligent Bernard, I will not deny that at this artistic lunch, and under the agency of wine, round which the Demons of the Cape had howled, as it lay trembling, years before, in the dark hold, and which now came forth for his especial discomfiture, Mr. Bernard Carlyon unbosomed himself to Lord Rookbury in a way which, on his first interview with a nobleman, be he ever so affable, a young gentleman is seldom encouraged to adopt.

But it was not entirely, or in the main, his own doing. That artful Earl, who had been advantageously impressed by Bernard's manners, and evident talent, amused himself by drawing him out. And Lord Rookbury was an old hand, and had lived in the days when men could laugh and drink—vulgaries happily exploded. He had an ample supply of anecdote, when he chose to be lazy, and of wit, when he chose to take the trouble to talk. His manner was peculiarly agreeable, if he so willed it. He passed his Madeira, (a philtre he had tried upon many an hereditary legislator, and many an aspiring candidate, with singular success as a test of their contents,) as matter of course, and as hardly worth calling wine, while he occupied the attention of Bernard with his

own shrewd and fascinating discourse, and ultimately succeeded in inducing that young person to open the flood-gates of his feelings. And when a person of habitual and strong self-command, and also of strong will, loses the one, and surrenders the other, it may be superfluous to say that he gets very demonstrative indeed.

Therefore, and urged by the Demons of the Cape, did Bernard Carlyon set forth to the amused and listening peer, that, proud as was his position and beautiful as was his estate, he, Bernard, would some day achieve a proud position and a beautiful estate too. That he felt he had it in him, and he confidently demanded of Lord Rookbury whether there were not egregious fools in both Houses of Parliament who were listened to and who rose in the State. To which the Earl willingly assented, confirming his opinion by a great oath. Then Carlyon put it, logically, that if he, not being an egregious fool, could obtain such a start as the unwise persons in question, he should rise. Bernard then waxed almost pathetic, and stated his case as that of a young, talented, well educated man, and a gentleman, who, in the present vicious state of society, had no means of living, but by linking himself to a worn-out system of falsehood, called law, the technicalities of which disgusted him, while its practical and cruel injustice offended his sense of humanity. He dwelt upon the hardship of having to grind out his heart at the wheel, for the sake of a morsel of bread, while less gifted persons were making name and wealth—winning beautiful and affectionate wives, and having children growing up around them. Lord Rookbury made faces at these last points, but generally agreed with Bernard, and gave him more wine. Finally, Bernard burst out into a comprehensive peroration, in which he rather neatly summed up his own hopes and merits, and unsparingly denounced the whole system, including the law, the church, the senate, and the aristocracies of rank and of mammon, which forbid him to earn an honourable and gentlemanly livelihood. There, his exceedingly improper conduct is told, and I am heartily shocked at it.

Lord Rookbury was not shocked at all. He saw no harm in being intoxicated, or in any other vice whatever that amused one's self or annoyed one's enemy. His own first public appearance had been in a state of drunkenness, as we have recorded, on the night of the Nelson funeral, and he had repeated that representation once or twice since. No man lost in the estimation of the Earl of Rookbury by being drunk, unless he proved himself a snob in his cups. Now Bernard Carlyon, not in thick speech, or broken voice, but in unfaltering and audacious language, had told Lord Rookbury, at his own hearthstone, certain things, utterly improper to be spoken in a well-regulated and orderly age, and least of all to a respectable nobleman; but, after all, things which may not be utterly disconnected with truth, and which, in early life, and before we grow orthodox fatalists, a good many promising young people are ill-educated enough to feel. One great advantage of temperance is that a temperate man is never betrayed into such unseemly expositions.



Then did Lord Rookbury, with much affected carelessness and real art, seek to elicit from Bernard a variety of particulars touching Aspen Court and its owners. But here the accomplished nobleman signally failed, for Bernard would not be pumped. He would speak of nobody's affairs but his own, and, put the questions as he would, the Earl could get nothing that was available. And he saw, too, that this was not the result of the stolidity, which sometimes, I am told, follows the first excitement of wine, but was obviously the fruit of an acquired habit of not talking idly on other people's affairs. Lord Rookbury noted this, and rather applauded it. However, he determined to risk another shot. Passing the wine, he said,

"Well, my young friend," he said, "I think you have only done justice to yourself in securing one of the Aspen heiresses. And so we will drink her health."

Carlyon was more nearly restored to his entire senses by this speech than one would have believed it possible for a man to be. But every puppet has one string which runs through all its framework, and only find that, and you may convulse your puppet at your will. He had, in his recent indignant declamation, instinctively avoided the slightest reference to his hopes in regard to Lillian. He took it for granted that Lord Rookbury had received some intimation on the subject. Another evil of drinking, young people, is, that it sometimes makes you too intelligent.

"I have no right," said Bernard, "to think of that which you refer to. I would not refuse such a toast, but it must not be so introduced."

"No right, my dear Bernard?" said his Lordship, paternally. "All the right in the world. I am an old man, and I know what young ladies mean by their looks. You have her affections, and the deuce is in it if, with your talents, you cannot manage the rest. Come, her health, I say. Miss Kate Wilmslow."

Bernard was conscious of a very curious sensation, a mixture of shock, and irritation, and—a very little self-reproach. For he had for some time entertained certain faint suspicions, which he had chosen to stifle, but which, when the subject was thus brought up, prevented his meeting the Earl's eye with quite the steadiness he ought to have shown.

"Your Lordship utterly mistakes," he said, gravely.

"Of course I do—we old men always mistake everything—and you look as if I mistook, Mr. Carlyon. However, I have no right to refer to such a matter—only, when it is no longer a mystery, perhaps you will remember that the old Earl told you the young lady's heart was yours."

And Bernard's conscience told him that he believed it too, and in his state of bewilderment he did not make a very effective disclaimer of any such hopes, and Lord Rookbury listened, bowed in a gentlemanly manner, not accepting it in the least, and changed the subject.

They continued to chat, Carlyon improving the impression he had made upon the Earl, and, though talking with remarkable unreserve, talking neither flippantly nor foolishly. And Lord

Rookbury occasionally put forth one of his best and bitterest sarcasms, and found no dull or unappreciative listener. Veiled or patent, the epigram told with Bernard. Besides, he happened to have read a little; and even though one of Lord Rookbury's *mots* based itself on a political "situation" or a court intrigue of the remote date of twenty years back, Carlyon was not so completely mystified by the allusion as most of the ruck of young men of society would have been. He actually contrived to tell the Earl two good things of Luttrell's, which Lord Rookbury had either never heard or forgotten; and in these days, when everything gets into print, a single new and good thing is worth gratitude. They enfranchise the black who finds a diamond over a certain number of carats;—what shall be done unto the man who presents you with an epigram to which, at your own first rehearsal, an auditor shall not say, "Doosed good, but older than the person you give it to?"

"By the way," said the Earl, "I should tell you, that as soon as I had secured you for dinner, I thought the most hospitable thing would be to ask old Seymour—the man with the white hat who fell at the brook—to send up word to Aspen Court, as he passed through the village in his way home. So they will not think that you have broken your neck, if you give me the pleasure of your company until to-morrow. Oh, don't think about dress. The only lady you will see—and whom you certainly will not see when you come over with the Wilmslows—does not mind slippers. We will go through the rooms, if you like; there is light enough to show you where the pictures are, though scarcely to see what they are."

Bernard rather approved of this arrangement, and the Earl showed him the principal rooms of which we have made mention, and especially the picture gallery. In this, nearly the whole of the contents of which had been gathered by Lord Rookbury himself, Carlyon rather expected to find works of a class more akin to the habits of mind and speech of the owner than were the paintings collected there. But he found not the expansive carnal charms of Titian and Etty, the spiritual yet still womanly loveliness of Guido, nor that meretricious cross-breed in art by which the modern French school contrives to depict the Magdalen with the united attractions of Palestine and the Palais-Royal. The majority of the pictures were Dutch, landscape and interior, long dreary wastes of lead-coloured dykes, or the stereotype brace of boors, one drinking, the other tumultuously fondling a hideous landlady. It was odd.

"I know what you think," said the Earl, after watching Bernard's survey, which was very rapidly completed. His eye was not an artist's, and it hungered for a little graceful form and pleasant colour. "You would give all my canvass for an Italian sky, with nymphs at noon; eh?"

"No, but I think I would warm your lordship's gallery with just two or three pictures that did not suggest the impending ague or the approaching constable."

"You are right, perhaps. But do you know this—that I hate



to be cheated? Now I should never be quite sure about an Italian or Spanish picture; connoisseurs know no difference between originals and copies, let them say what they like; and dealers are—dealers. Personally, I do not care a farthing whether a picture that pleases me was executed at Florence by Raphael or in Wardour Street by Levi Daub. But I should not like to know that people who had stayed here said at dinner, that the Rookton collection was well enough, but that the only original in the house was Lord Rookbury."

"Everybody says those things. An Englishman has described as a copy, a picture by Rubens, that has never been out of the chamber in which he executed it."

"I do not like it—that's all. Now you know one can't be cheated in these Dutch pictures; they have been in few hands, and every one of them has an authenticated pedigree of ownership. Their legitimacy is untarnished."

"So be it," said Bernard; "I prefer something pretty, and don't desire legitimacy."

"Very well," said the Earl, smiling, "possibly Rookton may be able to satisfy even that combination of taste. But now I must write some letters for town. I think you have the *carte du pays*; in the library you will find some good prints, the London papers, and some French novels; perhaps you can make out till the bell rings."

Bernard, left alone, established himself in a luxurious easy chair, and began to review the last few hours. The active but evanescent excitement under which he had enlightened Lord Rookbury, passed away, and Mr. Carlyon began to feel peculiarly dissatisfied with himself. He was angry that he had not remembered how unfitted, at the moment, he had been for resisting the influence of wine, and though in trying to recal what he had said to Lord Rookbury, he could recollect nothing of which he needed to be ashamed, he knew what abysses there are in one's memory of a revel, and what ugly things another memory will sometimes evoke from them. Still, he was convinced that his intellect had been at high-pressure all the time, and he felt tolerably sure that he had been preserved from *niaiserie*—the thing Carlyon chiefly feared in this life. It was tolerably clear, too, that he had not annoyed Lord Rookbury, for, if he had, he felt, from what he had made out of that amiable nobleman's character, that he should have been politely dismissed, and half way to Aspen by that time. Somewhat consoled by these recollections, and resolving to keep guard on himself for the rest of the day, he took up *some premier* of a Parisian novel, and the pedantic levity of its introduction soon brought its own antidote.

He must have slept for a couple of hours, when a small soft hand was placed in his own, and a distinct young voice mixed in his dream:—

"Papa says that you are to take me in to dinner."

Bernard sprang up, retaining the little hand, however, and found himself in darkness, the open door, at the end of the long library, showing the lighted hall at a distance. He could just make out

that his companion was a little girl, and that her hair, on which a ray of the far-off light glistened, was crowned with a white coronal.

"Did you speak to me more than once, dear?" said Bernard, as soon as he had recollected himself.

"Who is Lilian?" said the child. "You *might* tell me who Lilian is, before we go in."

Carlyon bit his lip, and felt more wroth with himself than he had done for a long time.

"Talk in my sleep, too?" he muttered, quite bitterly; "what is my next foolery? Lilian, dear?" he said to the child; "O, she is the lady of a pretty song, 'Airy, fairy, Lilian.' Shall I teach it you by-and-by?"

"I thought saints did not sing songs, only hymns," said the little lady.

"Saints?"

"Yes; you are a saint, you know. Papa told me to fetch you, and that your name was Saint Bernard, and that he knew you would like me, for that you had told him so."

"Ah!" said Bernard, after a pause; "I think I see. Well, dear, let me take you in to dinner."

She laid her arm on his wrist, and they emerged into the light, where Carlyon could examine his new friend. She was a fairy-like little thing, with delicate waxen features, almost too regular for prettiness. She was exquisitely dressed, but with far too much elaboration, and her toilet seemed the work of half a dozen French maids, in the innumerable details of its tiny perfections. Even jewellery, in miniature, was arrayed on her small arms and taper fingers; ear-rings sparkled in her ears, and she carried an infinitesimal feather-fan. *Mise à ravir*, had she been fifteen years older, but it was some amends that the voice and manner were childish still.

"You have found your guest, eh, Lurline," said the Earl.

"Yes; and he is going to teach me a song, papa."

"Ah! but you mustn't flirt with him too much, or eyes, twice as large as yours, will open at you. And now for dinner."

The evening passed away pleasantly enough, Lord Rookbury being particularly agreeable, and Carlyon being desirous of effacing in some degree, the recollection of his outbreak in the morning. He did not succeed in this attempt, however, for while they lingered over some incomparable claret, the Earl suddenly said:—

"Mr. Carlyon, the confidence you have thought proper to place in me to-day is my excuse for making you an offer which perhaps there is no reason for your acceptance; and in that case suppose it not made."

"I am glad," said Carlyon, frankly, "that your lordship gives me an opportunity of saying what certainly ought to be said before I leave Rookton, namely, that under ridiculous excitement which—"

"If you are going to abuse my Madeira, I will not hear you," said the Earl. "Four bottles of that wine, judiciously administer-



ed, once preserved the religion of these realms, the minority in the Commons, against a most sacrilegious motion, being converted into a majority by, the Secretary to the Treasury and myself dosing two church reformers at Bellamy's until they were much too drunk to stumble into the lobby. Respect it, therefore."

"But, only, as I am not a Church reformer," said Carlyon, laughing, "I may—"

"A pretty speech for St. Bernard," said the Earl; "read your own history. But nonsense apart, you have nothing to say, and if you regret that a glass of my wine made you franker than I deserved you should be with me, I do not. Now, I was going to say this. You have told me your distaste for your own profession, and I have studied you enough to know that you ought to aim at a showier if not a higher game. Opportunities do not exactly drop from the skies, except in novels; but, as somebody says in a play, though we never know what Providence may do for us, it is always as well to be in Providence's way. Now I think I can put you in a tolerable place for the start, but when the flag falls, you must make good running. Do you know Francis Selwyn?"

"The Minister?"

"Yes,—for the present."

"He wants a private secretary, and would answer any nomination of mine by asking what day my friend would come."

"And you are good enough to think of me, Lord Roekbury," said Bernard with a sparkling eye.

"Think of yourself. Of course it is not what an ambitious young man dreams of, and, I dare say, if you were writing a book, you would picture my turning out one of the old members for this county, and returning you to Parliament, where your maiden speech would set all Europe rejoicing. But no race is ever run quite so fast as on paper. I think that if you please Selwyn, he will, on being ejected from office, get you something else, and you may make your way."

"How to thank your lordship—"

"I'll tell you. I like to see my men win. I am accused of taking up whims, and if you are modest, like all good young men, and think yourself undeserving of my assistance, why, fancy that I have taken you up as a whim. Only vindicate my choice, and don't let me be laughed at. Miss Lurline, what are you looking so wistful about?"

"I want St. Bernard to teach me the song about Lilian," said the child, plaintively.

"Ah, very true—saints should keep their word. So I shall leave him to do it while I go and write to Frank Selwyn. Is it understood, Mr. Carlyon, or would you like to sleep upon it?"

"Not a moment's delay, my lord, on my account. I shall only too gladly avail myself of a kindness which I shall ever remember."

"Nobody ever remembers kindness," replied the Earl. "Don't be behind your age. But remember that I like to see my men win."

## THE TUILERIES FROM 1815.

THE most futile of all attempts, whether in politics, or in taste, is to resuscitate the past. The past may have been very good, very exemplary, very sublime, very praiseworthy, but whatever it was, it is past, and cannot be resuscitated. And all attempts to revive a system of government, or a peculiar aspect of religion, a phase of taste, as they occurred centuries ago, have always, and must always prove a failure. Take the present as it is, and anything may be made out of it. A despotism may be made out of a republican society, and purity may be awakened amongst the most thoughtless and suffering people, but to do this one must take things as they are, and start from the new point, instead of foolishly trying back for an old one.

The ultra party, which came back with the Bourbons, would never understand this. They not only wanted France to be monarchic, but monarchic as it was in 1780, which was an impossibility. They therefore brought back all the etiquette and pride, and obstruction of the old Court, with none of its fascinations and splendour. Pages might be written illustrative of them, but no number of pages, or variety of anecdotes, could depict it so strongly, as one very trifling circumstance. One of the greatest changes in the internal arrangement of the Tuileries effected by Napoleon, was the same, indeed, which had taken place in all French houses, viz., the establishment of a sane and well-ordered system of water-closets. One of the first acts of the Bourbons on re-entering the Tuileries, was to order them all to be removed, as an innovation on ancient etiquette, and on the ancient *regime*!

There was little to alter in the château, however, except the erasure of the bees, and the substitution of the *fleur-de-lis*. There was a careful alteration of names, but of even these, some could not be changed. The great square hall at the top of the staircase, ornamented with pictures of the living marshals (when dead their effigies are transferred to the Invalides), still retained its title of the Salle des Maréchaux. This the Swiss guards tried to defend on the 10th of August, since when, many as have been the dynasties dethroned, no guard royal or imperial ever defended the palace of the Sovereign.

There were no festivities in the Tuileries until the Duc de Berri was married. The Duchess of Angoulême was occupied with works of charity, on which, indeed, she expended her allowance. Of every letter or petition that she received, she tore off the seal and threw it into a basket, and the contents were regularly sold and converted to pious uses. The Duchess knew nobody in France. She tried hard to learn a little of society, of who different ladies were, with their characters and leanings. But the persons she applied to to furnish her with such necessary information,



were selfish and malignant, and the Duchess's receptions became often an insult, not a compliment, even to those the least deserving of such vengeance.

The Duchess of Berri came of a different school, from Naples, the hotbed of scandal, true or false. She was as inclined to be indulgent, as the Duchess of Angoulême was to be severe. But the pregnancy of the Duchess of Berri, so fraught with joy to the royalists, was at the same time a continual source of terror. The attempts upon her life, and upon that she was about to bear, were frequent, and party did not shrink from employing petards with so base a purpose. This very naturally exasperated the royalists, and drove them from tolerating literature or politics, or trying conciliation in social life, when the Duc de Berri's murder brought matters to a climax, and forced Louis the Eighteenth to put himself into the hands of the ultras. Resentment was then the only thought at Court, nor did the lamentations cease till the Duc d'Angoulême's triumphant march through Spain changed it into confidence and exultation. The few pictures that Louis the Eighteenth ordered (he cared not for the arts) was the capture of the Trocadero—Delaval painted it. It became one of the few pictures that ornamented the Tuileries, and was destroyed by the mob in 1830.

From 1824 the Duchess of Berri gathered influence. Her son and daughter were grown up. Her conduct was irreproachable, but still there were youth and spirit about her, which attracted the young of both sexes, and she made friends, which afterwards served her in her adventurous expeditions. The Duc de Berri, after his marriage, had lived at the Elysée, but after his death his widow retired to the Pavillon de Flore, and there by degrees gathered around her a little Court, that was not silenced by the gravity of the Duchess of Angoulême. There never were two people more like than the Duchess of Berri and Mademoiselle Dejazet, the actress, like in feature, like in spirit, like in rouge. It may be imagined that a Court thus presided over, bade fair to be a gay one.

No one has yet written the life of the Duchess of Berri, or given a picture either of her society at the Tuileries or her adventures in La Vendée. At least, very few and very meagre sketches have appeared. Even Lamartine, who has confined his volumes on the Restoration to much of Jerome's anecdotes and personal portraiture, too much respected the Duchess of Berri, as still living, to make free with her name and life. But whilst throwing a veil over the inhabitants of one wing of the Tuileries, he has left a most vivid picture of all that passed on the other. One may say, that he has applied a photographic machine to those interviews between Louis the Eighteenth and Madame Du Cayla, which he depicts with so much unction and decorum. The truth was, that Louis the Eighteenth was so weary of life and so sickened after his being compelled to get rid of M. Decazes with the grands seigneurs, the grandes dames, and the high priests, whom his brother would alone tolerate at the Tuileries, that Louis the

Eighteenth would do nothing for any of them. Deprived of the use of his limbs, of the enjoyment of his faculties, and even of his will, the poor king lay or sat like a huge hulk, offering nothing but a passive resistance to the sea of courtiers around him. He became unmanageable, pretty much as the late Emperor of Austria was, except that the latter was from his birth idiotic, and that Louis the Eighteenth was an *homme d'esprit*, of whose bodily infirmities his brother took advantage to coerce him. The same remedy was applied in both cases. A Tyrolese woman was found, who exercised a kind of fascination over the Emperor Ferdinand, and at her bidding he signed papers, and went through the formal duties of royalty. Madame Du Cayla was introduced to Louis the Eighteenth and obtained the same influence over him. In both cases the relatives of the monarch, his old courtiers, and the priesthood got possession of the moving power, and influenced the monarch through her.

Louis the Eighteenth devoted his Wednesdays to Madame Du Cayla. On that day no one but herself was allowed to penetrate into his cabinet, and when she retired in the evening she was observed to carry with her through the Salle des Gardes—for she loved concealment—a bag containing fifty thousand francs. Lamartine considers Louis the Eighteenth and Madame Du Cayla as a pair of saints, and there seems to have been nothing faulty in their connexion. But it made the Salle des Gardes laugh and gave birth to a host of anecdotes. The keeper of the seals, Peyronnet, once approached the monarch, who was, as then usual, slumbering in his chair. Louis, startled, exclaimed the name of Madame Du Cayla, which was Zoe. Peyronnet was indiscreet enough to tell the story, and he gained from it a *sobriquet*. He was called Robinson *Cruzoe*. But one must be almost a Frenchman to understand the pun.

Nothing so perplexed and annoyed the Duchess d'Angoulême and the Count d'Artois in the last months of Louis the Eighteenth's life, as his obstinacy in refusing to receive the archbishop and to submit to the ceremonies which the Catholic Church imposes upon dying moments. He refused, as a condemned man would the visit of the executioner. At length Madame Du Cayla induced him to consent, and in so doing closed the door of the King's apartment against her for the rest of her days. Louis, grateful, made a will in her favour and left it on his desk. But Charles the Tenth entered his brother's cabinet, carried off all the papers, burnt the will, and made a beggarly compensation to Madame Du Cayla of a thousand a year for her life.

Singular to say, Charles the Tenth began his reign liberally and gaily. He restored the liberty of the press; he restored his *apanage* and rank to the Duke of Orleans. He courted popularity, and it was really not his hatred of the people or theirs of him that drove him to extremes. This was done by the royalists themselves, who went into opposition because they were indulged with office and with power. The great fault of Charles the Tenth was his not knowing how to manage a Court. He was austere,



too much given to priestly solemnity. Could he have gathered his Court around him, given fêtes, and fallen somewhat into the ways of the ancient monarch, he might win over those royalists in his chamber who joined the liberals against him. He summoned Prince Polignac in anger, gave up everything to his gendarme, and retired with the Court to St. Cloud. There was the royal residence when the Ordonnances appeared.

But it was from the Tuileries, nevertheless, that Marmont issued his orders for putting down the insurrection. The struggle of 1830 began, in fact, between the people, excited to revolution heat in the Palais Royal, and crowded colonnades of the Théâtre Français, whilst the royalist officers and *état major* in the neighbouring wings that stretch from the Tuileries, were provoked and sent the lancers to charge them. This was the evening of the 27th.

In the afternoon of the 29th the populace burst into the Tuileries, from whence merely a few shots were fired. One of them happened to strike a youth of the Polytechnic school, who was leading the assault. The victors carried him in with them, and placed him, dying, on the throne, and in the actual chair in the throne-room where Charles the Tenth had so lately sat. It was thus dyed with the blood of the popular hero, ere it was broken to pieces and its tapestried cover torn down.

There was an enthusiasm of honesty in those who first invaded the Tuileries. Any who attempted to plunder, were certain to be shot, as was the case with the poor devil who had secreted a huge pair of scissors, and tried to get off on the pretext that it was a weapon. There was a very large sum of money in one of the cellars, but none were broken open, at least on the first day. By degrees, however, all those who had families, business, or home elsewhere, evacuated the palace, but a large body remained behind, who had none of these things, ragged, homeless wretches, who thus succeeded to the Bourbon kings in the old palace of the race. They even found a commander, pretended to form a corps, and posted guards, armed either with lances or muskets, at the different gates and exits, letting none enter without the password. The same band kept possession of the Tuileries-garden. The leader of these fellows had apparently but a shabby uniform, and the Tuileries possessed no store of such clothes. He therefore donned a flowered silk *robe de chambre* of Charles the Tenth, and wrote his orders from a silken canopy. The cock of the band was a wonderful fellow, who robed himself in some feminine garments, and who proceeded to make a wondrous cuisine. The next day some authorities bade the occupants of the Tuileries to dislodge. They presented lances and bayonets and refused. Guards were then placed outside to prevent all ingress, and it was proposed to starve them into surrender. On this they threatened to burn the château. What was to be done? Some of the Polytechnicians, and of the young fellows, who afterwards formed the Garde Mobile, offered to march to the assault of the château. This offer was accepted. They were marshalled for the purpose, and the fellows

inside were summoned for the last time to surrender. Surrender they would not, but they professed their willingness to treat. The negotiation lasted many anxious hours, and the Caroussel was thronged with spectators, who came to see the château carried by assault. The chief condition they insisted on was the liberty of marching out in a body without any of them being searched. Amidst the boasted honesty and boasted courage of the time these conditions were granted them, and about one hundred and fifty ruffians marched with all the portable spoil of the Tuileries, and thereby with all the honours of war. Some of the rascals remained behind, and taunted the marauders on their mingled qualities of patriots and burglars. But the National Guard erecting its headquarters in the château, cleared it by degrees even of the dregs of its late occupants.

After a few months' hesitation and timidity, Louis Philippe took up his station in Louis Dix-huit's easy chair, although even then Queen Amelia resisted long that final, and what she thought that fatal, move.

The revolution of July has been most graphically told by Dumas, who has reproduced and re-introduced his *Trois Mousquetaires*, or at least two of them in the persons of the two youths of the Polytechnic school, Charras and Lothon. The pictures are in general true, though Dumas, strangely enough, gives them the air of fable. He has preserved two most excellent and striking anecdotes. Some of the richest scenes of those days took place in the council chamber, which are well known and universally recounted. How good is the following answer of Louis Philippe to Dupin. The latter came up to the King, much huffed and indignant from some cause, no doubt for not being consulted, which, as member of the cabinet, *sans portefeuille*, he felt himself entitled to be. "I fear, sire," said Dupin, "we cannot live or set up our horses together any longer."—"I have been of this opinion myself a long time, M. Dupin," said the monarch; "but I had not the courage to express it."

It was droll enough, the succeeding ministries of the two bankers, neither of whom knew aught of true politics and who had but one idea each, Laffitte that of going on, and Perrier that of stopping short.

In the first year of Louis Philippe's reign and residence at the Tuileries, any one could mount the royal staircase on reception evenings, and that was almost every evening, give his name to the *huissier*, and walk or take part in the business or the converse of the hour. His Majesty was not the least surprised at seeing a visitor whom he had not the honour of knowing. Nor was there a master of the ceremonies to ask the impertinent question of, what brought him there? Indeed, a National Guard's uniform was a passport anywhere. These citizen soldiers alone kept guard over the palace; and for a long time the officers on duty dined at the royal table. The King, however, who picked his crown out of the dust, and got his fortune by negotiation with the vilest rabble, set quietly, gradually but carefully to polish the one, set the other to



rights, and restore respect to both. But the expense of keeping royal house frightened him. Louis Philippe was a man who could throw away a million upon masons, whilst he grudged francs to cook and *provéditeur*. He accordingly introduced into the Tuileries the rule, which he had observed in the Palais Royal, that of paying for banqueting expenses at so much a head, and contracting with a *restaurateur* to do it. Even the expenses of the Prince's *café* and eggs were taxed and arranged in the same precise and economic fashion. It was debated, which did least honour to the royal palace, the elder Bourbons, who from ideas of majesty refused to allow any one to dine with them, or the younger Bourbon, who invited every one to dine with him, but who gave no more sumptuous repast than could be procured at three francs a head. As kings, however, do not go out into mixed company, Louis Philippe's plan had the advantage of putting him in communication with all persons worth conversing with; and for the first years of his reign no one could be better or more fully informed. Latterly, as Louis Philippe grew old and testy and economic, and infirm, and shrunk from seeing any one save old acquaintances, he became so little aware of what was passing even astride his door, that February, 1848, took him completely by surprise.

One of the most striking scenes in the later numbers of Dumas' Memoirs, is that where the deputation, in July, 1830, goes to Neuilly to offer the crown to Louis Philippe, who was absent. The deputation could only find Louis Philippe's wife and sister. Queen Amelia and Madame Adelaide. The former indignantly refused the crown in her husband's name, but the latter, with eagerness and adroitness accepted it. This sufficiently marks the difference between the two women,—the one desirous of keeping Louis Philippe a Bourbon prince, the other seeking to make him a revolutionary and liberal sovereign. Unfortunately Madame Adelaide died, leaving Odilon Barrot one of her executors; and the King became more of a Bourbon prince than before. Not only such men as Barrot and Thiers were banished from the Tuileries, but every free-spoken man. Louis Philippe became testy, and intolerant of contradiction. His trust in Guizot was unbounded, and Guizot alone was the welcome councillor of the Tuileries.

How did M. Guizot lose his hold of the King, and why was he not allowed to defend the Tuileries and the Crown? Simply because M. Guizot forgot one of the first and necessary traditions of the French statesman, which is, always to wear a sword himself, or be associated with some one of eminent military reputation. The first requirement for any French government was an *illustre épée*. Louis Philippe had Gerard, but he was dead; then Soult, who was superannuated. Lastly, Bugeaud, but Bugeaud quarreled with Guizot, and would only act with Thiers. So that Guizot, having no general, was dismissed when the menacing moment came, and when Bugeaud was summoned, Thiers came necessarily with him. Bugeaud forthwith set himself to examine the means of defence, and found that there was no ammunition

The supply of so useful a material of war rested with the Duc de Montpensier, a boy, but governor of Vincennes. He had not made the requisite provision. Marshal Bugeaud accordingly refused to defend the King and the château.

In the meantime, the Tuileries presented the same anarchy which was observed after the revolution of 1830. Every one that pleased rushed up its staircase, and into the King's presence, to propose terms or offer advice. It was Emile de Girardin one moment, and M. Cremieux the next. What was the *cabinet de travail* of the King, was encumbered with people of all kinds. The King ran from it into his bedroom, and from his bedroom back into it, clothed in a kind of dressing jacket, greatly perturbed, now listening to some alarming reports, then comforting his family, which had crowded to his side; then receiving a deputation, then retiring to ponder upon an answer. The editor of the "Constitutionnel," then an opposition paper, had come in with the others, and coolly sate himself down with pen and ink at a table, to be any one's and every one's secretary. He wrote out all kinds of proclamations and addresses and decrees, some of which appeared, and some did not. The Queen was more excited and indignant than the King; and when persons entered to give friendly counsel, whom she knew to be at times conspiring against the King, she told them to leave the room. She saw too M. Cremieux, but he minded her not. The majesty that did hedge the Queen was lost upon the future members of the republican government. At last, it came to abdication, an act to which neither the King nor his family could have been brought, if the chiefs of the insurrection had not sent several guarantees that, in that case, the throne should be secured to the little Count de Paris. This done, the old King put on his hat, took the Queen under his arm, and walked down the great staircase, and across the garden of the Tuileries, until they met a *fiacre*, in which the shipwrecked royalty embarked.

The King's abdication and departure were so sudden, that none even of the family were aware of it, except those who were present. The Duc de Nemours, with the Duchess of Orleans and children, went to the chamber, where they and their friends mismanaged and threw away a cause, which the staunchness of one general might have saved. The Ducs d'Aumale and Joinville were in Algiers. The Duc de Montpensier ought to have taken care of their wives. But they were forgotten, and the mob was in the Princess de Joinville's apartments before she fled, leaving her bonnet as a trophy. It would have been fortunate for the family of Orleans had any of these been arrested; but they showed great alacrity of flight. The chief ruffianry of the mob was this time kept out of the Tuileries. They were allowed to wreak their barbarous fury on the Palais Royal and upon Neuilly. The more respectable tribe of insurgents took possession of the Tuileries, under the command of the famous chess player, St. Arnaud, who had been *caissier* of the "Temps."

As usual, after a revolution, the Tuileries returned to the keep-



ing of the National Guard. The members of the Provisional government esconced themselves in their several ministries. And when they went to the Council, it was to the Hotel de Ville, not the Tuileries. The latter palace remained tranquil. But the revolution of 1848 had precisely the same want of a high military officer, that Louis Philippe experienced. So great is the general respect in France for such a character, that a few days after the revolution, Bugeaud could show himself in the streets, and be well received. The great perplexity was the want of even a war minister. The Provisional government sent to Algiers for Cavaignac, who came, and we know the consequences. He conquered for the Moderates of the Assembly, he put the people down for them, and they in return asked the people to discard him, and to elect, as President of the Republic, the future Emperor of the French. It was after all an inevitable choice. Still it was for the newly elect a three years' struggle, against the revolutionists on the one hand, and the monarchists on the other.

The latter entrenched themselves in the Tuileries, under the command of Changarnier. All remember the long antagonism between the Tuileries and the Elysée. All know the blinding zeal with which Changarnier carried on the war, as well as the persevering and cool adroitness of him who triumphed, and who wears the crown of his uncle in the old palace of the Tuileries.

Napoleon the Third has certainly gained very much in public opinion, and has assumed quite another position before it, since he quitted the Elysée, and has taken up his abode in the Tuileries. Report or calumny used to represent the Elysée as the retreat of dissipation and a place of orgy. Imagination is free to draw what picture it pleases of bachelor's life; but with an Empress at the Tuileries, an Empress well known and admired as a member of the higher circles of the metropolis, scandal has no longer a hold. The palace has been rendered far more hospitable and splendid, than it was even in Napoleon's time, although the taste of that day is restored, as far as is compatible with the ideas of this.

Napoleon the Third likes splendour, and show, and expenditure. He has greatly raised the salaries of all functionaries, but he insists on their spending them. He sets his face against the idea of a senator, whose sole equipage is his umbrella. Such measures at least render the imperial palace more like the abode of Kings, than it has been during the time when the Duchess of Angoulême received no one but her almoner, or when Louis Philippe dined his guests at so many francs a head. The French boast of themselves, that they like *égalité*, and yet we find them not reluctant to admit the claim of those who boldly and proudly assert superiority.

## THE WEED.

THE British nation taxes itself for tea, which is a wholesome, exhilarating and unexceptionable beverage, to the extent of

5,902,433*l*.

But it taxes itself for tobacco, which although grateful to the acquired appetite is, perhaps, not wholesome or unexceptionable, to the extent of

4,485,768*l*.

When the British Solomon produced his famous "Counterblast" the national expenditure on tobacco was about 300*l*. or 400*l*. a year; were the royal pedant now to look up from his tomb, he would be astounded to find that the annual revenue from the obnoxious Virginia plant is equal to the whole import and export duties of his kingdom for 1614, the amount of the latter being 4,628,586*l*.; and very nearly equal to the whole specie coined during his learned reign, which was not much over five millions. An objection urged by his Majesty was, that tobacco "was neither brought in by king, great conqueror, nor learned doctour of phisicke," from which we may infer, that the monarch was jealous that any luxury should be introduced by a mere subject; and, very possibly, had Sir Walter Raleigh been able to persuade his sovereign to smoke a pipe in the first instance, the only book for which James is famous would have been lost to British literature.

There were few points in which the legislation of the Stuarts and Cromwell coincided, but both joined in condemning tobacco, with, however, very different results. Under the Martyr the practice increased, but the iron sway of the Protector put it down,—nor is it difficult to account for those diverse effects. Such men as Buckingham and Strafford were not likely to take their cue in the matter of indulgences from Charles the First, but in any item of worldly relaxation the fiat of Old Noll would be law to Oliver St. John, Prynne, and the whole host of Puritans. With the Restoration tobacco reappeared, and its course has been triumphant ever since, augmenting year by year, and rolling its clouds of smoke over the land in thicker and denser clouds than gunpowder itself.

A paper in the "Journal of the Statistical Society" shows that, taking each ten years from 1821 to 1851, the average annual consumption per head for each person in the United Kingdom, respectively, amounts to eleven, twelve, thirteen and sixteen ounces. In round numbers, then, each man, woman, and child consumes a pound of tobacco in the year; but official statements always fall short of the real truth, and we will prove presently that, in this respect, tobacco is no exception to the general rule.

The duty on tobacco is so enormous, ranging from 400 to 1400 per cent., that only about one half of what is consumed pays duty, the other half is smuggled. This at once raises the consumption



to two pounds per head,—then, very few females smoke, and certainly no children of either sex below eight years treat themselves to cigar or snuff-box, and so cutting off females, and males in their minority, we raise the consumption of male adults to eight pounds, if we further allow for non-smoking members of the community, we shall bring it to sixteen pounds to each tobacco consumer,—which, high as such an allowance undoubtedly is, would, perhaps, be reckoned as short commons to inveterate smokers and snuffers.

Other nations are equally forward in the consumption of tobacco. In France, where in common with other European countries the duty is raised by monopoly, the taxation from this source is nearly five millions. In Denmark the consumption in 1848 was upwards of six millions of pounds, which, to a population of about a million and a half, yields the great consumption of nearly seventy ounces. In warm eastern countries, where the plant is freely cultivated, and where it is absolved from impost, the consumption is to an extent that transcends all our European experiences. The writer whom we have quoted, and who appears to have formerly been a missionary, mentions that in Siam the use of tobacco is universal. "The natives chew in moderate quantities, but smoke perpetually; the cigar is ever in the mouth, or stuck behind the ear ready for use." Amongst the Burmese it is still more universal,—rank, sex, and age forming no exception to the custom. "I have seen children," he adds, "scarcely three years old who seemed quite familiar with it."

Our statist winds up by an attempt to estimate the consumption of this favourite narcotic agent throughout the world. He reckons the population of the globe to be, in round numbers, a thousand millions, and he sets down seventy ounces (the Denmark average) as the probable cosmopolitan absorption. If this be reckoned too high for Britain, let it be remembered that a native of the Burman empire would esteem seventy ounces as the "feeble cheer of the Dane," and that we must set off occidental temperance against oriental extravagance, and we shall then find that the Baltic will pretty fairly represent a medium of which the Thames is one extreme and the Ganges another. Holding, then, to the calculation of seventy ounces to each of the members of the human race, the result is close upon two millions of tons. About half of the inward or outward tonnage of British shipping for one year would be necessary for the transportation of this quantity of the plant, and the value, if assumed at the low figure of twopence a pound, would yield nearly thirty-six millions and a half of sterling money.

It would be difficult to set limits to the probable consumption of this popular vegetable; it has increased, is increasing, and no legislation can or ever will be able to put it down. As a source of revenue, it is an item in the budget dear to every chancellor of the exchequer, and it is so, not only because it yields four and a half millions, and is likely to yield more, but because it is a conserved item, about which politicians do not trouble themselves. Sanitarians plead for the emancipation of soap, and humanitarians lift up their voices against the duty on tea, (that on toast is no

longer a grievance,) but nobody ever speaks a word in favour of Havannah cigars, mid twist, or Lundyfoot's high-dried. It is held to be a luxury, clear and unmistakable as champagne, armorial bearings, or a lady's lap dog. And yet economists have not hesitated to recommend reduction of duty on what may be regarded as cogent fiscal grounds. There is no way of putting down smuggling except by reducing custom-house duties. So long as an English sailor can purchase a pound of Kentucky at the foreign port for sixpence, which, in his own highly-privileged country, costs four shillings, so long will smuggling continue. Revenue officers may poke their noses under hatches, and apprehend tars of questionable obesity, and justices may fine and imprison till doomsday, but smuggled tobacco will still continue to be smoked and snuffed in very large quantities. If the duty were reduced to one shilling and sixpence (it is presently three shillings), the revenue might stagger for a year or so, but it would speedily mount up to its old figure, and leave the national balance very much as it was before.

But, exclaims the moralist, tobacco, either in the mouth or nostrils, is a bad thing, and to lower the duty would be a perpetration of evil. We are not clear as to the positive immorality of the weed, but, admitting it, what then? Your high duty does not benefit the exchequer, and it does not diminish the consumption of tobacco, and what accordingly is the use of high duties? On the other side of the argument, smuggling is decidedly a bad thing, and the less that we have of it the better. When, in recent times, a soldier was flogged for breaches of martial law, the community sympathized with him because martial law was accounted arbitrary and capricious; and, in the same manner, the sailor who smuggles a pound of tobacco is never regarded as committing a crime so heinous as the sailor who steals a pound of tobacco from a grocer's shop. The first person is reckoned unfortunate, the other wicked. Now British law is at fault when it punishes in such a way as not to carry conviction along with it, and therefore, on this head alone, smuggling should be discouraged. The practice, moreover, leads to the commission of collateral offences, such as killing and wounding, and generally weakens the ethical sense; but we shall not dwell on this branch of the subject, as, probably, the history of Dirk Hatterick will be fresh in the memory of many readers, and they will also be aware that, in melo-dramatic life, the smuggler is commonly a personage with furious cork eyebrows, a grindstone voice, red leggings, and very lax morality.

Now to the point: is it a sin to smoke or snuff Virginia? As Sir Roger de Coverley says, much might be advanced on both sides. To use the language of electricity, we shall give the negative point first.

If any man spend sixpence on tobacco, when he, his wife, or children, stand in need of sixpenn'orth of bread, then that man is wrong. If any man smokes or snuffs until he becomes yellow in the skin, diseased in the stomach, and odorous in his person, then, too, that man is also wrong. But we are much afraid that the



prohibitive principle cannot go much farther. The temperate use of tobacco is not unhealthy, not unseemly, not expensive; there is daily danger of the temperate use degenerating into the intemperate use, and happy therefore are they who are total abstainers. If the world were to begin again, it certainly were better if cigar-cases and snuff-boxes had no existence, but we are speaking of things as they are, and not as they should be. Fashion does not condemn tobacco, and that is a very important consideration. Disguise it as one will, the use of tobacco, in every one of its forms, is more or less uncleanly, but the ladies, who ought to be the great arbiters on this point, do not object to cigars; on the contrary, we rather think they favour these portable volcanoes. The sex does not patronize snuffing, because that is a vice of age, but it does look benignantly on the cheroot, because the use of it is about the first manly accomplishment which the youth aspires to. On the continent, and in America, smoking takes place openly in the presence of ladies: here, so far as the sex is concerned, smoking is carried on in tolerated seclusion, but we are becoming lax on this point, and the time is not, probably, far distant when some change will take place in our practice in this matter.

The universality of any substance in nature would seem to point to general use amongst mankind. Tobacco is undoubtedly indigenous to Virginia, but it puts on no sickly airs when made to cross wide seas and take root in distant continents. It grows in the cold climate of Canada as well as in the arid plains of Java—nay more, we are told that the finest leaf that is raised in Western Asia is in Latakia, the ancient Laodicea, which in some respects at least was of provokingly medium temperature. This wideness of range denotes something, although not possibly justifying the abuse of constant use. As an object of beauty the tobacco plant is nothing, and as an element in the *materia medica* it is a potent but not a favourite remedy, on account of its unmanageableness—and hence there is a presumption that its destiny was to take something of its present shape as an artificial resource of humanity. All savages clutch a pipe, and when visited by civilized men, they imbibe a love for tobacco before that of even ardent spirits. The lowest types of humanity that we are at present conversant with are the Bosjesmans, and we know that these interesting persons are furious smokers. In fact, except salt, tobacco is more generally diffused over the globe than any other known substance employed as sustenance to man. Tea is in great and increasing use, but it is mostly in tropical and temperate countries; whereas in colder regions tea is not much cared for, or rather is not to be had. The Esquimaux use oil instead of tea and coffee, but tobacco is dear to them, and eagerly sought at the hands of all visitors.

Our missionary is of opinion that tobacco diminishes intoxication in the East, and he backs his authority on this point by the testimony of Mr. Lane, the translator of the "Arabian Nights," and Mr. Layard, the Nineveh traveller. "The herb," says Lane, "being in a slight degree exhilarating, and at the same time

soothing and unattended by the injurious effects which proceed from wine, is a sufficient luxury to many who would without it have recourse to intoxicating beverages, merely to pass away hours of idleness." Mr. Layard's opinion is, it would seem, to the same effect; but in this country, where much stronger tobacco is used than in the East (owing to excessive taxation), it is probable that the constant use of the plant, by undue excitement of the salivary secretion, tends to increased consumption of liquids. This is another reason why the Chancellor of the Exchequer should take our hint into consideration, and modify the tobacco duty. An intelligent statesman should not wait for a cry, but do what is right and proper without waiting for that great lever, the pressure from without.

One of the "injustices to Ireland" is that the Irish are prohibited from cultivating tobacco. It is understood that the soil and climate of the Emerald Isle are well calculated for the cultivation of the plant; and so much importance was attached to this, that Ireland was allowed to rear tobacco long after England and Scotland were interdicted. But, ultimately, colonial influence carried the day, and the supply of the home market has been conserved as a colonial monopoly. This is not only against all principles of free trade, but against the plain dictates of common sense, and it were equally irrational to prevent British agriculturists from rearing flax, or any other common product of the soil. Every man should have a right to grow what he pleases from his own fields, and we marvel much that in these days, when colonial questions are freely discussed, that such a suicidal restriction on the liberty of the home farmer should have been overlooked.

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SONNET TO FREEDOM.

FREEDOM! beneath thy banner I was born,  
 Oh let me share thy full and perfect life!  
 Teach me opinion's slavery to scorn,  
 And to be free from passion's bitter strife;  
 Free of the world, a self-dependent soul,  
 Nourished by lofty aims and genial truth,  
 And made more free by love's serene control,  
 The spell of beauty, and the hopes of youth.  
 The liberty of nature let me know,  
 Caught from the mountains, groves, and crystal streams;  
 Her starry host, and sunset's purple glow,  
 That woo the spirit with celestial dreams,  
 On fancy's wing exultingly to soar,  
 Till life's harsh fetters clog the heart no more!

HENRY THEODORE TUCKERMAN.



said, "could present itself more opportunely, just now, to these States, with reference to France; and although I think that the English will use every effort to prevent their Queen from marrying out of the kingdom, she will doubtless succeed, with her prudence and dexterity, either openly or indirectly, in getting a marriage proposed to her. If this marriage is to take place with a foreigner, I think that the English will look upon none with so much good will as upon myself, because they have always manifested an inclination towards me. But I can sincerely assure you that dominions, even more numerous and important than hers, would not seduce me, nor divert me from my present intention, which is of a very different character. In case, then, that they should send to propose this marriage to me, I have thought it would be wise to suggest it to them for you, and this plan would then be brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The various kinds of utility and profit which would ensue, are so great and notorious, that I need not enumerate them in detail. I confine myself to setting them before you, that you may examine them, and, after you have reflected thereupon, you may inform me, with diligence, of that which will suit you, in order that, in conformity with your desires, that may be done which will satisfy you most;—and keep this very secret."

The Prince of Spain entered into his father's views with docile deference. He wrote an answer from Valladolid, on the 22nd of August, in which he appeared to abandon all idea of marrying the Infanta of Portugal. "With regard to England," he added, "I must say that I was full of joy to hear that my aunt had succeeded to the throne of that country, both because it was her rightful heritage, and because your Majesty hopes great advantage therefrom, in respect to France and your dominions in Flanders. If they should think of proposing a marriage between her and your Majesty, that would be the best; but, in case your Majesty should persist in what you wrote to me about, and should think fit to treat of this marriage for myself, you know already, that, as your entirely obedient son, I can have no other will but yours, especially in an affair of this importance and quality. I place myself, therefore, in your Majesty's hands, that you may act as it shall please you, and seem good to you."

As soon as he had received this letter, Charles the Fifth, without waiting to receive any proposition, instructed his ambassador, Simon Renard, to negociate the marriage of the Prince of Spain with the Queen of England. Such a union would greatly displease the English, but be extremely agreeable to Mary, who found in it satisfaction to her feelings and encouragement in her projects. The long sufferings of her mother, and her own misfortunes, after Henry's divorce, had turned all her affections, and all her hopes, towards the princes of her mother's house and religion. Heedless of the almost unanimous and exceedingly dangerous opposition of her people, who disliked foreigners generally, and held the Spaniards in especial abhorrence, she secretly engaged to marry the Prince of Spain. On the evening of the 30th October, 1553, being alone in her chamber with Simon Renard, she knelt down

before the holy sacrament, which was there laid out, and after having recited the *Veni Creator Spiritus* with great fervour, she swore, upon the consecrated host, that she would take the Infante Don Philip for her husband. Simon Renard announced his son's marriage to the Emperor as certain, long before England considered it even possible. It was not until after she had quelled an insurrection, excited by the apprehension of this marriage,—taken, imprisoned, and beheaded its leaders; placed her sister Elizabeth under the strictest surveillance; and sent to the scaffold her unfortunate rival, Lady Jane Grey—that the passionate Mary, having fully established the ancient form of worship, prepared to receive and espouse that prince, who was destined to be the principal representative, and the most powerful prop, of the Romish faith in Europe.

Wishing that his son should appear as a King in the island whose Queen he was going to wed, Charles the Fifth ceded to him the kingdom of Naples and the duchy of Milan, and made immense preparations to supply him with a retinue which should be at once a court and an army. He sent the Count of Egmont into Spain to convey to his daughter, Donna Juana, (whose husband, the Prince of Portugal, had lately died, leaving her *enceinte* of the celebrated Don Sebastian,) the necessary powers for governing the Peninsula during the absence of his son. He directed him, at the same time, to request the Prince of Spain to go to meet his sister at some place near the frontier of Portugal, to confer with her upon the most important affairs of his kingdom before he left it, and to pay a visit to the monastery of Yuste on his way, to hasten the completion of the imperial residence. In conformity to his father's wishes, Philip left Valladolid on the 12th of May, 1554, on horseback, with a very small suite, announcing that he was going to meet his sister, and that, on his road, he would visit the royal buildings in process of erection in the wood of Segovia, at the Pardo, and at Aranjuez. He did not arrive at Yuste until the 24th, the day of the procession of Corpus Christi, in which ceremony he took part. He slept one night at the monastery, minutely examined the works in progress, and, on his departure, communicated the Emperor's will to the architect Gaspar de Vega, the prior-general Juan de Ortega, and the friar Antonio de Villacastin, who afterwards designed and erected that vast and splendid monument, the Escorial. He then hastened to join his sister, whom he met a little beyond Alcantara. The Princess and the Infante passed several days in conference together, and then separated to proceed—the Princess to Valladolid, where she assumed the reins of government, and the Infante to Corunna, where he arrived on the 30th of June. He embarked for England on the 13th of July: the fleet which accompanied him was of a most imposing character; it consisted of seventy ships, twenty ourques, and a rear-guard of thirty vessels, commanded by Don Luis de Carvajal. He took with him the Duke of Alba as his mayordomo-mayor, the Count of Feria as the captain of his guard, and Ruy Gomez de Silva as his chief butler; he was accompanied by a numerous



suite of *grande*s and gentlemen, and, as a military escort, he had four thousand Spanish foot-soldiers. He disembarked at Hampton on the 20th of July, and married Queen Mary on the 25th, in Winchester Cathedral.

Notwithstanding the support which he believed he would obtain from this alliance, both for negotiating and for fighting more advantageously, the Emperor was unable to proceed, as he had hoped, into Spain during the month of May, 1554. The war with France continued with greater animation than ever, both in the Netherlands and in Italy, and the Emperor regarded himself as under obligation not to abandon the government of his States in such a critical conjuncture. The great expenses which he had incurred for the establishment of his son in England, prevented him, at first, from raising troops enough to resist the forces of Henry the Second. Accordingly, after having taken Théroutanne and Hesdin, during the campaign of 1553, he was less fortunate at the commencement of the campaign of 1554. The large and victorious army of Henry the Second entered Mariembourg, took Bouvines by storm, gained possession of Dinant, invaded and ravaged Artois, and finally invested the important stronghold of Renty, situated on the western confines of the two countries, defending the entrance to the one, and facilitating the invasion of the other. On the other side of the Alps, the French—who possessed Piedmont, and were supported by the old Duke of Ferrara, Hercules d'Este, and by the Duke of Parma, Octavio Farnese, whom the Spaniards had deprived of the city of Placentia—also occupied Sienna, in the heart of Italy, which had revolted from the Spaniards in 1552. Thence they were marching to invade Tuscany, under the command of Marshal Strozzi, a mortal enemy of the Medici family, and one of the leaders of the republican party which Charles the Fifth had crushed in Florence, where they threatened to overthrow the recently-established dominion of the Grand Duke. The Emperor spared no efforts to improve the position of his affairs. After having reinforced the little army with which Duke Philibert Emanuel of Savoy was preventing, by able manœuvres, the generals of Henry the Second from carrying their successes any further, he took advantage of a slight cessation of gout to have himself conveyed to the camp in a litter, and he succeeded in relieving Renty. The French army raised the siege of that town, after a partial engagement, in which the advantage was rather on their side, and withdrew into Picardy, whither they were followed by the troops of the Emperor, who, in their turn, devastated that province. Whilst he was gaining this advantage on the frontier of the Netherlands, his success was still more complete in Italy, where his general, the Marquis de Marignano, and his ally, Cosmo the First, had attacked Marshal Strozzi in concert, and put him to rout at Marciano and Lucignano. They had also recovered most of the towns in Tuscany, which had fallen into the hands of the French; and had then proceeded to blockade Sienna, which was defended by the intrepid Blaise de Montluc.

The campaign of 1555 was still more favourable to the Emperor. Though Marshal Brissac, who commanded for the French in Piedmont, had surprised the town of Casal in Upper Italy, the town of Sienna in Central Italy had been forced to capitulate on the 2nd of April, after a rigorous blockade of four months. Charles the Fifth gave the investiture of it to his son, who thus possessed, between the Duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Naples, the town of Placentia in the Papal territory, and the state of Sienna in the midst of Tuscany—as if to keep the whole peninsula more entirely subject to his influence. In the direction of France, where negotiations for peace had been opened at Gravelines, by the intervention and under the mediation of the Queen of England, nothing of importance had been done on either side. Each party had retained its positions, and placed itself in a state of defence; the French had rendered Marienbourg impregnable, and the Imperialists had built Philippeville, and fortified Charlemont. The partial encounters which had taken place had been, in general, favourable to the troops of Charles the Fifth. The negotiations begun at Gravelines could not lead to any result, for the reciprocal pretensions of the opponents were too antagonistic; and neither of them had been sufficiently victorious to impose conditions, or sufficiently beaten to yield to them. Accordingly, the conferences were soon broken up, and it became thenceforward evident that, if any agreement were arrived at, it would be by a temporary truce and not by a definitive peace,—by maintaining the provisional state of possession on both sides, and not by attempting an authoritative demarcation of their respective territories.

Whilst they were thus fortifying without fighting, and negotiating without coming to a conclusion, an event occurred in Italy, fraught with the utmost importance to the policy and interests of Charles the Fifth. Cardinal Giampietro Caraffa, dean of the Sacred College, had ascended the pontifical throne under the title of Pope Paul IV. He was an old Italian, an ardent and implacable enemy of the Emperor. Remarkable for his learning, celebrated for his eloquence, extreme in his piety, and severe in his manners, he had formerly given up the bishopric of Chieti, and the archbishopric of Brindisi, in order to become one of the religious reformers of the orthodox church, and had founded the semi-monastic and semi-clerical order of the Theatines. As the head of the Caraffa family, who, from time immemorial, had been connected with the French party in the kingdom of Naples, he had incurred the distrust of Charles the Fifth, whom he never ceased to disturb with his animosity, and whose last years he agitated, as we shall presently see, even in the solitudes of Yuste. As a former subject, he detested in him the sovereign whom he charged with acts of injustice to himself personally, and to his family in general; as Pope, he hated him as the Emperor who had permitted the sack of Rome, and allowed Protestantism to spread in Germany; and as an Italian, he abhorred him as the foreign ruler whose yoke crushed his country. Born in 1477, he had beheld the palmy days of Italian independence, and he bitterly



regretted them. He was wont to say that before the foreign invasions, which were occasioned, at the end of the fifteenth century, by the dissensions between Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, and Alfonso of Aragon, King of Naples, free Italy was an harmonious instrument with four strings. These four strings were the Holy See, the Kingdom of Naples, the Republic of Venice, and the Duchy of Milan; and he invoked curses upon the souls of Ludovico and Alfonso for having been the first to interrupt such admirable concord. Notwithstanding his great age, he aspired to restore it. Although he was seventy-nine years old, he possessed surprising earnestness and vigour. He resembled Julius the Second in his character and plans, and he entertained the ideas of Gregory the Seventh with regard to the papal supremacy. "This pope," said an ambassador who was accredited to him, "is of a vehement and passionate character. He is healthy and robust; he walks without appearing to touch the ground; he has but little flesh, and he is all sinew. His eyes and all the movements of his body denote a vigour far beyond his age. He is distinguished by incredible gravity, and by so much grandeur in all his actions, that he seems truly born to command. Accordingly he asserts that the pontificate is made to place emperors and kings beneath its feet."

Extreme in everything, he introduced into politics the same intemperance as into religion, and restored the Inquisition with all its excesses. He became as ambitious as he had been austere, and whilst Charles the Fifth was preparing to descend from his throne and betake himself to a monastery, Paul the Fourth passed from the severities of a cloister life to the pomps and delicacies of sovereign existence. This haughty old man, who had hitherto led a life of privation, who had always been his own valet, and who would never allow any one to enter his room, where he devoted the greater part of his nights and mornings to study and prayer, now became passionately addicted to splendour, dominion, and war. He used to remain at table for hours together, and twenty-five courses were scarcely enough to satisfy his sumptuousness. He breathed the fiercest invectives against the Emperor and the Spaniards, calling them "heretics, schismatics, accursed of God, a spawn of Jews and Moors, the scum of the earth;" and he deplored the miserable fate of Italy in being reduced to submit to a nation so abject and so vile.

But he did not remain satisfied with these contemptuous and hateful expressions regarding the masters of his country. He conceived a plan for depriving them of Naples, Sicily, and the Milanese, driving the Medici from Florence and restoring the republic in that city, extending the power of the Holy See in Italy, and increasing the influence of his own family by combining with the King of France, to whom he proposed to offer the duchy of Milan and the kingdom of Naples for two of his younger sons,—with the Venetians, on whom he would confer Sicily,—and with the Dukes of Parma, Ferrara, and Urbino, whose ambitious covetousness he would also find means of satisfying. The sovereign pon-

the proposed to make a thorough change in the political and territorial order of Italy, and wished to destroy, on his side of the Alps, the work which had been so painfully accomplished by Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles the Fifth; just as the Protestant reformers, also aided by Henry the Second, had overthrown, on that side of the Rhine, that absolute supremacy which Charles the Fifth had recently attempted to introduce in regard both to the imperial authority and the Catholic faith.

Paul the Fourth had frequent conferences on this subject with the Venetian ambassador, Navagero, whose republic he hoped to induce to take part in his bold designs. He told him that it would be very easy for the signory of Venice to put themselves in possession of Sicily; that, if the Emperor and King Philip were not checked, they would make themselves masters of the world; that, if the magnificent signory permitted the Holy See to be crushed, they would be deprived of the last prop of their liberty, and that, if they allowed the present opportunity to escape, it would never recur; that the younger sons of the King of France, if put in possession of Milan and Naples, would speedily become Italians; that besides, it would always be easy to get rid of them when they pleased, because experience of past events had shown that the French could never establish themselves for any length of time in Italy, whereas the Spanish nation was like the cow-grass, which takes root wherever it is thrown; and that the Venetians were deceived if they thought they had any greater enemies than the Spaniards, who already possessed the greater part of Italy, and coveted the remainder.

The prudent republic of Venice was not greatly disposed to turn aside from its system of strict neutrality in order to plunge once again into those plans of aggrandizement which had almost ruined it at the commencement of the century; but the King of France was naturally inclined to accept the offers of a Pope who was willing to become his ally as a prince, and his supporter as pontiff. He sent Saint-Gelais de Lansac as his envoy to Paul the Fourth to encourage him in his plans, and to say that, on his side, he aspired "to no other object than the deliverance of Christendom, and of Italy in particular, from the tyranny of the Emperor." While waiting until Henry the Second should despatch the Cardinal of Lorraine to Rome, to conclude a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance between the Holy See and the court of France, Paul the Fourth either persecuted or disgraced all those great families — of Colonna, Bagno, Santa-Fiore, Sforza, Gonzaga, Medici, Cesarina, Savella, and others—who were attached to the imperial party, which he was determined to crush in the Papal States. He ordered Cardinal Santa-Fiore, and Cardinal Camillo Colonna to be arrested, and he deprived Marcantonio Colonna and Count Bagno of all their possessions and fiefs.

Charles the Fifth was as much vexed as enraged at this new and formidable hostility. The violent course pursued towards partisans appeared to him the prelude of attacks which would long be directed against himself. He therefore resolved to



endeavour to check Paul the Fourth by anticipating him. A few months before, he had sent the Duke of Alba into Italy as captain-general of the Milanese and viceroy of Naples. He now wrote to him to place the frontiers, towns and fortresses of the last-named kingdom in a posture of defence, and to restore the Colonnas to their possessions in the pontifical territory by force of arms, if the Pope would not consent to return to them all that he had confiscated. He despatched Garcilaso de la Vega to Rome with a mission which he set forth in these terms, in a letter to his ambassador at Venice, written on the 4th of October, 1555. "It has appeared fitting to us," he says, "to send Garcilaso de la Vega to his Holiness, that with all humility and gentleness, he may represent to him the cause which we have to complain of the manner in which he has treated our servants. . . Our actions and our respect for the Apostolic See being known to all the world, we beseech his Holiness to set the prisoners at liberty, and to restore the possessions which have been taken from their owners—placing before his eyes the inconveniences which might otherwise ensue, both on account of the obligation we are under to succour and favour our friends and servants, and not allow them to be oppressed against reason, and also on account of our care for the security of our kingdoms, and for the peace of Italy. This is the view which we have always entertained, and which we still hold. It has appeared to us convenient to inform you of it, that you may make use of the information whenever and however it may be advantageous so to do, by acquainting the republic, and all interested in the matter, of the steps which are being taken on our part, to avoid, as far as possible, coming to a rupture. But, if the furies of his Holiness do not cease, and if they are carried still further, we shall be discharged towards God and the world, of the inconveniences and injuries which may ensue."

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## THE DUEL OF D'ESTERRE AND DANIEL O'CONNELL.

IN a conversation after dinner about handwriting, as indicating character, the master of the house produced a document penned, as he truly observed, under very peculiar circumstances. It is the fragment of a letter from Daniel O'Connell to his *fidus Achates*, George Lidwell, written after the duel with D'Esterre, but before the final consummation of the tragedy. Lidwell was to have been O'Connell's second upon the occasion, but, for some pressing reason, was obliged to leave Dublin pending the preliminary defiances, which were of unusual duration.

As D'Esterre only survived the *rencontre* forty-eight hours, this letter may be considered a despatch from the field of battle, whilst as yet the flush of victory had not been dashed with remorse, and a little exultation—all the facts and circumstances of the case considered—might, perhaps, have been excusable. But there is nothing of the kind. It is a dry, hard letter enough, indicating that instinctive attention to "number one" which appears to have grown with the writer's growth, and never to have deserted him during the most vehement or the most soul-subduing passages of his life. The effect of the transaction upon his own fortunes (his "good chance," as he calls it) seems to have been the uppermost thought; but that apart, no feeling of a truculent or unbecoming nature displays itself.

On the other hand, we cannot discover any latent spark of the almost maudlin sensibility which, in his latter days, imparted so high a colouring to Mr. O'Connell's reminiscences of this unhappy affair. Although his antagonist lay at that moment in a state of imminent danger, with a lovely young wife anxiously watching every flutter of his ebbing life, whilst the cries of her firstborn in the cradle beside her gave poignancy to her sufferings, and heightened the interest of "the situation," the sentimental victor notices none of these matters, but coolly relates how "greatly" under his mark the unhappy man had aimed; and then, in a post-script, speculates on the Earl of Donoughmore taking charge of the Catholic Petition. All this is extremely characteristic, and the firm, even, round hand in which it is indited, repels the suspicion of an assumed coolness.

It is written on a sheet of letter-paper, a part of the leaf from the date nearly to the bottom having been worn off. It is doubtful, therefore, where it was written; but most probably from the three first letters (and part of a fourth) of the name, which are still preserved, he was then at Moorefield, a roadside inn and posting-house, near the Curragh of Kildare, then, and down to a recent period, much frequented by southern travellers. The seal has



been broken off, but enough remains to show that the wax was black, and the direction on the back is—

“To                      “George Lidwell, Esq.  
                                 “Dromard,  
                                 “Roscrea.”

Here is a faithful copy of it in its present fragmentary state:—

Moor  
2d

“MY DEAR LIDWELL,

“I write merely to thank y  
and again—and again for you  
-ness.—Indeed I do not use a *pl*  
I say I want words to thank  
I ought.

The papers will give you a  
details of my affair with D'Este  
-sequent to your leaving this.—We  
little fighting.—He fired greatly  
He is I am happy to tell you  
this morning but his life is still  
danger.—If he recovers I shall say  
there never was so fortunate a man  
I am — and to make my good chance quite perfect — my wife  
never heard a word of it until I returned from the ground.

“Believe me to be

“Your most sincerely

“Obliged and faithful

“DANIEL O'CONNELL.

“Will Lord D. accept our petition? Have you any influence  
over him still?—I wish to God he would, for our sake and his,  
accept it *cordially*. It would place him on the highest station in  
Ireland.”

The reading of this letter recalls in a vivid manner some of the  
most striking incidents connected with that tragical event in O'Con-  
nell's history. It was in January, 1815, that in one of his political  
diatribes at the agitation-shop of the day (whether it was called  
board, or club, or society), O'Connell complimented the muni-  
cipal body of the city of Dublin with the title of a “beggary  
corporation.” It is noteworthy, that nearly thirty years after that,  
having first richly earned for himself the distinctive appellation of  
“King of Beggars,” he ruled the same city as its Lord Mayor,  
representing a corporation composed of as tag-rag materials as  
ever disgraced any age or country.

That, however, is nothing to the matter. The old corporation  
had no great right to pride itself on its gentility, and it was con-  
sidered a hectoring proceeding when one of its members took up  
a censure bestowed upon the general body as a personal offence,  
and resolved to fasten a quarrel upon its author. This was Mr.

D'Esterre, a retired marine officer, who had formed a mercantile connexion in Dublin and become a member of the common council. His affairs were supposed to be in a tottering state at the time, and therefore, perhaps, he was the more quick to take the reflection to himself. Some were so charitable as to insinuate that he was anxious to seize so good an opportunity to recommend himself to the Government by humbling a public enemy. Whatever might be his motive, he called upon Mr. O'Connell to retract the offensive words, and Mr. O'Connell stoutly refused to do so.

Thereupon ensued a state of society such as may have been often witnessed in the olden times of Irish misrule, but it is vain to hope, under the present state of police, that we e'er shall "look upon its like again." For two or three days the town was dominated by two factions, who traversed the streets in opposite directions, ostensibly in search of one another, but never once contriving to come face to face.

At one time Mr. D'Esterre, armed with a cane, sallied forth from Dawson Street attended by some score of true-blue supporters of our glorious constitution, all similarly equipped. Swagging along the sunny side of Stephen's Green, they would pass down Grafton Street and cross the river by Carlisle Bridge. Rumour ascribed this demonstration to a deadly intention to horsewhip O'Connell wherever he should be found.

When this party had comfortably housed itself back again with the Lord Mayor, or was seated at Atwood's Coffee-room in Dame Street, "nursing its wrath to keep it warm," over a competent supply of mock turtle, Daniel O'Connell with a stalwart following would come like tragedy, "sweeping by," every mother's son brandishing a defensive cudgel and casting fierce looks across the street at the gonsmen who crowded about the college gates, eager and impatient to behold the conflict.

A strapping fellow was Dan in that day, tall, active, muscular, and full of life. Hand to hand, he would have been an ugly customer to any champion the thick-winded corporation could have turned out against him. But as in the Homeric battles, often two heroes "ranging for revenge" would traverse the field for the length of a day without collision, an envious mist interposing, so the steam of Atwood's soup, or the hats of the *Liberty Boys* tossing in the air, still concealed these fiery spirits from each other's sight; and it was not till the second night, when they were tired and ashamed of strutting and fretting on the pavement, that a cartel was delivered at Mr. O'Connell's house, and a meeting appointed for the following day.

After breakfast on the following morning, accordingly, was Mr. O'Connell, accompanied by Major Mac Namara and some other friends, seen passing through the leading streets of our metropolis in a coach drawn by four horses, towards the Naas Road; and much about the same hour a like equipage with Mr. D'Esterre and his friends proceeded in the same direction.

It was not unusual in those days to manage such matters in such a way. Although Lord Norbury had already pronounced



his opinion, that "the first report of a duel should be that of the pistols," display and fanfaronade were not considered evidence of a reluctance to do real business: and at a much later period parties in quest of barbarous satisfaction, have been seen to move with an undisguised intent of murder towards the field, gathering their friends and admirers as they advanced, and followed by any quantity of barren disinterested amateurs who might think it worth while to "see the sport."

Thus I well recollect to have seen, about six years after that, the quiet village of Abbeyleix disturbed from its propriety by an inroad of equipages, crowded inside and out with stern-looking passengers, who demanded refreshment for themselves and provender for their horses. They had been routed by a magistrate, a singularly meddling and officious person, who had interdicted their meeting in the adjacent county of Kilkenny; and Abbeyleix, with its sequestered woods and lawns, being considered "a nice quiet place to fight in," they came trooping, in number about thirty, first to breakfast, and afterwards to settle the difference with what appetite they might.

It was a motley muster as could well be assembled at a short notice, made up of half-pay militia subalterns, attorneys, sporting squires of a grade now nearly extinct, and two or three gentlemen of unequivocal pretensions. There were noted fire-eaters in the number, at least half-a-dozen, who had each killed or seriously disabled his man or two; and it was strange to remark what an inferior order of humanity those manslayers represented. They were distinguished among the rest by their smallness of stature and mean appearance, without anything manly in their bearing, but on the contrary, a sinister and rather sneaking cast of features, as if they were ashamed to look at the image which they had defaced. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so; for the motive which most commonly led to the perpetration of those homicides was a pitiful and vulgar thirst for eminence, which is not easily gained by a person of low attainments, unless by some extraordinary exertion he can raise himself from the ground

*"Et virum victor volitare per ora."*

The best looking and most interesting personage in the whole group was a young fellow named Shaw, of a fresh complexion and good figure, who was hawked about to be shot at in a convenient time and place, by one of the dirty little creatures aforesaid. Their attempt to desecrate that neighbourhood, however, was frustrated by the interference of another magistrate, the brother of the noble proprietor, who was also the incumbent of the parish, and who, having vainly endeavoured to overrule the party to a peace, bound them over not to transgress the law within his jurisdiction. They passed on therefore in quest of some other "quiet" place, and found it, as the shades of evening were descending upon them, in an island near the source of the River Suir in the county of Tipperary, from which they had the satisfaction of retiring after a few moments' delay, to their respective homes, leaving the fresh-

coloured lad above-mentioned on the grass behind them, with a bullet in his head. He died the following day, and all because the law is, or was, so punctilious as not to permit a county magistrate to follow or arrest a murderer prepense one inch beyond the confines of his own jurisdiction.

But what has all this to do with O'Connell's *rencontre* with D'Esterre, which no magistrate, lay or clerical, paid or unpaid, dreamt of opposing or interfering with in the slightest degree? The only visible exertion of authority was the dispatch of a squadron of dragoons from the Royal Barracks, after it was ascertained that all Dublin was pouring out its population towards the expected field of battle. Gigs, cars, and postchaises, equestrians, to no end, and an innumerable concourse of the lightfooted sons of the sod, crowded the broad road at the back of Kilmainham gaol and hurried away south. As soon as this state of things was known at the Castle, orders were sent to the military authorities to be on the alert; but whether with a view to arrest the principal authors of the commotion or to see fair play observed between them, is a question that is not likely at this time of day to receive a thorough solution. If the purpose was to interrupt the combat, the precaution was tardily resolved upon; for the departure of the belligerents had been known some hours before the troopers were in the saddle.

To account, however, for these things now can be at best only matter of surmise. All that is certain is that a very different result was anticipated from that which came to pass. D'Esterre was a reputed fire-eater, and his cool determination had been proved on a very trying occasion. The mutineers at the Nore had seized him, and required him on pain of death to assume the command of a ship, which he fiercely refused, and he was actually tied up at the yardarm with a halter round his neck; but he never faltered. "Haul away, ye lubbers!" was his defying answer to the last offer of these dishonourable terms. In the next moment he would have been dangling in the air, had not the chief mutineers, in generous admiration of a spirit so apt to excite their sympathies, interposed and procured a respite for further parley. An hour at such a crisis is generally equivalent to a life. He was sent back to his cabin; and before the time allowed for the definitive enforcement of the conditions had arrived, the rage of the conspirators had cooled down. After some further detention, he was set ashore to join the other officers of the fleet.

It was supposed that such an antagonist would prove an awkward customer to O'Connell, against whose personal courage doubts were even then entertained. Not long before, an unseemly quarrel with a brother of the long robe had been adjusted in a manner little conformable to the truculent notions of honour at that time prevalent. At some minor court, where it was safe to take liberties with the presiding power, O'Connell met an argument of the opposite counsel, Maurice Magrath, with this unparliamentary rejoinder—"Maurice, you lie;" and Maurice, taking up a volume of the Statutes at Large that lay convenient for such



a purpose, flung the same at his learned friend's head. A message followed, and on the ground, when the pistols had been handed to the parties, O'Connell, who was the challenger, exclaimed with that dramatic pathos in which he had no superior either on the stage or off it, "Now am I going to fire at my dearest and best friend." This led to a reconciliation, and no powder was burned.

An ill-natured and sanguinary public was not slow to assign the worst motive to the reminiscences of friendship at such a moment; and hence people were prepared to expect an easy triumph for Mr. D'Esterre. Party spirit could scarcely have run higher than it does now, but personal hatred was a more avowed ingredient in the feeling with which an obnoxious politician was regarded. It is not a reflection therefore so much upon the individuals as upon the spirit of the time, to say that there were men in office who would have rejoiced to see their formidable adversary brought low in any manner. To such a feeling, at least, was attributed the passive acquiescence of the authorities in the tumultuary state of the capital previous to the duel, and their abstinence from measures of prevention, when apprized that the parties had proceeded to the field.

If any one imagined, however, that O'Connell was deficient in physical courage, it was a great mistake. He had nerve to sustain him in any danger, though it never was a part of his philosophy to court it. As Madame de Stael said of Napoleon—whom the hero-mongers reproached for not having rushed, like Catiline, into the thick of the carnage at Waterloo and perished sword in hand—of death in itself he had no fear; but death would have been a reverse, and to reverses of every kind he had a decided objection. So neither was it any part of O'Connell's plan, with a brilliant career before him, to run a-tilt at every one he met. If he did not run out of the way, it was as much as either his friends or his foes had a right to expect. The desperate course which he steered for nearly thirty years, in the teeth of hostile administrations, among the breakers which separate the anchorage of the law from the wild surf of treason and rebellion, is an answer to the absurd imputation of personal fear as a defect in O'Connell's nature. He was in fact daring even to rashness: and it is notorious that his wife's health suffered materially, nay, very probably her life was shortened, by unceasing agonies of trepidation and alarm, lest his temerity should at length place him within the fangs of legal vengeance. Is it not absurd to suppose that such a man would shrink into a corner from the discharge of a pistol?

The story of his encounter with D'Esterre is soon told. As he said himself in the letter to Lidwell, they had "little fighting." It was nearly sunset when they were placed on the ground, in a field at Bishops-court, in the county of Kildare, about twelve miles distant from Dublin. The place was well chosen for spectators, being near the foot of a hill, from which many thousands could, and did, behold the proceedings without crowding or interruption. A chilling sight it must have been to the small party of friends who attended poor D'Esterre, to find themselves hemmed in on

every side by hostile ranks, whose menacing looks left no reason to doubt that a speedy retribution would follow, should the result prove untoward to the popular idol. They must have been men of no ordinary determination, to have consented to stand the hazard at all against such threatening odds; no rules of chivalry required them to enter lists surrounded exclusively by the partisans of an adverse and angry faction; and it certainly argued but little magnanimity in the managers at the opposite side not to have rejected such a fearful advantage, and proposed a more secret meeting.

Not one of the whole assemblage maintained a more intrepid demeanour, under these trying circumstances, than D'Esterre. However needlessly he may have sought the quarrel, being in, he conducted himself with unaffected manliness. His second was a brother corporator, who, inexperienced in the science of projectiles, accepted the services of an adept in loading the pistols. A great deal was supposed to depend upon that operation; half a grain of powder, over or under, being deemed equal to the square of the distance in determining the point of incidence. The old tacticians did not use to be so precise, but shook the charge, à discretion, out of a powder-horn. Happily it has almost ceased to be of the least importance, whether of the two methods be the more effective. But, on the occasion of which we speak, it seems not improbable that over-exact science saved O'Connell's life.

Mr. Frederick Piers, who had undertaken the nice operation of measuring out the menstruum necessary for giving the bolus due effect, is supposed to have been too sparing of his powder. Some persons, who were spectators of the event, alleged that the fault was D'Esterre's who, in his haste to have the first shot, fired before his pistol had been brought to a proper level. Whatever the cause, the bullet entered the ground before O'Connell's feet, and he, never the man to throw a "good chance" away, took a steady aim and shot his antagonist in the hip.

The ceremonial observed on this occasion differed from that which was usually observed, in the omission of any signal, or word of command. The parties were placed on the ground, and left to their own discretion to choose their time, and to use the weapons of offence which had been committed to them.

The reason assigned for this departure from the regular usage was that D'Esterre had, in a previous *rencontre*, fired at his man before the word could be given, and hit him; and that it was therefore deemed advisable to preclude him from taking a similar advantage on this occasion.

The procedure was not without a precedent. Curran, a great many years before, when he was a stripling unknown to fame, provoked a quarrel in the Circuit Court of Clonmel, with one Walsh, the mob-favourite of his day, and they went out, accompanied by the whole court, except the judge and jury. They were taken to a field, well inclosed with hedges, and placed in opposite corners, just as if they had been a pair of bulls turned into a paddock. The whole population, from the outside of the



fence, eagerly watched and encouraged their mutual advances. They both fired, and missed; a "lame and impotent conclusion," provocative of derisive cheers, amid the echoes of which the combatants re-entered the court, to receive the ironical congratulations of their long-robed brethren. The affair had occupied about three quarters of an hour.

But, on this occasion, it was no derisive cheer which rose up to heaven; but a loud and cruel yell of triumph went forth from the valley, and was sent back again from the hills, while its echoes were prolonged from field to field, and passed away to distant multitudes, who telegraphed the event, with incredible speed, into the heart of the city. The hapless victim, of his own intemperate folly, lay writhing in torture; but the pang, which that shout sent through his heart, far surpassed—as he described it on his dying bed—the anguish of his wound. A bitter thing surely it must be, to hear thousands of your fellow-creatures rejoicing, with one voice, in your calamity; and such was the requiem which attended poor D'Esterre from that luckless field. The following day, while the shades of death were thickening around him, his victor—taking his ease at his inn—was speculating on the advantages which the Catholic Question might reap from the patronage of the Earl of Donoughmore.

"So runs the world away."

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 ANACREONTIC.

CULL the roses while ye may;  
 Soon their beauties pass away:  
 Fading first, they next decay,  
     Then let us seize the present time,  
     And pluck our roses in their prime.

Quickly quaff the bright champagne,  
 While 'tis foaming up amain;  
 Its spirit cometh not again:  
     Then let us seize the present time,  
     And quaff such nectar in its prime.

List to music ere it dies;  
 Catch its strains as they arise,  
 For its spell too quickly flies:  
     So let us seize the present time,  
     And here enjoy sweet music's chime.

Hours, fleeting at the best,  
 Fly doubly fast while thus we're blest  
 With all that gives to pleasure zest:  
     Then let's *prolong* the present time,  
     While mirth and joy are in their prime.

W. H. L.

LOVE AND LITERATURE,  
AND  
HOW THEY DROVE PAUL PENFEATHER, AUTHOR AND  
JOURNALIST, TO THE "DIGGINGS."

EDITED FROM HIS POST-EMIGRATIONAL PAPERS.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

It was on a dreary evening, with a March wind buffeting my window and whistling through *that* broken pane, that I sat in my chambers, or chamber, up five break-neck pairs of stairs in Dummy Inn. This chamber, it may be at once remarked, bore no resemblance either to a gay or festive scene, or a hall of dazzling light. On the whole, it rather put one in mind of a house turned topsy-turvy, and the coal-cellar become the garret. Neither can I say much in favour of the furniture. There was an iron bedstead—but the Duke of Wellington had no more;—pegs in the walls; a cupboard, two Windsor chairs, a round table, which rocked upon its socket as if it were a marine swinging utensil, and a battalion of old books, of all sorts and sizes, from folios to pamphlets.

As for my own rent, its nominal amount—and when I use the phrase nominal I do so *pour cause*—was ten pounds a year, to be paid when the landlord could get it, which was a period of uncertain occurrence, and not mentioned in any almanac.

But here I stop a moment to beg the reader not to judge too harshly of me. The fact is, that at that period I was, poetically speaking, under a cloud, in the bill and Jew line. My wretched publishers absolutely refused to spend 2000*l.* or so in placarding and advertising a work, of which I say nothing, except that, had it received a fair chance—then, not since the time of—but I will refrain. Suffice it to say, I got involved, deeply involved, and never ventured into the streets without the constant expectation of the traditional and legal tap on the shoulder, which proclaims that, despite the Barons and Magna Charta and Runnymede and the Habeas Corpus, a free-born Englishman is ever the slave of empty pockets. For my living, it flowed sably out of the point of my pen; that bold, reckless, jaunty buccaneer mosstrooper, lanzknecht of a pen, which flew at everything, and went over the paper at railway pace on every side, which would not stick at an epic, or falter in the production of an encyclopedia; which wrote a leader one day in one paper and refuted it from beginning to end the next day in another—that pen of pens, which was never idle, whose restless nib was eternally on the scratch, scratch, scratch, over the paper;—that pen which since I had left school was the magic wand which had alone produced, sometimes the solitary chop, sometimes the *salmis* and the truffled pheasant; occasionally the humble



malt, occasionally *du sillery bien frappé*; sometimes a gorgeous dressing-gown, at others, a slop great-coat; lately, a gay and rich club chamber; at the period of this reminiscence, the room I have described.

Well, but to proceed. I confess — why may not England have her Rousseau — I confess, that on the evening in question this gad-about, fly-away pen of mine was enjoying, or enduring an unwonted sabbath of rest, and that my actual occupation was that of cooking two sausages over a remarkably small fire, and pondering — I confess again — meanly and drearily pondering over the state of my prospects.

"Pen, pen," said I, "do you see any luck coming?"

And the Pen replied to my Fancy —

"I see the world wagging, and the cash circulating, but I see no luck coming."

"Pen," said I again, "you failed me in the last matter."

"On the contrary," replied impudent Pen: "you failed me. My nib was ready, but your nob was not. Take me up and write a declaration of love, and an offer of marriage to Miss Dotty Tallboys. She's a little kind-hearted creature, and perhaps she'll have you. Within the last two days you have taken me up ten times, and made me write ten 'My dearest Dorothies!' and then flung me down. It's not fair treatment either to me or to Dotty. Try me on again."

I frowned on Pen, but nevertheless thought of Dorothy, and, to continue my confession, I thought also of what Papa Tallboys would consider a handsome wedding-portion for Dorothy. It was a mercenary idea, but I tell it right out, and shame a functionary, who shall be nameless. Poor dear little Dotty! simple-hearted, soft-natured, loving little Dotty. Not intellectual, certainly — not a show girl — but a perfect honey-blob of all kindness, with just a touch of spirit to give the sweet a savour.

I had met Miss Tallboys in a crowded opera pit, clinging to her dear, fat, flustered mamma, the pair elbowed hither and thither, and striving in vain for seats — Mrs. Tallboys professing that she never saw such ungentlemanly conduct — never — never — never! I think I should n't have minded it much had there been only the old lady. She ought to have come sooner. But there was a look of annoyance and confusion in the soft, dimply, round face of her companion, which appealed to a man, and I managed to get both ladies accommodated; while the Tallboys, not being operatic folks, and only going once a year to the play, at Christmas-time, I made it my business to explain, that Grisi was not Persiani, that Lablache was not Mario, and that the tuning of the instruments in the orchestra was not the overture. So graciously were these little *politesses* received, that from that evening I was on a species of careless, nothing-to-come-of-it, bachelor-visiting, footing, at Bank of England Lodge, a villa sort of place, very comfortable and neat, I assure you, out by the skirts of Camden Town, and which had received its name from the fact that Mr. Tallboys had entered upon possession of a stool in the national establishment indicated

some thirty years ago, and that he now occupied there a comfortably stuffed arm-chair, and drew from thence just as comfortable a salary. Tallboys was a pompous old fellow, with a vast notion of himself and the Bank. I could never take to him, though he was always civil in a sort of patronizing, rumbustious way, and was liberal enough of not bad port after Sunday dinners, when he declaimed solemnly about the mystic powers and grandeur of the Bank; about the Bank cellars, heaped with sovereigns, in which men worked up to their middles with great scoops; about trucks laden with five-pound notes, being heard to rumble in subterranean and mysterious passages; and, finally, about this Grand Institution, sir, being in reality a fortress, with concealed artillery, sir, which it was only necessary to unmask, sir, to blow all the adjacent banks—to say nothing of Lombard-street—to the deuce, sir.

As to my aspiring to the heart and hand of Dotty, I had but faint hopes of old Tallboys ever being brought to consent to the ghost of so monstrous a proposition; but then I had Mrs. Tallboys on my side, and perhaps Miss Tallboys on my side, and, altogether, I was in that sort of condition in which a man consoles himself with such fine phrases as “Nil desperandum!” and “Faint heart never won fair lady.”

“These things, then, deeply pondering,” as Lord Brougham is fond of saying—the sausages sputtering, and the candle flaring in the draught from *that* pane—I heard a footstep on the stairs—heavy, yet hasty. Then the postman’s rap made me jump again, and the flutter of letters inserted in the door-slit followed. “Bah!” thought I, “wafered letters, let them lie.” But, on second thoughts, I did not let them lie. They might be something better; and they were something better, better and worse. The first, oh! its dear scent of patchouli, and its tiny Daddy Longlegs-limbed straggling address, gave token of dear Dotty’s hand; the second was an unknown *manus*. Of course, every one knows which I first tore open, and every one will conceive the horror with which I read the following withering lines:—

“Oh my dear Paul oh Pa has *found it out* oh he has *found all out* about *poor us two* and he *scolded* mamma so oh Paul in *such* expressions if he had been the *Grand Turk* or something *dreadful* Paul he could n’t have said more and so *I nearly fainted* but Pa took me by the wrist its *so* sore yet dear and quite dragged me to my room and said so Miss tomorrow you will *go to the country* to keep you out of the way of that *scoundrel* that was *you* dear and I said oh dear where am I going and he said to *Ultima Thuley* if he chose and oh Paul that must be some *dreadful* place and I’ll never see you more I *never loved a dear Gazelle* Paul so good bye Paul I cant see to *write for crying* we wont go again to hear the *nightingales* in the *Caen wood* Paul I would like to see you *once* again but I cant Im *locked up* and I am to throw this poor blotted letter to *Mary Morison* who is waiting beside the water butt where her *mamma cant see her* to take it and oh Paul they are going to make me marry old *Mooldy Green* Papa’s fellow clerk a horrid nasty odious thing



*nastier* than a *black beetle* but I wont have him and I *wont* and I *wont* and I remain your distressed

"DOTTY."

"P.S. dont try to come Pa has got a *blunderbuss*."

So. I did n't faint or sink into my chair, for I was sitting in it; but I did utter an emphatic adjuration, which I take to have been even of a more formidable nature than any of those likely to have been made use of by Mr. to Mrs. Tallboys. My poor Dotty shut up in her bed-room—about to be sent to "*Ultima Thuley*," if he chose, and compelled to write letters on the sly, and send them by surreptitious Mary Morrisons waiting by the water-butt. Oh Tallboys, and oh lean-old withered Mooldy Green. May I not some day take the change out of both of you? Mooldy Green, you know that you are too old and too ugly to marry a pretty young wife. You have rheumatic gout too in those spindle shanks of yours; and Dr. Dismal, a most skilful practitioner, tells me it will soon be in your stomach. The sooner the better, oh Mooldy Green, if you bereave me of my Dotty!

What was I to do? Disobey Dotty's injunction, and by the aid of Miss Mary Morrison climb over the water-butt—or go to the Bank, and pass forged five-pound notes on old Tallboys? As I mused, my eye fell on the second letter. Why, that might have some connection with the matter. That might be Tallboys' hand, or even Mooldy Green's claw. That letter, like the night, might carry counsel. I opened it, and read, written in a stiff up-and-down style, the following:—

"Little Toddletown, March 10th.

"SIR,—Certain of the influential inhabitants of this influential market-town, the chief place in the Bilberry Hundreds of Bilkshire, being desirous of starting a newspaper on free, independent, general, and particular principles, for the purpose of arresting, if possible, the spread of haughty feudal doctrines on the one hand, and democratic socialism on the other, and cold and heartless moderatism between the two, have applied to a competent authority for a smart London editor, and your name has been sent to us. As we have full confidence in the recommendation, we at once offer you the post, which will be one of profit and of honour. Details will be settled on your arrival here, which ought not to be delayed a single day, as all is ready for the start.

"I am, &c.,

"GREGORY GRINDER, *Solicitor*,  
"Little Toddletown."

I started up. Pen! Pen! you saw no luck—but look—what think you of this? Splendid opening—most respectable and influential Provincial Journal—twenty long columns of advertisements—ten thousand circulation, and a large printing-business—at the very least. Little Toddletown; I never certainly heard of it; but still it must be a place of considerable political, social, moral, and agricultural importance. In Little Toddletown I shall speedily dis-

tinguish myself—become, in fact, the topping man of the metropolis of the Bilberry Hundreds of Bilkshire—perhaps the mayor—perhaps the member—and then, Old Tallboys—I stopped, unable to get further with the thought or the sentence—and ten minutes saw me—with a railway-wrapper, draped toga-like around me—my desk and carpet-bag hung on my ancient crab across my shoulder—shutting the black outside-door of my chambers (or chamber), and wafering thereon,

“GONE TO JERUSALEM. BE BACK DIRECTLY.”

I had just money to pay my second-class fare by the night-train, and next morning, by eight of the clock, I was set down, through the medium of a box on wheels, called an omnibus, at the door of the head inn of Little Toddletown, the “Wooden-leg and Tinder-box.” As I alighted, some one pulled the tail of my coat. I turned round, and saw a square-built man, in a cut-away coat, a grey hat, and a flashy neck-tie, who said, in a mysterious tone, “Penfeather?” to which I responded by a mysterious nod, and a more mysterious “Grinder?” He put his finger to his lips, and whispering to me to have my bag conveyed, for the present, into the hotel, began to kick his heels, and whistle. Presently I was by his side.

“All right?” he inquired; and added, “Come along, but speak low.”

“Speak low—why?” was my natural reply, in the Scottish form of a demand.

“Party, sir, Party—Faction runs fearfully high. The Blues, sir, snow-balled the Greens dreadfully last winter, and three panes of glass were cracked.”

“Are you Blue, or Green?” I asked.

“Neither,” replied my guide. “We’re parti-colour—checked—in fact, a coalition, sir, of men of different parties, collected on the sound principle of opposing all other parties. It’s the only way to do any good—when I say me, I mean you—and the new paper that is to be—won’t the Blues and the Greens stare when it comes out. As yet, mum—the whole business is a secret—a dead—dead—dead ‘secret.’”

With that he turned down a lane, passed some neat cottage-houses, and presently came to one with a green garden gate and a brass plate, inscribed “Grinder, Solicitor.” Here I was straightway led upstairs into a cold, damp-striking drawing-room, decorated with the usual unuseable furniture and the usual indescribable ornamental trumpery of a vulgar show-room.

“This will be your sitting-room. I will show you your bed-room presently—till the first number is out. Then, I suppose, you must get lodgings—very nice ones, I assure you—plenty of everything nice at Little Toddletown, Mr. Penfeather. Indeed, you may board, if you like.”

“Indeed,” said I.

“You see that tall house opposite with the green blinds, where the garden wall is theirs and ours. That is the Misses Clitheroe’s



Boarding Establishment—an excellent one, I assure you. Clean, cheap, and quiet for ladies and gentlemen who like retirement, and only five-minutes' walk from the town pump."

I expressed my gratification at hearing that Little Toddletown was far enough advanced to have boarding-houses, and asked where the boarders generally came from.

"Aha," said Mr. Grinder, winking a grey eye, and giving a twirl in the air to his grey hat; "you think to come over us plain country folk; but I can tell you that the Misses Clitheroe have boarders from London itself, Mr. Penfeather. Why it was only by the late train last night, that a young lady arrived here from London with her father—a young lady, sir, who, I understand, is to remain for some months for the benefit of her health, which, I hear, is delicate—in the pure and remarkably salubrious air of Little Toddletown."

I again expressed my satisfaction with the Misses Clitheroe, the young lady, and the air of Toddletown, and was speedily informed that there was to be an arranging dinner of the Managing Committee of the new paper at Mr. Grinder's that day, and that of course I should make one of the party.

"You'll see some remarkable men amongst us," continued the communicative Grinder. "Though I say it, sir, we are an intellectual community. We have a very fine museum here, sir—which is not yet stocked, but the hall is ready; and a Mechanics' Institution and reading-room, where you can see upwards of three local papers, a superior Gazetteer, the History of England, Robinson Crusoe, and the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. The Committee, however, hope to be soon able to add to the literary value of the collection."

During the course of the forenoon I inspected the town, finding myself as I did so the object of universal popular curiosity. Just in the centre of High-street, a hard-featured square-shouldered bullet-fisted elderly gentleman rode by me, on a goodly hunter, swinging, by the thong, a most formidable looking whip-handle, heavy enough, in appearance, to fell an ox. This elderly Ajax, boasted a red face, a blue coat with brass buttons, and cords and top-boots, and he in turn honoured me with a long stare, screwing round in his saddle to see me to the greater advantage. Close to me was a respectable-looking little tavern, and, seeing an intelligent-looking man at the bar, I stepped in, ordered a glass of home-brewed, and as I was sipping it asked the landlord, whether it was the fashion in Little Toddletown to stare at a stranger as if he were a dancing bear?

"Why, you see, sir," said the man, "it ain't no custom that there *here* in general—but you see—I mean no offence—you're in a way, sir, a conspicuous public karakter—"

"Me a conspicuous public character!"

"The Cohalition, sir," said my informant, aspirating the second syllable strongly, "and a move they're a goin' to make with a newspaper, as they tell me, agin the next election."

"Oh, so that is generally known, is it?"

"Bless your soul, sir! it's all about! And the Blues and the Greens are mad about it; for they have each a man of their own; and the Cohalition says they'll bring in a third man of *their* own."

"You see, sir," pursued my communicative friend, "that there's a deal o' spite in this town, and a deal o' bad feelin's, and one lot o' folks would cut another lot's throats, and t'other would do the same to them."

I now began to see how the wind lay, but not caring to pursue the subject, I asked who the gentleman was who had just ridden past.

The tavern-keeper stared:—

"Eh? Donnot ye know the squire? Squire Graspland, of Graspland Hall. There's many a poor fellow as knows him to his cost. He's a fierce man is our squire, sir; and when his blood is up, his hand is up, and then down comes that heavy whip on some poor fellow's head or shoulders. He's worse of late, too. The Graspland line is going out. He has nought but daughters, and his lady—and a gentle-tempered lady she was—is in the family tomb. Folks do say, she went there before her natural time; but any how, there's no hope of an heir to Graspland, and that makes the squire madder and more vicious than ever."

"He must be an amiable elderly gentleman, your squire," I said. "Pray is he a member of the Coalition you spoke of, or is he a Green or a Blue?"

"The Cohalition, sir, why, the squire hates the Cohalition worse nor poison. He don't care much about Green or Blue, but he says he'll put down the Cohalition; he says it's a conspiracy, and that whatever was its beginning, he would be the ending of it."

As may be conceived, I returned to Mr. Grinder's a good deal enlightened as to my new position, and at the appointed hour the dinner guests dropped in. There were six of them. The first arrival was Mr. Gash, a gloomy man, dressed in rusty black, with a fanatic wildness of eye, and a frown, which seldom left his low forehead.

"Remarkable man that," whispered Grinder; "the leader of the New Light movement in Little Toddletown. Preaches three times every Sunday—about the rooting up of the Constitution and the equal division of property."

Here was a promising character to be connected with! But the next new-comer somewhat reassured me, he being a fresh, hearty looking man, who greeted me with great cordiality, whispering in my ear, that old England would never prosper till the good old days were restored, and we had Squire Allworthies and Sir Roger de Coverleys again, and that that was as true as that his name was John Box.

Here, thought I, is goodly matter for a coalition.

Two common-place personages were the next addition to our party. Both were shopkeepers in the town, one a linen-draper, the other an ironmonger; and their politics, as I understood, consisted in bitter warfare with their principal rivals in the trade. A light-haired young gentleman, who was especially well received by



Mrs. Grinder—a good-humoured laughing dame enough, and who seemed to hold the whole company considerably in contempt—was introduced to me as Mr. Theodore Twitt, who was to be joker of jokes and the poet of poems upon the “Little Toddletown Thunderer,” and who immediately gave the company a specimen of his facetiousness by saying, when his name was mentioned—

“From Twitt take off the first and final T,  
Then Twitt is Wit—which symbolizes me.”

The company applauded, Mrs. Grinder calling out “Bravo! Bravo!” while I groaned in spirit and my sleeve. We had to wait for some time for the last comer, who appeared at length, a slight and very young man, in clerical and extremely high-church cut vestments, a double-breasted vest of “Church-of-England silk,” reaching below the waist, a cravat like a dog’s collar, covered with linen; a coat, cut straight down and hanging to the knees, and hair cropped to extreme shortness.

“The Reverend Mr. Genuflux!” announced Mr. Grinder.

The young clergyman bowed gracefully. Mr. Gash turned yellow as he scowled a smile. John Box clasped the parson’s hand with genial welcome. The two tradesmen were civil; and Mr. Theodore Twitt did nothing more offensive than summon the cat to his knee, with the endearing appellation of “Pusey, Pusey, Pusey!” at which Mrs. Grinder coloured and bit her lips, and Gash scowled again another smile. But dinner being announced, there was at once peace on the earth and good-will towards men.

I need not describe the meal. It was of the usual coarse country copiousness. Of the drinkables, the ale was good, the porter bad: the sherry peppery, the champagne gooseberry; and after dinner, the port something dreadful. Cognac and hot water were speedily demanded, and then the business portion of the proceedings began. Much of these had been already settled; and the first of those remaining was to invest me with the full responsibility for every clap of editorial thunder which was to be rumbled by the “Thunderer.”

I consented to this on the condition that I had the absolute control over the appearance of every such article. On this there arose one universal groan of contradiction.

“What,” said Mr. Socialish Gash, “may a man not do what he likes with his own?”

“Or advocate the good old times in a paper he has helped to establish?” ejaculated Mr. Box.

“Or show up local trade abuses?” shouted both the shopkeepers together.

“Or stick in satiric epigrams about the Greens and the Blues?” lisped the wit.

“Or advocate the great principle of the supremacy of our church over every civil institution, right and liberty,” said the monkish-like young clergyman.

Why should I describe the long and stormy discussion which followed. It ended with the subjoined treaty that I was to be dictator of articles, paying due attention to the views, hints, and sug-

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 written or spoken, of the sacred six; but that, for the first week—in order that I might learn thoroughly to understand what these views were and what was the exact tone to be adopted—the half dozen were each to contribute a short article, and I was merely to prepare the miscellaneous part of the journal—this arrangement, be it understood, after multitudinous promises of moderation, and the adoption of the utmost kindliness and good-nature of style.

News of coffee in the drawing-room had been sent in at least a dozen times before the discussion was over, so that it was late in the evening before I could make my way to my own room, leaving Mr. John Box, the civil reactionist, in amicable conference with Mr. Genuflux, the ecclesiastical reactionist, each sipping his sixth cup of finely-flavoured Mocha chicory, and abandoning Mrs. Grinder to the conundrums of Mr. Theodore Twitt. The last, whereof the question was propounded, being—"Why is a scuttle of slatey coal like the Grand Lama of Thibet, should that dignitary be converted to Presbyterianism and take a shop in Oxford Street?"

The answer might be curious, but I preferred, after the fumes of the bad sherry and the worse port, to cool my head a little at my bedroom window. The weather had suddenly changed, the wind had gone round to the south, and the cheery feel of warm reviving spring came with its blessings on the breeze. I sat long on the window-sill, like the pensive Cathleen Mavourneen at the door, but it was neither to hear the wind sigh, nor to look at the moon, but to hear a familiar and favourite tune, which poor Dotty used to play to me by the hour, and which now proceeded from what I judged to be the drawing-room of the Clitheronian boarding-house, and to watch the shadows of the inmates—the male and female shadows—as they passed like fantoccini across the lighted blinds, or sometimes, as I could see, lingered long in the recesses of the windows. Soon, however, poor dear Dotty's tune—it was a Burschen snatch, and full of melody—stopped, and the shadows grew less numerous, and lights began to gleam from the upper windows. It was clear that the Misses Clitheroe's boarders kept early hours—probably supper was not the rule of the house; and presently no light shone from the first floor, save from one window smaller than those of the drawing-room, and in which I recognized first two female figures—then one. It was clear that Miss Clitheroe had been showing the new lady from London to her apartment. And as I gazed on the remaining shadow, somehow or other I began to feel a species of bumping beneath the waistcoat. The shadow did not look like that of a skeleton, the German air was not generally known, the young lady had just arrived; could it—could it be possible that Tallboys had flung his daughter into the very lion's mouth, and that little Toddletown was no other than, according to poor simple Dotty's version, "Ultima Thuley?" The notion of the *contretemps* first threw me into a hearty fit of laughing. Oh, Tallboys! Tallboys! could not all the wisdom of the Chairman and Directors of the Bank, which you have been so



long absorbing, preserve you from this? Oh, Mooldy Green! if you only knew who was looking at your betrothed, would not your yellowness astonish a lizard, and would not the rheumatic gout leap at once to the locality which good Dr. Dismal has so confidently predicted?

The gentle opening of the opposite window recalled me to myself. I watched breathlessly; a female head and form became visible, but only in the deep shadow, and I could make nothing of it. Suddenly I remembered the student's song, and began as sentimentally as any man can to whistle—to whistle it. The effect was instantaneous; I saw the head move with a jerk, and turn towards my window, and then bethinking myself of the position of my light, I reached back for it, and held the candle forth so as to let the gleam fall upon my face. Instantly the figure flung up both its arms, as in astonishment, and I heard the faint echo of a female ejaculation; followed up, to my great surprise, by a repetition of my own candle-manceuvre, and this time, unmistakably, the light fell on the round and dimpled countenance of my Dotty. We waved our hands to each other, kissed our hands to each other, but of course anything like speaking was out of the question. The consolation was, that wicked Dot's last gesture was so strongly in the nature of a beckoning, that I determined to inquire the very first thing next morning whether the Misses Clitheroe had at present a vacancy for a male boarder. Immediately after Dot had made this sign, she disappeared with great promptitude, the window slid noiselessly down, and as I presently observed another shadow on the blind, I concluded that Dot had caught the approaching footstep, and at once restored the window and herself to their natural positions.

Next morning I was early roused. All the preparations for No. I. of the "Thunderer" had been made; and as soon as I had set all hands a-going upon Parliamentary Debates, Murders, Dreadful Accidents, the Latest Intelligence from Thibet, and so forth, I started off to try what fortune would send me in the way of a niche in the boarding and lodging temple in which was enshrined the divinity of Dotty. I found out the front of the Misses Clitheroe's house in a narrow lane. It was one of those old red brick mansions built in Queen Anne's time, with a high door overhung by an ornamented wooden shell, with Cupids on the corners. After a moment's pause, the Cupids gave me courage, and I rang a jangling bell; was admitted, and heard a great rustling of ladies' dresses apparently flying upstairs; after which, a melancholy-looking maid-servant ushered me into a dingy parlour, on the table of which lay three half-darned stockings, with the needles still sticking in them.

Presently in stalked the three proprietresses of the house—starched, dried up, and antiquated virgins—each with a red front, and the roots of grey hair beneath it; each with an ancient pinchbeck watch at her girdle, and each attired in that peculiar costume in which the waist is placed under the arms, and the rest of the person is made as upright and downright as a pike-staff. As the

I bowed to them successively, and received three curtesies in return. Then they took three chairs, and their six stony eyes glared at me in silence. I thought it as well to get into business, and so at once stated the object of my visit. There was a pause. Then, one of the ladies, crossing her arms,

"Our dear sister Barbara will speak."

"Nay," said sister Barbara, "our dear sister Tabitha will speak."

And speak sister Tabitha did—very shortly, but very much to the point. Their establishment was full—quite full. They did not receive ladies or gentlemen without the highest references as to moral and pecuniary characters, or without the consent of the other boarders, as well as (emphatically) of the friends of the other boarders. Under these circumstances, she, speaking for herself, thought that it would be needless to protract the interview.

Miss Barbara and Miss Sarah also, speaking for themselves, thought so too; so that, seeing no chance of melting in these stony eyes and hard-cut features, I rose, but not without having determined on striking at least one blow.

"There is, I believe, a young lady here—" The six eyes flashed into each other alternately, and three of the six arms made quick motions of mutual intelligence, while I went on—"There is, I believe, a young lady here with whom I was acquainted in London. Be good enough to give her this card, and tell her that I shall shortly have the pleasure of waiting upon her."

"Sir!" exclaimed the triad in one breath, "Sir!" They were beginning, when I rose, and not, I fear, without a little *brusquerie*, overpowered their voices with a storm of polite leave-taking, and found myself in the lane before the three virgins had managed to get out what I knew would be a positive refusal to admit me.

"Never mind," I thought, "I shall see Dotty, and speak to Dotty, for all this. I put my trust in my wits, and in Dotty's too, on which love seems to have operated like a miraculous strop on a razor—a vile comparison, I admit, but a just one." Half a dozen times during the afternoon did she appear, and with smiles, and air-wafted kisses, signify her constancy and devotion; but at length I determined no longer to put up with this merely telegraphic communication. I set therefore steadily to think of a plan for making it personal, and was not long in hitting on one. The Clitheroes' garden was only divided from the Grinder's by a wall about ten feet high, but with a formidable *chevaux-de-frieze* of broken bottles on the top. Still there was a light ladder in each garden, and so my plan was at once adopted; and the following note traced on paper to be wrapped neatly round a garden flint:—

"DEAREST DOTTY,

"I must see you, and speak to you face to face. Can you slip out in the dusk, take the ladder, put it up to the corner of the wall where the cherry-tree will shelter you? I shall be with our ladder on the other side, and so we can enact a second *Pyramus* and *Thisbe* across the broken bottles."



This epistle I let her see, holding it up as if accidentally, and then pointed to the corner of the garden-wall. She nodded, she understood, and vanished from her window as I did from mine, so that in half a minute the stone and the billet went flying over the broken bottles betwixt us, soon to come back with "Yes, at seven," in pencil upon the paper, and then I heard the light foot tripping joyfully away. Need I pursue the progress of this ladder-and-wall love-match? Upon the whole, I think not, but hurry at once to the catastrophe of my tale; only hinting that every evening the ladder love-making was renewed—one occasion, when it rained, under one umbrella; and that, for once, and for three nights, the course of true love never ran more smoothly. Then came the day—the awful day of publication.

The six contributors and proprietors had each furnished his quota of what printers call "original matter," but I had determined not to interfere with one word of them, not even to look at them, until I should read them fully and fairly set forth in the columns of the "Little Toddletown Thunderer."

The completion of the correcting of the proofs, which was not over until midnight, and which, so far as the writers went, was a mere farce, was followed by a roaring supper-party, at which no end of punch was drunk.

Grinder and I alone kept sober. Even the smart little parson, perhaps from the rarity of the occasion, grew amusingly excited. Gash drank hard and silently; Box, hard and talkatively. Twitt would spout his own poetry. The two tradesmen soaked together. And so passed the riotous night away. The Rev. Mr. Genuflux, indeed, managed to steal off about dawn, and soon after I and Mr. Grinder left the rest, either maudlin in their chairs or sleeping with their heads upon the table.

Anxious for the events of the day, yet too tired to wait up for them, I flung myself on the bed without undressing, and presently passed deeply into the Land of Nod. All at once I started up broad awake, and with all my faculties about me in an instant. What an infernal din in the streets! What is it? A fire? The ringing of bells? I leaped out of bed and listened. No—no cries of "fire!" no ringing of bells; but cries of "Down with the Cohalition!"—"Down with the slanderers!"—"Down with old Gash!"—"Pump on the Puseyite parson!"—"Toss the chap from Lunnon in a blanket!" And through all these discordant howls the bell-like sounds, which I now recognized as a *charivari* from marrow-bones and cleavers. I thought of the foreman's words; he had in fact predicted a "row to-morrow;" and rushing down to the office, seized a copy of "The Thunderer," and, stunned by the suddenness of the affair, and deafened by the clamours of the mob, I read, hardly believing my eyes, such paragraphs as the following:—

"Yes, the aristocracy and the proprietors of the soil of England must give up their land, which they stole, and their pensions and their wealth, which they cheated for, to those humble, but pure-minded members of the community who have had hitherto to work

for their bread, but who will soon proclaim the determination boiling in their bosoms, to give the aristocracy their turn of the spade and the loom, their richly-deserved spell of the workhouse and the jail."

This was Gash's thunder. I turned sick over the trash. Below it was an article contributed by Box, just as mad in the opposite way, as Gash's:—

"Are we, then, to stand with our hands folded, and see the rabble raise their unwashed paws, and bellow with their unsweet breath, 'Down with our glorious aristocracy!' Not so. Let us rather at once take vigorous measures: re-enact the forest laws; give each landholder the right of pit and gallows; reestablish the curfew; burn the bloated manufacturing towns; put collars round the necks of their populations, as our gallant Saxon fathers did before us; and then raise again the May-poles, in the midst of a healthy, a wholesome, and a contented population."

And all this philosophy of reaction right under Gash's philosophy of progression! I proceeded. The next *prolusion* was that by Mr. Genuflux, and thus, at the end of the second column, it closed:—

"The Church, then, must be the ruler of all things: must decide in all departments; must govern the minds of all men. To her must the reins of civil power at home, and diplomatic negotiations abroad, be entrusted; by her must be enacted the laws of the land; by her must they be expounded and enforced;—in fine, by her must be put down and vanquished, utterly, entirely, and for ever, the evils of that monstrous fantasy, called by the ignorant 'the march of intellect.'"

"Good gracious!" I thought, "the little parson sticks up tolerably stoutly for his craft. Let us see what the shopkeepers say." And resuming the paper, I read a couple of the most atrocious libels which were ever penned, accusing by name and address two rivals in the trade of each, of every possible commercial crime of which commercial men could be guilty, the whole being wound up by an epigram on Squire Graspland, evidently from the pen of Mr. Theodore Twitt, and which, as far as I recollect, went somehow as follows:—

ON A CERTAIN NEIGHBOURING PROPRIETOR.

Old Graspland he thought to continue his race

By descendants as bad as himself,

To leave them to murder a poacher for game,

Or to ruin a tenant for pelf.

He expected an heir—such a man as himself—

To inherit his woods and his waters;

But he cannot discover two feet of a son,

Though he's blessed with five fathoms of daughters.

I dropped the paper, and saw Grinder standing before me.

"Well, sir!" said he.

"Well, sir!" said I.

"What's to be done?"

"Send for the mayor, and let him call out the *posse comitatus*."



"I have sent for the mayor, and the answer is, that he went over to Hogsorton last night."

"Send for the aldermen."

"One is the cousin of the ironmonger libelled; the other is the brother-in-law of the linendraper. They will do nothing."

"Send, then, in the name of Heaven! for the nearest magistrate."

"The nearest magistrate is Squire Graspland."

At this moment the tumult visibly increased, and suddenly a shower of mud darkened the window, and half a dozen panes of glass flew in shivers before as many stones, which hopped about the floor, while the shouts again arose—

"Break the door! Have 'em out!"—"Who says that Jacob Smith, the ironmonger, is a thief?"—"Who says that Joseph Thompson, the linendraper, is a robber?" And then rose a yell which echoed to the skies.

"Are these pigs in the next room awake?" I said.

"No," replied Grinder. "The devil wouldn't wake them till they sleep off the punch."

"Then the mob will," said I.

"What do you mean to do?" said Grinder.

"Go back to London," I replied.

"And leave me in this mess?"

"Certainly. You knew the sort of men you were in with; I did not. You must get yourself out of the scrape by yourself. I do not consider myself in it. I shall stay as long as I think it safe, to see the fun, and then I shall walk quietly to the station."

"But it is impossible. You can't leave the house; they would put you in the stocks, or under the pump, or perhaps do worse."

"Leave that to me."

By this time the uproar was at its height. The street was filled with dirty and wrathful visages, showers of mud, and here and there a brickbat came rattling on the walls or crashing through the windows. The servants were cowering in the coat-cellar. Mrs. Grinder was in a state of hysterics, under the impression that the whole affair was a French invasion, and that Louis Napoleon was in the front parlour, although the only tenants of that apartment were the still intoxicated and snoring raisers of the riot.

Presently, after a fierce outburst of yelling, an extraordinary band struck up "The Rogue's March." Rude banners, bearing insulting mottoes, were hoisted over the heads of the mob, who, excited by two barrels of ale, placed at their disposal by the two libelled tradesmen, began actually to thunder with sticks and stones at the door, and to drive their fists through the ground-floor windows.

"Well, Grinder," said I; "a pretty job, this!"

The man, to my surprise, was as cool as a cucumber.

"I'll turn in," said he, thrusting his hands deeply into his pockets—"I'll turn in a decent hundred pounds by this. Listen—in your ear:—in such cases, the county pays, and, as I furnish my own account—"

A loud shout interrupted him, and then a land!"—"Squire Graspland!" echoed the

"Graspland!" ejaculated Grinders, to yourself!" And as he said so he vanished

Glancing through the window, I caught Ajax, of three or four days before; but now and the hunter was white with foam, and held by the thong, was twirling round the roared to the mob to force a way, and bring "Thunderer," to be burned at the Town. The voice of the maddened landlord roused them as they began to gather themselves up, in ment, and in another instant in leaped the head of what was now an infuriated rabble again—that I then thought it high time to hear the scuffling, the shouts, the heavy smashing of the glasses and the china pun and so tranquilly marched towards my friend intending to beat a skilful retreat through Clitheroes, *nolentes volentes*. As I emerged ever, the infuriated squire caught a glimpse of his five victims into the lobby; and leaving me. I was cool, however, and he was raging with my faithful crab, and at the same time trip the squire up, and send him sprawling before me. As I did so I heard a scuffling at the window of the Clitheroes. The next morning I took my faithful ladder, and as I got to the top the implement somehow placed on the other side of the deleterious glass on to it, and drawing a rope of escape, seriously advised Squire Graspland to get to the foot of the rampart, surrounded by his men, not to risk the broken bottles without a chance. I assured him were on my side of the wall. As much grace as possible into the garden. The Tallboys was struggling in the close custody of the Clitheroes.

"Let me go!" said the valiant and consistent. "I'm a free Englishwoman, and I won't be bound upon by three vinegar-faced old maids."

At this declaration of rights the triad screamed, and let Dotty have her way, which she did into my arms and ask if I had cut my finger.

"Ladies!" I said, taking off my hat. Clitheroe: "Ladies! there is no occasion to be so or anxious about this young lady. I am only took the liberty of scaling your wall and your premises because there is a very unruly neighbor. Accept, therefore, my excuses, and allow me to go of Miss Tallboys, who has done me the honor to visit my wife, and to wait until I am able to



monetary position necessary for the undertaking of that desirable consummation."

The Misses Clitheroe stood in doubt, but did not interfere. "Dot," whispered I, "will you wait for me, like the heroines who lived in castles and loved belted knights—for a year and a day?"

"A hundred years and a hundred days!" quoth poor Dotty through her tears.

"You will hear soon from me," I rejoined, "once—then not for many months."

"How many? Oh, how many?"

"At the worst and the longest, eight months—four out to Australia and four back."

"And you will stay there? How long?"

"Till I can return, and honourably claim you."

"But you may not be lucky. You may not find gold."

"I can nerve myself for the work; I can plunge into the toil, and I must find gold. The unlucky are the lazy."

"Heaven bless you!" said Dotty, and fainted. I consigned her to the Misses Clitheroe, who received her, notwithstanding the old maid imputation, with as much motherliness as was in their natures, and late that night I was in London.

POSTSCRIPT. — I am engaged on board the Flying Dutchman (1200 tons, A. 1., coppered, and copper-fastened; carries an experienced surgeon), to work my passage to the Antipodes. When they asked me in what capacity I wished to go out, I replied, that were my own feelings to be consulted, I would rather go as captain, but this proposition being rejected with some precipitation, I received a nondescript sort of appointment, which was, that I am expected to do everything, and be everywhere at every moment, from the truck to the keel, and the end of the flying gibboom to the end of the spanker-gaff; but as to where these localities are to be found I confess—still like Rousseau—my total ignorance. But thus it is that I turn from literature to gold, for the sake of Dotty Tallboys, and through the means of the "Toddle-town Thunderer."

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## ACCOUNT OF THE TRIAL OF THE DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM AN ORIGINAL MS.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE following contemporary account of the Trial of the Duchess of Kingston so celebrated for her beauty and her wit, which has been placed in our hands, was written, as will be noticed by our readers, by an eye-witness. The trial created a great sensation; it will be remembered, at the time, from the peculiar circumstances connected with it, and the distinguished personages who figured in it. Very little has been told of this fair lady by Walpole, the matchless *raconteur* of the piquant anecdote of his day. The following relation, written by a young lady who was present, will possess therefore more than ordinary interest. It may be well, however, before taking our readers into Court, to give them some brief account from an authentic source of the career of this very singular personage.—ED.

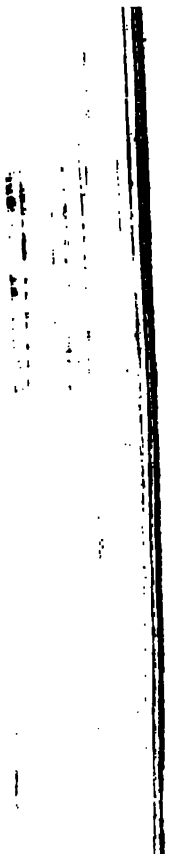
ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH, Duchess of Kingston, was born in 1720, and was of a very old Devonshire family. Her father, who was a colonel in the army, died while she was young, and left her mother and herself totally unprovided, so that their sole subsistence was a small pension allowed them by Government. Mrs. Chudleigh was exceedingly fond of society, and though her means were limited, she still kept up her connection with those persons of distinction with whom, on account of her husband's rank, she had formerly been intimate. Her daughter, who was welcomed everywhere because of her beauty and the sprightliness of her wit, happened to meet with Mr. Pulteney, who was one of the heads of the Opposition, and much about the person of the Prince of Wales; through his exertions she was made one of the maids of honour to the Princess. Mr. Pulteney, afterwards Lord Bath, rendered her a still greater service; he assisted her in cultivating her mind, and directed all her studies; when he was away he corresponded with her with the same view also; but in spite of all his care, her extreme volatility and caprice prevented her from deriving much benefit from his advice; she was often in the habit of saying, "that she should actually hate herself were she ever to remain two hours in the same mood;" she declared that all the books in the world did not teach her anything; that the conversations of men did not teach her much better; in the same spirit she would observe laughingly, "that in looking at an Englishman and a Frenchman, one would say 'that one was seeking for enjoyment and the other felt it.'"





THE HON: MISS CHUDLEIGH,  
*AFTERWARDS*  
DUCHESS OF KINGSTON.

London, Richard Bentley, 1855.





Miss Chudleigh's position, as well as her personal attractions, drew around her a great number of adorers; the Duke of Hamilton became the favoured one, and it was settled between the two lovers that their marriage should take place on the young Duke's return from a voyage which he was on the point of making, meantime the misery of absence was to be alleviated by constant correspondence.

But all these plans fell to the ground in consequence of the manœuvres of Mrs. Hanmer, Miss Chudleigh's aunt, who was anxious to encourage the addresses of Captain Hervey, the son of Lord Bristol. She intercepted all their letters, and after making her niece believe that the Duke of Hamilton was unfaithful to her, succeeded also in inducing her to marry his rival, the 4th of August, 1744. After the first day of their marriage, Mrs. Hervey took a great dislike to her husband, and resolved never to live with him; but by some strange inconsistency, at the very moment she was persuading her husband to agree to an amicable separation, she changed her opinion, and the result of the interview was very different to what might have been anticipated. She became a mother, but her child died shortly after its birth. The Duke of Hamilton, who had partly discovered Mrs. Hanmer's double-dealing on his return to England, again offered his hand to her, of whose marriage he was ignorant, and was perfectly in despair at the unaccountable refusal which she gave him. This refusal did not less astonish the public, and Miss Chudleigh's mother was extremely indignant at her conduct, for she did not know her daughter's secret engagement.

In order to escape the reproaches with which she was loaded, and the importunity of the Duke of Ancaster and other noblemen who eagerly sought her favour, she set out for the Continent with a military man, who became the companion of her journey in the most singular way. She caused the following advertisement to be inserted in all the papers:—

"A young lady, mistress of her own person, and in possession of a tolerable fortune, who believes herself by no means disagreeable, and flatters herself that she is not so to other people, has resolved to go abroad; she would be glad if some young man, of a respectable family and pleasing manners, would consent to be her travelling companion. She has no ties, and she hopes that he who meets her wishes will be as free as herself, so that there should be nothing to interfere with a more intimate connection after their first intimacy. An answer will be expected in the newspapers before the expiration of a fortnight. It is required that the secret should be kept till all the arrangements are made; any indiscretion will not be committed with impunity."

Two days after the following reply was seen in the papers:—

"A middle-aged man, tolerably good looking, and of sound constitution, offers his services to the lady by whom the advertisement was inserted the other day. He has travelled, and is perfectly independent. If the lady in question thinks that he is likely to suit her; he is ready to start whenever she wishes, if she will only inform him of her intentions, &c."

An interview took place, and they set out together, but they soon grew bored with each other, and separated at Berlin. Miss Chudleigh was here warmly welcomed by the great Frederick, who was quite charmed with her frank manners, with her impetuosity, and with her vivacious and witty repartees. He absolved her from all etiquette, upon her merely requesting one day "to be allowed to study at her ease the character of a Prince who set an example to Europe, and who might openly boast of having an admirer in every individual of the British nation. Frederick paid her marked attention, and treated her with the greatest distinction. Not only did he take pleasure in her conversation, but he afterwards kept up a regular correspondence with her.

A short time after she visited Dresden, and there she gained the Electress's friendship. This princess was very pious and sensible, and loaded her with presents and kindness, which proved the interest which she took in her welfare. On her return to England, she hastened to pay all due homage to her illustrious protectress, the Princess of Wales. The Princess was enchanted with her lively pictures and dazzling descriptions of all she had seen. She was the delight of the brilliant circles in which she moved, but her union with Captain Hervey was a continual source of misery to her. With the view of destroying all traces of it, she visited Lainston, where the marriage was celebrated, and, while the chaplain was conversing with her travelling companions, she tore out the much-hated proofs of her union from the parish registers, which she had wished to see. But when, a short time afterwards, Captain Hervey became Lord Bristol, on the death of his father, she bitterly repented what she had done, especially when she learnt that her husband was attacked by a dangerous malady, and that she might very soon become a rich dowager. So now she attempted to replace the proofs of her marriage, which she had herself destroyed in the Lainston registers. She succeeded in accomplishing her purpose, by bribing the clergyman, with whom they were deposited, but the effects of this contemptible artifice turned upon herself, and she was caught in her own trap; for after she had restored the proofs of her first marriage, Lord Bristol recovered his health, and the Duke of Kingston, one of the richest noblemen in the land, a peer of the realm, solicited the honour of being her husband. Then, indeed, Miss Chudleigh experienced the bitterest regret. In vain did she attempt to get a divorce, though Lord Bristol had not a spark of attachment for her; he opposed her desire for a long time, and said to those persons who spoke to him on the subject, that he would go to the devil before he allowed his wife's vanity to be gratified in becoming a duchess. But when, at length, he fell passionately in love with another lady, whom he was anxious to make his wife, he placed no farther obstacle in the way of a divorce, which was soon after pronounced, by their mutual consent.

Mrs. Hervey, now at the height of her wishes, was publicly united, the 8th of March, 1769, to Evelyn Pierrepont, Duke of Kingston, with the consent of the Archbishop of Canterbury.



The king and queen loaded her with presents ; but this new marriage was not more fortunate than the former. The duke had very delicate health, which gave his manners too much gentleness to please the restless spirit of the dissipated duchess ; so that Lord Kingston was not long before he regretted the loss of his liberty. It is even said that he helped to shorten his days. He died in 1773, leaving the whole of his fortune to his wife, on condition that she did not marry again. This condition exceedingly displeased the duchess, who vainly tried to get it erased from the will. Left to herself, the Duchess of Kingston plunged more than ever into dissipation, and went to such lengths, that the people of London were even quite scandalized at her conduct. Having met with several mortifications, she determined on going to Italy. She went in a yacht, which she had had constructed at an enormous expense, and entered Rome almost in triumph. The Pope Ganganelli received our heroine as a princess, and the Cardinals followed the example of the Sovereign Pontiff. Here she fitted up a palace in the most extravagant style, and lived with the greatest prodigality.

During her sojourn in Italy, she met with an adventurer, who was as handsome as he was witty and amusing. He passed with her as the Prince d'Albanie, and succeeded in making her desperately in love with him. She was on the point of bestowing her hand and fortune on this adventurer, whose origin was never thoroughly known, when he was suddenly arrested as a swindler, and he soon after committed suicide in prison.

A more real danger, however, soon effaced this unfortunate circumstance from her mind, for she learnt that the Duke of Kingston's heirs were endeavouring to bring an action against her for bigamy. They insisted that the late duke's will, as well as the proofs of her marriage, should be cancelled. At this news she was extremely alarmed, and was anxious to set out immediately for London. But her banker, who was bribed by her adversaries, hid himself, in order not to be obliged to give her the money for her journey. She did not hesitate a moment how she should act, but proceeded to his door, with a pistol in her hand, and remained there till he had supplied her with the necessary means for travelling to England. Inquiries had already been set on foot ; the validity of her first marriage was recognized, and it was asserted that the Ecclesiastical Court, which granted the divorce, could have had no power to do so.

The duchess had always despised public opinion, but now it might be of the utmost importance to her. It was with considerable annoyance, therefore, that she learnt that the celebrated comedian, Foote, well known for his satirical writings, was on the point of bringing out a piece at the Haymarket called "A trip to Calais," of which she was the heroine, under the name of Lady Crocodile. She succeeded in suppressing the piece. A great many bitter pamphlets were published also, and never did any trial make a greater sensation. Westminster Hall was crowded to excess ; the royal family, the foreign ministers, the members of the

House of Commons, were all present on the occasion. According to M. d'Archenholz's account, who was a spectator, the duchess was dressed in black, and had a lady's maid on each side of her, as well as her physician and apothecary, a secretary, and six advocates. She also adopted a singular method to avoid showing emotion. After the interrogation which she had to undergo, she caused herself to be bled as soon as her examination was over. The firm and noble expression of her countenance, which she maintained throughout the trial, won all hearts. At the close of the trial she shortly, but in the most dignified manner, addressed the court, but was found guilty by a majority of two hundred peers.

The punishment then awarded to bigamy, was the application of a hot iron to the right hand, but the duchess' counsel prevented this sentence being executed on her, pleading her privileges of the Peerage, and she escaped with a reprimand from the Lord High Steward. The most extraordinary feature of this trial was that while her adversaries succeeded in proving the Duchess of Kingston's second marriage invalid, the duke's will was confirmed as being totally independent of this marriage, and she thus retained the whole of the immense fortune which he left her.

When the affair was settled, her ladyship's opponents (she was again Lady Bristol) began to form a plan of attack for confining her to the kingdom, and to despoil her of her possessions; but she contrived to elude their vigilance, and embarked for Calais. There she remained some time, and afterwards set out on her travels again. In the first instance she went to Rome to settle some matters of interest, and afterwards returned to Calais, where she took a magnificent hotel, and furnished it at the greatest expense, and with the greatest elegance. But this place did not altogether suit her, so she fitted out a vessel in a new style, and with the utmost magnificence, where every luxury of life was to be found; in it she went to St. Petersburg, and was received by Catherine the Second with the most marked distinction. From St. Petersburg she proceeded to Poland, and here the Prince of Radzjuvil gave the most brilliant *fêtes* in her honour, and one which was especially remarkable, a boar hunt by torch-light. It appears that the Prince was so captivated with her, that he sued for her hand as a favour; he was, however, refused. On her return to France, her fortune, wit, and sparkling conversation, as well as her charming way of telling anecdotes, and even her follies, caused her to be generally well received, and assured her a brilliant existence. She held her little court of artists and men of letters, for a long while in this country. It was just after she had purchased the magnificent château of Saint Assise, a few miles from Fontainebleau, that she was seized with an illness which, in a few days, occasioned her death. She died on the 20th of August, 1788, being rather more than sixty-eight years of age. She summoned two English lawyers to France to draw up her will; the Duchess' possessions, including her diamonds and furniture, as well as her estates, amounted to 200,000*l.* sterling; she had, moreover, other property in Russia.



Monday morning, 7 o'clock, April 15, 1776.—No chaos ever equalled my head at present, and, I will venture to pronounce, the heads of half the people in this great town. This day the Duchess of Kingston is to be tried for bigamy—the whole town has talked of nothing else for this week past. We are particularly fortunate, for without any applications we have two tickets for every day whilst it may last in the gallery belonging to the Board of Works, and to-day I go with Lady Bathurst in the Lord High Steward's box, which can hold thirty-six persons. My father and brother go this day with the Board of Works' tickets; and George to-morrow has the supreme felicity of going as one of the Lord High Steward's twenty gentlemen-attendants, who go through the whole day's ceremony with him, and hear the debates in the House of Lords. I have been up since five o'clock attending my hairdresser, though we do not leave this house this half-hour. I will give you a most ample history of the whole trial as it proceeds every day.

Wednesday morning.—Soon after I closed my letter on Monday the summons to depart arrived. I was to meet Lady Bathurst at a coffee-house adjoining the House of Lords, where she has taken a room whilst the trial lasts. Here her company (those who had tickets for her box) assembled; and here a breakfast was prepared. I amused myself in observing the Peers and Peeresses as they came into the Hall from their carriages, which were generally elegant, the horses full harnessed and ornamented. Everything was orderly and quiet in Palace Yard, and the guards were very diligent, and drawn up under arms. The whole effect was pleasing. About ten o'clock we all went into the Hall, and took our places in the High Steward's box. The first *coup-d'œil* of the Hall, filled with well-dressed people, was extremely striking; the Peers were scattered about, and we had to wait an hour before the procession came in. But you must wait much longer, for I am obliged to conclude, so adieu!

Thursday, noon.—You must suppose yourself with me in Westminster Hall. At about eleven on Monday the procession entered in the following order:—1st. The Lord High Steward's attendants, consisting of twenty gentlemen, walking two and two; nor was it an unpleasing sight to see a number of these handsome, genteel, well-dressed young men, walking round, stopping opposite the throne, to which each made his bow as he passed. After them came a still handsomer set, Peers' eldest sons, and Peers, minors unrobed. These were generally lads, some of them charming boys. Then came the Clerks of the Council; after them came the Masters in Chancery, two and two, in their gowns and bands; then the Judges in their scarlet robes and caps. Next came the Bishops in their very ungraceful robes. Being generally old men, I was not particularly charmed by any of their lordships. The two Archbishops closed the spiritual tribe, with their trains borne. After paying obeisance to the throne, they took their places on the side benches; the Peers followed, commencing with the junior Baron. The Barons are distinguished by having only two rows of ermine on the right arm of their robes; the Earls who followed them have

three; the Dukes four. When all had passed the throne, they were marshalled out according to their seniority, and so took their seats, commencing with the youngest Baron. After the Dukes came the Duke of Cumberland, who, as prince of the blood, walked alone, with his train borne. Then came two heralds, in their dresses of ceremony, on which are quartered the arms of England, &c. These were followed by four Serjeants-at-arms, only distinguished by their collars and the maces they carry. Garter King-at-arms came next, in his strange dress, much like the heralds, only still more on it. The Usher of the Black Rod, Sir Francis Molyneux, *très bien poudrée, très bien habillé*, marched after him. The Secretary of the Briefs, and I think the Purse-bearer, preceded the Lord High Steward, who walked in his robes, with his train borne. He was only distinguishable by a large black hat like that of a quaker. This closed the procession. The attendants and Peers' sons ranged themselves on each side of the throne, under the canopy and within the throne; the Bishops and Peers took their seats; the Masters in Chancery theirs; as also the Judges. The Lord High Steward sat on the woolsack nearest the throne; the clerks of the King's Bench and counsel were already seated at the table; the Heralds, Garter King-at-arms, and the Black Rod stood behind the Lord High Steward till the ceremony began: the counsel for the two sides had taken their places before the procession entered.

The procession having entered, and the Peers seated, silence was proclaimed by the Herald. One of the Clerks of the Council then read the King's commission to the Lord High Steward, the cause and reason of it, &c. Then Garter King-at-arms introduced the Usher of the Black Rod, who, with three reverences, on his knee delivered to the Lord High Steward a long white wand, as the badge of his office; upon which he rose from the woolpack, and walked to a seat on the last step of the throne. The Herald then called the prisoner into the court. Thereupon entered the renowned Duchess within the bar attended by two ladies, handed in by her bail, Mr. La Roche, by her second bail, Lord Mountstuart, her two chaplains, and Dr. Warren; and her train borne. Her dress was suitable to the occasion, entirely black, a black silk negligée, over not a large hoop, with black crape ruffles, not a speck of white was discernible. Her hair was dressed, and a long black hood, most becomingly put on, reached down in a point before to her forehead, being wired out, and falling on her shoulders, exactly the head-dress of Mary Queen of Scots, such as we see in the old pictures; with black gloves and fan. I have described the outward appearance: dwell on that till I can resume the pen.

Tuesday, the 23rd.—Now, my dear Gertrude, that I can write without interruption, I will continue my account. I described the Duchess's outward appearance; her aspect was unconcerned—seemingly unaffectedly so; she really looked handsome. The ladies who attended her were in black, and she had three chambermaids in white, very neatly dressed. That day she read an answer to her indictment. The Attorney-general opened the cause; her counsel pleaded the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court. The proceedings



were tedious and were delivered in a dull manner. The Court then adjourned to the following day. The next day (Tuesday) the Attorney and Solicitor-general, Mr. Dunning and Dr. Harris (counsel for the prosecution) were to reply. After the procession had entered, and the Lord High Steward, and the Lords had taken their places, everything passed as before as to forms, but a most entertaining reply occupied us for some time. The Lords then adjourned to their House to debate on the whole. On their return, the Duchess's counsel desiring time to reply, the Court adjourned to Friday. On that day Wallace, her counsel, replied. Mr. Thurlow drew up the evidence in a most masterly manner. One witness to prove the marriage was examined. Saturday I did not attend; but witnesses were examined for the prosecution. Monday I attended; witnesses were examined. The Lords afterwards debated in their House; and on their return each Lord gave his opinion in the following manner; the Lord High Steward sitting on the throne. Garter King-at-arms, with the list of the Peerage, on one side, the Usher of the Black Rod on the other, beginning with the minor Baron, said,—“John, Lord Sundridge, what says your Lordship? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the felony whereof she stands indicted?” He answered, standing up uncovered,—“Guilty, upon my honour,” laying his hand upon his breast. Thus did every Lord deliver his opinion, being called upon by name; the Lord High Steward gave his last. Every one pronounced her guilty excepting the Duke of Newcastle, who, in consideration of his friendship for the late Duke, said he believed her to be erroneously, not intentionally, guilty. Then the Lord High Steward directed the prisoner to be called to the bar, and told her that she was found guilty. She received the sentence with composure. I suppose that she heard her fate before; but she was unable to speak. She, however, wrote on a scrap of paper, that she pleaded the privilege of peerage, according to the statutes; upon that the Attorney-general rose to prove the invalidity of her plea, by quoting divers statutes. Her second counsel (Mansfield) answered him. The Lords then retired to their House to debate. On their return, the Lord High Steward, on the throne, spoke nearly to the following effect:—

“Madam,—the Lords have considered your plea, and admit it; but should you ever be guilty of felony again, it will be deemed capital. At present I discharge you with no other punishment than the stings of your own conscience, and that is punishment sufficient on such crimes. You are to be discharged on paying your fees.” These, by the by, they say will be immense.

This sentence, delivered in a most solemn manner, made an impression on every one: the unhappy woman who received it seemed sensibly touched. After that Sir J. Molyneux, on his knee, delivered the rod to the Lord High Steward. Then proclamation was made for dissolving the Court. The High Steward said,—“Thus I dissolve my commission,” and he broke his wand. Thus ended this trial, of which I have here given a sketch; but as I was particularly attentive to the whole, I shall draw up an account of the

law-proceedings, which I will send you, though that the trial will be published; the narrative of ever, may be most pleasing to a female reader.

I should have told you that the Duchess had a last day, which made a sad hubbub in the Hall, thing more shocking. She was carried out, and were stopped for half an hour.

Y.

P. S. A month ago I raved about *chapeaux* men; I now am in love with nothing but long bands: as to Mr. Thurloe, the Attorney-general of nothing else. A jump from finikin beaux to I do not call the change a bad one. I think Mac or Madame la Conseilliere, will sound *très folie*.

Do you know Thurloe? he has such a tongue eyes! that he may plead any cause even to a mere rattle just now. Adieu.

Oh, I must tell you! Madame Abingdon was day, little taken notice of, and very disagreeable thousand airs. She was not the least acquainted did not think it worth while to be so with her tired, asked Lady R—— to go away, who gave to say she should not, which made her look very her observations on Mr. Wallace in such an imp the Speaker with whom she was acquainted, that as he could told her to hold her tongue, for Mr hind her, and he could bear it no longer. I believed wished herself away. I wished her so, heartily intended to be present, but fell down and Adieu again!

The husband was there the second day, looking demon, and discontented à l'ordinaire.

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AN ACCOUNT OF THE PROCEEDINGS ON THE  
DUCHESS DOWAGER OF KINGSTON FOR B  
LORD HIGH STEWARD AND HER PEERS  
HALL, WHICH COMMENCED ON THE 15TH

AFTER the first ceremonials, such as reading granted to the Lord High Steward, &c., the p was read to this effect, — that she, Elizabeth marrying Mr. Hervey, married the Duke of K life of her first husband. When she appeared Steward, in a short speech, told her the crime indicted, dwelt on the heinousness of it, on the c to society from such examples, in a word, he opened in a solemn, awful manner.



To her indictment she replied by a short speech, wherein she complained of the cruelty of her prosecutors, declared her sense of the justice and equity that would guide her judges, and her hopes that her innocence would be established. This she delivered with composure, and apparent fortitude.

Then the Attorney-general, Mr. Thurloe, clearly stated the reasons of the prosecution, adding that a cause of jactitation was instituted in the Ecclesiastical Court by Miss Chudleigh against Mr. Hervey, and a sentence obtained in that Court by which the marriage was not properly annulled but rather denied, not admitted. A cause of jactitation he explained as follows:—that on a man's boasting or publicly declaring that such a woman is his wife, she is authorized to commence a suit in Doctors' Commons against him, calling on him to prove her his wife, or retract his claim; then that Court gives sentence according to the proofs. He intimated that the sentence procured by the prisoner was obtained by collusion; but supposing that her counsel would, notwithstanding, insist on its being in force as a prevention of the trial, he desired it might be read to the Lords.

Lord Mansfield rose and opposed this request, alleging that reading the sentence would lead to farther examinations into the allegations for and against the marriage; that the evidences given into the Ecclesiastical Court must be produced; in a word, besides the loss of time, the whole would be of no use.

Thurloe, in his reply, maintained and gained his ground. The several proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court were then read, as well as the sentence these had passed, I think, during three or four different years, and were introductory to the pleadings of the counsel on both sides.

Mr. Wallace, first counsel for the prisoner, opened the cause. He began by farther explaining the meaning of a cause of jactitation, his aim being to prevent a trial, and to turn the whole on points of law, whether or not any Court whatsoever could properly be appealed to against a sentence given in the Ecclesiastical Court; whether, whilst that sentence was in force, any Court could proceed in examination; and whether, supposing those examinations are made, any Court has the power of repealing the sentence? Innumerable were the arguments he advanced to prove that these were impossible, unprecedented; cases were brought in to show that they were unprecedented. To the charge against the sentence of its being procured by collusion, not having grounds for denying it, he indirectly admitted it, stated many cases in which sentences so obtained had taken place, and had been received by other Courts. He dwelt always on the sentence and its force, avoiding as much as possible entering into a regular discussion of the means by which it was obtained. Mr. Wallace was universally admired. I give you an account of how things appeared to me, rather than how they are. I must therefore say, that, to the eye of mere common sense and observation, he seemed to make the most of a bad cause. His manner is unpleasing, and though his language may be good, it seems inelegant from the badness of the delivery, from a heat and

vehemence in his manner, which rather fatigues than strikes the hearers.

Mr. Mansfield, the prisoner's second counsel, took up Mr. Wallace's pleadings when he had concluded. A number of new cases which he produced, (some from "Viner's Abridgements," some from "Sir John Strange's Reports," which latter had been likewise quoted by Wallace), rather served to confuse the memory of his audience, than give light to the cause. The groundwork of his speech was the same as that of the preceding counsel, the inferences drawn from it seemed to be different from his, rather in words than in matter.

Two civilians, Dr. Calvert and Dr. Winn (both retained for the prisoner), continued the pleadings in her favour. The contrast between these was striking; the first joined to a drawling voice a length of periods and a dulness of composition which operated generally as opiates on those who attended; the other, by a spirited manner and lively turn of expression roused them for a while, though the sameness of the subject rendered his efforts of transient use. They chiefly spoke in favour of their Court, gave new lights into its forms of proceeding, but both they and Mansfield admitted the collusion in the Duchess's obtaining the sentence. After keeping the Court very long on these points, it adjourned to the following day, when the counsel for the prosecution were to reply.

I should have mentioned that each counsel founded the impossibility of bringing on the trial on a statute of Henry the Eighth, by which all sentences given by the Ecclesiastical Court were deemed final and decisive in all cases whatsoever. This was a great road to all the law of the land, very edifying to those who understood it, but you will not be surprised when I say that I was not able to retain enough to repeat it intelligibly to you.

Tuesday, the 16th, was the second day of the trial.—The Attorney-general, Mr. Thurloe, entered on the reply. His manner, voice, address, command attention. His strength of reasoning, justness of argument, propriety of language, demand applause; and to judge of others by myself, highly bespeak partiality. He began by examining the manner in which the sentence, so vehemently urged, had been obtained; then this naturally led into a general survey of the usual method of giving sentences in that Court. He concluded from the first, that no sentence or suit, of which fraud and deception had been the guides, could hold; from the second he made others conclude the Court he described to be a very villanous one. In the course of what he said on that head, he observed, in the following ludicrous manner:—"How are sentences given? Thus—the Court assembled; the judges and doctors sitting round the table; the one who presides gives an example which the rest follow, or perhaps have already given: he falls asleep—maybe grows hungry, or tired, or anything. 'Come, come,' cries he, 'let's dispatch business; come, let's give sentence.' Every one is unanimous to dispatch business—to give sentence; but *how*, depends on the momentary whim or resolve. However, added Thurloe, (looking round most expressively) sentence is given, and that sen-



tence you, my lords, are desired and expected to abide by." He answered very ably the several pleas of the prisoner's counsel, and prefaced his answers by saying, that he should have been ashamed to have appeared with such pleas in favour of a client; for by dwelling on a sentence, which they indirectly, though clearly, granted was procured by fraud, refusing to have it examined into, and the cause tried, either implied their sense of the guilt of their client, or their judging the tribunal before which she was called incapable of deciding. He threw aside the mere sentence, and highly inveighed against the means by which it had been obtained. He endeavoured to deduce all his arguments against the prisoner from those brought in for her, viewed in another light; and even turned the cases urged as precedents, &c., into the same channel. Their plea of the statute of Henry the Eighth, and the string of law following it, he repaid by opposite statutes and by law. I own here that all his abilities could not gloss over the force of that statute; for those he mentioned as contradictory to it, required the help of supposition to assist one in finding them such, and rather must be made to mean what he concluded they did mean. However, be cautious of what I say on this subject, for you must remember that I represent things as they appeared to my capacity; what he aimed at was to bring on the trial. To sum up the whole, all he advanced was to the point in question; all he remarked was to the purpose of that point.

Mr. Wedderburne, as Solicitor-general, continued the subject on the Crown side. The text being still the same, variety could not be expected; the wish of procuring it, however, stimulated the abilities of this able lawyer. He ran over what Thurloe had urged; he answered some cases which the other had omitted; he gave several to the point, which acquired double merit from his manner of stating them; he was still more poignant on the Ecclesiastical Court, and raised many laughs at its expense. Thurloe, upon the whole, entered into a solemn exposition of its errors and villanies. Wedderburne into a ludicrous view of them. In one part of his speech he gave a detail of the case with which sentences to annul one marriage and confirm another, or to do either separately, are obtained. Then he continued nearly to this effect:—"Should your Lordships' sanction be given to these sentences, by declaring the impossibility of an appeal from the Court, expedition to the Fleet will considerably diminish, the journey thither be considerably shortened, parties may stop at St. Paul's, where they will find the indulgent doctors kindly ready to accommodate matters according to the directions given them." In another part he said:—"So easily, so expeditiously, so pleasantly are matters carried on there, that it has been found, on a very moderate computation, that a man who is fond of polygamy, may, from the age of twenty-one to that of thirty-five, have seventy-five wives. Now, for heaven's sake, my Lords, whatever you do in your private characters, do not encourage polygamy in your judicial capacity." Nor was he contented with striking at their conduct in similar cases to that before the Court; he endeavoured to expose it in others. The following case, which he stated, was a *coup de main*, for it hit the opposite counsel a severe blow.

"A case was brought into Court," whether of Common Pleas, King's Bench, or Exchequer, I do not recollect, "as follows:—A man had forged a will, as if made by a woman, who, at the time he forged it, he declared to be dead in Jamaica. He obtained a probate of the will in Doctors' Commons; he took possession of money she had in the funds in consequence, for by the will that money was bequeathed to him. The heir-at-law, or some person concerned, offered to prove that the will was false, was forged, and brought a suit in Court by which he litigated it. What evidence did he produce to prove these assertions? the woman herself, whose will it was supposed to be. She declared that she never had been dead, never had made a will, was then alive in Court as they saw. Could anything be more absurd than to demur on such proof? could a doubt arise? According to the gentlemen on the other side the bar, there could. They declare that no sentence given in that Court can be repealed—they declare it infallible; in this instance the probate was full and clear—the decision evident. What must we conclude, my Lords? that the woman was dead to all intents and purposes? for she was dead in law."

He advanced but little concerning the statute, throwing his opinion into what Thurloe had said on the subject. He ventured an abuse of "Strange's Reports," asserting they were carelessly, incautiously compiled, in a word he appeared to be as able as a man could appear after Thurloe. Wedderburne has not his advantages of voice—you see him exert himself; whereas the other seems secure by having reflected on his point, and maintains an uniform, constant superiority, which that reflection seems to inspire. He endeavours to convince by urging one to make use of one's own common sense, and shows what that points to. Wedderburne's manner appears to say, I will convince you: they severally succeed, though the former in the most pleasing manner. Perhaps had I heard Wedderburne first, I should have been more struck with his uncommon powers; a tired attention is a real disadvantage, though mine was very little so. I never heard more real humour than he possesses; he makes every one laugh but himself, and seems surprised that they laugh, whilst the surprise may be returned that he can keep up his dry gravity.

Who could enter the lists after these orators? Dunning did,—though doubtless ill fitted for it. To an exceedingly bad person, he joined the absurd conviction of being perfectly handsome. Imagine the ridiculous composition this forms! imagine that composition appearing at a grave and solemn bar! and thence conclude that imagination cannot picture a more ridiculous object. A voice nearly asthmatic, accompanied with a constant, hollow cough; at the end of every period comes a cough; at the beginning, a hem! Oh! the agreeable orator!

But let us leave manner, and dwell on the matter, it so ill expressed. Here I own myself no judge; a great deal of law, a great deal of quibbling on words, a number of cases from chapter this, and page that, "as your Lordships may see," added to some personal wit on the prisoner, I found out, and there is the quantity;



as for the quality, I could not distinguish its worth, my own ignorance, perhaps, occasioned this mental near-sightedness. You will wonder at this, for Dunning is esteemed uncommonly clever. I answer you by two proverbs,—“Habit is second nature,”—those who admire him are habituated to his manner, and pass that over. “Comparisons are odious;” I compared him to Thurloe and Wedderburne, which would never hold. Law is not food for every one, and must be well-dressed and well-seasoned to be palatable; a quantity surfeits one at once. The personality of which I complained in Dunning, was his saying that if sentences in the Ecclesiastical Court were rendered so infallible, people might marry and unmarry as they pleased, and even the Earl of Bristol lay claims to the lady at the bar, though, he added, “’tis not very likely he should.” What use for this sarcasm?

Dunning’s harangue was divided into so many parts, second, third, fourth, and so on; and contained so many “to concludes,” that I thought it never would end. I was ready to faint when I saw another black-robed gentleman rise to continue the reply. However, I found my disapprobation of Dunning proceeded not from fatigue, as Dr. Harris’s want of voice did not prevent my attending to and being pleased with his speech. He is a civilian, and has a respectable aspect, though his voice is low, indistinct, unpleasing, still his manner is good, and he has a propriety of action that attaches one’s attention. He began so modestly, that I forgot that he was the fourth lawyer who had occupied the Court. He said that after hearing the subject so uncommonly well handled, it was presumption in him to trouble the Court any longer, for he could have nothing to add. That as to cases, it appeared to him unnecessary to cite any to prove what simple common sense sufficiently proved; therefore all he should say, would be to give them an insight into the forms of his Court, and show them how far they might proceed in the appeal now before them. This he did very concisely and well.

I left the Hall after this harangue. The Lords adjourned to their House to debate on the steps to be taken for and against the sentence; and on their return to the Hall, Lord Talbot moved for an adjournment of the Court. Wallace was asked if he purposed a reply on his side, and answered that he did; desiring time to draw it up in. This was granted him, and notwithstanding that an effort was made to conclude it that day, the Court was adjourned until Friday the 19th.

Friday, the 19th.—The proceedings began by Mr. Wallace’s reply. He had a bad cause—he had sifted every word to be urged for his side before. What could he do? why, no otherwise than he did—cast away as much as possible the material arguments, and dwell on trifles, which he twisted about as well as he could; gave us case upon case to lead us from the objections which had been urged. First he carried us on board ship into the West Indies, with a sailor whose wages had been embezzled; then he tripped from turnpike-roads to cross lanes, and brought cases from the conduct of commissioners of highways, carts, and waggons; he wished to entertain us by his witticisms. What effect they had on others I

cannot determine, as for me, whilst I was finding out in what the first joke consisted, a second came, and then a third, like Banquo's race shown as kings to Macbeth. I might say with him, "Another and another, and another, and still the last bears semblance to the first; and mark another yet." You saw a man piqued, vexed. It was impossible to bias one effectually by means of reason against the cause his antagonists so ably pleaded; he wished, therefore, by personal reflections on the opposite counsel, to turn us against the men, not the cause they handled. He thus answered Thurloe's description of the Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court, and the manner in which they give sentences:—"I have no doubt some time hence to see my learned friend raised, by his uncommon abilities, to the first law-posts in this kingdom: then I hope it will never be reproached him, that he left a cause undecided from indolence; or because his friends expected him at table; or that for the sake of future repose he submitted to present dispatch of business." Nothing could be harsher than this sarcasm, nothing more ungenerous, for Thurloe is remarkable for his extreme laziness, and his indolence has been his only fault in business. I wish it had been his only one in his moral conduct through life. To Dunning, who had spoken contemptuously of "Viner's Abridgement," Wallace said,—"Recollect that most of the wealth he now possesses he owes to Viner; and most of the law your Lordships have paid for, and do pay for, is out of Viner." In a word, Wallace neither gained himself or his cause credit by his reply. I think Dr. Calvert continued it; and Thurloe answered him by a short speech, but here my attention dropped.

I followed the example for the moment of some noble Lords. I must mention one who, when first the Court met, rose in a mumble mumble, and after talking half-an-hour, for his own edification I suppose (as I am sure nobody else heard him), at last, by raising his voice, he told us that he moved, that the Lords should examine the sentence given in the Ecclesiastical Court, and determine whether or not a trial could be proceeded on. Imagine how every one stared; for what else had they been about since their meeting? However, notwithstanding the general laugh, and call to order, Lord Mansfield rose, and by his able speech made us forget, or rather forgive, the blundering Lord. He answered and told him, that he must either have been remiss in his attendance, attention, or inquiries, not to know that that had been their business for three days. He afterwards, in the easiest, clearest manner, ran over the several proceedings for his information, and to help the general recollection of the Court.

After Wallace's speech, Lord Carlisle asked him some very pertinent questions, and the degree of modesty and diffidence with which he put them, added not a little to their merit. So true it is, that the world is ever readier to give praise, when not demanded by a confident self-sufficiency.

After the reply, the Lords adjourned to their own house, to ask the opinion of the Judges, and debate on the justness of bringing on the trial. We waited for them some time, during which I learnt



from my brother, who attended in the House, that the Lord High Steward asked the Judges whether they thought the trial according to law? The Chief Justice De Grey answered in the name of his brethren, that they were unanimously for the trial. It is said that his speech was one of the noblest pieces of oratory ever heard. So much eloquence, so much law, so much general learning, such good language, and such manner. After debates the Lords returned. The Lord High Steward told the Attorney-general to proceed in the prosecution. Then Thurloe shone in setting forth the evidence. He began by solemnly enumerating the ill consequences of such crimes to moral order, civil society, and religion—to the laws of God and man. After dwelling some time on those considerations, and enforcing them by forcible similes and oratorical figures, he showed the various circumstances which aggravated the commission of this particular crime, the collusion which followed it, the perjury which accomplished it. As a stronger shade to this picture, he stated all that could be in general urged as excuses for such faults, and then proved that none of these could be alleged in excuse of this error. "It was not the heat of intemperate youth, the force of blind passion, which led the parties on,—'twas dry lucre suggested it, and cold fraud perpetrated it." Then he added:—"Nay, it clearly appears, that the lady was perfectly indifferent which husband remained hers, provided she had the richest, and the one who gave her the highest rank." After these general observations, he entered into an account of the evidence which he should bring in, which, in fact, was a history of the renowned Duchess. This was to the following effect:—

The lady at the bar is born of a reputable, of an honourable gentleman's family, the younger branch of a baronet's family. She was educated in the paths of virtue; she was led by the guidance of prudence and discretion: too soon she forfeited all pretensions to the precepts these teach. She was received into the Princess Dowager of Wales's family as her maid of honour, and for some time supported the character she bore when first she entered that service. I am uncertain if Mr. Thurloe said that she was maid of honour before or after her marriage with Mr. Hervey. About August (I think 1751, but dates I really forget) she went down into Hampshire, on a visit to Mr. Merrill's at Laneston, with her aunt, Mrs. Hanmer. During her stay there, she accompanied her aunt and the family, with whom they were residing, to Winchester races. There she became acquainted with Mr. Hervey. Their acquaintance soon ripened into an intimacy; the reasons of so speedy a connection we will attribute to advances from the lady, which were perhaps solicited, if not they were readily answered by the gentleman. Whether he continued in the neighbourhood only, or came immediately to Mr. Merrill's house, I do not recollect, but I think the former. After a short time a marriage was agreed on by the parties. Reasons of prudence on both sides occasioned their resolving that it should be clandestine. Those on Mr. Hervey's part proceeded from the fear of the Earl of Bristol's disapprobation, and the impossibility of his succeeding in the world without

the patronage of such a relation; Miss Chudleigh's establishment in life, her being already in the Princess's family, or hoping to be so (points I do not exactly remember), made her readily agree to the privacy of the marriage. Mr. Merrill's house was situated in the parish of Laneston: there was no other house in the parish, or rather no house of any consideration. The church was at the end of his garden, and a door opened from thence into the church-yard. At eleven o'clock at night, in the month of August, Mrs. Hervey and Miss Chudleigh, accompanied by Mr. Merrill, Mrs. Hanmer, a Mr. Mountney, and Anne Cradock, (Mrs. Hanmer's maid,) went to the church, where Mr. Amis, the clergyman of that parish, married them. I believe the very next day Mr. Hervey left Laneston, and went to join the fleet at Portsmouth, which was then under the command of Sir John Danvers, destined, I think, for the West Indies. I believe it was two years before he returned, during which time she had a house in Conduit Street, where she received him, where several of their friends saw them, and where they lived and were regarded as man and wife. She likewise had one child there. If I remember right, he made a second voyage, and it was not till 1758 that a disgust and disagreement arose between them,—upon what account the Attorney-general intimated only. However, they determined to part. He sent her several messages to propose a divorce, and offered several methods. At length he wanted her to declare that she was criminal in her conduct, in order to forward the proceeding in case he commenced a suit. She sent him an answer of the most indelicate kind, declaring she would not. Upon the Earl of Bristol's being dangerously ill, and declared to be dying (though he afterwards recovered), she went post down to Winchester to the clergyman who had married her, and who had a parish in Winchester, or had retired there. She put up at an inn opposite to his house. The particulars of the visit she made to him were minutely related; she desired him to give her a certificate of her marriage to that purpose. Mr. Merrill was sent for, but could not set them right in the manner of giving it. She obtained, however, a register of her marriage, a register-book being bought. The Earl of Bristol recovered, then the certificate and register were forgotten—Lord Bristol's heir sunk into Mr. Hervey and her husband. She now entered afresh into his schemes for dissolving the marriage. Thus the Attorney-general proved what he first advanced, that she valued the husband according to his riches and the rank he gave her. She was then as anxious to be Lady Bristol, as she since has showed herself to be Duchess of Kingston. Her first connection with the Duke of Kingston, the public manner in which she lived with him are generally known. During that time Hervey justly accused her of criminality, but whether the want of proofs, or the power of money, or other reasons prevented him, he did not attempt a divorce, though he talked of and wished it. At length an expedient was found; she was to bring in a suit of jactitation against him, and he was to acquiesce in it. The accommodating doctors of the Ecclesiastical Court building on the statute, actuated by the love of power and of gain, drew up a form of oaths,



dictated to them the steps they took, formed a sentence, in a word, doctored up as pretty a dose of roguery, fraud, and villany, as ever stood on the records of the most infamous crew of civil, ecclesiastical, or no order of men. Soon after this, on the sufficiency of this sentence, Miss Chudleigh married the Duke of Kingston, a credulous, weak man, depending solely on the declaration of the Ecclesiastical Court, whereby she was declared a spinster.

I have here repeated from memory only, the heads of the Attorney-general's speech, and you must make allowances accordingly. I wish it were in my power to give you his language, his observations, his similes. He summed up this narrative by observing, that the witnesses he had to bring in would prove all that he advanced—that he, moreover, had the register of her marriage to produce.

The Solicitor-general was then directed to examine the witnesses on the Crown side. The first who was sworn was Anne Cradock, Mrs. Hanmer's maid, the only surviving witness of the marriage. Her evidence was very clear. She was present at the marriage; she was employed to keep the other servants away from it; she heard the ceremony, which was performed by the light of a taper stuck in Mr. Mountney's hat. She told us many other particulars; said that the prisoner offered to carry her to see her child; that she carried messages between her and Hervey concerning the divorce; in short, many circumstances were repeated which proved her thorough knowledge of the fact. One thing she did not so clearly answer to, whether or not she had any promise of emolument from the prosecutors, if her evidence was adverse to the prisoner. It was some time before they got a flat answer on the negative, indeed the poor woman was so questioned, that I wonder she could say anything, there was such cross and recross examination.

The hour was now so late, that there was no possibility of concluding this examination; the Court accordingly adjourned to the following day, Saturday, the 20th.

Saturday, the 20th.—I did not attend, but my brother did, I can, therefore, repeat from him what passed, in order to carry on the thread of the tale. My non-attendance proceeded from my imagining the evidence would be rather unfit for a female ear. I was disappointed, for I suppose no trial of such a stamp was carried on with the delicacy that this was.

Anne Cradock's examination continued and ended, during which several Lords asked questions; the Duke of Grafton many, and some which his Grace might really have omitted, if not most of them; one was particularly laughed at;—how many servants there were in Mr. Merrill's family? The poor old woman began and gave us a detail of every cat and dog in the family, birth, parentage, and education. Lord Effingham talked,—we would have pardoned that,—but, alas! he would be heard too. The Duke of Richmond, finding superlative pleasure in the sound of his own voice, belaboured out much nonsense.

On Saturday, after Anne Cradock, Mr. Ceasar Hawkins was

examined. His evidence was clear and pointed, but rather corroborating than direct. He proved that he had attended the prisoner during her lying-in, from his connection with, and friendship for Hervey; that afterwards he carried messages from him to her concerning a divorce, at the period when Hervey was convinced of her ill conduct, but yet wished for an amicable composition. Hawkins's behaviour was perfectly honourable; his evidence perfectly satisfactory.

Mrs. Fettyplace (Lord Howe's sister) appeared next; all she declared was, that she had always considered the parties as married; that Miss Chudleigh had told her they were married.

After this followed a strange affair. Lord Barrington was sworn to "tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth;" and he solemnly took the oath. After he had taken it, he hoped the Court would not expect him to repeat private conversation with the prisoner, for, as a man of honour, he did not think he could. Everybody was amazed; this should have been said before he was sworn. The Duchess rose, and very generously acquitted him of every consideration, and besought him to forget her as his friend, and regard her merely as she then appeared before the Court. He persisted in his first scruple; it was judged as contempt of the Court, and the Lords adjourned to their own House to debate on the punishment due to such a contempt. Lord Camden, Lord Mansfield, spoke to the point, urging that it was a contempt of their house, but, at the same time, it was not in their power to take punishable cognizance of it, as the offender was a member of the House of Commons, and would have the protection of that house. There were many speeches, and many debates, till the Lord High Steward rose and told them, that they were mistaken in their conclusion; that it was not punishable as a contempt of a Court of Judicature, but as a perjury; that private interests were out of the question, where conscience was concerned. I believe this set Lord Barrington right; the Lords returned to the Hall, and he consulted Thurloe, who told him he must declare all he knew, when he had declared that it was merely corroborative, and proved that she had owned her marriage to Hervey.

The most interesting witness was the next, Anne Phillips. She was the clergyman's wife who married the prisoner at Laneston, and having lost her first husband, married Phillips, the Duke of Kingston's steward. She proved Miss Chudleigh's marriage; proved her coming down to Winchester for the certificate; in a word, her evidence was most satisfactory and most clear.

I do not recollect hearing of any more witnesses. The Court adjourned to Monday, the 22nd. On that day I attended.

Monday, the 22nd.—The Lord High Steward asked Thurloe if he had any more witnesses to examine on the Crown side, who said he had not. Upon this the Duchess rose to make her defence. It consisted of thirteen sheets of law paper, not very coherent, nor very elegant, but her situation, the *tout ensemble*, rendered it interesting. She began by setting forth her ancestry. Poor woman! we all sprang from Adam, and perhaps she might particularly be



styled one of Eve's daughters, if frailty marked the immediate parentage! She told us the many posts which Sir This had honourably filled; the many virtuous deeds which Sir That performed; and she told us that her last lineal descendant was Sir George Chudleigh, her father's father. He was in some battle where he, for a considerable time, maintained his post, and defended a standard, till at length, overcome by numbers, he fell: yet, resolved never to abandon the English George, he stuck it before him, and the colours were shot into his heart. She inferred from the merits of so fair a race, that it was natural for her to endeavour to keep up their virtues in her person; to avoid the shame they would feel, were they to think her guilty of such crimes as she was accused of, supposing they could rise from their graves and behold their kinswoman. From her admission into the Princess of Wales's family, and continuance therein, she concluded that the Princess must have been convinced of the rectitude of her conduct; allowing even that she knew her connection with Hervey, and winked at it, yet surely she could not have approved her marriage with the Duke of Kingston, which not only had her sanction, but that of their Majesties, who, by receiving her at Court, showed that they thought her not so vile. Nay, she said, would that great, that worthy, that most virtuous nobleman, the Duke of Kingston, have united himself to one marked with such crimes. (Poor man, thought I, is this the first time you were called great and worthy, excepting under your painted arms in the inns on the road to Pierrepont, above the sounding *Custos Rotulorum*.) She intreated the Court to consider the interested views which occasioned the prosecution against her, which, she added, might more justly be termed persecution. It was not the love of virtue, it was not the love of justice—it was black revenge and avarice. It was not her they meant to punish—her punishment was to be the road to litigating her fortunes. "Were that all," added she, "most willingly I would resign them, for nothing now attaches me to the world. The moment which deprived me of the greatest, best of men, my loved Lord, his Grace of Kingston, robbed me of all the good I had in this world. All I implored was death—most patiently I waited for it, had not the duty of self-preservation which every being owes to our Almighty God, obliged me to use proper means to preserve mine. I prize neither riches nor titles, any more than that the first mark the confidence my late lord and husband placed in me, and the last is all which now remains; all now left me as a pledge of a connection which formed the happiness of my life."

Oh! woman! woman! how could you utter such untruths! Much greater rhapsodies than these did she spout. She told us that it was the Duke's will which enraged her enemies; but, she said, so far was she from having had any hand in it, that he had, unknown to her, made three wills at different periods, every one more favourable to her. "Increasing years increased his good opinion of her." So little did she instigate his dissensions with Evelyn Meadows, whom he disinherited, that she endeavoured to

reconcile them; that their first quarrel was on Evelyn's leaving the army ignobly, and the second his not fulfilling his engagements with Miss Bishop. She brought up that old tale, which harrowed up my soul. Oh! I rejoiced at all she said against the vile man; for of all those on whom the name of man is prostituted, he is doubtless the vilest; and so far is his mind from being after the image of our Creator, I am sure the devil has marked him for his own. It was in vain for her to contradict her marriage with Hervey: she admitted it, but said she thought herself absolved from any connection with him, by the sentence of the Ecclesiastical Court; that Dr. Collier of that Court had directed her and the Duke of Kingston in all they did; that he was present at her marriage with the Duke, assuring them that they were innocent before God and man. Dr. Collier's health would not permit him to attend; that she had witnesses to prove that he could not attend. The last part of her defence was purposely lost. She read the rest, but repeated that from memory, and showed her power in the pathetic. Indeed I never saw a better actress. She ended all by saying, that it was not for life, for riches, for worldly goods she pleaded, it was to beseech them to defend her *honour*, her *innocence*; she laid great stress on the words, that they might be convinced that she had not made a mistake when she took the sacred names in vain.

Wallace being asked if he had any witnesses to examine for the prisoner, said he had, but previously desired that Mrs. Phillips might be called in to acknowledge her signature and handwriting to and in a letter.

Anne Phillips was accordingly called. Many Lords rose and said she should not acknowledge her handwriting, without the Court knowing the purport of the letter. This was overruled. She was brought in, calmly acknowledged her handwriting, read the letter, said it was hers, and retired. Then the letter was read, all that it contained was, that she, Anne Phillips, wrote to the Duchess to beg her to intercede with the Duke, that her husband might remain in his service. She was led to this by hearing that the Duke intended to dismiss him from his stewardship. Now in her evidence, being asked if her husband left the Duke of Kingston from his own choice or the Duke's will, (for supposing it the latter, malice might have actuated her evidence), she answered, so far from it, that her husband resigned his charge under the Duke of himself: this letter was brought to charge her with prevarication.

The Attorney-general rose, and declared it a futile charge; for it was very possible that the husband chose to quit the Duke's service on disagreements, and the wife wrote this letter unknown to him, hoping to make up matters. Indeed the whole tenor of the letter proved the case to be so; but as further proofs, he produced two letters, the first a copy from one of Phillips's, in which he makes a full resignation to the Duke; the second from the Duke in his own handwriting, accepting the resignation.

After this, one Barton, Lord Bristol's attorney, was called in. He looked very like a tailor. He was called in for her, and proved her marriage to Hervey, and his wanting a divorce, together with all the



proceedings in the Ecclesiastical Court, more clearly than any witness against her.

Then Mary Pritchard, who appeared as arrant a *femme d'intrigue* as ever lived. Heaven forgive her! I am sure she was perjured every word she spoke. She was brought to prove that Anne Craddock had told her that she was to have an emolument from the Meadows's, but it appeared that this woman had been set to worm it out of the old creature. Pritchard prevaricated; she first knew a thing, then she forgot it. She gave no dates, nor any hints to guess at dates. Lord Denbigh, by very able, pointed questions to her, proved her too evidently perjured. She said that Anne Craddock told her when she had a fortune and could live independent, she would come and live with her.

Mr. Thurloe remarked that this was very probable (for Pritchard acknowledged herself to be the wife of a petty custom-house officer, and that she lived at Mile End); "it is probable," continued he, "that an independent fortune, riches and affluence, should choose to fix its abode with Mrs. Pritchard at Mile End, the virtuous wife of a custom-house porter."

In short, poor Mrs. Pritchard made a sad figure. During her evidence there was a sad hubbub. The witness stood without the bar with the prisoner: the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Clerk of the Council were between them. The Duke of Richmond accused the prisoner of speaking to the witness.

The Lord High Steward said there were wrong goings on, and charged the Court to be more on their guard. I saw all that passed, and own I did not perceive that she spoke. The Usher was called out, and declared that she did not. My brother saw the whole, and says she did not speak, but *fixed* the attention of the witness, looking at her most stedfastly and making signs to her.

After Pritchard, Dr. Warren was sworn, to prove that Collier was unable to attend. He declared that he could not without great hazard; but what species of hazard, whether of death, &c., he would not say. All the complaint he had was St. Anthony's fire; and it plainly appeared that he was ashamed to come into Court, afraid of having his conduct examined, and perhaps punished.

Then arose a violent debate amongst the Lords in the Hall. Lord Ravensworth began mumbling, and we found out he wanted Dr. Collier examined by interrogatories.

Lord Mansfield answered him briefly, telling him that it could not be done. Previously to that, indeed, the Lord High Steward declared it an unprecedented thing; he never had known it done.

Lord Ravensworth proceeded, however, and persisted in moving it over and over again, till he moved everybody against him.

Lord Falconbridge seconded him most vehemently.

Lord Camden answered them most calmly and most forcibly. He ran over the different laws relative to taking evidences; the ill consequences of interrogatories; the unprecedentedness of them; the impossibility of them. After the most able, the most elegant, learned, and clear speech on the subject, which his language and manner peculiarly graced, he concluded by saying to the High

Steward and Judges, whom he called the whole law of this land; that if they thought it ever was or could be done, he would acquiesce. "As for me," said he, "I never saw such a thing; I never read of such a thing; I never heard of such a thing; and I hope I never shall see such a thing, read, or hear of it. What, shall the laws, shall precedents, permit the life, the goods, the property,—let me say more, the liberty of a man, to be in the hands of two or three, who may easily combine? Consider a moment, my Lords." In a word, he stopped a request that wrong-headedness instigated, and obstinacy continued, and proved the power of a law lord.

Mr. La Roche was the next and last witness examined. He was to prove that the Duke and Duchess had been entirely misled by Dr. Collier. He stated that that man had formed the length and breadth of the oaths which Hervey and she took in the Ecclesiastical Court, of which he is a Doctor. The Duke had doubts of the validity of the sentence, but Collier quieted him, repeatedly declared that he and Miss Chudleigh were absolved by the laws of God and man. He gave his sanction to the marriage; what is more extraordinary, he so represented the case to Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury, that he granted the Duke a licence to marry Miss Chudleigh.

All this La Roche most fully and indubitably proved, for he accompanied the Duke in all the visits he made to Collier; was present at their conversations on the subject, heard the Duke's scruples, and heard them solved. By this evidence he doubtless cast a favourable shade on the Duchess's conduct. She thought herself injured by Hervey. We will cast aside her ambitious views in marrying the Duke, though doubtless they had an influence over her. A divorce was resolved on, but how conclude it without proofs of her being criminal? This method was pursued, and she certainly thought herself absolved by the laws of man. As to those of God, I fear that she looked not so far; but too true it is, that justice is oftener according to the will and humour of men, than the approbation of God, or the moral order of the world, "which shows thee, oh man, what thou oughtest to do," in the words of Micah.

To consider, therefore, the case judicially, she certainly had some excuse in what she did; for supposing that she had been regularly divorced from Harvey and married the Duke of Kingston, the virtuous would have blamed her, but the laws could not have condemned her, for she thought the sentence as valid as a divorce.

Mr. La Roche's evidence in one sense justified her; but as to the crime before the Court it certainly proved it. Discovering this, the struggle of long-stifled passion, every heartbreaking consideration arising, the prisoner's mind was so agitated that one of the most shocking fits I ever saw or could conceive was the consequence; it stopped the Court, and she was carried out. I frankly own that I was never more affected; that very wickedness which prevented most people from feeling for this miserable woman, added in my mind to the horror of her situation. When distress assaults, virtue is our only cordial. What a chaos is the mind without it, and with the stings of vice added to every other grief! Sensibility



is not an inhabitant of her breast, but disappointed ambition and humiliating guilt are dreadful harpies. It shocked me to see that most of the women spectators called her an actress, and were entertained with her situation. 'Tis strange that we are generally the hardest on the errors of our own sex,—a narrowness of mind which, I hope, proceeds only from the too frequent narrowness of education given to many women, the want of reflection, and of an early use of combining causes with effects, by which the evil of those effects may be softened, when we see the springs of them, the temptations to them, and consider the frailty of human nature.

This is a long digression; my heart and pen are in such unison, that as I made these reflections, whilst the Lords adjourned to their house to debate on what punishment should be inflicted on her, I give them in this place.

Her fit interrupted La Roche's evidence: on her return he ended it. Then the Lords adjourned to know the proper punishment, should she be found guilty. On their return she had retired from the bar, and was unanimously declared guilty, except by the Duke of Newcastle, who declared her to be erroneously, not intentionally guilty.

On her re-entrance, the Lord High Steward declared to her the Lords' resolves. She then claimed the privilege of peerage, according to the statutes. He asked the Attorney-general what objection he had to make to this plea?

Thurloe rose. He began by tracing the origin of the benefit of clergy,—the same privilege afterwards granted to persons of high rank. He gave us all the various statutes, acts, &c., by which the privilege was either restrained or enlarged, according to the circumstances of the times. The origin of the benefit of clergy was in Henry the Sixth's time, I think; then enforced by Edward the Fourth, who enlarged its benefit to all clerical persons of either sex. Henry the Eighth, at the time of the Reformation, preserved the statute in ampler force. Edward the Sixth likewise enforced it; and in his reign peeresses were allowed trial by their peers, but the privilege was not granted them; and I think the whole lay in that state till William and Mary, when the privilege of trial was enlarged for women, and the benefit of clergy rather supposed to be theirs than granted to them.

We had a profoundly learned speech on these points, all the statutes urged, much law displayed, as well as great memory.

Mansfield, the Duchess's second counsel, replied; though, if I recollect right, both Wedderburne and Wallace made short speeches, but the argument fell to Thurloe and Mansfield.

Mr. Mansfield said it appeared strange to him, that the only objection made to lenity, was that very consideration which should plead in favour of it—the sex of the prisoner. A defenceless woman surely might expect to have even the laws strained in her favour; but when such futile reasons were stated against her, she might justly be astonished, and the Court in general. He brought statutes wherein women enjoying the benefit was supposed; he remarked that in all cases laws could be taken verbatim. Indeed, his speech

was well put together, and well delivered, and had much truth in it.

Thurloe answered it briefly, always dwelling on the letter of the law. He archly asked, if Mr. Mansfield meant his speech as a compliment to the chief part of his audience, the ladies, who adorned the Hall, and to whom he wished to show his attachment for the sex, and the power they had over him? If that was his intention, he admitted his argument was just, and answered the purpose; but if he intended to appear and speak as a lawyer, he was sorry to say that he had mistaken his ground.

After these pleadings for and against, the Lords went to their House to debate on the validity of the prisoner's plea and its admissibility. Their first step was to ask the opinion of the Judges, who unanimously declared that the plea should be admitted; and the privilege granted, that as a peeress she should not be punished as other felons are; with this restriction, however, that should she ever be guilty of felony again, it should not be admitted, but should be deemed capital, and be punished without benefit of clergy. On their return the Lord High Steward spoke to her to this effect:—

“Madam,—It has pleased the House to admit your plea; but I am charged to acquaint you, that should you again be guilty of felony, the offence will be deemed capital. At present you may be discharged. I leave you no other punishment than the stings of your own conscience; punishment sufficient for such crimes. You will be discharged on paying your fees.”

The wand was then broken, by which the commission was dissolved, and all ended.

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## THE HERMIT OF ST. PAUL'S.

### A TALE OF THE SEA.

BY ROBERT POSTANS.

By virtue of our *press-warrant* we propose to transport the courteous reader's imagination on board an English sloop of war. But in so doing we disclaim all further interference with his freedom. We will leave him in perfect liberty to roam about her decks, while we merely draw his attention to her “whereabouts.” He will observe, then, that she is skimming along before a steady breeze, well down in the southern latitudes of the great Indian Ocean; that the quarter-master has just *made* it six bells in the middle watch, and which, being translated into shore-going time, tallies with three o'clock in the morning, and, as it happened on this occasion to be, about an hour before sunrise. Not a sound breaks the monotonous roll of the sea, save an occasional “Steady, boy!—stea-dy!” from the quarter-master, to which a juvenile, of about fifty, at the wheel, with the quid side of his cheek as big as a cobbler's lapstone,



echoes, "Steady, it is—stea-dy—ah!" in tones deep enough for the bass notes of an organ. Aft on the poop, the officer of the watch is lounging away the time in solitude, while, down in the waist, knots of men are lolling about, luxuriating in the cool of the early dawn, secure for a brief period from the scorching rays of a *December's* sun. On the fore-castle a confused group of the best hands in the ship are nestled round a tough old Triton, some lying on the deck, others on gun-carriages and spars, or stowed away, as sailors only can stow themselves away, in coils of rope. The breeze is steady, and as we are at the antipodes, of course, we naturally expect to find, not only the seasons, but everything else reversed. Accordingly the wind, which in England is proverbially fickle, becomes in those happy climes a symbol of constancy, to which a lover may compare his mistress, and convey a compliment by the comparison. This fact appears to be well understood on board the sloop, for neither officers nor men seem to be solicitous about the weather, but have surrendered themselves up to "taking it easy" for the remainder of the watch. Two keen-eyed topmen, however, are perched on the fore and maintop-gallant yards, peering into the gloom as though some anticipated event was expected, with the early streak of dawn, and, as will appear, the cause of their vigilance, occupied the thoughts of the watch on deck as well as the "look-out" aloft.

"Come, come, Ben," said a brisk young topman to the old Triton before alluded to, "overhaul your news-bag, old boy; tell us summat about this queer island we're a running for. Is it true you've touched there afore, eh?"

"True enough, mate," replied Ben.

"Let's see," chimed in the captain of the fore-castle: "how do they call the outlandish place?"

"St. Paul's."

"Ah, St. Paul's. It's a rum berth for a ship to run for, I'm told."

"I b'lieve ye," replied old Ben. "Once put toe and heel ashore there, and you've logg'd the fact in your mem'ry for the rest o' the cruise, I'll warrant ye."

"'Deed!" said two or three listeners, gradually drawing within earshot.

"There's two islands, ain't there, Ben?"

"Yes; 'bout twenty mile apart."

"And no other land near?"

"Not for thousands o' miles," replied the veteran.

"Well, but Ben," continued the young topman, "did n't you fall in with a rum sort of customer when you landed there? Come, come, tell us all about it," said he, impatiently, "or else the look-out at the mast-head will report the island in sight afore you've had time to ball off your yarn."

"It's no yarn I'm 'bout to spin," replied old Ben: "leastways you may call it a yarn, if ye like, but 'member, every strand in it is laid in truth; true as the log; and the log, ye know, never lies."

"Well, well, we know that," replied half a dozen voices; "go on."

Old Ben continued. "You see, it's now a that I signed articles in a Botany-bay-man, bou our run out, our barkey and her consort sighte we're now runnin' down upon, for the same among 'em."

"And what 's that, Ben?"

"Why, to c'rect our chronometers, to be s "Ye see, they're sometimes sighted by vessels by ships bound to the Australian ports. Hows o' our two craft never could agree about their b so they detarmined to make the nearest land right, get a cargo of fresh vegetables and a live bargain. Well, in course, if ye keep a brigh find the sea-sarpen in time, and at last we island of St. Paul's, and drops our anchors, on in a gritty sort o' black sand, as like wet gunpow like another."

"And did you go ashore, Ben? Eh?"

"In coorse, mate, I did. There wos the first and the jolly-boat; and I wos capt'n's cox'sun. bers the fan we had a pullin' ashore, right thro and thrashers, for a 'ticing sort o' bay. There, my lais, the view o' that bay, or lagoon, or wh is the most surprisin' in all creation. It reg'l bewain away, like the sight o' Bet Sponson in ful side o' the common hard at Portsmouth. I've o' this mortal earth," continued he, elevating hi special force to his remarks, "seen the Bay o' N the Golden Horn, and all sich like show-sho more to be compared to the lagoon we're a sea's ere is to a dubble piece o' pork."

"What you means for beauty, I s'pose?" said

"Surtingly, and for cur'osity too," added the

"How big's your wonderful bay, eh? Ben?"

"Well, I tells ye, it ain't exactly a bay," r

"But it's as round as the drum-head of a capsta of a special boat pistol-shot wide next the se we'd a doctor aboard, one o' the 'cutest fellars i does ye be 'd still 'baccy or rum in a minnit, his medicine chest, and bring a chap to life w and the captain 'greed that this here bay crease of a burnt-out volcano; and it's likely though it's at least three miles round and thir the water near the shore o' the lagoon reg'larl away like the galley coppers on peasoup day."

"Capital mermaid's bath," said one of the sea

"Previous soon made lobscouse of 'em," said tell ye, the sea's hot enough to blister a wooder parts o' the shore, and yet—it's as cool as a ic fairs lengths further off from the land."

"No fish there, then, I s'pose?" asked the to



"Never se'ed such a place for fish in all my life—ketch 'em without bait, too—why, they'll run after a bit o' red rag as keen as a girl will run after a so'ger; we filled our jolly-boat with all sorts and sizes o' the handsomest rock-fish, with nothing but strips cut off the corners of a red ensign twisted round our hooks."

"What, they'd got used to live in biling water, I s'pose?" said the topman, jeering.

"Not exactly," replied Ben.

"Thought the sea was hot enough to cook a mermaid; why, Ben—hallo! small helm Bo—don't work to wind'ard o' truth, old boy."

"Don't mean to," replied the veteran coolly; "nevertheless, we biled our fish in the hot sea-water, and that, too, without takin' them off the hook. Ah! I tells ye, St. Paul's is a queer sort of a place. It's strange fishin'-ground where a fellar can stand in the bow of a jolly-boat and ketch fish in cold water, and then, by merely slueing hisself round, drop 'em into bilin' water and cook 'em."

"In coorse, Ben, you didn't forget to peep into the koker-nuts ashore?" demanded the topman with a sly look.

"Peep into the koker-nuts?" said Ben, puzzled at such a question. "What for?"

"Why, ye see, mate, I didn't know what might happen in such a strange country, so I thought p'raps the same fires as cooked your fish, might a' simmered the milk in the koker-nuts into slap-up melted butter, that's all."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared the group of seamen in chorus.

"Ha! ha! ha!" said old Ben, mocking, "why, ye d—ned grinnin' hy-he-nahs, every word 's as true as the sloop's log—only wait till we make the land, and I'll prove it, or forfeit a week's grog;\* 'sides, a man that would play fast and loose with Dame Nature, and make her keep a false reck'nin', isn't fit to be trusted with a sight of her beauties."

"Well—well," said the laughing seamen, but still evidently disbelieving the old man. "Go on—go on."

Ben gave a severe gripe at his quid, and proceeded. "After our feast in the crater, we scrambled up the sides of the volcano and gained the top of the land, where we found patches o' verdure, mingled with jagged lumps o' rock, and groves o' palms; and, high over head, there was acres of sea-birds, screamin' and wheelin' about, and these was the only signs o' life about the place. But the sight that won all our hearts, was the view lookin' down into the crater we'd just left. You might 'a fancied 'twas a large green bowl, with one of its sides chipped off, and through this opening the sea had run in and half filled it with water, that glistened in the sun, and looked as moist and bright as a widow's eye. Then it was so calm and transparent, that the rocks and cliffs, the groves of palms, and the sky that was the colour o' blue steel, and looked

\* If the reader should feel disposed to doubt the veracity of the old tar, we beg to refer him to Horsburgh's sailing directory to the East for a description of this remarkable lagoon.

as hard, was reflected on its smooth surface with all the truth of a mirror. Well, I don't know," continued the old seaman, with considerable feeling, "but, somehow, I could fancy the landscape had features, that looked solitary and sad, as if it mourned the desolation of the fires that had spread such havoc about."

"Well, my lads," continued Ben, after delivering himself of his bit of sentiment; "we didn't get away from this pleasant spot without a sigh, but, of coorse, when the order was given, 'twas obeyed; so we separated into two divisions to explore the island, pick scurvy-grass, fresh vegetables, and shoot pigs."

"Shoot pigs!" cried the topman, "come, none o' your gammon, Ben—why, where could they come from?"

"Turned adrift by Capt. Cook, I b'lieve, to feed any poor devils that might chance to be wrecked upon the island. Well, we found plenty, for they'd multiplied wonderfully, and gave us lots o' fun. Only fancy twenty or thirty sailors sent ashore anywhere after a long cruise, and you're sartin to have a nitty. But just s'pose 'em on an uninhabited island, half sprung with grog, free from the control of their officers, and out a pig-shootin'."

"What, you'd guns, then?" said the topman.

"We'd all sorts o' weapons, rusty ships' muskets, old pistols, and cutlashes," replied Ben. "Well, away we goes, swellin' and lolloping about, poppin' at a pig here, and slashin' at another there, as they darted out of their hidin'-places. Presently somebody wounds a hog p'r'aps, and away he scampers, squealin' with the lungs o' forty bo'suns, and cuttin' for his life to a hole in the rocks, or else into a tope of palms, with a couple o' sailors holding on by the slack of his slippery tail—the pig pullin' for his life, and Jack pullin' for his dinner, and all three every now and then swearin' and gruntin', and pitchin', and rollin' over one another, like so'gen in a breeze. For, mind, it's no joke shootin' a hog, 'ticklarly a wild 'un. You must knock him over, as dead as a herring, or else you don't bag him. No, no, he's clean gone if he's only a leg left, I can tell ye. Into the rocks he bolts, and you might as well whistle a jig to a milestone as try to get him out."

"Well, mates, this sort o' sport melted away the time as fast as the sun does butter upon the Guinea Coast, so that, by about noon, we found ourselves broilin' along under a load o' game, about the centre of the island, and then we got 'tangled in a stony pass, where Dame Nature had sartinly been trying her hand at a game o' nine-pins, for the rocks are just like skittles. Howsomer, it was a wild sort of a place, and we played Tom Coxe's traverse, and lost and found ourselves a dozen times, before we entered the open country again, and then what d'ye think was the first thing we se'ed?"

"A mermaid, p'r'aps, out for a stroll," said the topman.

"No," said Ben.

"What was it, then, eh?"

"A man," replied the veteran.

"Only a man!" ejaculated the topman, evidently disappointed.

"Only a man!" echoed Ben, "why, who'd 'a thought of findin' one in a solitary island like St. Paul's, eh? and, what's more"



strange, that he should 'a tried to shun a meetin', for he 'd 'a slipped his cable and run if he could; but, you see, that wos onpossible, because we 'd a clear view afore us right away to the sea, and we wos between him and the only hidin'-place at hand, the rocky defile, through which, as it afterwards turned out, we 'd driven him. Well, you may be sure, that finding a man on a bit of a oninhabited island, kicked up a precious bobbery, and we asked him as many questions in a minnit, as would 'a took an hour to answer."

"What countryman was he, then?" inquired the captain of the forecandle.

"An Englishman; he 'd been left there to catch seals, by a whaler, and he wos to be called for on the ship's return to Europe, after she 'd fished for a year or two in the Pacific. He 'd been there four years when we found him."

"And all alone, eh?"

"Not at first," replied Ben, "he 'd one companion."

"And he died, I s'pose?" said the topman; "how lonely for the survivor!"

"You 're wide o' the truth; but p'r'aps," continued Ben, musing, "you wouldn't guess in a blue moon what become of him."

"Tried to escape, p'r'aps, and was lost," said one.

"Boil'd hisself to death in the crater," said another.

"No," said Ben slowly. "Ah! you 'd never guess, so here's tell ye,—they couldn't agree."

"What, and so liv'd on different parts o' the island?"

"Bless yer heart, no," continued Ben, "each man must have a whole island to hisself, so after a reg'lar fight one mornin', with knives, down on the shores of the lagoon, when they both lay stabbed and helpless, they detarmined to separate for the future, and to settle which should emigrate hisself to the neighbouring isle of Amsterdam; they tossed up and our friend won, and his mate, true as steel, took the boat left 'em by the whaler, and sailed for his new home, and he 'd never heard on him from that hour."

"Can't think what they could 'a fought about."

"Well, you see," replied the old seaman, "the yarn he spun to us wos, that soon after the ship had left 'em on the island, they quarreled about the division o' the seal-skins they 'd took, and our hermit said he went in fear of his life, for he 'd found his mate on two or three occasions creeping into his hut, with the intention, as he thought, of murdering him in his sleep."

"But what should he murder him for?"

"Well, 't was s'posed he intended to claim the whole of the skins as his own, when the ship called for 'em on her homeward vi'age. Dead men tell no tales, you know, and in coorse he could 'a made his story good to the captain. Be that as it may, however, the suspicion wos unbearable, they felt that neither wos safe; if they met they scouled and passed in silence, for it appeared they wos afraid of one another, and so they wos obliged to sleep as cunning as foxes, in hollows, thickets, and caves, and out-of-the-way places, never letting their secret haunts be known, for if one had ketched t' other asleep, he 'd never 'waked again."

"I should a thought they would have lived together for the sake of company," said the topman.

"Ah!" said Ben, "so should I; but there's no 'counting for taste, ye know—'sides, it's my 'pinion that neither on 'em was much good. You may be sartin, the captain of the whaler didn't part with the best hands in his ship—p'raps they was a couple of mutinous fellars, and left there on purpose to get rid of 'em. But solitude suited him, for long as he'd been without society, he didn't wish to meet us. He'd seen us heave in sight, make for the land, drop our anchor, send boats ashore, land in the lagoon, climb up the sides of the crater, scour the island a pig-shootin', and retreated before us into the rocky defile, where we found him."

"But how did he live?"

"Live!" replied Ben, "very well. Isn't the lagoon chock full o' fish?"

"And then the biling water's always laid on at the main," said the topman.

"'Sides, there's wild hogs, koker-nuts, and vegetables. Ah!" continued Ben, luxuriously sucking his quid, "a fellar might 'a been as happy there as a troop o' monkeys in a nut-grove, with a few companions of the right sort. But I tell ye, mates, it's my 'pinion a chap must 'a had some reason for shunnin' his species, if he could 'a shut hisself up in such a reg'lar-built Paradise as St. Paul's, without wishing to share it with another."

"True, mate; but I s'pose you humoured him and left him there," said the topman.

"Why yes," said Ben, "he wouldn't come away."

"P'raps he's there now," said one of the seamen.

"Like enough," replied the old tar, "for though the islands are often sighted they're seldom landed on, and it's my belief the captain of the whaler never meant to call for him, after being away for four years. But we shan't be long in suspense, for here comes the morning sun, and the sloop's a flying through the water like a dolphin."

"Land ho!" bawled the look-out on the foretop-gallant-yard.

"Land ho!" shouted the man at the main.

"There now," said Ben, "our chronometers couldn't 'a been far from right, for the island was due 'cording to our reck'nin' by sunrise, and there's St. Paul's sure enough, broad off upon the lee bow."

"Fo'k'sel there!" hailed the officer of the watch.

"Sir."

"Shorten sail for'ard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The necessary duties of the vessel now called forth the exertions of old Ben and his auditory, and as the sun rose in splendid majesty the beautiful sloop moved rapidly towards the two islands, which, like twin giants, seemed to rise out of the ocean, rearing their lofty heads far above the turbulent billows that surround them. The vessel's canvas was soon reduced to that handy condition best suited for working into an anchorage, into which she was steered by Ben, the lead bringing up from the bottom the singular black sand, like



wet gunpowder, which he decided upon as being the proper holding ground.

The cutters were soon lowered and the lagoon entered, and we confess it was with a strange medley of surprise, curiosity, and animal gratification that we caught the delicious fish of the crater from the bow of our boat, and then by merely walking aft, selected our own fish-kettle in the boiling sea, and cooked them, woodcock fashion, with the *trail* dangling from the hook. Old Ben now had the laugh all his own way, and many a greenhorn repeated the experiment again and again to satisfy himself of the truth of his statement, and his own appetite into the bargain.

While thus busily occupied we had but little leisure to admire the sublime but melancholy grandeur of the place, but gradually its beauty and singularity forced itself upon the attention of the most indifferent observer. It was impossible to behold the vast rotund form of the crater, its towering concave cliffs, the seething of the sea, and to detect the sort of *no-fishes-water*, where it was neither hot or cold, without feeling that such a combination of grand and curious phenomena are not to be readily found. Under any circumstances, even in torpid Iceland, such a scene would be full of interest, but when lit up by the brilliancy of the sun, in this beautiful climate, flashing through the feathery foliage of the palms, which, like warriors' plumes, bent gracefully before the passing breeze, it receives an additional charm, that no pen can describe. Neither must that soft babbler, the wind, be forgotten, with its cool murmurings, as it gently ruffles the surface of the water in the crater, nor the brilliant intensity of the hues of the myriads of fish of every size and form that floated literally in crystal beneath. To these must be added the charm of primeval solitude, solemn and unbroken, which, although producing a feeling akin to melancholy, yet cannot prevent one's regretting, that so much exquisite beauty should be placed in a quarter of the world so remote from the abodes of civilized man.

And now hurrah for the Hermit's Cave. Old Ben knew the way, and leaping ashore on the beach of the lagoon our party followed him. A few steps through a clump of palms growing on the star-board hand of the crater brought us to a natural cavity in the cliff; its aperture was curtained with the tattered remnant of an old sail, that flapped about loosely in the wind. With some hesitation we drew it aside and discovered that the hermit was not within, and that he appeared to have deserted it for some time. A bit of rotten rope, a rude-shaped seal-skin jacket, a fragment of a net, a rusty ship's musket, and a few rushes that had served the recluse for a bed, were evidences that he had once chosen the spot for his home. But now we concluded that he had grown tired of his solitary existence and found means to quit the island, which, strange to say, was a disappointment to many. We consoled ourselves, however, by rambling about shooting pigs, picking up geological specimens, bottling off some of the boiling sea-water, and indeed in using up the brief space of time allowed us for our land cruise after the most approved nautical fashion.

In the midst of our mirth, the attention of our party was directed to something fluttering down upon the sea-beach. At first it was mistaken for the flapping of some sea-bird's wing, but a glance through a "Dollond" soon settled the matter. It was a piece of canvas fastened to a pole. To seamen this was enough—a signal of some sort, and as the distance was not more than half-a-mile, the whole party, actuated by one common impulse, moved towards it. Some news of the hermit, no doubt,—shifted his quarters perhaps—found the cave in the crater too hot in the summer and so moved more into the sea-breeze. Yet, it was not his habits to court observation, for he was known to be a misanthrope. But the mystery was speedily explained.

As we approached the spot we saw some object lying at the foot of the signal-staff. Presently it moved, raised its head, surveyed us for an instant, and then shuffled itself along down the sloping rock upon which it was lying and plunged into the sea. Its movements were so sudden, and altogether so singular that at first it was impossible to say what it was, and it was only after three or four more little round bullet-heads were raised, followed by the same sort of alarmed shuffling gait and plunges into the sea that we discovered them to be so many large seals that we had disturbed while basking in the sun.

But yet there still remains a seal at the foot of the staff, and even though we approach it continues motionless. We come even closer, but it lies there still. There can be no mistake, for we can detect the peculiar colour of its fur. One of the party raised his musket to his shoulder—he hesitates—why does not the man fire? He lowers his piece, and walks straight up to the object, having conjectured during the momentary glance, while taking aim, that it looked human. It turned out to be so. It was the hermit of the crater in a seal skin dress, but he was dead, reduced to a mere skeleton and rotting in the sun.

A sailor soon read the meaning of the bit of canvas tied to the staff, it told him of some calamity, sickness perhaps, overtaking the poor solitary, and that here he had crawled in his hour of distress. A nautical eye readily detected also that the shelving rock upon which we found the hermit's bones was a prominent one, and placed upon the side of the island upon which ships generally pass. His only hope consisted in the chance of attracting the attention of some passing vessels. Here he had with his dying efforts raised his signal, sighed his last sigh, and died a death that sickens the mind to dwell upon. And here, too, just out of the reach of the sweep of the breakers, a rude grave was hastily scooped by the silent mariners, and the few bony fragments that were left of the Hermit of St. Paul's were buried in it.

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# A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY TO ST. PETER'S.

"L'ESCALIER a son esprit." But the cold and stony steps outside the door are devoted to thoughts and sentiments of a more serious cast.

In the excitement of departure the guests may linger on the carpeted steps inside to ease themselves, in the last struggle, of brilliant things which the evening was too short to introduce, and these strippings (to use a dairy metaphor) may yield more cream of wit than all the rest of the entertainment. But on those windy and starlit steps outside, the scene drops—the thing is done, and what remains? Reflection!

Sometimes pleasant. "I have said brilliant things! I have been looked upon favourably by fair listening faces! My place in the world of wit and fashion has been acknowledged by men of genius and reputation!"

Or, on the other hand, unpleasant. "I have been dull, and ill at ease! I have made an unfavourable impression on the lady I love! I have been snubbed by an influential duchess, and cut by a popular author!"

But whatever be their turn, upon these paltry, egotistical considerations break in the silent stars, and the night-wind's whispering murmurs,

"Think'st thou this world of hopes and fears  
Could find no statelier than its peers  
In yonder thousand million spheres?"

So we light our cigar, to soothe our disappointments or tranquillize our exultation, and merrily or sorrowfully trudge home to bed.

The author of these pages has delivered himself of this little digest of what he has to say on door-steps, merely because he felt it incumbent upon him to make a little flourish with his pen before starting on his journey (for it is a journey he is going to trouble you with, not a heart-breaking scene in high-life at an evening party), and the matter which came readiest to hand was a door-step.

It was a door-step in the quiet-cloistered precinct of Westminster, a door-step from which you might have seen the grey cathedral towers rise beyond the perspective line of quaint mediæval houses, which form one side of a swarded square of green, worn more threadbare than an old billiard-table by the ball-propelling feet of Westminster boys.

Observe I said, "you *might* have seen, &c.," but on this occasion you wouldn't.

"Why?"

There was on this occasion a cab in the way, whose body, and roof, much piled with various luggage, intercepted the habitual view which this door-step commands.

"You are getting very tiresome with your particularities," cries the reader; "I wish you would get into your cab at once, and drive away."

Cruel and unkind impatience! Would you have me go away thousands of miles, many months, perhaps never to return, without saying good-bye to my friends? Won't you give me time to press the warm hands which seem unwilling to let go mine?—to answer the affectionate words of farewell?—to shake hands with the butler (who has been in the family almost as long as myself, and considers himself almost as much a part of it), as he lays my plaids and cloaks over my knees? Have I not even to say good-bye to the grubby little page (a cockney imp, who valets the junior branches, and is on terms of the most distant formality with me, who have to be very formidable indeed in my behaviour towards him, to keep him in any sort of order), while he shuts the cab-door, which he has been sedulously holding open all the while?

I do say, good-bye to him, however, and he is evidently not prepared for it, for he looks up doubtfully, as if he didn't know whether to take the indifferent good-bye I throw out of the window, like a copper to a beggar, as his own property, and answer "Good-bye, sir!" or say, "Did you speak, sir?" He compromises the matter by touching his round forehead about where the rim of his hat would have come to if he had had a hat to touch.

"Where shall I drive you?" cries a husky, rheumatic voice, still more benumbed by the front window-panes.

"Rome!"

"Beg pardon, sir!"

"Oh!—to be sure!—London Bridge station."

I kiss and wave my hand. They kiss and wave theirs on the threshold of my home. May peace be with you all till my return!

There is a whipflick and a "Now, then, stupid!" for the poor old cab-horse, who may have seen better days, but at present is unconscious of any romance in locomotion. I may feel with the cab-horse some day when I am an old, worn-out, broken-down hack. It is what we most of us come to sooner or later; but now I am young (giving all due weight to the seriousness of seven-and-twenty summers — one counts youth by summers and age by winters), and Hope, the mainspring of life, though beginning to rust a little in the oxygenating process of experience, is yet, I hope, far from snapping.

As the old cab-horse stumbles lamely forward, I feel that the world is before me. I and my portmanteaus and cloaks form an indefinitely moveable speck on its surface. Hip, hip, hip — hurrah! Here goes again, in search of those wonderful adventures which I have gone so many thousand miles for, and never found, nor, indeed, ever expect to find. But, ah! what a pigmy is Expectation, and what a giant is Hope! Hip, hip — hurrah! I am once more on my travels!

For some days before our departure from the familiar house



hold metropolis we have been quietly dwelling in, the spirit of travel comes upon us, and seems to loosen our footsteps. We tread lightly upon the pavement of streets, which we feel are so soon to fall away and vanish, being, as far as we are concerned, folded up very small, and stowed away in some corner of the memory.

London Bridge station. I take my ticket in the train to Folkstone: the tidal express. How well we order these things in England. In other countries all arrangements are fixed, as if men were made for trains and steamboats, instead of trains and steamboats for men. There is no effort to make ends meet. A steamboat comes in ten minutes too late for a train: the train is gone. Everything is more or less inconvenient as times and tides alter, usually more or less.

However, here we are at Folkstone. It is blowing great guns, and the Channel is in as great a commotion as it has room for. The luggage is being shovelled aboard, down a sort of smooth trough. A stout sailor in oilskins is handing it down into the hold. It is a cold day, but he is in a great perspiration.

"'Eavy portmanto, Sir!" seeing by the interest expressed in my countenance that it is mine. "'Eavy portmanto, Sir! is it all money?"

"Well most of it, I suppose."

"If you was to give it me, your honor should never starve. O, work, Sir, see it takes the grease out of a chap!"

"Grease! I thought the drops were tears, but I see they're blubber! It blows heavy! I think we shall all be sick before we see Boulogne!"

"I think we shall, Sir, leastways I knows I shall—sick of the sea anyhow!"

"That disease is worse than sea-sickness—it lasts longer!"

"You're in the right of it there, Sir, it do last longer, and I should be glad if I could a-throwed it up long ago."

We were very sick—Oh the ominous hiccup! the fatal heaving up across the breast—the brief effort to wrestle with fate! the flight to the bulwark—the premonitory cough—the heave—the agony—we stagger back and lie down again among our damp cloaks on the spray-sprinkled deck, half fainting and forgetful of all things except one great evil.

Shall we never reach land? The wind is ahead. We make very little way—we toss and pitch and pitch and toss—Ha! the vessel is easier! what has happened? The captain thinks we cannot make Boulogne, in this gale, to catch the train—we shall put in to Calais. An hour more will see us in calm water. An hour? how many centuries of misery in those sixty minutes!

There was a tremendous bustle of custom-house, police, and railway arrangements. In the midst of a great pressure to get into the passport office was a stout old lady in a great pucker; partly because she was afraid her luggage was lost; partly because showing a passport was a terrible diplomatic novelty; partly because she did not understand a word of French; but principally

because she was a stout middle-aged female in an obstructed doorway.

In the midst of these difficulties, a rumour of paramount interest and importance reached her ear. Standing a little apart from the group of passport-office ward-thrusters was a respectable-looking old gentleman, who had on his arm a middle-aged lady, (in every respect a contrast to our friend in the doorway,) delicately formed, and with the remains of beauty. The whisper concerned this couple, and was to the effect that they were the Duke and Duchess of N——. The stout old lady, who had not exactly caught the title, told me confidentially that she thought it was the Duchess of Carlisle.

Do not you like to be told *anything* about a Duke and a Duchess, dear reader? If you are an Englishman, or an Englishwoman, I am sure you do; and would read me attentively if I was to describe with tedious particularity how the poor old Duke, who was very sick himself, helped her grace, who was still sicker, to the taffrail; and how, when the polite captain rushed forward to bear her back to her seat, his grace stood behind it, holding draperies outspread to receive her languishing form.

He did it with a courtly air of affectionate deference, which had attracted my attention during my own paroxysms. I had said to myself, "There is a couple who know how to be sea-sick in exceedingly good taste. I am sure that old boy is a gentleman, and I should say he was a colonel: and the old girl has been a pretty woman in her time, and makes no fuss over her misfortunes—is not cross to her husband before the public, and has a civil smile on her pale lips, for the rough old sailor who moves her about like a child.

All this I thought, before the magic whisper made the custom-house of Calais tremble; but, if it had not been for that discovery, should I have written the account of a middle-aged couple being sea-sick in excellent taste; or would you have read it with the same devout attention? Let us confess we love Dukes and Duchesses; I am sure we do, and I hope I may have the pleasure of meeting you at N—— House on my return to England.

Meanwhile we get away from Calais, and shortly begin to be very hungry, not having had time to replace the breakfast lately presented to the fishes of the channel. We have passed a good many stations. Where shall we stop for refreshments? Ah! we are stopping again. This seems a large station!—Railway porter outside.—"Arrraaassssss!"

We surely shall stop for refreshments here!

"Why?"

Arras was always a celebrated place for Goblin! Ha-ha!

Our baggage had not been examined at Calais, but sent on to Paris. At midnight, in the *salle de distribution des bagages*, a stout and closely-packed portmanteau opes its ponderous jaws upon the gas-light. An official begins to burrow among the close-jammed parcels, like an energetic terrier in stony soil when rabbits are in smell.



"Qu'est que c'est ? des livres ?" pulling out two copies of a work, in two sky-blue volumes.

"Deux exemplaires de mes voyages en Espagne !"

"Mais v'la d'autres, il y en a plusieurs livres !" seizing three cantos of a certain poem.

"C'est un épique que j'ai écrit, moi, aussi !"

"Tant mieux ; j'en fais mes félicitations ;—but what is this parcel ?"

"Oh ! it is only wood to engrave upon—je m'amuse comme cela !"

"Allons !—but what are these ? fibs ! vices ! pincers !"

"Ah ! oui, je suis aussi quelque peu bijoutier !"

"Auteur ! graveur en bois ! bijoutier ! vous vous amusez donc de plusieurs choses ! (passing on to the next trunk, and talking to a colleague)—que les Anglais ont de singulières idées ! ma foi !"

We, that is my companion (one can hardly travel three hundred miles without making an acquaintance,) and myself, drove to the Hotel de Bade in the Boulevard des Italiens ; deposited our luggage ; were just in time to sup before Tortoni's closed ; went to bed ; breakfasted together next morning at the Café de Paris, which, by the way, I don't recommend for breakfasts, and then we separated on the Boulevard, each to our several business or desire.

I for my own poor part sent to the embassy to inquire if a friend of mine (also on his way to Italy) had left Paris yet. The *attaché* I had expected to find was not in Paris, but the *concierge* said there was one : I remembered some slight shadow of acquaintance with him ; I had played at tennis with him at Cambridge, whither he had come long ago on a visit from Oxford.

He begged me to be seated, and smoke a cigar, while I unfolded my difficulties, and he finished his breakfast. He unfortunately knew nothing about my friend, nor could anything be discovered from the sub-official he summoned from the passport office.

His meal was not disturbed alone by these investigations ; a continual crowd of messengers kept coming and going. He explained this bustle by the fact that there was to be a grand ball at the Tuilleries to-night. The first ball under the Empire. There were two thousand English in Paris, all wanting to go. I said there was a slight miscalculation in his estimate ; now that he had been imprudent enough to give me the first news of such an entertainment, I should hasten to become the two thousand and oneth applicant.

It was too late ! There would have been no difficulty (as I had been presented at court) if I had come a day or two earlier ; but now there was no chance—the invitations given now were only rectifications of omission—people left out, by accident, of the list sent in. Mistresses whose Misters already had invitations, and so on.

I went away pensively, and had my hair cut. The process of brushing and greasing seemed to stimulate the brain ; a bright idea seized me. A *papetier's* shop, not far from the hairdresser's, stands nearly opposite the gates where her Britannic Majesty's arms look down on the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré. Here I

bought a sheet of note-paper, and indited an epistle, setting forth my case in as terse and powerful language as I was master of under the emergency. This seed I sowed on British ground, and sent over the river to get the *Papal Nuncio's visa*, and pay a visit while the harvest should have time to ripen.

For the *visa* I was too late; I had the advantage, however, of seeing a venerable figure in Cardinal's robes, sweep through the corridor to his carriage.

I called on a learned Countess who dwells in the Quartier St. Germain, with whom I had a long and interesting conversation on a variety of topics. I also caught a glimpse of her fair daughter, the Lady F——, who said she was to be at the ball, which made me the more devoutly wish that the somewhat seedy note I had left at the Embassy might be germinating favourably.

I had another friend in the *Pays Latin* whom I did not find, but on my way thither I was struck by some neat clasp-knives in the Rue Dauphine. I bought one, and made the acquaintance of Mr. Picault, a very eminent and ingenious cutler, who obtained many prizes at the Great Exhibition. He is the inventor of the oyster-opening machine, which works admirably; and a scissor-knife of great merit. His steel is of excellent quality, and the ingenuity of his contrivances admirable. He lives 46, Rue Dauphine, and his shop is well worth a visit from amateurs in cutlery of all descriptions.

On the slippery rise of the Pont Neuf, I saw a horse with a heavy cartload behind him, struggling for foothold. Great sparks rose thick and bright from the dirty wet pavement. It reminded me of the struggles of genius.

Coming home to my hotel, I found the "grand chamberlain" had been commanded by the Emperor to invite me to pass the evening at the Tuilleries. So I bought a pair of white kid gloves.

Such of my readers as have been to her Majesty's Balls at Buckingham Palace, or her Majesty's Prime Minister's evening parties in Downing-street, will remember a certain difficulty in getting there, and a very uncertain difficulty in getting away.

An endless swarm of carriages; all the fashionable world is being spun into that line; there is to be no cutting and splicing in the middle. An inspector, stern as Fate—in fact, a blue Clotho, holds the end, and twines in fresh, straggling material, as it gathers beneath his hand. And, all along the ropewalk, inexorable Lachesises and Atroposes are ready to draw you out or cut you off in a moment, if the conduct of your coachman becomes unconstitutional.

Rumble—rumble—stop — — Rumble—rumble—stop! You go about a carriage-length a minute for the space of three-quarters of an hour.

I expected this sort of process with a resigned anticipation. But on the contrary, I was trundled away briskly down the Rue de la Paix, along the Rue de Rivoli, and at the same pace, without stoppage or question, wheeled to the right into the interior Pass



du Carousel; that is, the slice of it within the iron railings and the triumphal arch with horses on the top.

"Quelle couleur de billet?" cried an official from beneath the canopy which sheltered the whole length of a very long causeway. "Billets blancs par ici!" There were separate entrances for different coloured tickets; mine was white, but I did not verify what class that colour belonged to.

I entered a spacious hall, brilliantly lighted, and which I might have more minutely observed, if I had not had to depose my hat and Spanish cloak, and in doing so to carry myself in all respects as if I had been accustomed to look in of evenings at the Tuilleries, for a dance and a bit of supper, from the time of Louis Quatorze downwards.

However, I remember that on one side there was a gigantic range of counters, where over-clothes were taken in pawn, and pledges given; and on the other a grand staircase.

Up this I went, and at the top of it delivered my great card of invitation to a functionary in court-dress on the landing. By this time my gloves were on, and I walked into the Emperor's apartments on the first floor. There was a long gallery-saloon, nicely decorated with white and gold, with columns at the entrance end; windows on the left, looking-glasses on the right, and in the middle of the right hand wall a great equestrian picture of the Emperor with his hat in his hand, to welcome the company on their arrival.

This gallery was not very full of people. The next room, on which it opened at the end, was the centre of attraction. This was the vast *salle des maréchaux*, said to be the most splendid room in Europe. I wedged my way in through the crowded doorway. It was a blaze of chandelier-spangles and gilding. Not gilded in the sense of being picked out with gold; but the main staple was gold, and the pickings out were in white. It is a cube of sixty feet, slightly domed at the top. It occupies the whole of that great central square mass, of whose shape and size anybody may judge pretty accurately from the Tuilleries gardens.

On a red velvet *dais* was the chair of state, supported on either side by a lower range of seats for the princes and princesses of the blood. Behind and above impended a massive golden gallery, propped by gigantic cariatides of gold. The curtains and hangings were of rich blue velvet, studded rather than embroidered with great golden bees. The godfathers of the apartment were marshalled around in their frames.

But I am tired of upholstery. The band strikes up; the middle of the floor is cleared for the first quadrille, and the Emperor leads off with the Princess Mathilde. Of course nobody wants to know what the Emperor looks like. Everybody has seen prints and portraits of him, and they are all exactly like. He has striking features, a moustache, an imperial, and a nose which cannot be missed by the clumsiest artist. The expression is not difficult to catch, for it is, strictly speaking, no expression at all. They say the elder Napoleon used to affect an utter vacancy of countenance,

merely wearing a bland smile as a convenient masque. The present imperial smile is tinctured with a look of placid astuteness, as though wisdom were to be affected as well as benevolence. The chin is slightly lifted; the shoulders broad (a good bust, if it be not padded), set upon little legs in white breeches and silk stockings, which rumpled and ruckled over the feet more than an Emperor's silk stockings ought to do. I know that silk stockings are difficult to keep up, being of a glidesome material which garters do not easily hold. Should the imperial eye meet these lines, let me recommend a strap of inverted worsted-plush inside the knee-band of the inexpressibles. However, it is a very complicated and elaborate science to put on silk stockings and breeches perfectly, even with all appliances and means to boot; and I dare say the Emperor will surmount these wrinkles with time and experience, if only, like Dan, "he abides in his breeches."

All things considered, he plays his part very creditably; that is, considering that he is a little bit of a man to dress up and set in the centre of an empire's pomp and panoply; and that, as Carlyle is said to have expressed his previous chrysalis state, "a day or two ago, he was a melancholy adventurer in a common cab." He waltzes very tolerably for a great man, who has the disadvantage of knowing that everybody is looking at his steps, so that it becomes almost a performance. He does everything in a set, cut-and-dried sort of manner, which seems to wish to look as if it had been a permanency; and yet I don't think it was altogether fancy on my part, that there was in the manner a consciousness of the incidental fortuity of his being there in the Tuilleries at all, much more in the character he supported, as it were, by special engagement. The whole affair had a "for this night only" sort of cast about it.

Still, if we had been at the first ball, under the last empire, we should, very likely, have said very nearly the same thing. "You may depend, madam," said I, to a beautiful and amiable young lady, whom I was conducting into the conversation-room, to take a look at Mademoiselle Montijo, a Spanish beauty, whom the world talks about, and the Emperor is said to admire, "you may depend, madam, though you look on this little man without much wonder and astonishment now, history will think it a much less wonderful thing that an empire should have been founded on the battle of Austerlitz and the code Napoleon, than that it should have been restored on the strength of the idées Napoleoniennes, and the semi-maritime battle of Boulogne. Time will smooth out the wrinkles which we see in the silk stockings. Those little legs will be forgotten in expanded marble, sublimely planted on pedestals and columns. He may be the patriarch of a line of French monarchs. You should look upon him, not as a wizened little simperer, who has to walk about with his chin in the air that he may not tread upon his moustache, but as a wonderful novelty, in the history of the world. A man who, without the aid of birth, without the aid of any remarkable talents—merely by the force of a resolute will, sublimely superior to all previous failure—



went on taking every available and unavailable opportunity of becoming Emperor of the French, and at last hit on.

"There is something to my mind more sublime in the unaccountable providence of this man's success, than in the carefully-built fabric of his uncle's career. We have had Julius Cæsars and Augustuses and William the Conquerors before—we have had Cosmo de Medicis and Cromwells—it is comparatively common to fight and manœuvre your way to greatness—but here is a man who has conquered and persuaded the most martial and loquacious people in the world, without either the thunder of oratory or the eloquence of cannon."

"Yes," replied the young lady, who had, all this time, been looking at Mademoiselle Montijo, as she sat on the sofa, talking to the ludicrously sublime Bacciocchi, "yes! her dress is very pretty, but I don't admire *her* very much!"

"I don't think young ladies ever do much admire celebrated beauties," I replied, a little disheartened that my political and poetical tropes had missed the pretty little pink ear they were aimed at. "But, except that her hair is of a sandy-yellow, that her complexion is rather pasty, that her eyes turn down a little at the corners, and that she is rather too square about the jowl, I think she has a pretty face. Then her figure would be good if it only looked younger and plumper, but no one can deny she is a striking beauty."

"You seem to me," said the young lady, giving me a wicked look through her eye-glass, for she wore an eye-glass, and was a little blue (otherwise, of course, I should not have wasted politics upon her, for I haven't, in confidence, much to spare), "you seem to me to praise both heroes and heroines, with so many drawbacks and qualifications, that it is a mere effervescing draught of conversation, which would be quite harmless if you didn't put in a little too much of the acid."

"You should say a saline draught.—You must allow me a little salt!"

"On the contrary, I have to take a grain of it with every thing you say."

"If you take my conversation with the grain I am charmed, because it can't be both with and against the grain."

"Oh! if you are going to make puns take me back to mamma this instant!"

"I am going to do nothing else for the rest of the evening," said I, as we edged our way back to the Salle des Maréchaux: and I deposited this young lady with the less regret, from the circumstance that, in pretending to cast about for her mamma, I discovered the fair Lady F., whom I had been looking for in vain, among the crowd, and in whose search, indeed, I lit upon the accomplished owner of the eye-glass.

Lady F. was, so to speak, planted in the midst of a *parterre* of crimson velvet, something like the stalls of a theatre, which sloped up from behind the Emperor's chair.

Waiting for a favourable opportunity, I charged over a file of

dowagers, with a flying volley of excuses as I at length in establishing myself by her side. an excellent entertainment in the serio-comi

The principal performer was the com French forces. He was dancing, in select four couples, *vis-à-vis*, to the Emperor and a huge unwieldy middle-aged individual, wit upon him, he thought it necessary to roll a minute precision of steps and a ponderous et the serious gravity of his broad fat face and fidence of his military decorations set off ad

After having tried Lady F.'s patience with of tediousness, for her company was agreeab venient place to rest to one who had been v all day and about these crowded rooms halt to waltz with me, I rather think, because she dislodging me from my situation, where, I d son of Sparta should have been all the time.

It was getting near supper-time; so I somebody to go in with. I found still a t ther blue, nor titled, but a beauty. I asked supper with me. She half accepted and half hook with some diplomatic fraction of a ho in the stream of supper-goers which now be and I argued that she too was waiting for s

It sometimes strikes me as a melancholy c wise advantageous privileges of a younger s young ladies in a merely supplementary set with the crumbs that fall from the tables of

But when it appeared that the somebody or had gone by with another somebody, m took me quite as if I belonged to her, a walking and talking furniture, and away we

We were too late to get into the great su places at a table in the ante-room. My b most sunshine humour, which I suppose fault, but it was my misfortune. I tried amusing as I could to make up for my deficic point of view, but meeting with very littl rather hungry and thirsty, I addressed myse

I dare say the central operations of the may have been more successful, but we sutle the camp supped on lukewarm little muttor wine. I danced once after supper, and w minded that it was about time to go, by se that all the Carousel was full of carriages, wh of moving lamps was really a fine sight.

I found a carriage without difficulty, and a little cloud of my cigarillo, I made for the t flection which applies to all the things of tl over and done. "If I had not got my card,



I had missed much more than this evening's amusement, by not being at the first ball under the Empire."

If you want to dine well and cheap in a Parisian restaurant, order what you like and eat it all: and unless you are extravagant in wine, a five-franc piece will about expand to the measure of an average gastric vacuum.

Like other philosophic axioms, this teaches you nothing except what you have to learn. An Englishman who orders from the carte always orders too much, and generally orders the things he does not like. The Café du Cardinal in the Boulevard des Italiens is a good place to dine; and the Café de Paris in the same is a bad place to breakfast.

Having made these remarks, and having informed you, which you will naturally be interested to know, that if the train for Chalons had started an hour later I should have dined with a real Countess, which would have been both cheaper and more agreeable than dining with the Cardinal, I shall proceed, with your permission, to the Lyons railway station, and book myself by the night-train to Chalons. Everybody who begins the relation of his travels several hundred miles before the reader is in a condition to require any information whatever, about the character of his much-beaten route, makes an excuse which is generally a very bad one.

The vice of modern literature is that bulk and not merit is remunerative. Our libraries swarm with second and third volumes. The creamy age of literature is gone, and the milk-and-watery established. The public reads too much, and is a gross feeder for whom it is very little pleasure to cook. It hurries its best artists over their stewpans with too hungry a demand, till they become slovenly and careless, and turn out crude, hastily-dressed morsels, that would have choked our grandfathers and grandmothers. Depend upon it, the pot of authorship ought to simmer, not boil.

I am now going to sleep as far as Chalons, while the night is pitch-dark, and the rain patters on the plate-glass; for French first-class carriages are very comfortable inside, with broad and soft-cushioned, and huge, fleece-wrapped heaters; and I hope I may be in a better humour when I wake. It is not likely, for we shall get to the city where Clovis or some other ancient king conquered the Huns or some other ancient barbarians, at five o'clock to-morrow morning, and get to the steamboat in the wind and rain of early dawn.

"Est-ce que vous parlez l'Anglais, Monsieur?"

"Mais oui, mieux que les Anglais même," I replied, as I staggered down on to the platform of the Chalons station, half asleep.

"À la bonne heure. Ayez la bonté de parler à ce monsieur, que je ne puis absolument le faire entendre que les bagages vont tous seuls jusqu'à Lyons." This gentleman was of a dejected and be-

wildered aspect, wandering to and fro in moody silence before the *distribution des bagages*, and refusing to pay the slightest attention to the voluble representations of the railway officer, who had now applied to me as a last chance. I explained to him in my best English that his carpet-bag was well on the way to Lyons, but that I and himself were in a fair way to miss the steamboat, unless we instantly got into the only omnibus which remained to take us to the Saone.

Finding he had a companion who could enter into his grievances, he began, as the omnibus rattled away, to relate his adventures and prospects. He was a mechanic engineer, going out to superintend the construction of steam-engines for the king of Naples, at Palermo. He had no passport, nor a word of French, and had found France an exceedingly inconvenient country to travel in. His system was to ask for what he wanted, in English, to take what they happened to give him, and when he had done, to hold out his hand full of silver, and let them help themselves, for he had no knowledge of French money, and was constantly changing sovereigns for what appeared to him to be shortish change. Whenever he was asked for his passport he shook his head. He had been in India, and should get on capitally if the French only spoke Cingalese.

In the steamboat we were a gay company, smoking and talking, and playing piquet till it was time to have an appetite for breakfast.

There was a jolly stout little *épicier* from some country town in Aquitaine, being continually beaten by a lean and intelligent-looking young artist on the violin, who courteously laid his advantage wholly to the score of his cards. The *épicier* lost his *gros sous* gaily, and insisted on adding to his losses by keeping me supplied with *petits verres de cognac* as well as his antagonist, —to which liberality, it appears, I was entitled by the custom of the country, by watching the play of the fiddler and laughing at the jokes of the *épicier*.

The latter informed us, that he had travelled from Paris with some *grands seigneurs Anglais*, who had two carriages on the train and were enormously rich. This sounded well, but improbable; and, on a little cross-questioning, it appeared that his principal friend in the party was a *fort brave garçon*, travelling with these *grands seigneurs* in the capacity of their *courrier*.

At breakfast a tall and portly *commis voyageur*, with a towering forehead and a sweeping beard, became a principal figure in the table-talk. After a good deal of conversation, it came out, casually, that I was an Englishman; at which this personage expressed great surprise, as I had not at all an English accent, he was good enough to say, and he had made up his mind that I was a Russian.

"J'y ai été, moi," he continued, in the same complimentary vein; "et j'aime beaucoup l'Angleterre, surtout les ports."

He probably spoke thus generally from a casual *souvenir* of Southampton; but the *épicier*, though his mouth was full of



*poulet au riz*, pricked up his ears at the word *ports*, which sounds the same as *porcs*; having translated this *cochons*, he proceeded to laugh immoderately at his discovery of the double meaning. The *commis voyageur* not knowing of our previous intimate relations, founded on the interchange of *petits verres*, thought I might be hurt by England being celebrated for its pigs, and retorted somewhat fiercely on the facetious *épicier*; and having indignantly refuted and flung back the *cochonnerie* of his interpellator, he turned apologetically to me, saying, "Ça ne vous contrarie pas?"

"Au contraire, moi aussi je suis calembouriste, et je soutiens que dans les calembours on a le droit de tout supposer. Mais en fait de porcs je ne m'en formalise du tout, car nous autres dans le Yorkshir nous sommes fiers de s'y connaître dans l'art de lard; et nos bons gens jouissent d'une haute renommée en fait de jambons."

With these indifferent pleasantries I extricated myself from the suspicion of having been *contrarié* by the *épicier's* joke; but he and the *commis voyageur* had taken the buttons off their foils, and went on fencing in a bloodthirsty manner across the table, with more or less pointed personalities and sarcasms to the end of the meal. I did my best to effect a reconciliation by distributing a bundle of cigarettes, which I begged the belligerent parties to consider as pipes of peace, but when the smoke cleared over the armistice they fell to again. The little *épicier* had the worst of it, and after having been somewhat unmercifully baited, he remarked to me as he came up on deck, "Parbleu! ce monsieur a vraiment un peu trop de blague."

We ran in between the crag-perched houses of Lyons, and saw *l'homme de la roche*, a large white statue which stands in a niche cavern of the rock, and about whom nobody knows anything, except that he was somehow a benefactor to the city of Lyons. Twice that I have passed this way, I have made diligent inquiry about him, but I never have been able to make out more than that he is "the man of the rock, and a benefactor;" and I dare say, if I pass his cavern mouth fifty times hereafter, the mass of local antiquarian knowledge to be collected on the deck of the Saone steamer will yield no more accurate result. The French are a people singularly careless of the past. In the absence of all data I venture to surmise that this is a statue of Daniel as he came out of the lions' den, with his inexpressibles untorn and not a hair of his periwig injured.

Observing that last time when I passed the city, *they* (that is I suppose the mayor and corporation) did not take me, like Lord Chatham, to see the meeting of the Rhone and Saone, I resolved this time to be beforehand with the civic authorities, and without further pomp or circumstance of escort betook myself to that celebrated spot.

The Saone, far from being dull and sluggish, was a turbulent rain-swollen river, whirling and dashing in broken rapids through the gurgling throats of its bridges. I naturally expected the

Rhone to be still more turbulently sublime; but on the contrary, when I got to the end of the long point below the town where these streams, different as they are, meet at last, I found the Rhone a broad and placid river flowing on a far lower level than suited my anticipations. The upshot is, I suppose, that Lord Chatham witnessed the phenomenon in summer and I in winter. The Saone flowing through flat land, depends for its volume on rain, which around the alpine sources of the Rhone is converted into snow and merely thickens the winding sheet of the buried mountains. But in summer, when there is less rain and more sunshine, the Saone probably dwindles to a muddy sluggish stream, and the Rhone is fed to overflowing by melting glaciers.

From these speculations of natural philosophy, which occurred as I leant over the parapet of a bridge crossing the Saone at the extreme point of the Chersonese, I turned to consider what the real circumstances of that celebrated visit might have been; and I tried to imagine them through the veil of vague and mysterious grandeur in which Lord Chatham set forth his parliamentary account of it. I pictured to myself a lanky young cornet with a large nose losing his temper, with an obsequious little *laquai de place* who cannot clearly comprehend the cornet's French; which is delivered with a sonorous voice, in titanic fragments of dialogue, which the little man seems to find too ponderous to be easily put together. However, one way or another the scene impresses him with some touch of the sublime! He has seen no inland rivers larger than the Thames at Chelsea before. The great Rhone comes sweeping down with its cold blue waters fresh from the icy uplands, to meet that creeping dribble of puddle; and that touch of the sublime many years afterwards lends something to his voice and manner, sufficient to convince a House of Commons of the period, that a very vague piece of descriptive scenery and a very commonplace simile composed a burst of the most exalted eloquence. But he did convince them, and the worse his materials the better the artist.

I returned to the city by the Rhone side of Lyons, which is not steep, and picturesque, and rocky, like the Saone, but with straight-built quays, more commercial than picturesque. When I thought I must have got about opposite the Hotel du Luxembourg, I plunged into the city, took a warm bath, and when I thought I must be getting near home, found I had lost my way. Inquiring of two young men in my best French, I was answered in about equally good English. I replied in the same tongue,

"I am obliged to you for your information, and in return I will tell you something of which you appear to be ignorant. When you are asked an intelligible question in any language, it is a rule of European politeness to answer in the same language if you can. If an English gentleman addresses you in French, and you answer him in English, it is as much as to say, 'I talk English better than you talk French,' which is a piece of conceit and impertinence that I am sure, if you had known better, you would not willingly have committed. I have the honour of wishing you good evening."



The young gentlemen, so far from taking my information in good part, began to repeat some English words and phrases of undoubted authenticity, but of questionable delicacy. These I did not stop to listen to, but, following their directions, came to the hotel and dined.

My engineer was asleep in the *salle à manger*, with his head between his elbows. The waiter said he had lunched on a chicken and a bottle of brandy many hours ago, and had been asleep ever since.

Next morning we were up before daylight, and trudging briskly along the lamp-lit streets, after the truck on which the porters of Lyons rejoice to carry passengers' luggage, at a rate less indeed in speed, but double in francs and sous, of the regular omnibus fares.

I remembered this predisposition of old time, and resolved to wait for the omnibus, which no doubt the hotel porters bribe to come as late as possible, but which call at all the principal hotels, and of course are practically in excellent time for the always dilatory steamboats.

The system is, that the porter calls parties for the early Avignon boat half an hour before the right time, and stimulates them vigorously to make haste in dressing, for fear they should be too late for the omnibus. They tumble up hastily, and after drinking their cup of coffee, find it wearisome work to stand about waiting in the cold coffee-room, where fires have not yet dawned. Meanwhile it gets within five-and-twenty minutes of the nominal time of the boat's departure. The porter begins to fear the omnibus has forgotten to call. What other way is there—*voitures de remise*? *Mon Dieu!* it would take at least an hour and a half! A bright idea of the porter's; he can take the luggage down to the quay on a truck which he accidentally possesses. He is all readiness and civility. "There is yet time, and a little walk will warm his lordship's blood this cold morning." The steamboat is reached, and the traveller has full an hour and a half's leisure to be vituperated by the obliging porter for giving him only twice instead of four times the omnibus fare. All this I knew, but the rest of the people allowed their feelings to be acted upon by the porter's fears that the omnibus might never come; and as example is stronger than even the wisdom of experience, I compromised the matter, and made a bargain beforehand with the porter.

When I had paid my own robber, who grumbled from constitutional habit when I gave him what I had agreed for, I perceived, at the other end of the lamp-lit cabin, a fellow-countryman under process of extortion. I drew near. He was a seedy disagreeable-looking man of the shopkeeping class, with a pretty wife and two or three children, who bore traces of their father's coarse features smoothed down in the miniature finish of young complexion, and corrected a little from the maternal side.

I did not feel much interest in my fellow-countryman, who was opposing his bewildered modicum of broken French to the indignant volubility of three porters who had leagued together to

abuse him in a breath. Out of compassion for the pretty wife, who seemed seriously alarmed for her husband's safety, I inquired into the case, and made a feeble effort to reason with the intractable ruffians. The result was that they dropped their demand to two-thirds, which was unwillingly disbursed, and I retired from the fray, after having been much reviled by the one side and not thanked by the other. But I had the reward of feeling that I had done my duty to my country, and upheld the principle of mutual defence against foreign aggression.

There were none of our yesterday's steamboat passengers, and this Rhone boat's cabin was much larger, fuller, and more unsociable. There were books however; and after disgusting myself with a little of one of Eugene Sue's novels, I took refuge in Malebranche, who appears to me, from what I then had of him, to have made a dull, dry, painful effort to be intricate in metaphysics. I had not read very many of his pages, when the shortness of my last two nights, and the ponderous quality of the matter, began to tell upon my constitution, and I fell asleep.

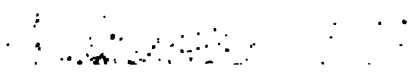
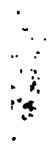
I woke up once or twice during the day, but as there was a dreadfully cold wind up the river, I found sleeping the best method of passing the day, till we got to the neighbourhood of Avignon, where the weather became warmer, as the soft breezes of the Mediterranean met us from the south, and the snowy summits of Venton and the Côte d'Or receded to the north.

We landed beneath the precipitous rock of Avignon, crowned with massive towers. The walls of this place are the finest I have seen,—much finer than those of Seville for instance,—more mediæval and Saracenic, though the walls of Seville were built by real Moors.

There is a peculiar railway, steamboat and hotel combination at Avignon, where it is ingeniously arranged that the boat should always arrive just too little before the mid-day train to allow passengers to go on straight to Marseilles. I have always tried to do so, and always signally failed. Let future travellers therefore make up their minds to stay three hours in Avignon, which is a good place to dine; and it is better to stop and dine in good humour, as it were of his own accord, than to set his teeth and eat the forced meat and bitter bread of compulsion.

In the meantime, when the omnibus set me down at the door of the Hotel de l'Europe, it wanted an hour and a half to the *table-d'hôte* dinner, and I thought it might be worth while for once to break my general custom of stumbling and groping about uncondacted, to see Avignon more expeditiously, so I took a guide from the courtyard where he was loitering, having previously to engaging his services inquired if he knew history. He took me to the cathedral, where I saw the Pope's chair, and the founder's chapel. Here stood a cross with a mantle hung over it. The old sacristan could not inform me what this combination was intended to symbolize. "C'est tout simplement une croix et un manteau, monsieur."







*Stage Effect*



ASPEN COURT,  
AND WHO LOST AND WHO WON IT.

A Tale of our Own Time.

BY SHIRLEY BROOKS,

AUTHOR OF "MISS VIOLET AND HER OFFERS."

CHAPTER XVI.

"WITH A KISS AND WITH A PRAYER."

LORD ROOKBURY had not miscalculated the weight of his influence with the Minister, and in a couple of days after Carlyon's return to Aspen Court, he received a packet from Rookton Woods, in which was a letter from Mr. Selwyn requesting his attendance in London as early as possible. With this was a note from Lord Rookbury, who exhorted Bernard to make the best use of his time, for the hours of the Ministry were supposed to be numbered, and it would be well to be in at the death. Bernard ought to have left Aspen instantly on receiving this dispatch, and he did leave it, riding hard, but not in order to catch the next up-train to London.

Miss Trevelyan was at home, and would see him.

What a curious sensation that is which troubles a man upon such a mission! Why does the elegantly arranged sentence, studied with so much care, in order alike to avoid formality and familiarity, begin to seem bald, and bold, and bungling, just as it is about to be wanted? Why is it finally revised upon the coarse mat in the hall, and utterly rejected upon the silky mat on the landing? Why do you feel choking, as with thirst, and yet could not drink the elixir of life if it were presented to you? Why would you pay a hundred guineas a step to have the staircase twice as long as it is, and yet you go up as hastily as if you were escaping from a poor relation? Why does that pleasing bow, with which you have so often stooped to conquer—you know it—seem to you at once a great deal too low, and a great deal too slight, and altogether abominable? Why do you wish you had put on that other cravat? In short, why is your sense so keenly awakened to the outward man, and to the outside phrase, and why do you forget that you have hitherto looked like a gentleman and spoken like a philosopher, and generally done your duty in that state of life in which it has pleased Providence to place you, and that there is no particular reason why, at one o'clock this fine day, you should make a failure? Is it a satisfactory answer to say that all this is because there sits in the low chair near the window, in that drawing-room, a bright-eyed young person of the other sex, who, if you could only see it, can hardly hold her crochet-work for her tremor, who knows intensely well what you mean and what you

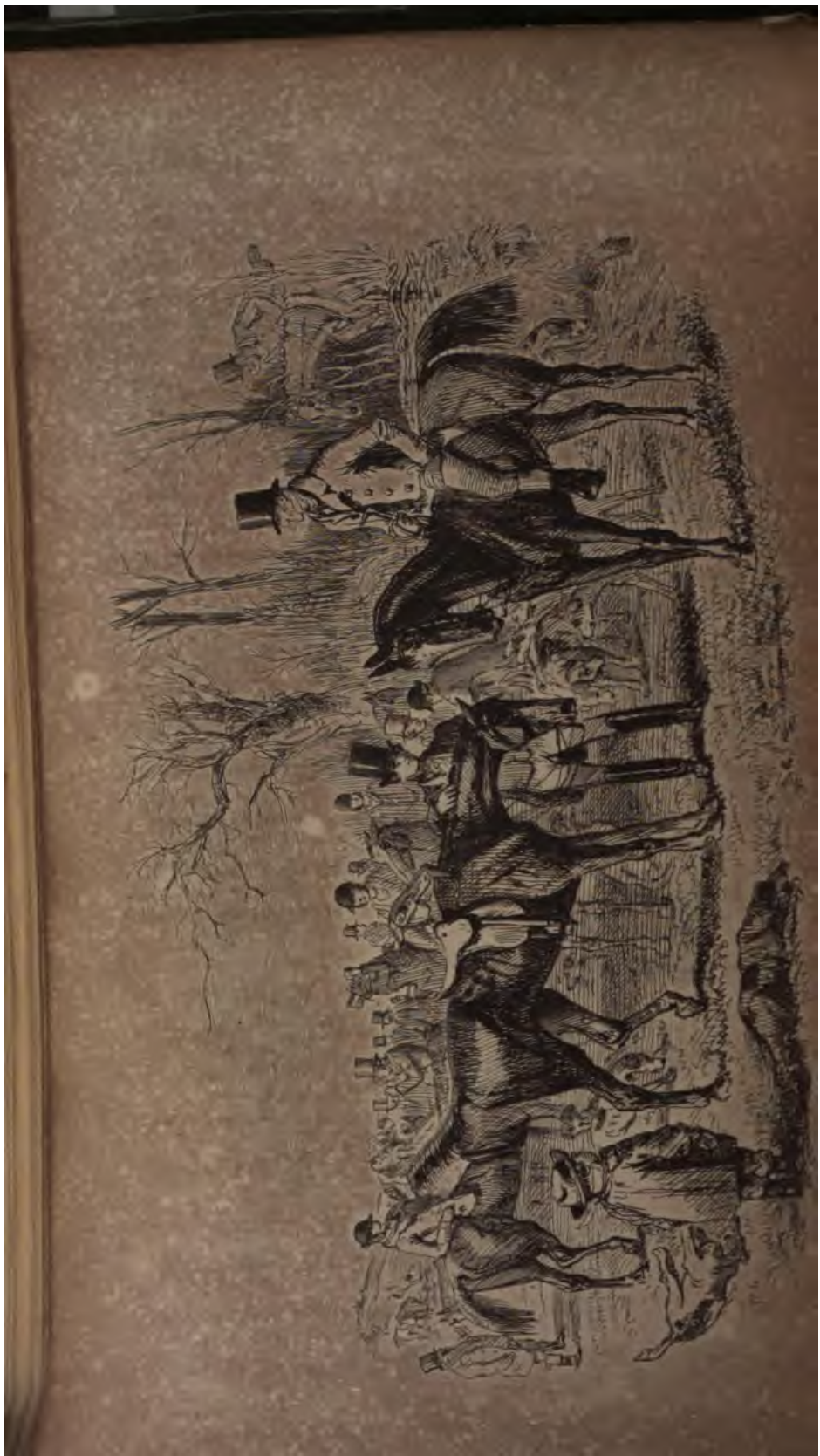
have come for, and who designs to make you answer, poor thing! if she should be able to and who, in the mean time, is in about as criticise you as I am to correct the *Jupiter Nautical Almanac*. Let me appeal to some one I have over-stated the case. There is Captain handsome man with the black whiskers, who, in dreadful Punjaub fights, rode slowly up a slope of a mile towards a fort from which our comrades were blazing upon us with seventy cannons, and as he dashed singly into the narrow "wait inside,"—just ask that dauntless person going to propose to Laura Green of the Eng the Secretary of State for the Unhesitating thinks nothing of tackling a roaring and enormous at midnight, dragging a comrade out of Tydides, tearing the strongest battle of his arm that would dismay a statue. Only ask how three times to make a personal offer to Lady ton, and at last was obliged to do it in a letter I mean. Do not talk to me about faint—of course we know that many an estimable natured and will give you her hand just as she salt, or the nutcrackers, because you seem to will in no degree appreciate your making me about the matter (and a remarkably good partner will make, too, mind that), but our discourse partnership than of marriage.

This digression has given Mr. Carlyon a singular little spasm in the throat, and to something like composure, though, if Lillian carefully at his eyes, that young lady would were peculiarly restless. Bernard was both glad that Lillian was alone. The gladness prepos reasons, but men get very cowardly at times sorry for an excuse for delaying what they minds to do. And then he thought that if could have looked richer, the delicate complexion blue eyes more radiant, nor the charming! Who was he, whispered the demon of timidity should presume to claim such a creature for himself, he, answered the demon of ambition, haughtily—actually a minister's secretary, going to be ment, a Minister himself, Peer of the Realm, an Ambassador to France—who knows? Bala of the evil ones, he saw no objection to revealing that the weather was delicious.

After some other profound observations of had been made and answered, and it would third party, from the exceedingly absurd way commonplaces were insisted upon and bung



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flourishes to gain time, and that both these silly young people were sitting in mortal fear of what was coming next, Bernard fixed his eyes intently on one of those Bohemian paper-weights, which was on the table near Miss Trevelyan, and remarked to it that he was about to leave Gloucestershire for London.

"So soon?" said Lillian. A ridiculous thing to say, seeing that the young man had been at Aspen Court more than a month.

"Yes, immediately," said Bernard. "I hardly know," he continued, "whether I am intruding an uninteresting subject upon you in telling you why."

He meant her to have replied—or, rather, how glad he would have been to hear her reply, "Oh, no, Mr. Carlyon, I assure you I take a very great interest in anything that affects your welfare." And yet, if she had said that, he afterwards would have been privately dissatisfied, and called it a species of advance, inconsistent with true delicacy—men are such reasonable creatures. Perhaps it was as well she was silent, and only raised her blue eyes for a single second.

"A change has taken place in my prospects," said Bernard, "and the course I had shaped out for myself has been altered by circumstances. I had looked forward to some years of toil and struggle at the bar, but an offer has been made me which will save me that which I have now the strongest reasons for valuing most, I mean time. The office of private secretary to one of the ministers has been offered me, with a probability of other advancement, and I have accepted it."

"They will miss you sadly at Aspen Court," said Miss Trevelyan, without looking up. This speech did not help Bernard at all.

"I shall leave Aspen Court to-night," he said, "for it appears that there is a political crisis at hand, and ———"

"And you must be there to assist," said Miss Trevelyan, smiling a little mischievously.

"Eternal shame, if at the brunt,  
Lord Ronald grace not battle's front."

"No," said Carlyon, with an open smile, which he could afford, as he knew he had not been going to make a magniloquent speech, "but one does not want to come in at the latter end of a fray."

"I am sure I shall always remember that once, at least, you came into such a matter at the right time, Mr. Carlyon," said Lillian. "And I always feel," she continued, "that you have never been properly thanked for your kindness. My poor uncle Eustace is so little in the world that he scarcely knows how to express what I assure you he feels most deeply, and Mr. Heywood talks so oddly that strangers do not know whether to be pleased or insulted, but he speaks to us about you in the warmest way."

"He is very good," said Bernard, rather hastily, "but if you could possibly conceive, Miss Trevelyan, how thankfully I look back upon the accident that introduced us, you would not speak of — of — anything else." That's right, Mr. Bernard, and begin to





stutter and talk nonsense just because you are opening.

"Miss Trevelyan," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I am not going to leave the country, but it is impossible for me to go on without saying to you — that which I came here to say." The girl how he did stare through and through it, and how he had looked up to see how exquisitely lovely she was, with the blush over her.

"You know nothing—next to nothing, of course, is not upon the circumstances that made me come, I would presume in order to say more than a few words. I have no right to ask you a question which I would give the world to hear you answer as I desire. But will you allow me to speak—will you only listen to me? If I wish it, I am gone—I will ask no word from you but only permission to speak."

His voice faltered with emotion, and sonorous as it was, it rang strangely on his own ear, but he knew that he was earnestly. Could he only have known how much it meant to him to go on.

"You do not silence me," he said in a low voice, "do not fear that I will trespass on your privacy." "Miss Trevelyan," he continued, rising and looking at her with a full and earnest gaze, "I tell you that I love you, no hope to tell you more devotedly. I feel that you have read that for me. It is not of a love, too sacred, too intense, that I would speak to you now—on that, if hereafter I see one faint sign of the encouragement for which I dare not pray, it will be the happiness of a life. It is for me now, a stranger and undistinguished, to justify, if I can, the presumption which adds to my love."

He fancied, as he stood beside her, that he had made like an attempt to speak, but the word was so bent that the golden curls shrouded his face.

"I am a gentleman by birth and by education," he said, "and, having assured you of this, I have lived in the past, except that in the profession which I follow, I have had such successes as it permits—small matters, multiplied by the thousand—triumphs gained by the thousand—worthless except as stepping-stones to a higher success. To achieve this, I had prepared for the discouraging of struggles—accident has struck me, and I feel that I shall rise. It is not, therefore, as a lawyer that I have ventured to address you, but as a man, whose upward way to make, believes that I am the best coronet in the peerage would give me the title to speak to you, Miss Trevelyan, in order to tell you that I love you."

tone and with the confession of unworthiness with which I stand before you, one word from you—one word, one sign, ever so slight—and, armed with the hope it will sanction, I will look at no success as impossible which can make me more worthy of you.”

He had shot his bolt, and the period between the twang of the string and the striking, or missing, of that shaft, is memorable in the life of some men. The golden head was still bent.

“I asked but to be heard,” said Bernard Carlyon, after a few moments, “and you have most kindly heard me. Perhaps you may deem that I presume on your indulgence if I say more, much, very much, as I have yet to say. But it is not to such a nature as yours that I would plead with many words. Dearest Miss Trevelyan, a destiny I never thought should be held in other hands than my own awaits your sentence for happiness or for destruction. I have dared to seek your love, what is there else on earth that I should not dare to seek? what, if possessing that love, I should despair to gain? My heart is before you and with it my fate. Miss Trevelyan—Lilian!”

How that golden hair trembles, and now, Bernard Carlyon, she is going to look at you; can you not keep your heart from those violent throbbings? man, you will want words presently—you think she is going to move her hand, have yours ready. Laid upon yours her little hand, that is well, and you are on your knee, and the blue eyes look kindly enough upon you, pale as is the beautiful face, and yet you can look away from it. Only to cover the white hand with kisses. Well, you are excused! But speak; will you not? You could knock down two ruffians for her the other day, and yet you will not speak to her now. Tears on her eyelashes too, and no one to wipe them away. What does T. P. Cooke say about the man who would refuse to stretch forth his hand to assist a virtuous female in distress? Ah! that is better, a good deal, and though she blushes, she is not angry. Hold her to your heart, for it will never be in such good company to the day it flutters for the last time.

And now Carlyon can find words enough, and to spare, and as Lilian does not try to escape from him, it may be supposed that the unbarring of the flood-gates of his oratory and the ardent avowal of his own passion, and of his conviction of her unsurpassable merits, physical and mental, and of his intense devotion, which, beginning on the little hill near Aspen, is to last, at the shortest date, for ever, are not disagreeable, though her answer, breathed very low, and repeated in a still lower voice, is of the briefest.

“Bernard.”

But it makes him transcendantly happy, and he has condescended to believe that there is something in this world decidedly worth living for, a creed to which he would have given a very half-hearted, non-natural kind of adhesion when we first met him.

“And you leave us to-morrow?” asks Lilian almost sadly.

Why, he had come thither to tell it her, and now that she tells it him, the information comes like news, and disagreeable news.



He feels hostile towards Lord Rookbury, despises Mr. Selwyn, and wishes, as they pretend King Something did when asked to sign the death-warrant, that he had never learned to write. No, he suddenly revokes this last wish, and looks upon a pen as a thing plucked from the wing of an angel.

"I may write to you, dear one? And you will write to me—is it not so?"

"Do you wish to write to me?" says Lilian, softly, yet not without a little tiny smile.

No, Carlyon wishes never to have occasion to write to her, and always to be by her side, always to be ready to listen to her slightest word, always—but it occurs to me—I never read novels myself—but all this sort of thing must have been said before, some time or other.

However, as the having a young lady, however beautiful, always in the arms of a young gentleman who intends to rise in the political world, might be inconvenient in the House of Commons, and at Cabinet Councils, and otherwise, it is agreed that Carlyon shall write to Lilian, and that she shall answer his letters. And then Bernard, promising that he will never have a secret from her in the world, and very likely meaning it at the time, and designing to show her the list of the very first cabinet he forms, even before laying it before Her Majesty, proceeds to tell her of his interview with the Jesuit, Mr. Heywood, and of the strange proposal the latter had made to him. Lilian disengaged herself, but not unkindly, from Carlyon's arm, and listened attentively, and with a deep flush upon her brow, and more anger in those blue eyes, than a stranger might have thought they could express.

"And Mr. Heywood begged you to take time to consider his proposal," asked she, "and then to come over to Lynfield, and answer it? And you are here to-day."

"Ah!" said Carlyon, interrupting her, "do not for one moment connect that foolish interview with one which has been the event of my life. You do not, I know—I see."

"I trust you in everything, and for ever," answered Lilian, frankly, and again extending her hand. "But you do not know Mr. Heywood."

"Better than he may think," returned Bernard, "and at all events, it is something to know that one does not know him. But I treated his proposal as an idle attempt to play with my feelings or to mystify me, and I purposely broke the appointment he made with me. Did he not expect me on Tuesday?"

"It is hard to say when he expects anybody," replied Lilian, "but I remember that he was at home the whole of that day."

"And," said Bernard, "there was a sort of sign which he suggested to me. He had become aware—you had, very naturally, told him, dearest, that a chain of yours was in my hands."

"I have never mentioned it," said Lilian, "to him, or to any one else. It was so trifling a matter," she added, smiling archly, "that perhaps I had forgotten it."

"But," said Carlyon gravely, "this is a little strange. He dis-

tinely said to me that he had your authority to ask me for the chain."

"And you gave it him?"

Bernard drew forward a few links of the chain, by way of reply, and Lilian looked pleased.

"He proposed," said Bernard, "that I should retain it until I met him here on Tuesday, and then, if he saw me return the chain to you, he was to understand that I did not entertain his scheme, whatever it might be."

"And am I to have my chain back again?" asked Lilian, smiling.

"Never," replied Bernard, earnestly, "if you will permit me to retain it. But may I ask you, dear Lilian" (he must have privately practised the use of her Christian name, it came so naturally) "whether you comprehend his real drift, and in what way he supposes that I can aid in restoring you the inheritance lost to your family?"

"Why not ask the question of himself," said the priest, who had entered the room unperceived by the young people, and who now stood between them with a smile, indicating that he was rather amused.

"An eaves-dropper, Sir?" asked Carlyon, indignantly.

"Why no," said Heywood, carelessly, "not exactly, though as one's ears are given one by Providence to hear with, I do not consider it wrong to use them when desirable, and I should have been an eaves-dropper, as you elegantly word it, had there been any reason. Well, I presume from Miss Trevelyan's heightened colour that your conversation has been interesting,—may one hear the result, omitting sighs, adjectives, and other non-essentials?"

"The only part of it I need trouble you with, Mr. Heywood," said Carlyon, "is that which relates to a falsehood you thought it worth while to tell me. You use explicit language, and am sure you will excuse it."

"I scarcely remember the exact words of our conversation," said Heywood, "but my impression is, that I told you several falsehoods, or rather parables, which are falsehoods in illustration of truths,—at once the civiler and the more philosophic way of describing them."

"Of course," said Bernard, with a very lofty scorn, "it is profoundly immaterial to me in what light you consider an untrue statement, but I thought it proper to mention to Miss Trevelyan why I had not obeyed an order you pretended to bring, and I find that it was your own invention."

"Do you know that I like you, young Carlyon?" said the priest, with a good-natured air of patronage. "I like you for coming here to-day, rejecting my plan without hearing it, and honestly avowing your love for this young lady. I did not think, I tell you frankly, that, after what I had said, you would have had the courage to do it."

"As it is impossible," replied Bernard, who thought he saw the trap, "to say how far you have to-day carried out your theory about ears, I shall make no answer to you, except to observe that



my courage, be it what it may, was not learned in a seminary where the tutors are courageous enough to teach listening and—"

He hesitated, for tempting as was the alliteration, Lilian was in the room, and Heywood was a clergyman. So he shifted the strong word and added "parables." The priest laughed out.

"I tell you that you will *do* in the House of Commons—cultivate your talent for retort—it is the only thing that ever lifts the debates out of commonplace, now that oratory is abolished. And so you have plighted faith, young people, and are to correspond until Mr. Carlyon becomes Premier, and in the meantime he is to keep the chain now round his neck. The whole arrangement seems very complete, and I make you my congratulations, and answer for the approbation of Uncle Eustace, which of course you have not thought worth troubling yourselves about."

"Father Heywood," said Lilian, with some firmness, "we are not strangers, and I can read a kind meaning in a mocking tone. But Mr. Carlyon—"

"Better known as 'Bernard' a quarter of an hour ago," interpolated the priest, and Lilian grew crimson, but continued—

"Mr. Carlyon does not understand you, and ought not even to think himself insulted in a family whose daughter he has saved from insult."

"Mr. Carlyon has repaid himself a thousandfold," returned the priest, "for striking a couple of blows for Miss Trevelyan, in enlisting her to strike one for him."

"That is true," said Bernard quite radiantly, "whether meant in sincerity or in taunt."

"I told you," said Lilian, turning to him, "that if you came here you would meet some strange people, and I have no doubt you are convinced I was right."

Father Heywood took up a book, and glancing at it for a moment or two, threw it down again, and said, as if the subject had just occurred to him,

"By the way, Bernard, for I treat you as one of the family now, you are a Protestant, I suppose, as much as anything. Do you come over to us? If so, I will lend you some theological books, which you will find consoling, and confirming, and so forth."

"Francis Rabelais, perhaps," said Carlyon, hardly knowing how to meet Heywood's levity. "Thank you, I have a very good copy."

"Miss Lilian Trevelyan must do the rest," said Heywood, disregarding the answer. "It is a trifling matter to you and me, you know, whether our bishops make a cross beside their names, or do not; but some people are particular. That, I think, is the only difficulty likely to arise with Uncle Eustace, who has rather strong notions about the pale of the Church, and I believe," he added carelessly, "Lilian has given him some promise—or was there not something about a curse? However, that is all easily arranged where people are in earnest." And nodding a pleasant good-bye to the others, he lounged out of the room, humming an air from the Huguenots.

"Do not speak," said Lilian, eagerly, "I know what you would say; but it would be what hereafter you might wish unsaid."

"I am dumb," said Bernard. "I have said enough, to-day," he added tenderly, "and shall never speak again to such happy purpose." With a good deal more to the same effect, which was very satisfactory, no doubt, to Lilian Trevelyan, but might be less so to any other person. It need only be recorded that after a protracted interview, which neither seemed inclined to abridge, though really everything that either had to say had been put into every variety of form, and something sadly like repetition had been going on for a very long time, Bernard and Lilian actually separated, in the pretty words of Mr. Praed's song, "with a kiss and with a prayer," and it would be indecorous and irreverent to ask which was the longer. And Bernard little thought how hard he rode as he hastened across the country to Aspen Court.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### A NIGHT WITH THE SPEAKER.

It was known that the Cabinet was to fall. The Opposition trumpets, some of them brazen enough, had long been sounding, fierce as those of mosquitoes, around the Ministerial Jericho, whose walls were already heaving and riving. But few knew how near was the grand crash.

The Minister to whom Carlyon had been accredited by his aristocratic friend, was a tall, large, grey-headed, able man, of extreme industry, and untiring energy. He was the model of a man of public business. But, far from being a mere red-tapist, he held enlarged and elevated views, and a high sense of principle, for none of which did the keen-sighted public give him much credit. For this there was a reason. The Minister was a haughty man, perfectly confident in the purity and wisdom of his own intentions, and in his ability to carry them out. He knew that with the matters in his own department, not to say with those of half the other *bureaux*, he was as well qualified to deal as any person in England, and by dint of a tolerably well justified contempt for most of the units with whom he was brought into contact, he gradually acquired a less defensible contempt for those units in the aggregate called a people. He served the nation well, but he cared little for the compliments of his masters, and, happening to be a rich man, still less for their wages and perquisites. When called to public account for any of his actions, he was not only ungracious in his explanation, firing away upon his interrogator as if the latter had maliciously sought to interrupt the business of the country, but he was in the habit of assigning the most technical and routine reasons for acts to which he had really been prompted by high and noble motives. Ever refusing a statesman's explanation when a clerk's was sufficiently plausible, he was estimated by the nation as a clerk, though in reality a statesman. Week after week the narrowness of his notions was



demanded by the country, but only a strong speech and a weak measure had been accorded by the government. An aggrieved, or at all events a complaining party, had mustered for a general charge, and their dexterous leader, devising a form of appeal in which the largest number of independent members could join, had made a damaging onslaught upon the ministry, who had been barely saved by their own official votes. An important, though fragmentary motion on the franchise was opposed by the government and carried against them by a triumphant majority. It was clear that the *coup de grace* must speedily come. Paragraphs appeared, stating that Cabinet Councils were sitting daily for three and four hours, and the "Court Circular" spoke of numerous interviews with the Sovereign. An immense number of rising young men obtained their own consent to be Under-Secretaries under the new *régime* which was coming—the country attorneys rushed to church to pray that a dissolution might be necessary—four Peers became perfectly clamorous at the neglect their claims for promotion had experienced, and one of them wrote an ungrammatical remonstrance which was malevolently shown at the Reform Club and paraphrased in an evening paper, which convinced the enraged writer that the world was at an end. Parliamentary officials growled that all this would retard the prorogation, and there would be no getting to the Rhine and Danube before the end of August, when the evenings close in so confoundedly. West-end tradesmen, in their wrath at the injury to the season, wished there was no constitution, and sighed for a despotism with a George the Fourth as Emperor. The funds began to dance up and down in the Threadneedle thermometer, and, in short, England was in a fidget, the England worth speaking of; the rabble being most impertinently unconcerned.

At last the night came on for the last act. Long before four o'clock the entrances to the House of Commons were crowded with sturdy, sneering artisans, who must all have had business to attend to, but who thought proper to leave it in order to see how Members of Parliament looked on their way to do execution. It was a fine hot afternoon, and many of the Ministers walked to meet their fate. It was curious to hear the growl of recognition with which they were greeted, and the unhesitating interpretation which was put upon the expressions their faces were interpreted to wear.

"Looks quite cocky, don't he? Means to die game, I should say."

"Ah! but look at this one. My eye, is n't he down in the mouth a few?"

"Don't like losing his salary. Small blame to him."

"That's \* \* \* \*. How he grins, as much as to say, I've feathered my nest, so go it, you cripples."

Amid these and other popular criticisms the devoted ministers entered the House. Selwyn had walked down with Carlyon, and as they crossed from Great George Street an enlightened politician remarked,

"The tallest one, the oldish cove, that's Selwyn chap that—the Queen calls him Master Luci speaks to him."

"Not likely," said a pale young man, who had good manners lingered at court.

"O, but I know it," returns the other. "The son, whom he's training up in his footsteps, and as ambitious as blazes."

"Come now, Selwyn was never married, I third man, " for my aunt lived with the family, ligious, and strict like."

"What's that to do with it?" replies the first those saints that are the worst of the lot,"—and into a miscellaneous imprecation on psalm-smiths, worms, and other objectionable religionists, Selwyn and his companion had got into the lobby in one of the privileged pews below the str minister walked up the house, and to his seat to the Speaker's right, took a despatch box on his to master, with practised celerity, the salient point which he had just been told he was to be inter-

There had been a great "whip," and the House but the nation needed not to flatter itself that a parliament assembled four hundred and thirty seven members. They had been driven in by private influence vote on a private measure—the Choggleby and Union Junction Waterworks Bill. This was giving some twenty thousand people clean and place of some dear and turbid mess supplied by companies, and the latter had of course exerted themselves. The House was hot and angry, and the sun down, and shareholders and directors were bawling vulgar voices (for it is singular to notice how the House are called up on these private bills), supporting the scheme with all the grace and tradesmen. At last the House recollected that cuss the affairs of the nation, not the dividend and shouted for a division. The bill was rejected and the Chogglebites and Bunkumites were a year of dirty water.

Then came the petitions. Petitioning is the Englishman, and it is a proud thing to see how a member, roll in hand.

"A petition, sir, from inhabants of Mumbleton House will be pleased to mumble mumble mumble on mumble?" And even if he did not sink he would be drowned in his skip from his place to document on the table, where a clerk instantly put it into a large carpet bag.

Little think the people in the little borough is carried round, with the explanation of reason



signature under protest, and the signature as a personal favour, and the signature as matter of principle, the signature withheld as a duty to the country and all the other negotiations and considerations and fussifications, ending with the careful transmission to Our member, and the request for an acknowledgment by return of post, if not by the electric telegraph—little do they dream of the mumble and the thrust, which in a quarter of a minute at longest dispose of their manifesto. Perhaps, if they saw the process once, they would keep their parchment for children's drums, which make a good deal more noise than any petitions.

After the petitions came the questions. Mr. Cornwall was anxious to know whether we were going to war with Russia this week or the next; Mr. Devonshire, what pattern Government recommended for the stamps on butter; Mr. Dorset, when the Archbishop of Canterbury was to be put on half salary; Mr. Somerset, why the Edinburgh post had been late on Tuesday fortnight; Mr. Wiltshire, whether there was any objection to his having copies of all letters ever written by Government since the accession of William Rufus; Mr. Hants, whether he might have a copy of a private note sent by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to Mr. Quartermaine, of Greenwich, about the Ministerial Whitebait Dinner; Mr. Sussex, what day the codification of all the laws of England would be ready for distribution; Mr. Surrey, whether the Home Secretary would recommend a pension to Stanislaus Zzychymzski, a Polish pickpocket, who had been incarcerated all night on a charge which there was no evidence to support; Mr. Berks, whether the Mint intended to coin silver fivepences for the convenience of buyers of newspapers; Mr. Rutland, when the nuisance of church bells in London was to be put down; and Mr. Monmouth, what week it would be convenient for Government to give up to him in order that he might set forth his notions on Government, Reform, Agriculture, Education, Public-houses, India, the Factories, the Ecclesiastical Commission, the Ordnance Survey, the Currency Question, and a few other topics to which the honourable member wished to call the attention of the House. And minister after minister having answered, refused to answer, or evaded the inquiry addressed to him, it was hoped that the great business of the evening was coming on. But no, an Irish member, Mr. Valerian Fitzbog, had a notice on the paper, and was enchanted at finding a full House, which was compelled to remain, instead of a dead certainty of a count out. He favoured the assembly with an hour and a half of brogue, the theme being the dismissal of the Master of the Workhouse at Killyscullyoleary. Five minutes would have sufficed a Saxon for stating this grievance, but then a Saxon, in his stolid dulness, would not have enriched his argument with a sketch of the Danish Invasion, the Battle of the Boyne, the French Revolution, Lord Castlereagh and the Union, and a few other matters apparently not necessarily connected with the case of Mr. Macparings, the dismissed master, but deeply interesting to lovers of Ireland. Of course, if one Irish member speaks, five others must attack him, and five more must batter his

assailants, so that an Irish row helped on the evening until half after nine. Then the Speaker retired, with views which strangers interpret according to their respective natures—it being a moot question, and variously decided, whether the right honourable gentleman goes to take a chop, a yawn, a cigar, a shower bath, or a sherry-cobbler. He returned. A cry of order—down go the galleries—members to their places—reporters lean forward—the Speaker glances at the Government—a ministerial hat is moved—a minister rises for a moment, murmurs a few words—and the Speaker's voice proclaims that at last the work of the night is on. Then, crowded, and not in the best of temper, the House addresses itself to listen. We may laugh—but the sight of a constitutional assembly of free men waiting an exposition from the Minister of a Constitutional Sovereign, is a fine one, and suggestive of many a bloody historical page, turned before that leaf was reached.

Briefly, clearly, and as calmly as if he did not know that the measure he advocated was doomed, the Leader of the House explained his bill, pointed out its necessity, and its advantages, compared and contrasted it with other schemes for the same purpose, and presented it to the House as a fulfilment of one of the pledges given by Ministers, through the Royal lips, at the opening of the Session. He attempted little display, but in his concluding sentences his voice swelled into loftier cadences, as with a significant energy he declared that even should the House come to an unfavourable decision, which he would not anticipate, he should not feel the less certain that he had done his duty. The cheers which followed would have been absurd in their redoubled vehemence, had they been showered upon the speech, and not upon the speaker and the situation.

He was hardly down when one of the staunchest leaders of the Opposition stood at the red box on the other side. He confronted the ministers boldly as became the fearless and honest commoner, lord of half a county, and with a pedigree few lords can show. Lacking the practised composure of the minister, he grew excited, even with the game in his own hands, and the broad, hale face reddened up to the roots of the silver hair. A fine, kindly old man, that county member, and one who would far gladlier have led the whole House after one of his foxes, than have hounded them on to tear down a minister, but he thought he saw duty, and it had been a way with the men of his blood, for eight hundred years, to do it. The House rang again with his lusty old voice, as he denounced the bad measure and the worse cabinet, and moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months.

The Speaker's eye fell right and left with extreme impartiality, now calling up an energetic barrister, bent on a Solicitor-generalship, and now a wealthy shipowner, strong in well-applied sense, stronger in ill-applied aspirates. A professional orator delivered his prepared harangue—it did not fit very well, being an answer to what had not been said, but was otherwise unexceptionable—and another gentleman, primed with champagne, let off a "smari" speech which he had got ready for a previous night, but had not



been able to make—the jokes missed fire certainly, but so they would have done at any other time. Ireland pronounced against the Minister, and again enlivened the scene by another little internecine war, in which Munster scoffed mightily at, and was scoffed at mightily, by Connaught. The night wore, and the great guns roared not. Timid cries of "divide" broke out as two or three bores successively rose.

Watching his opportunity, and springing up after the very stupidest of these, in order that he might snatch and mangle him by way of an opening compliment to the House (which tolerates bores wonderfully, but rejoices to see them tortured), the great Leader of Opposition stood in the battle. A perfect and accomplished debater, calmest when apparently stormiest, with a studied tone for every taunt, and a practised gesture for every jibe. His shaft missed no mark, his arm struck no blow short. He appealed to ancient principles, to historic names, to the honourable traditions of party, to the proud elements of the constitution, and he urged, in accents alternately sonorous and bitter, that for an old principle the advisers of the Crown had substituted a Manchester-made expediency; that they read history backwards, as witches read prayers, and with the same desire, that of raising a destructive fiend; that they had abandoned party traditions for disgraceful hucksterings, and that if they had hitherto abstained from destroying the constitution, it was chiefly because they had hoped to make a better bargain by selling it. With these and a few other gentle imputations, delivered in the most masterly and artistic style, of which oratory is capable, and with a glowing eulogium upon the party with which the speaker was advancing to save the country, he concluded one of those dashing and deadly philippics which are a feature in Parliamentary history.

Ten men rose at once as he sat down, for men get audacious at midnight, and like the Glendoveer, are ready to stand forth in Seeva's sight against the most dreadful Rajah. The speaker selected the tithe of patriotism, and Carlyon, in his place in the gallery, only waited to see that the chosen member was a dull good man on the Government side.

"If they will hear him," he thought, "I can manage."

And sometimes they will hear. After a brilliant display it is not unrefreshing to have a dullard for a little while. Hence many men get an audience which it is to be hoped they do not misunderstand. The House did not cry the speaker down—and Carlyon left it.

"To Lincoln's Inn Fields," he said to a smart cabdriver, "as hard as you can go, and a shilling a minute for every minute under ten."

Heaven help the old women at the crossings that night, if there were any; but old women must be run over sometimes for the good of the country.

In about five-and-twenty minutes later something was put into Francis Selwyn's hand. The bore had just sat down, and another

on the opposite side was pleading, amid the House, for a very few words only.

"Hear, hear," said the Minister, to the many around. The orator looked gratefully and really felt sorry that he was going to abuse interfered for him. Even members of Parlia feelings.

Selwyn looked through what had been se pamphlet, with pages turned down and marke saw what was supplied, and for a moment he sn to use it. But his lip curled the next instant. to a subordinate colleague, a lawyer of the rea unhesitating oratory.

"Would you like a brief," said Selwyn wit and holding out the pamphlet. The other seiz preternatural barrister-skill, further improved l mons practice, extracted all its value in a few s

"O, rather!" said he, in reply to Selwyn, an termination which made Selwyn laugh.

Down went the bore and up got the barr opposition leader like a falcon, and paid him sarcasm, and insult for insult, shouted again sneered against his sneers. Coarse but effec told; but, when brandishing the pamphlet in it down upon the table as impressively as if it w had kept for years to be ready for that night, sive cheers of the House, stated that it was a a speech delivered not a very long time since leader of the Opposition, in which he avowed hostile to those he had expressed that night: th things always do. As, in a high, clear voice, passage after passage, with comments of iro echoed (as in the Cato case) "to show that th felt," and the long lines of members waved excitement, Bernard Carlyon actually began to done something for the nation. He was a yo must not be too hard upon him for being please he had remembered the mischievous documen after the division, which took place an hour late were defeated by a majority of fifteen, Francis him to three or four of them in the lobby as t had brought down the pamphlet, and that in claimer of any merit beyond that of memory, House of Commons, who is a classical scholar natured smile,

"You have profited by your Eton grammar, *tempore venisti, quod omnium est primum.*"



## SIR WALTER GILBERT AND THE INDIAN ARMY.

THE "Thirty years' Peace" is now fast becoming a "Forty years' Peace," and it has long ceased to be regarded as anything but a matter of course that the old race of heroes to whom, under Providence, we are indebted for that peace, are fast disappearing from the scene. It was remarked by many who witnessed, at the obsequies of the great man who led those heroes to victory, the gradual sinking of the crimson coffin into the crypt of St. Pauls, leaving a vacant space at the feet of his old comrades, that they had become few in number, that he had survived a vast majority of his old associates, and that, in a little while, there would be nothing left but the memory of the men who had earned great military reputations on the battle-fields of Europe. In a few years, humanly speaking, there will be hardly a soldier left amongst us who knows anything of European warfare, beyond what he may have learnt from books and plans, and the traditions of the Past. But we may still have approved good soldiers amongst us, men who have fought in great battles, and led great armies to victory. "India is the nursery of captains," said Uncle Rowland. We must look to the East now as the nourisher of great military renown. It seems a necessity that European military nations, with immense standing armies, should have some foreign exercise-ground to keep them from fighting among themselves. However deplorable may be the truth, it would appear that there must be a vent somewhere for the military ardour of great Empires. Thus France has her Algeria; Russia, her Circassia; England has long found employment in India.

But great military reputations, earned in India, do not last long to endow the earner of them. They too soon become the property of history. Save in a very few exceptional cases, as in that of Herbert Edwardes, in Mooltan, they are never earned by young men. The military system, which obtains in India, is a seniority system. The army of the East India Company has produced many fine soldiers; but those soldiers have very rarely had an opportunity of distinguishing themselves as the conductors of great military operations, until they have been far advanced in years; and, at that advanced period of life, hard service, under a sultry sky, tells fearfully upon a constitution perhaps weakened and exhausted by nearly half a century of exposure to a destroying climate. Nott, who did such good service in Afghanistan, returned to his native country to learn that his deeds were estimated at their true worth, but did not live to enjoy their reward. Whish, who captured Mooltan, and whose movements contributed so much to the great victory of Goojrat, died soon after his return; and now Gilbert, whose dashing exploits in the Sikh wars will ever be held in remembrance, has scarcely set his foot on British soil,

before the great conqueror lays his hand upon the sword and is carried to the grave.

The military career of Sir Walter Gilbert was in the present century. He first buckled on his sword in 1801. Great events were then in the air. Wellesley was about to crush the Mahdys and western India. Under the former leader Gilbert saw much hard fighting, and was exposed to the dangers and privations of a soldier's life, through a campaign which ended in the annexation to the British Empire of a fine tract of country now known as the "Punjab." He was present at the great battle of the capture of Alighur and Deeg. Such an opportunity of distinguishing himself actively and energetically in the field; but his exploits only go to swell the aggregate of credit is given to the regiment collected on its rolls. It seems, however, that during the operations attending the unsuccessful assault on the city of Alighur Gilbert had an opportunity of distinguishing himself to good account. He recaptured the city which had fallen into the enemy's hands, and was more conspicuous at a time when the gloom of the future was lowering over the British camp. He brought the young soldier to the notice of his superiors, and was not forgotten by Lord Lake during his service in the East. At a later period, he was attached to the personal staff, firstly of General Nugent, and afterwards of Lord Hastings. His conduct rendered him peculiarly well fitted to perform the duties devolved upon him; but there was better than the functions of the A.D.C. could bring into the service. Appointments, however, generally, to us, are "a mere something." Captain Gilbert was appointed to the Mysore Princes, and afterwards to the command of the Ramghur Local Battalion. In 1828 he returned to England, and, after a short residence, he settled himself down in England to the pursuit of his profession. Throughout sixteen years of his professional life, he was absent from India, but, having all the ardour of youth, he determined at the age of threescore to reappear on the stage, and in 1844 he reappeared on the stage, and soon took a conspicuous part in the drama which was about to be enacted on the banks of the Ganges.

In 1845 General Gilbert was selected to command a division of the great army, then under the command of Hugh Gough, for the defence of the British Empire. It happens that an officer who has been so many years in military life, is esteemed fit for the command of troops almost immediately on his return to



proves himself to be so, in the hour of need. Gilbert's case, indeed, presents almost a solitary exception to the rule, that the sword will rust if it be kept too long in the scabbard. But the fine soldierly qualities of the man, who, forty years before, had fought under Lake, upon the banks of the Jumna were not to be impaired by disuse. It was well-known that he had great bodily activity—that he was a good and a bold rider—that he was a man of consummate courage, shrinking from no danger and turning aside from no difficulty—but it was not known, until he was tried, that he was capable of high military command, and competent to take a place among the best of India's celebrated chiefs. The battles of Moodkhee, Ferozshuhur and Sobraon, put his higher military qualities to the test, and he distinguished himself, as a division-general on those hard-fought fields. But it was at the close of the second Sikh campaign, after the great victory of Goojrat, that Gilbert crowned his military reputation by one of the most dashing movements in the whole history of Indian warfare. It was he who really brought the war in the Punjaub to a close. At the head of a well-equipped light division of all arms, he pursued the broken enemy to the banks of the Indus, and received the submission of the Sikh chiefs, after one of the most rapid and brilliant series of forced marches recorded in all history. "To impart an adequate idea," writes Captain Thackwell, in his memoir of the second Sikh war, "of the credit due to Sir Walter for his energetic pursuit, it will be well to follow him in his successive marches from the 23rd of February, the day on which he left Goojrat. The first day's march brought him to Dinghee. He ascended the Koree pass, and reached the other side of it on the 23rd. On the 24th he approached Nowrungabad, a town not far from the river Jhelum. The enemy were now descried encamped on the other side of the river—the residue of the mighty army which had given us battle on the 21st. On the 27th a portion of the army crossed a ford, opposite to Nowrungabad, when the enemy hastily decamped. Goolab Singh's troops, under Steinbach, hereupon moved against the foe.

"On the 27th Sir Walter, with that mental acumen and corporeal vigour which has given him the victory in so many steeple chases and flat races, pushed on to Rhotas, a fortress of immense strength, fortified as well by nature as by art, which he reached in the evening after a most distressing march. . . . On the 6th of March, the prisoners came into Gilbert's camp, bearing the intelligence that the Sikhs were ready to throw down their arms. On the 8th, Shere Singh had an interview with General Gilbert, and Major Mackeson; and having been assured that nothing but unconditional surrender would satisfy them, went back to his army to communicate with them. . . . On the 11th the troops cast eye on Hoormuck, where the chief Sirdars tendered their submission. On the 14th, Sir Walter entered Rawul Pindee, where the process of disarming was completed." After this he pushed on with a handful of men, good riders and dashing soldiers, like himself, to see that the Afghan horsemen, who had aided the Sikhs in the

late encounter, were fairly driven across the river," says Captain Thackwell, "picture to you a hundred gold and silver cups, the harvest of a career, galloping in post-haste to Attock, accompanied by a small escort of cavalry. The Afghans, on the river Indus, felt much surprise on beholding the victor and his party. Some five thousand men were brought up, the foe decamped leaving seven hundred in our hands." "Though General Gilbert," continues the writer, "had no opportunity of exhibiting his military efficiency in the art of war in a pitched battle, his energy and unswerving decision of purpose under the most difficult circumstances, entitle him to as high a position as the most eminent generals, as the victor of Aliwal or he who was to contend against the rugged difficulties of the mountainous passes, the formidable obstructions of the rivers, and the weightiness of the troops and beasts of burdens." "It is doubtless, to fight pitched battles, and win them, that estimates the services of a commander merely in the field. These pitched battles, takes a very low and narrow view of the military character."

It was in consideration of these services that General Gilbert was nominated a member of the Supreme Council of India by the Act of 1833, under which India is now governed. The Supreme Council to the military officers of the day were days of profound peace, and the first to hold this high office were men who had distinguished themselves by their administrative talents than by services in the field. Colonel Morison and General Casement were named as practised men of business; but the latter officer had been suddenly closed by death. The military operations had called forth the services of the Company's officers, and from that time the supreme council became the rewards of the victors in the field.

Sir George Pollock, who commanded the British forces in our unexampled disasters in Afghanistan, was the first to hold this high office; then Sir John Littler, who had distinguished himself both in the Gwalior and the Sikh campaigns. General Gilbert, whose exploits we have been considering, was suggested that an officer who has distinguished himself by some dashing movements in the field, or by successful operations in a critical conjuncture, is to take part in the administrative deliberations of the Government. It has been said, for instance, that Sir Walter was a bold rider, a bold sabreur, and, all in all, a general, therefore, the fittest man to select for the office of a member of the Supreme Government of India—an office which required a session of a vast amount of local knowledge and sagacity of a high order. And to some extent



sound one. The evil rises out of a defect in the existing system, to which, at the present time, it is not unimportant to allude.

That the qualities which enable a man to distinguish himself in the field are not necessarily those which fit him to take his place as a councillor of state, is a fact by no means overlooked by the East India Company. But it is very clear to that enlightened body that the distinguished soldiers who have contributed to the preservation of their Indian empire are deserving of *some* reward. That this reward for purely military services should be of a purely military character would seem to be a condition that should not be overlooked. But under the existing system, the higher military rewards are placed out of the reach of the Company's military officers. There is no law compelling this state of things. It is simply established usage. When an officer has commanded a division of the Indian army, or has conducted important military operations of an independent character, there is no further promotion for him, unless he is appointed commander-in-chief of one of the presidency armies. But it has been invariably the custom to confer these chief commands on the officers of the Royal service.

The power of appointment in these cases, really rests with the Horse-guards, though the East India Company are nominally a party to it. The late Duke of Wellington was known to be extremely hostile to the appointment of a Company's officer to any one of these commands, and to have resisted the innovation, when it was suggested by the Court of Directors. It is no secret that the Court, laudably zealous for the welfare of their own servants, would have appointed Sir George Pollock Commander-in-Chief of Bombay, and that Lord John Russell, who was then prime-minister, had actually approved of the appointment when the Duke expressed so strong an opinion on the subject, actually threatening resignation, we believe if any Company's officer were appointed to the post, that it was considered good policy at the time to withdraw the nomination. It is hoped that this exclusiveness will not last longer. The present commander-in-chief, who knows well the qualities of such men as Pollock, Littler, and Gilbert, is not likely to throw any impediment in the way of their professional advancement, and to perpetuate a system which is as impolitic as it is unjust.

We do not know whether the parliamentary committees now have taken any evidence upon this important subject. Whilst prosecuting their inquiries into the state of the Indian army, they could hardly have investigated anything of more importance than this. When Sir John Malcolm was examined in 1813, he emphatically declared his opinion that the exclusion of the Company's officers from these chief commands had a most injurious effect upon the native army. "It was natural," he said, "that the sepoy should look upon his own officers as men altogether inferior to the officers of the Royal service, seeing as he did that the former were not esteemed by the Government competent to command the armies of the different presidencies." Since that time we

are afraid that the bond between the sepoy and the British has been strengthened, and that the latter is not more satisfied with the situation than he was in the time of Sir John B. It is doubtless, some changes called for in the Indian Army, and there is not one more needed than the reformation of the Horse-guards' exclusiveness, which sometimes prevents the best armies under the command of men physically fit for the discharge of the important duties entrusted to them.

That the efficiency of the Supreme Council of India is enhanced by the presence of a member of the Indian Army is hardly to be questioned; and we trust that when a military member will be introduced under the new India bill, into the local government, a military member will be introduced into the council-chamber of Calcutta. But we are very much afraid that a certain amount of approved administrative ability is possessed by the incumbent, and that an administrative member of the council is of vital importance to the general interests of India. The importance of the office is greatly enhanced by the fact that the member of council may, and almost every one does (as the case of Bengal), should not be conferred upon him. The distinction is to be found in certain departments, or even in the conduct of operations requiring a considerable amount of military skill. There would be no room for the exclusiveness of which we have spoken with regard to the Indian Army. There have ever been men in India who have been both good soldiers and able administrators in whom the military quality has asserted itself, or accidentally, to the exclusion of the administrative quality. The former may make good councillors; the latter may make good commanders. But the system is, doubtless, bad, and requires a selection—which compels the East India Company to select the most distinguished of their soldiers, by members of the Supreme Council of India.

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## AMERICAN LITERARY CELEBRITIES.

PERHAPS no country of late years can boast of so many poets and celebrated prose writers as America; there are several, indeed, whose reputation is quite European, and among the number are Mr. Prescott, the historian of "Ferdinand and Isabella," of "Mexico," of "Peru," Mr. Bancroft, the author of the "History of the United States," Mr. Ticknor, who has given us the "History of Spanish Literature," and Mr. Cooper, who may justly be placed at the head of all the writers who at any period have attempted the description of the sea; whose novels are so popular, that they have already been translated into several languages.

M. Ampère has contributed some very agreeable papers under the title of "Promenade en Amerique" to the last few numbers of the "Revue des deux Mondes," besides describing the magnificent scenery through which he travelled, he gives us his impressions of many of the literary men whom he visited; these cannot fail to be interesting, as being the impressions of a man of so much intelligence and observation as M. Ampère. With Mr. Ticknor he seems to have been particularly delighted: from his long residence in Paris, he (M. Ampère) found him almost a Frenchman. "Mr. Ticknor," he says, "has lived in Paris, and knows everybody there; his manners are French, and he speaks the French language fluently; his library is that of a *dilettante*; he discovers the most refined literary taste, and possesses a great many rare and curious books relative to Shakspeare and Dante." Mr. Ticknor is the first person who has given us a complete history of Spanish literature; by means of industry and a large fortune, he has succeeded in forming a Spanish library unrivalled even in the Peninsula; this library has furnished him with materials for a most valuable and remarkable book. "For the sake of those persons," observes M. Ampère, "who doubt the possibility of a real gentleman and scholar being found in the United States, I must certainly quote Mr. Edward Everett; he resides at Cambridge, and was formerly president of the university of that place; for a period, too, he was governor of Massachusetts, and was afterwards ambassador at the court of St. James. He is remarkable in his writings for the elegance of his style; a collection indeed of his orations which have been published, offers a perfectly classical model of American prose. He has quite the manners of an English statesman."

As Mr. Everett mixed extensively in fashionable, literary, and political circles while he was in England, a few details concerning his career may not here be altogether out of place, especially as M. Ampère does not speak again of him. "At the early age of thirteen Mr. Everett entered college, and in 1811 graduated with every sign of the highest promise. At that period in Boston, a

peculiar local interest attached to the professional and great enthusiasm for eloquent and refined, manifested by the cultivated inhabitants: the list contained the most honoured names, and the rank and position were remarkable; one cannot wonder that his friends should persuade the new candidate to enter the church."

"During the first year of his youthful ministrations he drew around him a large and cultivated circle. He found time to write and publish an able work on scriptural evidences of Christianity. But the scientific and the great culture which his mind had undervalued, it evident to his disinterested admirers that he would shine in general literature; and that in promoting academic education, his taste and love of learning would yield more fruits than if he were to follow any other path. In 1815, therefore, when he attained his majority, he was appointed professor of the Greek language and literature in the University, with leave of absence to prosecute his health in Europe. Accordingly he set out on his journey, and arrived at Liverpool just at the moment when Napoleon's flight from Elba had thrown the world into agitation; he therefore remained in England during the war. Thence he proceeded to Göttingen, where he acquired the German language, and visited the University. In that country, he took up his abode in Paris for the first time. On this his first sojourn in Paris, he became intimately acquainted with those who had so eminently promoted the Greek cause. He put Mr. Everett upon a track of inquiry and afterwards nobly vindicated. On quitting Paris he visited Ireland, Wales, different parts of France, Switzerland, and passed the winter of 1818 at Rome; here he formed acquaintance with Canova, and studied ancient by the study of art. In the spring of the next year he made a tour, and thence went to Constantinople, and returned to England by way of Vienna."

"On his arrival in the United States after four years of foreign travel and study, he commenced his duties as professor, illustrating the language, history, and literature, in an able and interesting course of lectures. For several years he was editor of the 'North American Review;' as a writer he was most useful in bringing to light American talent which had displayed itself in the form of periodical literature. Years after relinquishing this genial and most useful office, Mr. Everett was a member of the national house of representatives. In 1835 he was elected Governor of Massachusetts, and held office four successive years. In 1841, he was appointed Justice of the Court of St. James; and when a celebration occasioned his return home, he was received at Harvard College. It is only a few years ago that he held that important office and took up his residence



his time is agreeably divided between literary pursuits and the enjoyment of cultivated society."

Near Cambridge a picturesque wooden house may be seen peeping through the trees; it was formerly inhabited by Washington, who at the time of the war established his head quarters there; it is doubly interesting, on account of its being occupied by Longfellow, one of the most eminent poets of the United States. Miss Mitford, when discussing the merits of Longfellow, in her "Notes of a Literary Life," relates a kind of Ghost story concerning this same house. "One night," she writes, "the poet chanced to look out of the window, and saw by the vague starlight a figure riding slowly past the mansion. The face could not be distinguished; but the tall erect person, the cocked hat, the traditional costume, the often described white horse, all were present: slowly he paced before the house and then returned, and then again passed by, after which neither horse nor rider were seen or heard of; could it really be Washington," she observes, "or was it some frolic masquerader assuming his honoured form?" Miss Mitford herself holds firmly to the ghostly side of the story, and so did her informant, also a poet and an American, and as worthy to behold the spectre of the illustrious warrior as Professor Longfellow himself.

Though the Americans were rich in prose and poetical writers, it was not until the appearance of Mr. Longfellow that any of their poets attained any great European celebrity, his poems make their way to every heart, the terseness of diction and force of thought delight the old; the grace, melody, and tenderness enchant the young; the unaffected and all-pervading piety satisfies the serious; and a certain slight touch "of mysticism carries the imaginative fairly off their feet." "In a country," says M. Ampère, "where men are for the most part completely absorbed in politics, I did not expect to meet with anybody leading so calm, noble, and pleasant an existence as Mr. Longfellow. I found Mr. Longfellow established in an elegant house, with his amiable and beautiful wife, and surrounded by lovely children; to me he is the perfect ideal of a happy poet, and it is said that his life forms quite a romance. He has travelled all over Europe and understands the language of nearly all its countries. He possesses divers literary curiosities, from the popular songs of Denmark to those of Havanna; and has saved poetry from a grave in almost every country. Mr. Longfellow is acquainted with the primitive and patriarchal manners of Sweden, of which he gives a description in his preface to his translation of Tegner's beautiful poem, "The children of the Lord's Supper." He has visited Italy and France, and has experienced all the interest which cannot fail to be felt in the old towns of Germany."

What American can ever forget the Psalm of Life? exclaims Mr. Ampère; it is an answer to the words of Ecclesiastes, "All is vanity." Each of Longfellow's most celebrated poems is the expression of a feeling common to every mind, in moods into which every mind is liable to fall. "Footsteps of Angels," "Excelsior," "The Old Clock on the Stairs," "The Vision," "Twilight," &c. are most exquisite and delicate interpretations of universal emo-

tions. In 1842 he passed the summer upon the Rhine, and at Boppard, where he stayed some time, became intimate with the enthusiastic young German poet, Freiligrath. Upon reaching home, he found the world perfectly intoxicated with the bewitching grace of Fanny Ellsler, and learned from good authority that her saltatory movements were more than poetical; this suggested to him the "Spanish Student," which breathes so completely of the South; it is, however, rather too Spanish in its character altogether, to suit our English taste. In 1843 Longfellow bought the house which had once been Washington's head-quarters, he (Longfellow) had formerly lodged there while the house was in the possession of a Mrs. Craigie, and in General Washington's chamber many of his earlier poems were written.

M. Ampère saw Bryant for the first time under very different circumstances, to those in which he encountered Longfellow. "Mr. Longfellow received me in his elegant house," he remarks, "and was surrounded by works of art and reminiscences of other countries, but my first introduction to Mr. Bryant took place at his newspaper office, and he looked dusty and fatigued, and bore the appearance of a man who has his way to make in the world; this accidental occurrence accurately paints the different tone of thought and modes of life of these two poetical natures: the one a Whig, a professor, and a man of the world, but leading a calm and refined existence; the other professing democratic principles, and actively mixed up in the bustle and turmoil of life. Mr. Bryant, like Mr. Longfellow, has travelled through Europe, and has published his travels, but he is more essentially American than his brother poet; like him he is a serious and moral poet, yielding rather to feelings of melancholy, not to that dreaming melancholy, however, peculiar to those who enjoy leisure, and reflective repose, but to that manly sadness which may be so frequently observed in those who have struggled with fortune. Speaking of this struggle, he himself says, 'The worldly cares, in which I am immersed, gnaw my heart and scorch it as fire does paper.' He delights in speaking of death, to look it in the face as a resolute traveller might fix a steady eye upon the robber, who suddenly crosses his path, towards whom he advances, not certainly with joy, but without fear. American scenery does not less happily inspire Mr. Bryant, than does the future greatness of his country. He has written some beautiful lines on the Autumn aspect of the American forests; his poem upon the Prairies is a simple and truthful picture of those regions, which have given birth to so many romances. He is particularly fortunate in his translation from the Portuguese, Spanish, French, and German languages."

M. Ampère came upon Bryant at an unlucky moment. "It is under the open sky and engaged in rural pursuits that he (Bryant) is seen to advantage, that is, in his true character, the natural amiability of his disposition, sometimes clouded by the cares of life and the untoward circumstances of business intercourse, shines forth under the grateful influence of nature so dear to the heart and tranquilizing to the spirits of her child. Here little



children cluster about the grave man's steps, fearing not to climb his knee. And 'serenest eyes' meet his in fullest confidence, finding there none of the sternness of which casual observers sometimes complain. It seems almost a pity that other walks should ever draw him hence; but perhaps the contrast between country walks and city pavements is necessary for the perfection and durability of rural pleasures. It would be almost impossible to find a man who had led so stirring a life for fifty years, and had yet preserved such perfect simplicity of character and habits as Mr. Bryant. No one can be less a man of the world, so far as that word means a worldly man, than he is, in spite even of his having travelled a great deal and mixed extensively in society. Mr. Bryant's collection of books is not large, but his tastes and pursuits lead him through the entire range of literature, from the Fathers to Shelley and from Courier to Jean Paul. He is a proficient in German, French, and Spanish, and reads Italian with ease; so, works in all these languages are to be seen on his shelves. He turns naturally from the driest treatise on politics or political economy to the wildest romance or the most tender poem, happy in the possession of a power of enjoying all that genius has created or industry achieved in literature."

"At ten years old William Cullen Bryant wrote verses, which were published in one or two newspapers of the day; even younger than this he had written rhymes, which his father, a man of taste and learning, criticized and taught him to correct. Such precocity often ends in disappointment, but Mr. Bryant did not retrograde, and at fourteen he wrote a satirical poem, called 'The Embargo,' which is perhaps one of the most wonderful performances on record. The first general collection of his works was in 1832, when he gave to the world, in one volume, all the poems he was willing to acknowledge. Of his publisher, Mr. Elam Bliss, Bryant loves to mention, for his great liberality in all his dealings, and for a most kind and generous disposition. It was for him that the 'Talisman' was written. In his habits Bryant is somewhat of an ascetic, not on any principle, but from choice. Milk is more familiar to his lips than wine; yet he does not disdain 'the cheerful hour' over which moderation presides. He eats sparingly of animal food, though he is not afraid to enjoy roast goose, lest he should outrage the manes of his ancestors. He 'hears no music' if it be fantastical, yet his ear is finely attuned to the various harmonies of wood and wave. Poetical composition severely exhausts him, so severely, indeed, that these efforts are consequently rare. His are no holiday verses, and those who advise his writing a long poem are perhaps proposing that he should, in gratifying their admiration, raise up a monument for himself in which he would be self-enclosed."

Everybody is familiar with the name of Fennimore Cooper. After Scott no writer of fiction ever enjoyed greater reputation than the author of "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Red Rover," &c. Indeed, he has been called the Scott of America; he has, however, the power of casting a charm and poetry over

sea-life, in which he is perfectly unrivalled, and it not for his pictures of the regions of the world that have ensured him lasting fame. Cooper, who was taken to the little village which was built three years before, where his childhood was destined to be his final resting-place. Perhaps his love of the water, which afterwards led to his naval profession, from the Otsego, and the fact that he has invested old Ocean for so many months, owing to a quiet little lake among the hills, "child" more truly "father of the man" than thirteen he entered Yale, he would have been in the institution been what it now is, but still he proved himself an apt and ready scholar. In the president, his well-won reputation as a teacher as a poet. College then as now, perhaps not to one of the learned professions, but Cooper sought to seek a more adventurous career, and after leaving for the navy. There were no schools in the country, therefore it was usual for a young candidate to make a voyage before the mast in a merchant ship, an initiation and experience, a custom which Cooper, on his own course, was far from approving. Few can regret it, for it made him intimate with hardships, the excitement, the pains and dangers, which surely he could never have painted so vividly year and a half in the fore-castle. It was in the tarpaulin that the future guest of Rogers and set foot on English ground, his imaginative recollection of all that he had heard and read, his power, and his heart thrilling with the idea that of his fathers. He soon made himself at home through the usual sight-seeing, peered from the top of the wonders of the Tower and the beauties of the evening he amused his shipmates with anecdotes of his day's rambles. The voyage was long, but gave him some rough experience of the world. When he came up the Straits, afforded a running view of the East and Africa, rendered him familiar with the beauties of the Channel, and the dangerous navigational waters, enriched his memory with anecdotes, of character, while it fitted him for the actual voyage. In the Bay of Biscay they were brought only escaped, in consequence of the timely appearance of an English cruiser; Cooper earned some more money on this memorable voyage.

The "Sterling" had hardly cast anchor in the harbor, when she was boarded by a man-of-war's boat, from which men taken from her, to be forced into the service. In London another was lost, and the captain himself was pressed into the press-gang. On their return they were brought



officer, who attempted to press a Swede. Cooper could not endure this insult to his flag, and began to tell the Englishman his mind, but the captain compelled him to be silent. Such was some of his early training in a rough but manly school. On his return he pursued the study of his profession in its higher branches, and how successful was the result of his studies will be seen by his writings.

In 1811 he resigned his commission, and married Miss Delancey, whose amiable disposition and domestic virtues were admirably calculated for calling out the earnest affections of his nature, and nurturing that grateful intermingling of action and repose which are so necessary to the freshness and vigour of the mind. He took up his abode in a quiet little house, which may still be seen at Mameroneck in Westchester county, where he enjoyed his books, the repose of country life, the cheerful sunshine of home. It was this apparent monotony that was the means of enlightening him as to his real calling. He was reading a new novel to his wife. "Pshaw!" said he; "I could write a better novel myself;" and by way of proving himself in earnest, he immediately set himself to the task, and wrote the first chapter of "Precaution."

"Go on," was Mrs. Cooper's advice, when she had listened to it as a young wife may be supposed to listen to her husband's first attempts at authorship; and the work was finished. It was the least successful of his books. The scene was laid in England, but it was from his recollections of books that he wrote, and not from his own observations of life and knowledge of the society which he painted.

His vocation was now decided. He had overcome the mechanical difficulties of authorship, and henceforward followed the impulses of his genius, and gave himself up evermore to weave from American history, a series of the most powerful tales; and accordingly wrote the "Spy." Cooper's strong American feelings were so generally known to his friends, that they were exceedingly surprised at the subject which he had chosen for his first work. He was aware of the error he had committed, and resolved to atone for it; but he was rather discouraged with the want of success which attended the first volume which he had published; and it was consequently some time before he could summon up resolution to begin a second. The "Spy," which was his next effort, was most warmly greeted. It was not merely a triumph, but a revelation; for it proved that American society and history yielded abundant material for the most inviting form of romance. There was a truthfulness about it which everybody could feel, and which, in some countries where his novels have been translated, have given them the rank of history.

Wordsworth has shown us that there is much poetry scattered through the walks of lowly life. The "Wanderer," for example, was a beautiful illustration of the wisdom which lies hidden in the brooks and trees, and the pure sunshine of a mind that has chastened all inordinate desires, and learnt to look upon nature

and be happy; but he had never been assailed in the most dangerous form. Cooper was the first of his kind, whose daily earnings were to be his life, and by planting the holy principle in his bosom, raise him to the dignity of a man. And here Cooper discovers his genius. Man has been completely spoiled for want of this, or rather that intuitive perception of the home character of what cannot be taken from it, and grafted upon it without destroying it. Harriet and Cooper has given him the language and his pack is well filled with goods that he can meet the wants and excite the wishes of his customers, how to set them off to advantage, and to get you can actually see his eye twinkle with triumph at driving a good bargain. There is poetry in him, and that is rather brought out from any inward sense of the poetical. This description of his feelings when led out into the world for this circumstance, you would almost imagine Bell, he had walked through the most lovely scenery and appreciation of their loveliness.

Cooper shows the same happy discriminating character of the Leather Stocking, in all that he does. He is a simple and natural character, just as the power of elevating the lowly by the force of the principle, is one of the most striking features of his character, inasmuch as it is a power which he drew from the fountain of his own moral nature. In all writing we judge of men by books; and there are few who come out from such a trial so honourably as Cooper.

The "Spy" was published in 1821, the next came the "Pilot" &c., in 1826; he had the ground of his invention by the publication of "Molicans." Scott had just put out the "Pirate" which was admired as a romance, but was unwilling to give a picture of sea-life; he was by no means inclined to the merits of the "Pirate" in question, but justified in disputing its seamanship; the only way was by writing a tale of the sea, and the result everybody knows how successful this was, the "Rover," and all the other stories of the ocean were published. When he visited Europe in 1827, which was at its height in America, had been received with open arms at Holland House, intimate with Rogers. He was fond of society and his powers were of a high order, and he loved to talk; he was a good listener, and though he held his own, he was a very fair disputant. He disliked to meet men who were introduced as lions. "You learn to be a man," he said, "when you meet him at a show."



up to talk for you instead of with you. When I was in London, Wordsworth came to town, and I was asked to meet him at one of these displays; but I had seen enough of them already and would not go.

"'But you met him afterwards, my dear,' said Mrs. Cooper.

"Yes, at Rogers', and was very much pleased with him; but it was because I met him in a place where he felt at home, and let himself out freely."

With regard to his residence abroad, Mr. Cooper seems to have dwelt more particularly with pleasure on his visit to Italy, of which his two little sunny volumes are a delightful reminiscence. After his return to the United States, his time was chiefly divided between New York, Philadelphia, and Cooperstown, where he had repaired the fine old mansion which his father had built on the shores of the Otsego. In this quiet retreat Cooper wrote seventeen new works of fiction, some to carry out his original design, and some also were suggested by important questions of the day, in which he always took a lively interest; here, too, he wrote his "Naval History of the United States," the "Lives of Naval Commanders," two or three volumes upon Government, and several pamphlets and reviews upon subjects connected for the most part with naval history.

The partial loss of sight under which Mr. Prescott labours, is now a fact in literary history as well known as the blindness of Milton, and lameness of Scott; many, indeed, imagine his loss to be much greater than it is, and picture to themselves the author of "Ferdinand and Isabella" as a venerable personage entirely sightless, whose "dark steps" require a constant "guiding hand," and are very much surprised when they find their imaginary portrait transformed into a figure retaining a more than common share of youthful elasticity, with a countenance full of expression and vivacity, which betrays to casual observation no mark of visual imperfection.

This heavy trial to a man of literary tastes, has been balanced in Mr. Prescott's case by great compensations; he has been very happy in his domestic circle, and is surrounded by numbers of loving and sympathizing friends; he has been happy in the early possession of sufficient leisure to enable him to give his whole energy to literary labours, without interruption; and his own happy and cheerful disposition is another gift, better not only than houses and lands, but better even than genius and fame. It is his privilege, by no means universal with successful authors, to be best valued where best known; and the graceful tribute which his intimate friend, Mr. Ticknor, has paid to him, in the preface to his "History of Spanish Literature," that "his honours will always be dearest to those who have best known the discouragements under which they have been won, and the modesty with which they have been worn," is but an expression of the common feeling of all those who are intimate with him.

Mr. Prescott is considered to be an historian of the same standing as Robertson; of his (Prescott's) works it is almost superfluous

to speak, so much has already been said of the like beauty of his descriptions, the justness of his narrative, his skill in drawing character, the completeness of his views, and that carefulness which enabled him to make his works as accurate, as they are attractive by all the graces of style.

Of a somewhat different nature are Mr. Bancroft's language is less finished and poetical than that of Mr. Irving, more impetuous. "He is essentially an Englishman, and feels, and acts like an American." Mr. A. C. Benson, at the opera in New York, and afterwards at the house. "All that has been yet published of the United States," says M. Ampère, "bears the qualities of mind peculiar to Mr. Bancroft. His glowing and polished language of Irving is not to be found, but an enthusiastic and vehement nature is wonderfully stirred, and completely carried away. Mr. Bancroft belongs to the democratic party; in his writings, but in his manners, and at the existence of these principles could be seen."

Mr. Bancroft went to Germany at seven years of age; in Göttingen; in Berlin he became acquainted with Wolfe, and Savigny, and at Jena he first met the old man in his garden in somewhat striking that dignified presence which is to be seen in the features and statues of him. Lord Byron was struck by his fame, and Goethe asked news of him from him; he said, although without the slightest ill feeling, that the poet had modelled his "Manfred" upon Mr. Bancroft's narration, however, Goethe showed more than the judgment of the critic. After Lord Byron in Italy; he met him on board ship lying at Leghorn, to which the poet had just leaving the vessel Lord Byron asked him to dine, and there introduced the Countess Guiccioli upon various subjects, and Lord Byron asked questions about America; he denied the existence of "Manfred," and said that he had never read it.

In 1844, Mr. Polk was elected President of the United States, Secretary of the Navy, and two years afterwards to the Court of St. James's. On his return to America in 1849, he took up his residence in New York, and chiefly to literary pursuits; the fourth volume of his history, including the French War and the commencement of the Revolution, was immediately prepared for publication in 1852, in Boston. It met with a standing much was expected from him; he was pleased to have their history recorded by him, and the national ideas as Mr. Bancroft, so moulded by great times and their greatest men, and so



## TABLE-TALK ABOUT THOMAS MOORE.

WE do not approach the name of Thomas Moore with any critical intentions. Whatever we shall have to say about his genius in the various and opposite forms of literature he enriched, must be accepted in the sense of a tribute rather than an estimate. The panegyric he applied to Sheridan might be applied with equal truth to himself, that

———" he ran  
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

But it is too late to sit in judgment on Moore. The verdict has long since been pronounced, and remotest posterity will ratify its justice. The delight he bestowed upon his own age will transmit its sweetness to all time; and, although the fragrance may become fainter with the lapse of years, it will never die. Whatever changes may pass over our language or our literature, or whatever destiny may await his works as a whole, he will always survive through some of his melodious utterances,—his spirit will always be felt in the influence it exercised over the intellectual development of the eighteenth century.

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still!"

Of the many phases in which he is presented to us, poet, musician, historian, biographer, there is none that appears to us so endearing as that of his personal character, apart from authorship. There were little drawbacks in it, as there are specks in the sun; but the soundness of his heart, the beauty of his domestic life, the practical integrity and independence he exhibited in his political and social relations, and the noble example of self-reliance he set to all men who adopt literature as a profession, make up the elements of a character which, in its sphere, was as worthy of honour and admiration as that of the most virtuous and inflexible public character. Perhaps a great deal more so, for the temptations to indulgence in his case were unusually strong, and there was no eclat to be gained by a strict observance of those duties which, like violets, "court the shade." Removed, as we are now, at a distance from the associations in which he past his life, the little vanities that entered into his daily intercourse with his contemporaries become massed in broader features. We no longer care to remember them, or if we remember them at all, it is only for the sake of remembering also how superior he was to them. No man is great before his valet-de-chambre. No man can stand the test of the club-window, the gossiping coterie, the supercilious sneer. Yet out of all these risks of fashion and convention, to which more than most men he was exposed, and from which few escape without damage, Moore, who had everything against him in his

origin, and in a figure so small as not only not to command attention, but to suggest a thousand playful images of singing birds, and roses steeped in wine, miniature Anacreons and musical Cupids, soared into the highest circles, and literally nestled there all his life, without compromising the respect due to his own claims, or to the claims of the literature that took him there. If there was homage at his side, there was also homage at the other. If he lifted himself up to them, they stooped to him. And as his fame spread, and his society came to be sought more and more, till at last it was a matter of rivalry and competition to get possession of him, he turned the tables on nobility itself, and might be said to have finally condescended to them, as they in the beginning had condescended to him. His career was, in this respect, a proud vindication of the supremacy of intellect over mere rank. If he followed great people at first, he raised himself above them in the end. He, about whom so many brilliant reputations and eager coronets clustered, had more favours to dispense in the world of excitement in which he moved than cabinet ministers or court parasites. It was said of him, as it has been said of men of less genial natures, that he "dearly loved a lord;" but it could not be said that he showed his passion for lords by sycophancy or meanness. It betrayed itself rather in that uneasy sort of false pride which, by hastily resenting such imputations, to some extent justified them. But it never took the shape of fawning servility or base flattery.

The wonder was, not that he should have been so completely absorbed by aristocratic society, but that he was so little dazzled by it. In estimating correctly the position he occupied, and the gay *insouciance* with which he filled it, we must look at the circumstances under which it was originally won. Here was a young man, scarcely twenty years of age, born in obscurity, without connections or resources, cast upon the great world of London to eat his terms at the bar, with scarcely the means of paying his fees. He is furnished with a few introductions; has a translation, hardly finished, of Anacreon in his pocket, for which he is endeavouring to obtain a list of subscribers, and is chiefly recommended to the people at whose houses he visits by a small but very agreeable talent for music. The union of the poetical with the musical faculty raises him above the mere character of a dilettanti performer in the drawing-room, and the sparkle of his conversation, rendered piquant by Hibernian wit and animal spirits, makes him a sort of little lion all at once. He is asked out every where, writes songs that hurry him into a bewildering maze of social popularity, and before he has had time to form a single plan for the future is fairly lost in the maelstrom of dinners and evening parties. He has been only a few months in London when he writes to his mother, "I am just going out to dinner, and then to two parties in the evening. This is the way we live in London, no less than three every evening. *Vive la bagatelle!* 'Away with melancholy.'" And this goes on day after day and night after night incessantly. His reputation pours upon him in a flood;



the Prince of Wales has promised to accept the dedication of his book, and he is already in advance of many an established fame before he has legitimately appeared before the public as an author. There is no doubt that he owed all this brilliant success, in the first instance, to his songs. There is no accomplishment so attractive in the fashionable world as this happy combination of music and poetry, and no accomplishment half so dangerous to the possessor. It is quite as seductive to the singer as to the listener. It holds out the most tempting inducements to him to "give up to *parties* what was meant for mankind," as a living wit said of one who yielded up his fine talents too easily to the pleasures of society. The steadiness with which Moore pursued his course, at that early age, through this intoxicating round of delights, could hardly have been anticipated from his family or national antecedents, and still less from the complexion of his genius, as it developed itself at that time. The domestic letters written to his friends at home, in which he describes his London dissipation, confessing frankly to the minutest foibles of his enjoyments, show how little his real nature was warped or perverted by them. There are frivolous and puerile things in these letters, but there is also a steadfast faith in them. He never forgot the associations of his youth—his mother—his father—his eccentric old uncle—his sister—the companions and friends of his boyhood; and a hundred times, in the midst of dinners, balls and operas, he wishes himself back again amongst them. His thoughts are always there. This true love of home-ties, with all its softening and chastening influences, lay like sunshine on his heart throughout his whole life; and, remembering that, unlike other popular authors, he did not make his way to high places by a slow and gradual ascent, gathering strength and experience as he mounted, but that he sprang at a bound into the exclusive circles, and was caressed and petted into notoriety, it is matter for surprise that he was not spoiled for nobler uses at the very outset.

Many years have elapsed, many more than we care to recall, since we first saw Thomas Moore. He had already become the "poet of all circles, and the idol of his own." His songs had been wafted, like perfume on the winds, into every homestead in the kingdom, and he enjoyed that special kind of popularity which had even more love in it than admiration. He had the aspect of one who lived quite as much in the affections of the world, as in its homage. The expression of his face was gay, bright, and roguish. It was radiant with fun, singularly refined and restrained by an air of high breeding, almost aristocratic in its tone. Bon-mots seemed to be always sparkling in his eyes; while the mobility of his mouth, the brilliant tinge on his cheek, the laughing dimples and circles that were in incessant play as he spoke, and the clear expanse of a highly intellectual forehead, gave you at once the idea of a wit brimming over with cordiality and animal spirits. His head was the finest study in the world for a young Bacchus, with its thick clustering curls and ringlets, realizing, at a glance, the poetical ideal of hilarity and joyousness; and you

lessness and amiability of his character are happily portrayed in the opening lines.

"If ever lot was prosperously cast,  
If ever life was like the lengthened flow  
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,  
'Twas his who, mourned by many, sleeps below.

"The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,  
The simple heart that mocks at worldly wiles,  
Light wit, that plays along the calm of life,  
And stirs its languid surface into smiles."

Certainly no trait in the character of Joseph Atkinson was more prominent than simplicity. It committed him to a thousand blunders, the most conspicuous being the mistakes he made in the way of literature. He wrote several trivial pieces for the theatre, and one of them called "Love in a Blaze," interspersed with songs, exposed him to a storm of bantering squibs which he bore with indomitable good humour. The model he seems to have taken for these dramatic exercises of his literary leisure was O'Keefe's farces, imitating here and there with most diluted tenderness the 'sentimental' comedy of Kelly. His comic characters played off all the exhausted jokes of the stage which, even at that time, were worn threadbare, while his lovers swam in an ambient sea of fantastic feeling which had no more reality in it than the tinsel fripperies of the property man. It would have demanded a superstitious faith in the traditional virtues and humours of that imaginary humanity to which Morton and Reynolds latterly acted as the High Priests, to enable an audience to sit through one of Atkinson's productions. Yet the genial nature of the writer contrived to vindicate itself, somehow, in these trifles. The songs, dealing in all the established images of roses and dew, tears, and caprices, were full of homage to beauty and love, and showed so much confidence in that sort of surface gallantry as fairly to disarm criticism. You could not be angry with a poet who took your sensibility on such points for granted, and supplied you with forms of expression for it to which a preceding age had given its assent, and which he had now disinterred from the grave of commonplace for your delectation. You felt that he was carrying you back to a golden epoch of pastoral existence, and that it would be ungrateful not to accept the pains he had taken for your amusement as a compliment to the innocence of your heart. The comical side of his dialogue was cast in much the same mould. There was not a tinge of wordliness in it. It supposed a state of existence that was clearly impossible in the conventional condition of mankind. The jokes were antediluvian. They were equally free from coarseness and point. They fell flat into honest platitudes. You wondered why they made the people in the play laugh; and when some very broad absurdity was brought bodily on the scene, such as a clown dressed out like a wolf to frighten a group of villagers, or an old man, who would not let his daughter marry the youth of her choice, locked up in a cupboard, while the lovers made their escape to get married, you accorded to the palpable humour of the



device the same licence you would extend to a pantomime or a burlesque at Christmas or Easter, out of consideration for the uproarious delight of the children, who, at these holyday seasons, have an immemorial right to the lion's share of the entertainment. Then there was an invariable poetical fiction in the winding-up of the story—as far as there was any story to wind up—which could not be denied. If the bad were not punished as they deserved, they were dismissed with a toleration that inspired the firmest hope in their future good conduct. You felt quite assured from the manner in which they were forgiven, and in which they made off with their pardon, that they would never do anything wrong again; while the good characters—and, generally speaking, they were nearly all as good as they could be—were rewarded, after the excellent old fashion, with fiddles and a dance. The last scene, which crowned the felicity of everybody concerned, usually closed with an ensemble in which the *dramatis personæ* stood in a row, hand in hand, singing a chorus of frantic merriment suggestive of a jovial supper, which the younger portion of the audience might suppose was to follow on the stage immediately after the fall of the curtain to consummate the treaty of universal love and concord.

Amongst the persons casually alluded to in the reminiscences of Moore's boyhood is Wesley Doyle—an individual who is entitled to a marginal note *en passant*. Wesley Doyle was the son of a dancing-master, or music professor, in Dublin, which functions were frequently united in those days. Doyle was gifted with a sweet voice, and some taste, and was a favourite at the convivial supper-parties which were in vogue formerly in Ireland. Doyle was a grown man when Moore was a boy, and frequently sang duets with him. He lived upon the poet to the end of his life. Like some famous characters who owe their celebrity to a single incident, Wesley Doyle acquired whatever social reputation he enjoyed from the glory of having sung duets with Moore; and in subsequent years, when the incidents of their early intercourse had faded into generalities, he used to boast that he had taught Moore to sing. There is a story told of an Irishman who plunged into the water when George IV. was landing at Kingstown to shake hands with his Majesty, and who was ever after so proud of the circumstance that no earthly inducement could prevail upon him to wash the hand his Majesty had pressed. Wesley Doyle held his recollection of his musical intimacy with Moore in much the same sort of veneration. It was his *cheval de bataille*, and it unquestionably exercised a very considerable influence over his character. What manner of man he was originally we know not; but in his latter years he had something about him of the studied ease of a beau of the olden times. He dressed carefully, took infinite pains with his carriage as well as his toilet, and had altogether that kind of quiet gentlemanlike air which indicates the habits of a man who had either descended from an ancient family, and had always mixed with exclusive society, or who wished to impress that belief upon others. He never lapsed into an ordinary person.

He appeared to be constantly engrossed of appearances, and after some little time could not avoid suspecting that there was connected with his life. You could detect a consciousness of something special in his he seemed, in the blandest way possible, to to be treated with attention. It was all because of Moore; and although he never, or very great a matter to make common property of himself, yet by some means the fact of whatever company he appeared, and to a curiosity which it was his delight to procure great pleasure was to sing Moore's songs, and then long after his voice had subsided in what it had been. Moore tells us that We attempted to teach him to play, but that he to be taught, and finally taught himself. Moore taught him to sing is more than doubtful, although he have failed to have gathered some hints which closely resembled that of Moore. feeling in both to give effect to the sentiment subdued pathos, and the same skillful restraint and execution, however, in Doyle, and less the circles in which Doyle moved the character was the tradition of this dim and remote past. It preceded him wherever he went—it drew the eyes of people who were never likely of seeing or hearing Moore himself, and we with getting him at second hand. Strange the innumerable reflected reputations that way in society, which nobody takes the trouble at their legitimate value. People seem to sheer laziness, and that which began in a mere into a substance. It must be said of West he bore his laurels meekly. He never crowned man, but the dignity did not make of course, he was, but it was a very excuse and who had a right to interfere with it?

Moore's singing has been so often described known in its leading characteristics, that it to posterity as an essential feature in all accounts as peculiar as his songs, and its sweetness as indispensable to the full development of the he said of him with more truth than it has others, that there were tears in his voice; it accurately convey the pathos of his tones and weak; it was hardly equal to the concert song, and some of his own songs were quite such, for instance, as the Savourneen Dance considerable power and compass. It was songs he excelled. The tone was silvery, and



into it, with a low and mournful warble, went straight to the heart, and filled the eyes of his hearers with tears. The spell was in the profoundness of the emotion he exhibited and awakened. In the playful passages, where the sunlight falls in upon the shower and suddenly brightens it, he was equally marvellous in his effects. Master of that peculiar transition from gay to sad which enters into the temperament of all Irish music, and thoroughly alive to the still more singular perplexity so frequently scattered over the national airs, in which both sad and gay are blended, and make their contradictory appeal together, he could draw out from the recesses of a song all those subtleties which escape, if they do not confound, the most accomplished musicians who are not to the manner born. These subtleties can never be conquered by study. They defy science; they are purely a matter of constitution. Irishmen penetrate them by instinct, and Moore added a refinement and purity to that instinct which heightened the results with an indescribable charm.

The same spirit of refinement pervades the songs themselves, and hence they are defective in one quality which is an indigenous attribute of the national character. There is no humour in them. No doubt if he had endeavoured to infuse into these charming lyrics some of the broad coloring of the popular imagination, they never could have exercised that influence, which has secured to them a world-wide reception. But it may be fairly doubted whether it was not in some measure a matter of necessity with him to avoid the hazards of an element which his genius was hardly prepared to subjugate to his purpose. His own taste was fastidious on such points, and wherever he leaves the track of the graceful or the beautiful to indulge in wit or satire—as in *Captain Rock* or the *Fudge Family*—he bestows an amount of care and finish upon it that completely takes it out of the region of nationality.

In this point of view Burns is a greater national poet. He is more close and faithful to his original. His songs embody not only the heart of the country, but its eccentricities and peculiarities, even to its phraseology. The dialect was obviously a considerable help to him; it enabled him to give an appropriate and effective costume to words and forms, and to bring out the distinctive life of the people. There is no such resource in Ireland to assist the national poet in imparting the *couleur locale* to his lyrics; and he is compelled to convey popular characteristics, which are very often mainly dependent for their force on the turn of expression, through a medium that sensibly abates their native hue. Burns, therefore, had that one signal advantage over Moore in embodying the traits and exploring to its depths the wild genius of his countrymen. His elastic means were adaptive to all aspects of their nature, and enabled him to seize with equal success upon the gay and the serious, the sarcastic and the humorous, the heroic and the tender. But if Moore has not exhibited this versatility of treatment, he has transcended Burns in the higher achievement of embodying in a universal language, with a felicity which no other writer has approached, the peculiar temperament of the Irish, blending with

consummate skill its passionate ardour and  
ness, its strange interflow of gaiety and sorrow  
of imagination that runs ever freshly and  
vicissitudes of clouds and sunshine that fill  
No national poetry ever found so enthusiastic  
sympathies and emotions of the race whose  
pourtrayed—which is, perhaps, after all, the  
truthfulness.

The *Melodies* literally run over with imagery  
in this respect imparts an oriental character  
perfect keeping with the ordinary character  
very gravely stated by an Irish antiquary,  
guage spoken by the angels in Paradise, a Celtic  
Lilly, the astrologer, attested out of his own  
but without venturing exactly to adopt that  
ceded to the Irish that there is strong evidence  
origin in their common use of a remarkable  
imagerial style. The profusion of figures  
choice and employment of them, by which  
tinguished may, therefore, be regarded as one  
by which they found their way at once to the  
population. Even the ornate manner in which  
wrought into shape, does not diminish their  
high finish gives a refined expression to a  
istic, which will always be recognised as the  
soil teeming with the riches of an exuberant

Moore's prose was as happy as his verse.  
he sacrificed his judgment to the seductive  
prose of Lalla Rookh is spun sugar, and like  
Byron, who gloried in the poem, could not  
links of narrative, and there are few readers, whose  
matters are worth recording, that do not heed  
But in the lives of Sheridan and Byron, in the  
Gentleman in search of a Religion, and in the  
Rock, sparkling with trenchant wit and power  
more complete bird's-eye view of Irish history  
work under that name which appears unfinished  
Moore has left behind him passages of power  
will long endure amongst the noblest specimens  
"Considered merely as a composition," says  
ing of the *Life of Byron*, "it deserves to be  
specimens of English prose which our age  
style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and  
eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation  
for a writer whose most conspicuous excellence  
totally different direction, but it is not the  
works deserve. The varied erudition they  
range of reading and inquiry drawn upon to  
their statements, and the calm and thoughtful  
acumen and earnest spirit which everywhere  
testimony to a severe mental training, which



to, and which, even when they do, they still more rarely get credit for.

His correspondence was as delightful as his *Rhymes on the Road*, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very handwriting, neat, close, and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far handwriting may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gaiety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after the manner in which the gipsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse, he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season, "That racketing old harri-dan, Mother *Town*, is at last *dead*. She expired after a gentle glare of rouge and gaiety at Lady L. Manners' masquerade on Friday morning at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering-places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the

Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "the more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss——, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a little; but it's no such thing. I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall——." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my *side*!" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lacemaker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gaiety of his letters even from these particles.

Like almost all poets whose works have a particular stamp or tendency, Moore was popularly identified with the practice of the festive and amatory doctrines he sang so genially. But his practice was in reality the very reverse of his precepts. It was taken for granted, because he threw such intensity into his bacchanalian songs, that he led the life of a bacchanal; and a very literal gentleman who met him one morning in the quiet seclusion of St. Patrick's library in Dublin, consumed by an irrepressible desire to have his curiosity on that point set at rest, actually ventured to ask him whether he really was as fond of wine as his gushing songs led the world to believe. Moore was, of course, infinitely amused, and assured the gentleman (who was a perfect stranger to him) that he held the theory to be very pleasant and harmless in a song, but did not consider it quite so safe in practice. In fact, with a most enjoyable temperament, he was very careful in the way of indulgence; and although not so ascetic in the matter of wine as Ned Waller, who would sit up all night over a glass of water with the Rochesters and Sedleys, his animal spirits mounting higher than theirs all the time, he invariably kept a prudential guard over his table pleasures, and, we believe, never in his life was guilty of an excess. But it must be acknowledged that, if he did not indulge to any undue extent himself, he was the cause of much undue indulgence in others. Never yet were there songs, ever



Burn's scarcely excepted, that threw the convivial circles into such ecstasies, or detained the gravest and discreetest people from their beds at such unseasonable hours of the morning. The lyrical arguments against breaking up the joyous gathering were irresistible, and exercised a magical influence over the feelings of the enthusiastic listeners. Groups already departing were always sure to be called back again for another round of hilarity by "One bumper at parting;" and when the ball was over, and daylight was streaming in through the windows on flushed cheeks and disordered tresses, which do not always appear to the greatest advantage under such circumstances, how often have the dispersing dancers been spell-bound by a voice in some corner of the room opening with the well-known appeal, "Fly Not Yet!" The sweet persuasiveness and bounding animal spirits that mantle up through these songs can never lose their power over the young.

The same thing may be said, with, perhaps, even a wider application, of his love songs. The inspiring beauty of these compositions, the poetical veil they fling over passion, and the purity of the homage they offer up to the sex, has entranced more lovers, and made the human heart more susceptible of impressions, than all the French stimulants and German romanticism that has ever permeated through society. Moore had a profound and real sense of beauty, refined and elevated by a most suggestive imagination. In looking back upon these productions as a whole, the delicacy and chastity of feeling by which they are pervaded cannot fail to strike the reader. He will at once perceive that their warmth is the play of a luxurious fancy; that no songs of their class were ever more free from pruriency; and that even when they hover on the verge of the voluptuous, it is only to awaken an emotion which it is the purpose of the poet to spiritualize. We do not, of course, include Little's poems amongst the true love-songs of Moore. Reprehensible, however, as they are in the eyes of rigid criticism, there is some palliation for them in their youthfulness. Joe Atkinson, who was famous for lambent images that had a phosphoric way of blazing without burning, said the very best thing that ever was said of them: "I'll tell you what it is," said he, "I always consider my friend Thomas Moore as an infant sporting on the bosom of Venus." And Little's poems have very much that sort of dangerously innocent character in them. They were the first outburst of his boyhood, and belong to a different category from his more mature productions. But they form, nevertheless, the starting ground of a long line of lyrics that have found their way into all the living languages, and are not without some interest in the history of his poetical development as the point of departure from whence he set out to invigorate his genius in purer air and healthier climates.

His love-songs produced a sort of revolution in society. Schiller's "Robbers," or Goethe's "Werter," had not a more marked or decisive influence in inflaming the hearts whose pulses they stirred with novel sensations. Love, to be sure, is as old as Eden, and as universal as the earth's atmosphere; and after all that has

been said about it in tragedies, comedies, past might seem to be impossible to invest it with this impossible feat was accomplished by them in which all the phases of the passion found sweetness, and its most profound mysteries v language. They were found to suit all imagination in which the reason of the gravest another in the course of their lives, is certain ing. They expressed every shade and variety gay and the melancholy—the bold and the and the impetuous—the happy and the wretched the glowing meridian, and the feverish set sounded every depth and shallow of the passion medium of expression for every lover under under what star of hope or despair his home was a natural corollary from the predominance these fervid songs that the author of them must universal gallantry. Such a reputation was, Yet it may be fairly doubted whether the enters into the composition of most prosaic possible, throughout its infinitesimal manifestation with vagrant inspirations, than this most am married young, and his domestic life, in the and excitement of society, was not merely ex nary sense, but was distinguished by a tenderness of affection to his home ties, of which the ex basking, as he did all his life long, in the attractions of the world, are sufficiently rare. “You knows how!” says Miss Godfrey in 1806, “as the world, to preserve all your home, fireside genuine as you brought them out with you ; your character that I think beyond all praise ; never goes alone ; and I believe you will turn angel after all.” The prediction was verified may accept the lady’s definition of one, whose social relations, left no duty undischarged, never unfulfilled. To his mother he always wrote during his absence in Bermuda, when the un interrupted his correspondence. Canning’s de curiously enough, was subjected to a similar communications with her, which he carried on life, having never been suspended except d his residence in Portugal. Moore showed the ment to his father, his sister, and even to throughout all those vicissitudes of fortune w great a height above their sphere. He is not them in his letters how ardently and anxious and how freshly he still retains the first affi “His expressions of tenderness,” says Lord excellent taste, “however simple, and however my estimation, more valuable than the bright



They flow from a heart uncorrupted by fame, unspoilt by the world, and continue to retain to his old age *the accents and obedient spirit of infancy*." His devotion to his wife is recorded by the same hand in terms upon which no panegyric can improve. "In the same stream, and from the same source, flowed the waters of true, deep, touching, unchangeable affection for his wife. From 1811, the year of his marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed were sure to inspire."

The diary Moore left behind him for publication, which already extends to four volumes, although it carries us down only to the autumn of 1825, so that it promises to be of greater length than any diary on record, does not fully exhibit his character in its best phases, nor, indeed, satisfy us upon any of them. It is unlike all other diaries. It is not so rich as the *ana* of Spence or Selden in the way of anecdote and criticism, nor so characteristic of manners and persons as the diaries of Pepys or Evelyn, nor so full of the literary flavour as Boswell. It is in some sort a reunion of all these qualities, more casually brought out, and more lightly touched. It exhibits rather the social side of the picture than the political or literary, and throws very little light on the mental history of a writer whose progress from the pianoforte in the drawing-room to the shelves of the library, must have been crowded with interesting details. But in its social aspect it is replete with amusing varieties of all kinds; and, although, from the evidently hasty manner in which the incidents of the day were jotted down, Moore seldom allowed himself time to sketch in a portrait or note an opinion, the diary abounds in ephemeral memorabilia, that will be read with fugitive avidity. He never failed in his journal; but he was so absorbed by engagements, and seems to have been so perpetually called away from his task, that he limited his entries, for the most part, to the scantiest particulars. Yet it abounds in pleasantries, brief and sunny, and running the round of the celebrities of the day. He had a great zest for fun, and was an industrious picker-up of unconsidered trifles, dipped in the rainbows of fancy, wit, and mirth. Such bagatelles assimilated with the playfulness of his nature, and if he threw them, just as they came, into the heap of evanescent things he accumulated in his daily repository, it was not because he attached any value to them, but because they amused him. Take, for example, such scraps as the following: Dr. Currie being once bored by a foolish Blue to explain to her the meaning of the word *idea*, which she had met with in some metaphysical treatise, but did not understand, at last said to her angrily, "Idea, madam, is the feminine of Idiot, and means a female fool." There is a better thing about ideas attributed to Hazlitt. Having been knocked down by John Lamb (the brother of Charles) in some dispute, and being pressed by those who were present to shake hands with him and forgive him, Hazlitt said, "Well, I don't

care if I do. I am a metaphysician, and nothing but an *idea* hurts *me*." It is to suppose Crabbe Robinson) that upon re the bar, he immediately went to Charles when Lamb observed, "I suppose you Milton's to it, 'Thou *first*, great *cause*, I is a little irreverent; but there is another of a Bishop saying after his fourth bottle of maudlin piety, "I have been a great Redeemer!" which (if it were not too ha be coupled with the well-known joke pawnbroker's dinner. To these may be pretty much the same order. Lord Ken of eating apple-pie crust at breakfast, who succeeded him as Chief Justice, a reverence to apple-pie, "which," said apple pie-ty." Of a different order is a hearing that Payne Knight, who was a very deaf. "'Tis from want of practice, many reminiscences of Curran is a passion brought by the Theatre Royal in the Amphitheatre for acting the "Lock said Curran, "the whole question turns said 'Lock and Key' is to be a *patent* or *tumbler* kind." A still happier hit of C Mr. Phillips' oratory, in which all manner up in execrable taste and inextricable Tom," said Curran, "it will never do for merely upon the strength of having a poet he knows how to lay them on." Poole, pearls in this way, appears two or three times are a couple of specimens. Somebody singing one of his own melodies, "Every delightful." "Except the national debt, nothing of the organs in Spurzheim and Gall's case said he supposed a drunkard had a *barred* dance of Irish anecdotes (which, strange their point in the telling) this is perhaps the least known: an Irish country squire vagrant entertainments, was remonstrated militia in his neighbourhood to claret, who do just as well for them; "You are answered, "but I have the claret on the would I get credit for the *lemons*?" French in the use of English we have a young French lady was asked, by way manner she had contrived to speak English, "I began by *traducing*;" and this on the other side, related by Wordsworth of his who, being told, amongst other things Chapeau de Paille, at Antwerp, said o



the other things you mentioned, but as for the straw-hat manufactory I could not make it out." Nothing is too trivial for a corner in this repertory of whimsicalities. Here is a typographical mistake picked out of an Irish paper. In giving Mr. Grant's speech on the Catholic question, instead of "They have taken up a position in the depth of the middle ages," the reporter made him say, "They have taken up a physician in the depth, &c." A page or two further on we have a still more ludicrous misprint taken from an American edition of Giffard's Juvenal, where the Editor, drawing a parallel in the preface between Horace and Juvenal, says, "Horace was of an easy disposition, and inclined to indolence"—the printer turns it into "inclined to insolence." An absurdity produced by the transposition of words is related of an actor, who thus delivered the well-known lines in "King Lear":

"How sharper than a serpent's *thanks* it is,  
To have a *toothless* child."

Even conundrums and charades are not despised in the poet's memorabilia. These snatches collected out of the recollections of the idle amusements of the evening, bring us back to the follies of Whitehall in the days of Charles II., when the whole court used to sit round in a circle playing at "Hunt the Slipper," and "I love my love with an A." Here are some of the conundrums. "Why doesn't U go out to dinner with the rest of the alphabet? Because it always comes after T." "What are the only two letters of the alphabet that have eyes? A and B, because A B C (see) D." "Why is a man who bets on the letter O that it will beat P in a race to the end of the alphabet, like a man asking for one sort of tobacco and getting other? Because it is wrong to back O (tobacco)." This very far-fetched conundrum is attributed to Beresford, the author of "The Miseries of Human Life." The charades are indifferent enough. The following is given as Fox's: "I would not be my first for all of my second that is contained in my third. Answer, Scotland." The next, which is more in the way of a riddle, and is very neatly expressed, owes its paternity to one of the Smiths: "Use me well, I'm *everybody*; scratch my back, I'm *nobody*.—A looking-glass."

Innumerable facetiæ, neither much better nor much worse than these specimens, bubble up incessantly to the surface of the aerated pages of the Journal. They were blown about in the literary and fashionable circles, in which Moore mixed, by graver, no less than by shallower, people than himself; and helped to relax his mind after the hard work of the morning, which usually consisted in writing verses or—visiting, the harder work, we suspect, of the two. The mental recreations in which he ordinarily took refuge from the labours of the day were scarcely of a more elevated character. At home in the evenings he constantly amused himself by reading aloud some Minerva press novel or such volatile comedies as "A Cure for the Heart-Ache" or "The Way to Get Married." We look in vain for any records of the sustained study out of which he must have built up his knowledge, which, if it was not accurate

or systematic, was, at least, diversified and point of view he was like Sheridan, and gandered through all sorts of out-of-the-way places, that gathers honey from weeds. Indubitably was, although there are few traces of it in his memoranda. If he did not work with regularity, Southey, he produced a vast quantity of highly finished of its kind, under circumstances unfitted most other men for such exertions. He contrived to accomplish seventy or eighty lines more, while he kept up a constant round of out, balls, plays and soirées. Late compositions gone out of fashion, and the exhaustion was frequently repaired by a supper which he ate at three o'clock in the morning, must have been except one so carefully preserved in his diary. Through all these scenes and exertions he lived, and when at last he broke down, it was owing to domestic calamities to the poignancy of which his nature rendered him peculiarly sensitive. His merits that he maintained his personal independence through life, and bequeathed to the literature which it would be well for all literary men to practice careful economy," observes Lord John Russell. "His love of all the enjoyments of society, his reliance on the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on the management of his household, to struggle through all the petty details on narrow means, to support his father, maintain his own family, and at his death he left behind him a name which is held in higher esteem than the lo

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## THE LAST YEARS OF THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.\*

BY F. A. MIGNET,

AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS."

ON the 25th of October, 1555, Charles the Fifth began the series of his abdications. His position continued, it is true, in great embarrassment and considerable danger; and the war seemed more likely to increase than to terminate. But the infirmities of the Emperor pressed him more and more every day, and his strength gave way beneath the weight of affairs. The death of his mother, Queen Joanna, which occurred at Tordesillas, on the 13th of April, 1555, had added deep sorrow to his other burdens. He put on mourning, and never left it off again. During the month of August, he recalled his son from England to Belgium. Philip arrived at Brussels on the 10th of September; and, during the following month Charles the Fifth, notwithstanding the regret of his brother, the King of the Romans, who eloquently endeavoured to dissuade him from abandoning the government of Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, and Spain,—took advantage of the approach of winter, during which hostilities were suspended, to accomplish the great act of his resignation. He was full of confidence in the ability of his son, who, if the struggle with France continued, would combine the forces of England with those of the Spanish monarchy, and to whom he left, moreover, a consummate minister in the Bishop of Arras, and generals as brave as they were experienced in the Duke of Alba, the Prince of Orange, Duke Philibert Emanuel of Savoy, and the Earl of Egmont,—the first of whom would repress Paul the Fourth in Italy, while the two last afterwards rendered him the conqueror of Henry the Second at Saint-Quentin and Gravelines. He could have wished to confer upon him the Empire of Germany, as well as his other dominions, but to this he met with an insurmountable obstacle in his brother, the King of the Romans; so he contented himself with transferring to him his hereditary possessions. He began with the cession of the Netherlands.

This renunciation took place on the 25th of October, 1555, with much solemnity, in the Great Hall of the Estates at Brussels; when the Emperor publicly stated the true reasons for his abdication. He appeared in deep mourning, wearing the collar of the Golden Fleece, accompanied by his son the King Don Philip, his sister Queen Mary of Hungary, and his nephew Duke Philibert Emanuel of Savoy, and attended by the foreign ambassadors and the grandees of his court. When he had taken his seat in the chair of state, with his son on his right hand, and his sister on his left,

\* Continued from p. 537.

the members of the Estates were introduced. Philibert of Brussels, the President of the Council of Flanders, explained the projects of the Emperor; the announcement of which, although fully expected, produced visible emotion among the audience. The Emperor then rose, leaning upon the shoulder of William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, and spoke as follows:—

“Although Philibert of Brussels has amply explained to you, my friends, the causes which have decided me to renounce these States, and leave them to my son Don Philip, that he may possess and govern them, I desire to tell you a few things more with my own mouth. You remember that, on the 5th of February in this year, it was forty years since my grandfather the Emperor Maximilian, in this very place and at this same hour, emancipated me at the age of fifteen, delivered me from the tutelage under which I had been kept, and made me master of myself. In the following year, which was the sixteenth of my age, died King Ferdinand, my grandfather, my mother’s father, in whose kingdom I began to reign, because my dearly beloved mother, who died not long ago, had lost her reason after the death of my father, and never recovered it sufficiently to govern herself. I therefore went into Spain, across the Ocean. Presently occurred the death of my grandfather Maximilian, in the nineteenth year of my age; and, although I was still very young, the imperial dignity was conferred upon me in his place. I did not aspire thereto from a disordered ambition to rule so many kingdoms, but in order to promote the welfare of Germany, to provide for the defence of Flanders, to devote all my forces to the preservation of Christendom against the Turk, and to labour for the advancement of the Christian religion. But though this zeal was in me, I was not able to manifest it as much as I could have desired, on account of the troubles occasioned by the heresies of Luther and other innovators in Germany, and of the perilous wars in which I was involved by the enmity and envy of the princes my neighbours, but from which I successfully extricated myself by the divine favour.”

Then, briefly narrating the innumerable agitations of his life, he stated that he had visited Germany nine times, Italy seven times, Flanders ten times, France four times, England twice, and Africa as often; and that, to accomplish these journeys or expeditions, he had crossed the Mediterranean eight times, and the Ocean thrice.

“This time,” he added, “will be the fourth, for I am going to bury myself in Spain . . . I may say that nothing has ever been more painful to me, or has afflicted my mind so much, as what I now feel on parting from you to-day, without leaving you in that peace and tranquillity which I could have desired. My sister Mary, who during my absences has governed you so wisely and defended you so well, explained to you at your last meeting the cause of the resolution which I have taken. I can no longer attend to business without extreme fatigue to myself and very great detriment to my affairs. The cares which result from so great a charge, the weariness which it causes, my infirmities, and my ruined health, no



longer leave me sufficient strength to govern the States which God has entrusted to me; and the little vital force which remains to me will speedily disappear. I should therefore have laid down this burden long ago, if the youth of my son and the incapacity of my mother had not compelled both my mind and body to support its weight until this hour. The last time that I went into Germany, I was determined to do what you see me doing to-day; but I could not make up my mind to it when I beheld the miserable state of the Christian commonwealth, torn by so many tumults, innovations, diversities of creed, worse than civil wars, and other deplorable disorders; I was diverted from my intention because my infirmities were not then so great, and I hoped I should be able to bring all things to a satisfactory termination, and to restore peace. In order not to fail in my duty, I exposed all my forces, my possessions, my repose, and even my life, for the welfare of Christendom and the defence of my subjects. I quitted the contest with part of what I so greatly desired; but the King of France and a few Germans, in defiance of the peace and concord which they had sworn to maintain, marched against me and very nearly took me prisoner. The King of France got possession of the city of Metz; and in the heart of winter, notwithstanding the severe cold, in the midst of the ice and snow, I advanced at the head of a powerful army which I had levied at my own expense, to retake Metz and restore it to the Empire. The Germans saw that I had not yet abdicated the imperial crown, and that I would suffer no diminution of the majesty by which it had always been surrounded."

He then entered into a detailed account of his war with France, narrating its various incidents during the last two years, and added: "I have performed all that God has permitted, for events depend upon the will of God. We men act according to our power, our ability, our knowledge; and God either gives victory or allows defeat. I have constantly done what I could, and God has helped me. I render Him infinite thanks for having succoured me in my greatest emergencies, and in all my dangers.

"Now, however, I feel myself so worn out, that I could be of no assistance to you, as you yourselves perceive. In the state of weariness and weakness in which I find myself, I should have a great and strict account to render, both to God and men, if I did not lay down my authority, as I have resolved to do; for my son, King Philip, is old enough to be able to govern you, and he will be, I hope, a good prince to all my well-beloved subjects. . . . I have, therefore, determined to pass into Spain, to cede all my dominions to my son Philip, and to transfer the Empire to my brother, the King of the Romans. I recommend my son greatly to you, and I beseech you, in remembrance of me, to show to him the love which you have always shown to me. I beseech you also to maintain the same affection and agreement among yourselves. Be obedient to justice, zealous in observing the laws, continue your respect for all that deserve it, and do not refuse to the *government the support which it needs.*"

The Emperor then, turning to his son, enjoined him, in the strongest terms of faith, and to govern his subjects in the same manner, in which, he sank down into his chair, and was no longer. The Syndic of Antwerp expressed the name of the Estates, the grief which they were governed by a prince from whom they derived no benefits, and said that their only consolation was that the King his son, who imitated his father's valour, would inspire them with the same spirit of gratitude. King Philip then fell on his knees, and declared himself unworthy of the favour which he conferred upon him, and that he was always ready to sacrifice himself to the service of his subjects. The resignation of the Estates of Flanders was then signed, and he kissed the Emperor's hand; and then, he said a few words to assure the lords and deputies of his affection, adding, that, as he was ignorant of the language of the country, he had directed his deputies to acquaint them with his sentiments and intentions, and so, in a long and able speech; after which, he turned, and resigned the post of Regent of the Netherlands, which she had occupied, with advantage, for twenty-four years.

The abdication of the sovereignty was then notified to all the inhabitants of those kingdoms, on the same day, and signed by the Emperor. This was followed, about two months and a half, by the abdication, which were characterized by the same simplicity. On the 16th of January, 1555, the kingdoms of Castile, Aragon, and Sicily, and deputies from these various countries, presented to the Emperor his abdication, which he had ordered to be signed, for the reasons for his determination as he had expressed in his assembly at Brussels. He made known to all his subjects, of crowns to all his subjects on the same day, that the towns to hoist their banners, as they had done at the accession of a new sovereign, and that the solemnities usual on such an occasion should be observed. He enjoined them to obey, serve, and honour his son, as they had done his father, king, and to execute his orders, when he should be present, as faithfully as they had always executed his father's. On the 17th of January, being desired by the valuable support of old Andrew Doria, who was informed of his resolution, and who, notwithstanding, desired, once more, to kiss the Emperor's hand, he did so. The powerful lord of Genoa and the Marquis of Saluzzo.

"My infirmities have gone on increasing to such an extent, that, feeling myself incapable of doing ought to do for the despatch of business,



my conscience, I have not only judged it necessary to devolve upon my son the weight of the affairs of Italy, but also the crowns of Castile and Aragon, with confidence that he will so wisely conduct them, that Our Lord will be satisfied with him, and my realms will be well governed.

"My resolution, in retiring into Spain, is to terminate, in that country, the few days which remain to me of life, and, freed from all care of business, to do penance in reparation and amendment of some of those things in which I have greatly offended God. My journey is put off until next spring, both on account of certain affairs which have presented themselves, and on account of my infirmities, which will not admit of an earlier removal. In regard to what you say to me, that, if your age and health did not prevent it, you would greatly desire to come and see me before my departure, that would be infinitely agreeable to me, knowing how much you are attached to me. The pleasure that I should feel in meeting you would even be so great that, if my indispositions permitted, I would take the journey myself to visit you. But, as this is impossible, you may rest assured that, as I have great reason to be satisfied with the affection, zeal, and vigilance, with which you have laboured to serve me, and with which you will continue to serve the most serene King my son, so there will ever be preserved in both of us a lively recollection of what you have deserved, and do deserve, from us in so many respects. I pray that our Lord may crown you with all the felicity I can hope for you, that he will prolong your life, and grant you perfect health. I shall be rejoiced to receive news of you from time to time."

After having abdicated his kingdoms, and before departing for Spain, Charles the Fifth—who was still possessor of the imperial crown, which he did not resign until the month of September, 1556, and which was not legally transferred by the College of Electors to his brother Ferdinand until February, 1558—retired to a small house which he had had built at the end of the park at Brussels, near the gate leading to Louvain. This house, of small size, and simple arrangements, formed, as it were, the medium between a palace and a convent.

Wishing to be useful to his son, until he was obliged to leave him, Charles the Fifth continued to give him his advice and directions with regard to the conduct of affairs, which he usually communicated to Philip by means of the Bishop of Arras. Hence, in consequence of the resumption of negotiations for an exchange of prisoners, he took part in concluding, with the King of France, a truce, which was signed on the 5th of February, 1556, at the Abbey of Vaucelles. This truce was to last for five years, and maintained on both sides the state of territorial possession, which had resulted from the last events of the war. It seemed to promise Philip the Second an easier beginning for his reign, and, although it momentarily detached from the Empire the three bishoprics of Toul, Metz, and Verdun, and deprived the Duke of Savoy of his dominions, which were occupied by the troops of

Henry the Second, Charles the Fifth was happy in peace with his powerful neighbour the King, and his turbulent adversary Pope Paul the Fourth was included in the truce. He would have congratulated more on this temporary pacification, if he had known of a secret treaty of offensive and defensive alliance concluded, six weeks previously, between France and Spain. By this treaty, which had been signed on December, 1555, by Cardinal Caraffa and the King of Spain, it had been stipulated that the projects in Italy, against the domination of the Spanish Hapsburgs, should be carried out by the combined forces of the sovereign Pontiff and the King.

Although Charles the Fifth was ignorant of the stipulations, which were then abandoned, or perhaps he assumed, he received, with unfeigned satisfaction, the news of Henry the Second, when they arrived in Brussels. The ratification, by himself and his son, of the truce, which seemed to avert all danger from the Spaniards.

The Admiral Coligny, accompanied by the Count of Artois, Sebastian de l'Aubespine, his two cousins, and the sons of the Constable Anne de Montmorency, and other lords and gentlemen, arrived, with the Emperor, at the end of March. After Philip the Second, who had sworn to observe the truce, Coligny, in his little house in the park, took a solemn oath, in a similar oath. He went to him through a door, and Flemish nobles, who filled a small room, leading into the room in which the Emperor was, the dimensions of which were no larger. He found the Emperor on account of his gout, dressed in deep mourning, seated at a table, covered with black cloth. He gave a very gracious answer to the congratulations, and then, dressed to him upon the conclusion of the truce, he opened a letter which the admiral delivered to him. As he found this rather difficult, the Emperor, who was half paralysed by gout, the Bishop of Arras, behind his chair, stepped forward to open the letter. The Emperor would not allow him to do so:—

"What! my lord of Arras," he said; "you are not of the duty which I am bound to perform to my good brother! if it please God, no one but myself. And then, by a violent effort, he broke the letter, which was fastened, and, turning towards the admiral, with a melancholy smile, he added, "What do you say, admiral? am I not a brave cavalier to run and risk my life for that I find it so difficult to open a letter?"

He then inquired about the King's health, and the descent through Mary of Burgundy, from France: "I am very proud," he said, "of



mother's side from the family which wears and supports the most celebrated crown in the world." Having learned that Henry the Second, whom he had seen as a child at Madrid twenty-eight years before, was already grey-haired, although still young, the Emperor, naturally reverting to his own youth, related this anecdote of his earliest and most brilliant years: "I was," he said to the admiral, "about the same age as the King, your master, when I returned from my voyage from Goletta (on the coast of Africa) to Naples. You are well aware of the beauty of that town and the graceful affability of the ladies there; I wished to please them as much as the others, and to deserve their favour. The day after my arrival, I sent for my barber very early in the morning to dress my hair, curl it, and perfume me. On looking at myself in a mirror, I perceived a few white hairs like those which now adorn the King my good brother. 'Pull out those hairs,' said I to the barber, 'and don't leave one of them;' and he did so. A short time after, when I looked at myself again in the glass, what do you think I saw? For every white hair that I had pulled out, three had made their appearance. So if I had had these last comers pulled out also, in less than no time I should have become as white as a swan."

On this occasion he talked a great deal, as he was in the habit of doing on every opportunity, of the infirmities which had so early attacked him, and of the signs of old age which had prematurely exhibited themselves in him. He was particularly careful to show the most friendly feelings towards the King of France, and to behave affably to his ambassador, who, at the court of that monarch, did not belong to the warlike party of the Guises, but to the pacific party of the Montmorencies,—as if by these demonstrations of good will, he had hoped to establish between his son and Henry the Second a friendly understanding which was destined to be of very short duration.

The Emperor thought he would be able to retire to Yuste towards the end of the spring of 1556. He had given very express orders that everything should be ready for his reception at that period: and had already selected those servants of his household who were to accompany him to the monastery. This household, which was composed on the feudal principle, and which had at its head several of the most powerful nobles of Spain, the Netherlands, and Germany, consisted of seven hundred and sixty-two persons of various ranks and functions. He left the most important members in the service of Philip the Second and Ferdinand, and from the rest he selected a hundred and fifty to accompany him in his voyage; and of these more than a third were afterwards to be confined with him in the monastery at Yuste. At their head was Colonel Luis Quixada, one of his three former majordomos: appreciating his strength of mind, loftiness of character, and discreet fidelity, Charles the Fifth had entrusted to him the education of his natural son, Don Juan of Austria whose birth was unknown to almost every one, and had been revealed only to Philip the Second. He chose as his secret

Martin de Gastelu, who had been employed for the despatch of business of his secretaries of state, and whom he valued for his trustworthiness and experience. His physician was a doctor named Mathys. One of the gentlemen who attended him was William Van Male, a clever and experienced man, who for several years had been accustomed to attend him, and who, when required, had read to him, and even written for him, the narratives which have unfortunately been preserved of his expeditions and political actions. He had also a Flemish nese mechanician, Juanello Torriano, who attended to his clocks. The other persons who attended him to different services—his bedchamber, his table, his stable, his pharmacy,—and his household. Three Flemish nobles named Ibremon, were to accompany him to the monastery.

Charles the Fifth, who was preceded by his brother Philip of Quixada, left Brussels in the month of September, for Ghent, whither he was accompanied by his wife, his daughter and his daughter the Queen of Bohemia. He gave his last farewell of his children, and accompanied by Eleanor the widow of Francis the First, he started for Zealand, where he was waiting for him. A few days before his departure, in the act in which he abdicated the Empire, he sent his King of the Romans, and he sent this day his ambassadors, at whose head was the Duke of Brabant. On the 12th of September he wrote to his brother Philip to choose the time and place at which he would appoint him his successor, but reiterated that he was anxious to be relieved as quickly as possible of all his powers, but also of all his titles. On the next day he embarked in the harbour of Antwerp in a large vessel called the *Bertendona*, in which an apartment had been prepared for him. He sailed and anchored on the morning of the 13th. His fleet came on, and was afterwards followed by the Spanish fleet, detained them at a few leagues from Flushing, and put into Rammekens from the 14th to the 16th. The wind ceased to be unfavourable, and he sailed for the bay of Biscay, to bury himself in Spain in a place of his own chosen, and which was now prepared for him.



## HALF A DAY IN IRELAND.

BY A SUBALTERN *EN ROUTE*.

THE bubbles, Mr. Bentley, on the back of your "Miscellany," encourage me to blow you one for its interior. The fact is, that I have lately performed a journey from one Irish seaport to another; and, since we have "Years," and "Months," and even "Fort-nights," in various parts of the world, placed at the disposal of the public in the shape of solid octavos, why should not the sayings and doings comprised within a road and railway drive of half a day's duration, be offered to your readers in the less substantial form of an article?

The little trip was so unlike the solemn, taciturn, neighbour-repellant travelling of the elder sister isle, that, as a stranger to the country, I was forcibly struck by the contrast; and it occurred to me, that by jotting down what I saw and, nearly word for word, what I heard, there might be furnished a photographic glimpse of this singular, sociably inclined, fierce, affectionate, volatile, and most pleasant people, which might prove entertaining to those whose avocations confine them to the eastern shore of the Irish Channel.

"Here we are," then, as the clown says at Christmas, on the quay at Waterford,—for, having only the time between sunrise and sundown to draw upon, we cannot loiter over the sea passage from Bristol to that port. Here we are on the quay at Waterford, and we must get off it again as quickly as possible; for if I stay to sketch that city—even though indulging no further in historical retrospection than its occupation just a thousand years ago by Scandinavian invaders and Ostmen settlers—it is clear that our limits of time and space might be very considerably exceeded.

Amid stunning cries of "D'ye want a porthur, surr?" "D'ye want a car, your honour?" a torrent of passengers and portman-teaus, pouring ashore from the steam-boat, was hurried along with a crowd of beggars, soliciting what in all likelihood they seldom get from half sea-sick travellers, and of other applicants deserving the name no less, pertinaciously offering for sale objects which could by no possible chance be of the slightest utility to wayfaring persons;—

"Give a poor widow a ha'penny, in the honour of God." "Would your honour be wanting a couple of fine young fowls?" "A fine sthraw mat, ma'am, sewed wid iligant strong twine." "Don't forgit the poor, captin." "Buy a fine turkey—do, your honour, we hav'n't took a copper this day." "A fine load of bog-dale, miss?" "Will I carry your bag, surr?" Such were some of the demands and supplies awaiting the strangers as they set foot in Ireland.

There was a decided want of dignity in our debarkation, nor was its character any way elevated by the contemporaneous em-

barkation in another vessel of a huge he  
pened to be going on. As we fought our  
strong detachment of porkers duly booke  
to be suddenly seized with the desire to  
our party, and, one and all, came scou  
wharf and "The Mall." A pair of ther  
caused great commotion by rushing at  
crowd, like a chain-shot, and with a sin  
rigging of the travellers; and I do believ  
deliver himself of a good round oath,  
strung by the concerted charge of two c  
One enormous hog, escaping at a han  
instantly converted a stout old lady into  
entirely disappearing amongst her blac  
career could be arrested. I hardly knew  
the patience and good temper of the her  
their fat charges, or the skill, perseve  
which, before we had time to swallow a  
or six hundred pigs had been safely er  
case of emigration *à contre cœur*! No  
from his country with half the anguish o  
porkers—at least if lamentation must b  
ness!

The Irish are said to be the best pig  
I had always heard that when they desi  
these eccentric animals towards one po  
invariably steer them an opposite cour  
rience, I found this principle still furt  
words "get out of that," seconded by a  
thorn, appeared to be the usual form c  
appealed to was intended to get *into* the  
voyage. The same exhortation, as I afte  
and correct *horse-language*,—"Hup! ge  
verbal small change, or at least a pron  
the whip; moreover, they are often pa  
carman to his nag. What he is *got out*  
Out of the pace the "baste" is going?  
is at the moment? Out of the shafts?

It was the 14th of the month, and my  
little time to lose, for Dublin was our  
necessary for the well-being of our pock  
discipline, that our names should appear  
the half monthly return of the next day  
suiting for our journey northwards, w  
giving the owner leave to take up cha  
vacant seats *en route*,—provided they v  
waiting for our car, we noted some of th  
the natives.

At first sight, the male Irish peasant  
slighter than the Briton, quicker in mar  
altogether, carrying the load of life with



grace than the latter ; a much more communicative, less ruminative animal, pleased at being talked to, delighted to afford information, and gratified by an interchange of common courtesies. "A beautiful day for your journey, thank God !" "The Lord speed ye." "The Lord send ye safe home ;" were among the numerous pleasant salutations I received. My companion boasted that a middle-aged female had invoked a blessing on "his two good-looking blue eyes," while an older dame, somewhat far gone in liquor, greeted me repeatedly with the exclamation,—"*More power to ye,*"—leaving me to conjecture, whether these words conveyed merely a form of prayer for my bodily health, or were an attack by implication on my corporeal potency. I was glad to learn, more lately, that the expression is a common one, and is intended civilly, not sarcastically.

There is great uniformity of dress among the peasantry, and the costume does not appear to me to be either the cheapest or the most commodious. The corduroy shorts, woollen stockings and ungaitered shoes are unsuited to husbandry, and the blue coat and gilt button, a rustic imitation of the dress-coat of the bygone generation, still more so. Yet these, with the heavy caped great-coat, are the never varying attire of the Irish farmer and countryman, only differing in state of repair according to the means of the wearer,—from the good, strong, unpatched suit and broad beaver hat, to a fret-work of rags unfit even for purposes of decency, and a crownless "*caubeen*" serving only as a conductor between the airs of heaven and the owner's skull.

We saw many pretty and rosy faces shrouded in blue cloaks, for the Irish girls wear their mantles on their heads instead of their shoulders, and those who permitted them to fall to their natural position, displayed beautiful black hair neatly braided, and modest though merry blue eyes, shaded with dark lashes, while good wide mouths and an addiction to laughter, aided by a vegetable diet, gave to view a succession of ivory "*dinner sets,*" such as are rarely seen except in savage races or savage animals. Not that there is anything *farouche* in the Irish peasant woman, although her chastity is proverbial among nations. She has no need to be ferocious in the guardianship of her virtue ; for her native modesty and her native wit are shield and buckler against ribaldry and licentiousness. Ah ! Paddy, Paddy ! reckless, improvident Paddy ! you are a lucky fellow in the dispensation that has coupled you with an active, cheerful, and faithful helpmate, ready to work for you when you are lazy (and you have a great genius for idleness), to assist you when you are sober, to lead you home when drunk, and to plaister your rattlebrain skull, when "it's divarting yourself you 've been" at the fair or the pattrern, the party fight, or the faction skrimmage ! I don't know what Malthus and Martineau might say to your early wedlock, but it is one of Pat's characteristics not to stand shivering on the brink of matrimony, but to plunge in at once and take the odds. More pigs and potatoes, and fewer children in the cabins of the young couples we passed this day, might doubtless brighten the prospects

of rent-paying, and squeamish thinkers might have mixed households of human and brute being, and God's image in the flesh,—there should be no such thing; but—"Hup! ye divils, out of that car, drumming his brogues on the floor with a couple of cracks of the whip we were off, and leave of us, Heaven knows why, with a triumphant shout."

It was a false start, however, for at the first start of the active horses, my friend's soldier-servant to the back of the vehicle, an accident only to befalling his first trial of an outside car—one of the conveniences, like the *chairs-à-banc* of the Continent, as named by the facetious author of "The Fortunate Pilgrims." To say, we had not gone many miles before a contingency, although the centrifugal resuscitation of myself. We were trotting merrily down hill when a passing horseman caught the driver's attention, suddenly, to his team, and as suddenly he leaped from his haunches; whereupon my head was knocked off the coach box with an impetus that made an impression on my memory for ever the Irish horse-language is synonymous with the word "accident."

Just previously to this interruption we had observed the action of the carriage on our side, but, the driver, under the seat, of course the state of the horse was under our ken. The horseman, however, dismounted and brought towards us some heavy object, which he held with indifference calculated to be highly encouraging. He remarked, "Sure, it's only the tire." And the driver, a part of the fellow, too. We had travelled a long way, the points of the spokes!

While the wheel went into hospital at a neighbouring tavern, where we dropped into a neighbouring tavern, where we had bread and whiskey and water. I was indignant at the wry faces at the beverage, while throwing the glass through the door, when a "boy,"—the driver, who was scratching his back against the rear of the carriage, remarked, "Ah! your honour has no fancy for the horse and no wondher. If I had you up in the carriage you some of the right sort, the ould stock, —not a headache in a hogshead, I'll go for it, or not this was an empty promise, I had said so, but, at any rate, as a Queen's officer, I could not do the illicit."

Acting as barmaid in this little wayside tavern, the prettiest lasses I ever saw; such lovely black eyes and snowy teeth, so arch an expression of countenance, withal so utterly neglected a person (to us at least) would have been difficult to find equalled, in conjunction.

"She's to be marr'd next week, surr!"



that love of diffusing knowledge, useful or useless, so common to this people.

"Is that true, Mary?" I asked.

"Plase God!" replied the bare-footed Hebe, with a perfect picture of a smile, and a simple frankness worthy of imitation by the higher-born under like circumstances. One might almost have envied her Rory, provided the pump took precedence of the priest.

At the blacksmith's forge we observed a large four-wheeled car under repair, with a decidedly un-Irish name painted on the dash-board.

"An uncommon name, that," remarked a passenger; "but you must be a stranger here not to know it."

He then proceeded to inform me, that the owner of the appellation came originally to the country, thirty or forty years ago, as an Italian organ-boy, exhibiting marmots, white mice, "or the like." Clever, good-looking, and pleasing in manner, he was a general favourite throughout the country. Promotion followed his success in the first grade of his humble profession; for a pedlar's pack, with its glittering freight of foreign gew-gaws and home-made "notions," was soon entrusted to him by his employers. Prospering in this branch of traffic, he added a little cart and an ass to his establishment, and thus rose a peg above the degree of tramp. While traversing the country in pursuit of a market for his wares, he had a smile and a civil word for everybody, and was repaid in like coin by the lively and polite people he had come amongst. Now and then he gave some way-worn pauper a lift for charity's sake, or some pretty maiden for gallantry's sake. This practice suited his kindly disposition; but it did *not* "suit his book." Why should he not carry passengers for money as well as for love? was the natural question of a ready wit and an enterprising spirit. The little vehicle, accordingly, enlarged its powers of accommodation; the donkey was superseded by a stout gallo-way; the scheme succeeded, for in those days there were few or no public conveyances in the Irish provinces. The shrewd Italian conceived, and by steady, gradual and well-devised measures, organized and carried out a general system of passenger and goods carriage throughout the southern counties.

Meanwhile, the utterly illiterate organ-boy, had, through his own exertions, become the well-informed gentleman, as his native disposition had already made him a man of taste. He married an Irish lady of good family and fortune, and, purchasing an estate with a commodious house, settled down in the country as a naturalized Irishman.

"About eighteen years ago," pursued my informant, "I was travelling on one of these cars, when, observing in the hands of my next neighbour a fine copy of a rare book—I forget its title—I took occasion to make some remark about its antiquity. 'Yes, sir,' he replied, with a pleasant smile and a slightly foreign accent, 'it is rather an abstruse work for a poor carman to study. You do not know me, I see,' he continued; 'every one hereabouts

knows B——, the carman.' The progressive proprietor of the marmot, the ass, and the galloway, owned, at the time I speak of, three hundred horses."

"Where is Mr. B. at present?" asked I.

"In It'ly, plase your honour," put in the driver; "in It'ly with his friends; but he carries on the business still. Be gor! he's more likely to own three thousand than three hundred horses now!"

"Is he well in health?"

"Be gor! I dun' know; but I hope so, for he's a rale gentleman, and no mistake, tho' he has run most of us poor divils off the road."

Having more than once mentioned the driver of our car on the present journey, I will herè admit a slight sketch of that personage, as a type of a class not unimportant, and, by all accounts, quite peculiar to the country. We all know what a dignified, sententious, solemn, and generally silent individual, is the stage-coachman of England, an animal now nearly extinct, but of which there still remain a few indifferent specimens, half fossilized by the destructive action of the rail. A very different character is the Irish car-driver; and Larry Aigan, as he was generally called—Laurence Egan, as he signed himself—was no bad representative of his order. Larry was a "boy" of about thirty-five or forty, full six feet high, well made, strong and active, and possessing a weather-beaten countenance beaming with fun, devilry and good-humour. If we had not a pleasant journey, it was not Larry's fault, for he did his best to entertain his passengers, and, to do him justice, it seemed to cost him little effort, for his garrulous merriment appeared not merely spontaneous, but irrepressible in its gushing redundancy. He knew the history of most of the houses, hamlets, families, as well as natural objects within a wide margin on each side of the road, and if he knew them not, a lively fancy supplied the place of local accuracy. When anecdotes failed him, he volunteered a song; and a fine, rich, manly voice had Larry Egan. That finished, he would whistle a jig, and what was more, dance it on his foot-board. "I wisht it was on the flure I was wid a girl I know of forninst me; would n't we make the dust fly? Whoop—yep! ye divils, out of that (to his horses), bad cess to ye, am I to have all the footing it to myself?"

Larry had a word for every one we met,—generally a civil, always a merry, and often a bantering word; but, at any rate, a word without fail. To a grave old woman trudging past, he said, with a serio-comic face,—

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but could you recommend me to a decent sarving maid out of place, wid about a year's wages in an odd stocking, just to keep me out of hardship?"

"Halloo!" cried he, to a lubberly clod,— "did ye meet down the road a little black spaniel dog, wid a stout young woman under its arum?"

He made one fellow's cheeks redden, by observing aloud,— "There's a face for you; why he'd turn a noggin o' milk sour by



looking over it!" And, on the patient growing angry, he added, with a threatening gesture,—“Shut yeer face, ye ugly lob, or I'll break it for ye in a crack!”

Apostrophising a cut-purse looking youth, he remarked,—“if I was as fit to be a lawyer as you are to be a rogue, Councillor Keogh would n't be good enough to mend pens for me;” and, calling a stupid-faced old man to the car-side, he addressed him mysteriously, with a side-wink to his passengers,—

“Whisper here, my estamed friend! Will you tell me, now, what is your private and ondisgoised opinion upon the domestic policy of the Payruvians!” To which the other instantly replied,—

“Troth, honey! that's the very question I was going to ax yeerself.”

“Be dad, he had me there,” confessed the laughing Larry.

With all his jocularly, Egan was sober and steady in the main. “When it's mighty cold (or mighty hot, for the matther o'that), I takes a glass of porther wid a sketch of spurts in it—one't a month may be.”

“That's the turf, your honour,” cried Larry, continuing to supply the local information which he thought my looks demanded, as they strayed over a series of long black piles stretched across a dismal swamp.

“In county Watherford we burn turf and saycoal from Wales. They burn stone-coal in Kilkenny and bog-dale to kindle it, for its cruel hard. Bog-dale is the ould, ould pine trees that's been underground since the flood, and flames like a torch.”

“What do they burn in Tipperary?” asked my friend.

“Well thin, the T'prairy b'ys ain't no ways particular. When the fit's on 'em, it's houses and hayricks and the like they make fuel of; but they are *quite* now entirely.”

“What makes your countrymen so troublesome?” I demanded.

“Oh! the rasons are as thick as blackberries. Do ye see that big house in the wood beyant, convanient to the church? That's one of the causes. There's forty, or may be fifty, sowls attinds their obligations in that church, and the minisither is ped 1200*l.* or 1400*l.* a-year for his trouble.”

This seemed to be an exacerbating subject with Larry, and he went on to tell us that some miles further we should pass “a fat recthory,” the last incumbent of which, he gravely assured us, “died of a pleurisy,”\* which malady he solemnly believed to signify a plethora of ecclesiastical preferment.

“Look away out there, over the bog,” added the carman; “there's a hill covered with stones and rocks, and a wood of stunted firs, and a village of twenty or thirty cabins, and a deep lane running under it. That's Corrickshock, where a handful of pisantry massacred a party of police twenty years back. There was thirty of the Peelers with loaded muskets and bayonets; but the boys, the schamers, got them into the boreen and battered them to bits with the stones from the walls; fifteen was kilt outright and all the rest wounded, and not a man hurt on our—”

\* “Plurality,” perhaps.

mane on the side of the Carrickschock boys. when a dacent boy could n't be out after sun up by a military pathrol. Many a good lad the country, for no worse than preferring pay sthraw."

"What do you think of the Six-Mile B lad?" put in the stranger passenger.

"Well then, surr," replied the driver, looking at two army officers on me car, I beg leave to subject."

"Three officers, you might almost have veller, "for I served many years. Pray, dressing my brother sub, "might I ask how had you commanded the escort on that occ

"On that point," replied my friend, "I n example of Mr. Egan."

"Well, now," pursued our fellow-traveller these two rebuffs, and resolved to *give* an *get* one; "here's just what I would have mitting the riot to proceed so far as to rend volley, whereby half a dozen ignorant, del killed, I would have ordered the best man 'pick me off that ringleader in the black. One shot only would then have been fired, the right one—would have fallen. That's mercy too! I am a farmer now," added found the bell-wether, who ought to know and misleading his flock, it is him, and not that I would bring to the butcher for the o ing, gentlemen; good morning, Larry!" as he shouldered his valise, and marched stur towards a distant village.

Mr. Egan then went on to tell us,—for glooms,—that it was not far off, where, s parson had been murdered on the high assassin had been hanged upon a triangle which he had shed the old man's blood. A tors came to see it, standing on the hill soldiers formed a guard about the gallows; the execution on that wild *locale* were rend by the rope stretching under the great weight feet thus reached the ground, so that the ha his back, while another raised the legs of was thus killed by inches after ten minutes the old mother stood "on the top of the ditc and keening, "Oh! why did they murther boy, and he not twenty-five years old, and teen stone!" And how, on bended knees tions on his murderers, while the curse wa fury from the hills around.

"But what's the odds to Larry, whe



broke off our narrator. "Did you ever hear the song of Molly Brallagan, Captin?" and, without awaiting a reply, but putting on a mock sentimental look, he chanted to a dismal ditty some dozen verses of complaint to that flinty-hearted coquette. Two of the stanzas ran as follows:—

"Ma'am, dear, did ye never hear  
Of purty Molly Brallagan?  
Troth, dear, I've lost her,  
And I'll never be a man again.  
Not a spot on my hide  
Will the sun ever tan again,  
Since Molly has left me here  
Alone for to die.

"Oh, the left side of me carcass is  
As wake as wather-gruel, ma'am,  
I've nothing left upon me bones  
Since Molly's been so cruel, ma'am,  
If I had but a carabine  
I'd go and fight a jewel, ma'am,  
For 'tis wholesomer to kill meself  
Than stay here to die."

There was a grand image!

"The place where me heart was,  
You'd aisy rowl a turnip in—"

but my notes and memory fail me as to how it was introduced.

Although decidedly of an amatory character, Larry's songs were not exclusively lugubrious, and one to which he afterwards treated us, illustrative of his loving but inconstant complexion, was so infectious in its jollity, that we found ourselves involuntarily and irresistibly joining in the chorus, to the possible detriment of our characters as sober and discreet travellers. Here are a couple of its stanzas, and I have since heard the song attributed to the famous Captain Morris.

"I once was a lover like most of you here,  
And could feast a whole day on a sigh or a tear;  
No sunshine had I but in Kitty's black eye,  
And the world was a desert when she wasn't by.  
But the devil knows how I grew fond of Miss Betty,  
Which placed in my heart quite another design.  
'Tis a bit of a thing  
For a body to sing,  
Just to set us a going and season the wine.

"Then Lucy came next with her languishing eye,  
Like the azure of heaven you see in the sky.  
The beauties of Betty she threw in the shade,  
And I vowed that for ever I'd love the dear maid.  
But the elegant Fanny one day came before me,  
Which placed in my heart quite another design.  
'Tis a bit of a thing, &c."

And thus on, *ad infinitum*!

At one point in our drive we had glimpses of the Bog of Allen, that huge tract of swamp which extends for scores of miles through the central districts of the island. Some of the human habitations hereabouts were of so rude and wretched a nature, that one

had to look twice to be convinced that and not some wild animal, crouching entrances. Even on the damp and itself were to be seen low discoloured m been for the feeble wreath of smoke, it we to believe to be the *home* of a Christian this apparently heaven-deserted land.

A priest now took possession of one groom, with a bundle of horse clothing afterwards, we observed, on all sides, th across the enclosures, leaving their for sticking in the ground, and, men, wor police), gathering on the tops of the hill Another case of Carrickshock! thought coat suggested kindred ideas of the milit civil power."

"Hurroo! here they come!" cried L and, pulling up his nags, he stood erect did likewise; so did we; so did the Irish the English bătman, as the cheerful hounds, in full cry, broke on our ears.

"There's Captain Jones of the Im foremost into the road: murder! that' ould Micky Miguire;—more power to Lord Watherford on the chisnut; and here's young Jem O'Dowd on Blue B the last in it; and the colonel wid his c ain't wather that washes his face that There's a rid coat down—he's up again sowl," pursued Larry, working himself who did not like the coped wall out of sowl, the longer ye look at it the less it, like a man, or go home to your mother wouldn't stick at that," added he, touchin

"No, Larry, may be I wouldn't, in reverend father had to school his count his evident desire to follow the hunt, as and disappeared.

The ecclesiastic was a sleek, well-ma with a round black head and a rosy fac his strong close-shaved beard ran in Quietly conversible, with little of the dis to his order, I found him an agreeable He did not "shirk," even, the subject ordinary power over the people, for got the priesthood of Ireland; and, guessin scarlet-lined cloak, or, for aught I kn drawl which are looked upon by priest the outfit of an English officer, he gave this influence as exerted by himself in fa

"A young Protestant sergeant, belon



pying a small town in this county, having one night drank too freely at a public house, lost his sash on his way home, and was placed in arrest. The captain having a regard for the young man, who was smart and active and usually steady, promised to look over the act of inebriety provided the sash was found within twenty-four hours. Failing that, (for the sergeant's sash is furnished by the Queen,) the entire transaction would have to be reported to the colonel at head-quarters. As the sash had probably been picked up by some passing inhabitant, its recovery seemed nearly hopeless. Full of anxiety, the young sergeant applied to the police. The police failed in their researches. Late in the evening, however, one of the sergeant's comrades bethought himself of the parish priest, upon whom he waited and told his tale. 'Never fear, my friend,' said he, 'the sash shall be forthcoming before two o'clock to-morrow.' And so it was, sure enough. The day being the sabbath, his reverence proclaimed in chapel, at once the loss of the sash, and his pleasure that it should be brought to him immediately. Thus sash and chevron were saved."

The clergyman left us at the gate of "an avenue," as Larry, with perfect exactitude of derivation, styled the utterly treeless approach to a neat-looking residence; and his vacated seat was soon occupied by a gentleman of the county. My fellow soldier, with doubtful tact, commenced with the driver an argument on the subject of the celibacy of the Romish priesthood, the question being whether that word signified merely abstinence from wedlock or a general abjuration of the sex. Larry was discreet:—

"The divil a ha'porth I know about the matter;—be Gor! I dun know; and bad luck to the know I know about it," was the scarcely earnest form of defence he undertook against the innuendoes of my friend.

Our new passenger, however, broke at once through any little incrustation of delicacy with which the subject had hitherto been invested, by saying:—

"Larry, my lad, you have told me many a tough story, now I'll tell you one, and these gentlemen may listen if they like. An acquaintance of mine, strolling through a village where he was staying a few days for fishing, remarked to one of its inhabitants how strange it was that all the children in the place seemed to have carrotty polls, although the parish priest was as black as a bear. 'True for you,' said the villager, 'Father Flanagan's black enough, but his codjutor's as rid as a fox.'"

"Hup! gerrup! out of that," cried Larry to his nags, swamping the conclusion of this irreverent anecdote; "your honour's a joker, and always was;—upon me oath it's blushing I am. Well thin, Father Henessy, that's just got off the car, is a good and kind man, and, before he grew lusty, was the best horseman in the country, and, to this day, in riding from farm to farm and station to station, it's as the crow flies he goes."

"Ah!" said the new passenger, "fox-hunting priests are not so common in Ireland now as they were in former days. They are *under tighter discipline*, and have enough to do, in some districts,

to keep their flocks from wandering into to mention voting the wrong way at election to Mr. Egan with a smile, he added, you ever hear of 'the day the devil was

"I did, surr," replied Larry; "but i forgit it entirely."

"Pray let us have it," said I; and o traveller told this tale of mystery in near we trotted merrily towards Kilkenny.

"It was on a fine February day, a god went to meet the Kildare hounds at a vi from the foot of the range known as the I was a pretty large 'field' out, some of t country, mounted on first-rate horses.

was drawn a fox was found, and after a him into a drain, within a few yards of a gorse. The master resolving to have reyn whilst a digger and a terrier were sought of unearthing was going on, most of th Cigars and sherry and sandwiches and other features of coverside coffee-house the day. The master and the huntsma and the only whipper-in out that day was when the master, suddenly looking up fr the greater part of his pack, and had b anger and amazement, when a distant sh heard, followed by the faint swell of a p instantly lost again.

"The hounds, it appeared, had stole into the gorse, which was spread over hill under which the field was for the found a fresh fox and got away with l as thought upon our horses and takin by some peasants on a bank, after clea a series of high fences topped with fu open valley, along the bottom of which Just beyond it, streaming up a slight of the Kildare hills, we descried the ho a mile ahead and running in such co might have covered the thirty couple. of the pack rode a single horseman, a the distance that separated us, we could

"'Now 's our time over the flat, or we exclaimed the master; and away we s until the brook was reached. It was an spot where the hounds had dashed acr there were no traces of the horseman on of the field, however, were soon *over*, while were left to get *out* as they could.

"Up the hill we drove, spurs in an and soon reached its crest. 'Where at



the foremost rider. 'Away there, beyant,' answered a lad on a peat-stack, pointing down a deep valley to the left; and there they were sure enough, just disappearing round a spur of the mountains, and in an instant more they were lost to view.

"Is any one with them?" cried I.

"The divil a sowl," replied the boy, 'barring a gintleman in black!'

"The majority of the riders bore away to the left, while, with five or six others I faced the flank of the spur, in the hope of cutting in upon the hounds by a shorter line. With sobbing horses we topped the range, and a wide extent of prospect lay before us. The character of the country had now become decidedly mountainous. A bottom, half a mile below us, was partially cultivated, and two or three poor-looking farms were pretty closely fenced, but the hill-side beyond them, alternate swamp and grass-land, was divided only by a few stone-walls, and towards the summit were open downs.

"The last hounds of the pack were just extricating themselves from the enclosures, but the main body were two fields a-head of them. The lone horseman retained the same position as formerly, and, while bending forward on his black steed, hat in hand, his shrill cheer was faintly thrown back to us from the mountain side.

"A check, a check!" joyfully exclaimed one of the field; 'we'll catch them yet!' But quick as lightning the black rider, casting a few couple to the right, regained the lost scent; the hounds at fault raced up to the head of the pack; and, away! away! straight up the steep acclivity they flew, rider and hounds, —no arrow straighter to its mark,—through heather and gorse patches, lightly touching the walls and off again, bogs and rocks nothing hindering,—up, up they drove,—the pack now mute now musical, and the clear bugle-like voice of the black horseman now ringing distinctly on the air, now borne away faintly by the passing breeze.

"The d—l take that smutty-looking fellow; I hope he'll break his neck!" muttered a well-appointed red-coat through his mustachios, as his gallant first charger, performing the duty he and his master loved best, dropped first into a trot, and, lastly, into a confirmed walk.

"Upon me oath, I believe it's the black gintleman himself," puffed out a broad-shouldered and brogued young man, as he flung himself off a crop-eared nag, whose rat tail shook like an aspen, and strode up the ascent beside him.

"Two more hills and valleys,—billows of the mountains, gradually increasing in height and depth,—had we to encounter, the hounds as gradually augmenting their distance ahead, when, near a storm-beaten cairn marking the highest peak of the third or fourth ridge we had crossed, we came upon a half-starved shepherd. 'Oh, bedad! you're too late entirely; the hounds is gone by this half hour'—said he.

"Which way! which way?" cried I.

"But before he could reply we descried the pack, just bursting

from a stunted plantation that stretched over mass of hill, behind which the sun was fast crossing the ridge, however, they turned to their course parallel to ourselves, at the distance miles as the crow would fly. We could almost have said like a weird hunt along the sky line it with a distinctness well nigh supernatural.

"Hurrah!" vociferated the dragoon, as the pack was now unattended. "Hurrah! the come to grief at last!"—but the words had not the figure of the ebony horseman emerged earth—or from under it—and, defining itself ruddy sky, was seen cheering on the hound along the distant hill top. A moment more, deep lane which traversed the ridge, they began. About an hour later, on our way homewards, in the direction the hounds had taken, we found a shoe put on at a forge, and a group of loun they had heard the hunt at a distance past village, and how Teddy Houlahan, while they actually seen it, and that there was a gentler away like blazes' with the hounds; and, moreover swore that, while they were at fault for a moment draw a flask from his pocket to drink, and touched his lips, the '*spurts*' took fire! \*

"Having shortly afterwards hit upon the D onwards and homewards, somewhat humiliated puzzled by the event of the day and we had we thought, the last of fox, pack and solitary overtook three or four hounds straggling along drooping sterner, and jaded looks.

"Ho! Harbinger, you are out of place to bitch, you're singing the wrong side of your Arrogant, old boy, and try to look a little more muttered the master of the pack, as we pulled the dejected brutes. At this moment we re hulked hobbledehoy of eighteen or nineteen his might to replace a heavy gate upon its hinge the half lugubrious half humorous expression predicament commonly puts on. He touched to the red-coats, and one of them good natured him to lift the gate, for which offer he was rep that he was 'a rare gentleman, for that the be it was not put up.'

"But how came your gate broken down, gentleman. Upon which the other went on hounds had passed about an hour before, a high road in full cry at that very spot.

"Was any one with them?" we all exclaimed

\* If the rider were not superhuman he might meet



"'Troth! there was;—won gintleman, as I know to my cost.'

"'Dressed in black?'"

"'He was so; be the hookey, he was upon me in a crack, and he tould me to pull a sthake out of the gap by the gate, and because I was n't smart enough, he tuk me a polthogue on the side of the head, that made me eyes sthrike fire and stretched me on the broad of my back; and with that he laid a houlth upon the top bar of the gate, and up wid it, and down wid it, and over it as it lay; and 'forrard, forrard,' screeches he to the dogs, and away they wint helther skelther over the ditch into the meadow beyant; and the divil a ha'porth more I saw or heard of them, good or bad.'

"Nor did we either," concluded the reviver of this true legend. "Such is a correct account of the famous run with the Kildare hounds, known, twenty years ago on the country side, as 'the day the divil was out;' and nothing ever transpired to fix the identity of the gentleman in black,—unless, indeed, it may be said to have been established by the laconic dictum of the village leech while fomenting Paddy's contused jaw,—'Be gad! if that ain't Father O'Flaherty's mark, it's mighty like it!'"

Of the ancient and once wealthy city of Kilkenny we had not time to see much, though some hours might have been pleasantly spent in lionizing its antiquities, warlike, monastic, and ecclesiastical. Time and tide and the rail waiting for no man, we had no leisure even to test the three well-known boasts of Kilkenny,—“fire without smoke, water without mud, and streets paved with marble;” although these points did appear to us to admit of discussion. The most striking objects were undoubtedly the rural police. Towering above the rest of the population, they were to be seen at the corners of every thoroughfare; their smart green uniform, ‘cocked forage cap, light step, and clean fresh complexions, contrasting strongly with the slovenly aspect of the class from which they have been culled. Yet if a man of this force were not worsted in a fair hip and shoulder bout with an equal opponent from the looser-clad peasantry, then the pertinacious objection of the faculty to tight-lacing must indeed be fallacious; for such padding and screwing, and such bursting buckles, I never before saw, nor, thank heaven, ever suffered. In a personal struggle some part of the machine must break, for to bend would be out of the question! Putting aside this defect, the mere enrolment of such a body of fine fellows on the side of law and order, instead of leaving them among the ranks of the possible enemies of the public peace, is a stroke of good policy, worth its cost, to say the least of it.

If the rural constabulary is one of the objects most striking to the stranger's eye, the most painful one to his heart is the multitude of beggars by which he is beset in this, and, I suppose, in most other Irish towns. Coming out to the steps of the inn, in order to witness the start of a public conveyance, and to arrange for our own carriage to the railway, they poured upon us from all quarters, mingling in the closest contact with incoming and out-

going travellers. No one could lift his instant and noisy appeal, and still less could he demand payment of just debts, without a doze towards it, as though it were a common the rightful property of anybody but the

"Ah! yeer honour, throw us a ha'penn Don't forgit the poor and the disthrissed distitute. Ah! young gintleman on the for the poor childre that's starvin, in hav'n't tasted bit or sup this blessed d the Almighty purtick and purlong yeer da I do, at all at all, in the name of Jasu are to the poor. Ah! yeer honour, over little sixpence to git a stone o' male ochone! myself has no luck this day, a plied by interjectional groans and sighs.

"Yeer honour in the white hat, thro o'God,—we got no relief this blessed da rich enough; the Lord maintain it to ye has none. And may the blessin' of the me,—he purtinds to be asleep!"

Here the white-hatted gentleman burst out half a handful of coppers.

"May the blessin's of the poor and th shleepin' an' wakin', and the prayers children ascind for yees, and the Lard o send ye safe to"—(the car starts amid a

Such is the literal form of attack and cants, while *discoorsing* ourselves and o hurry and confusion of paying bills and and trying to remember not to forget an paniments of travel, and the strongest home.

But we are now snug in the railway packed at Dublin; and we are immed superiority in smoothness of action of travelled on before. The country we certainly not picturesque. In eighty mi nor, I believe, with any deep cutting. T across the splendid champaign of the C dare and of the sporting Irishman. He intervals, we flew past gaunt old castle former wealthy and warlike character of quent, those strange, inscrutable round terranean wells, which have remained a gists, however ingenious their theories, a have been built for the mere purpose of

At several of the towns we passed, instance, the train took up parties of en and truly a most piteous and pathetic se parting of friends and relatives among th



Theirs was certainly not the grief too great for utterance—deep though it undoubtedly was; and the sobs, groans, screams and passionate ejaculations were such as no Englishman could possibly conceive, who has not seen a family separation of Irish peasants. So desperate, indeed, were the demonstrations of anguish, that it was with difficulty the guards prevented men and women from clinging to the train after it had started; and so great the sympathy, that not only the car-drivers and omnibus cads wept aloud, but that most flinty-looking animal the stiff collared, glazed hatted, and bolt upright railway policeman absolutely dissolved into tears—nor strove to hide them. Myself was in a fair way of catching the infection, when compassion was turned into wrath by a young, languid dandy demanding of an old one in the same carriage,—

“What are these people howling about, Sir John?”

“Oh!” replied the fat, important, and comfortable-looking elder, “we are packing off a lot of poor devils to America from the Unions.”

In another instant I was taking up the cudgels for that country with a noisy old woman, who, standing close to my window and clapping her hands continually, kept up an unceasing chorus.—

“Oh, why do they send them to that barbarous, outlandish place, Americay?”

“Stop your screaming and listen, mother, if you can,” cried I; “I have been there myself, and America, I can assure you, is not outlandish at all, and no more barbarous than Ireland!”

“Oh! bad luck to me, listen to him!” began the irate and elderly Hibernian in violent appeal to the bystanders;—when fortunately the train proceeded, and our dispute was abruptly ended.

The journey terminated soon after; and, as we only reached Dublin to go to dinner and to bed, I will here likewise conclude my “Half a Day in Ireland,” by subscribing myself

Yours,

A SUB.

Dublin, January 1, 1853.

## THE MEMBER FOR BUMBLETOWN'S PARLIAMEN- TARY CAREER AND MAIDEN SPEECH.

BY ALFRED W. COLE.

OF all stale old sayings, there is none more common or musty than the venerable adage *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. The adage is true enough, but it is not the whole truth, because it would imply that poets are alone of the *Nascitur non fit* species, whereas, we opine, there are many others. For example, take orators. It was all very well for Demosthenes to tell men *how* to speak, how to regulate their voices and their action, and how to deal with their subjects, but let any man follow, or attempt to follow, all the best rules that have ever been given for the guidance of orators, from those of oratory's greatest master down to those of the third-rate actors, who give lessons in elocution according to the most approved Surrey and Victoria notions of the art—and what will be the result? will he find himself an orator after he has completed his course of instruction? Not at all. He will be as far from the mark as the man who should learn Horace's *Ars Poetica* by heart (not *by rote* only), in the faith that a mastery of its rules would make him a poet. Where would be the deficiency then? We reply—in the absence of the natural gifts that alone can make an orator or a poet. Talking is not oratory, neither is versification poetry; and all the teaching in the world can produce but talking and versification—the rest is God's work.

Whether my friend Mr. Algernon Beagles was of this opinion, I am not able to state. If so, he was also impressed with the idea that *he*, at least, possessed the genuine inspiration of true oratory, for he fully resolved to astonish the world, and to delight listening menates. To effect this great end, it was necessary to get into Parliament—no great difficulty with a pocket well lined in these days of rampant bribery and corruption.

Mr. Beagles had never greatly distinguished himself at school or college, though he had read harder than most men, cramming his unfortunate brains with all the learning he could get hold of, but, like seed sown in an ungrateful soil, the said brains, after absorbing all the learning, brought forth no fruits. Never was there a duller dog than Algernon Beagles. You might converse with him on any subject, and feel perfectly convinced that he was utterly ignorant of everything connected with it, while he had, in fact, read probably more books on that very subject than you yourself had ever heard of. I don't believe he could construe Ovid without the constant aid of a Latin dictionary, though I am positive there is no known Latin author whose works he had not read more than once. If he had Greek enough to understand the Testament, I am greatly mistaken, though Blomfield himself



should have known less of Sophocles than he, if incessant study alone conferred knowledge. Poor Beagles! Nature meant him for a journeyman-anything, where the smallest particle of intellect is sufficient for the daily dull routine of life; but Fortune made him a gentleman, and Ambition made him aspire to be an orator.

When Beagles left college, he was an independent man. He followed no profession, and needed none, for he had a nice little estate of three thousand a year in a midland county. He might have taken to partridge-shooting, coursing, fox-hunting, and petty sessions, with the ardour and spirit of country squires in general; but he had a soul above such things. He aimed at something higher than partridges; he pursued something nobler than hares; he sought greater "ends" than Reynard's brush; he foreswore the magisterial sessions, where poachers are punished, and unlicensed papas compelled to provide for the fruits of their naughtiness, for the great sessions of the House of Commons; where laws are made for the mystification of judges and magistrates throughout the realm, by the collective wisdom of the representatives "of the people," or of the length of their own purses.

"No man is a prophet in his own country," says another old adage. Beagles was not considered a Solomon in the county where his paternal acres lay. His tenantry were not numerous enough to secure his election, either for the shire, or for any borough in it, and, therefore, Beagles cast his eye over the map of Great Britain and Ireland, in order to see "what place he should stand for" at the next general election. The result was satisfactory, but not decisive: he was troubled by an *embarras de richesses* in regard to boroughs open to the highest bidder—the question was, which would be the best, safest, and most economical investment!

Beagles took advice of his solicitor. The advice was sound and sensible, and much to the point. It was simply to go to Mr. Puffy Cheetham, the celebrated dealer in boroughs—election agent, we mean—who would, no doubt, arrange matters to his satisfaction. Accordingly Beagles set off at once for London, and, in due time, he was closeted with the renowned Mr. Puffy Cheetham.

"I understand, then, my dear sir," said that bland gentleman, after twenty minutes previous questioning on the subject; "I understand that what you wish is to secure yourself a safe borough."

"Decidedly," replied Beagles.

"I presume that you are perfectly indifferent as to which side you adopt in politics? or have you any little prejudices in that way?"

Beagles looked aghast! indifferent as to which side! little prejudices! could he believe his own ears? Why, Beagles felt himself a perfect patriot of a genuine high tory—so high a tory as to be almost out of sight of the generation he lived in altogether. And he to be supposed "indifferent" on such a subject, or to have only some "little prejudices" about it!

As soon as he could recover from his state of amazement, sufficiently to speak, he exclaimed:—

"Indifferent, Mr. Cheetham! I thank I am roughly conservative to the back bone! I am for principles for—for—"

"For a borough; exactly so, my good sir; your principles; there is no doubt of the restoration, and the purity of its professors."

It never struck Beagles that while he was going to negotiate other people—to wit, the ten-pound borough. Neither did the polite Mr. Cheetham hint at such a thing. However, there was buying and selling;—the latter is tradesmanlike, even in the matter of votes and candidates.

"Conservative, then," said Mr. Cheetham, "that fact. Now, the next point, my dear sir, what are you disposed to risk in this contest?"

"Risk!" repeated Beagles, not quite liking the word.

"When I say 'risk,'" replied Mr. Cheetham with a bland smile, "you must understand me as using a technical term. In point of fact, there is no risk; it always wins."

"But, there may be a petition?" suggested Beagles.

"Of course—of course; such things *will* be arranged; they are getting most unpleasantly common; but may be arranged."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Beagles; "I didn't know that."

Mr. Puffy Cheetham smiled again—politely—his client was so charmingly "verdant." In a look of intense confidence, he said:—

"My dear sir, you, of course, understand that the conversation is of the most private and confidential nature. I nodded assent. "Then, I need only add that the other things, are very easily arranged, thus—." Mr. Cheetham significantly tapped his side pocket, and a golden rattle came out.

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!" exclaimed Beagles.

Mr. Puffy Cheetham here entered into a long explanation, wrapped up in a great deal of circumlocution, which was, that those gentlemen, who paid subscription, had their petitions "set off" against other petitions; and those paying Whig petitioned against, and a well-balanced condition, were mutually released from the petition being played off against another, at the same time, by which means, as Mr. Puffy Cheetham explained, no injury was done to either side, no parties in the house destroyed by it.

"The question is, therefore," continued Mr. Cheetham, "after this explanation, do you wish to select?"



petitions? or are you content to secure your election only, and *risk* a petition?"

"What will be the difference of the expense?" asked Beagles.

"Considerable, of course," replied Cheetham; "but the amount will depend on the place you stand for."

"Let me have the least expensive place," suggested Beagles.

Again Mr. Cheetham smiled benignantly.

"It does not follow that I *can*, my good sir, however much I may desire to do so. You must be aware that some places are already engaged;—as they tell you at the theatrical box-offices. Let me see—" and here he turned to a large steel-clasped ledger, and looked over some pages of it. We should very much have liked to peep into that book; but no one, save Mr. Puffy Cheetham himself, was ever allowed to do so. Therefore we can only guess at its contents, and we strongly surmise them to be a full, true, and particular account of the names, population, number of voters, politics, peculiarities, price and purchasers, of divers or most of the boroughs in Great Britain.

"There is Bumbletown," said Mr. Cheetham; "a nice quiet borough; not particular as to politics; voters very well informed as to the *value* of their privileges; no overwhelming landlord interest at work; quite open at all times to the most *eligible* candidate, and, at present, disengaged."

"What would be the price—I mean what would be the expenses of my election for Bumbletown, do you think?" asked Mr. Beagles.

"Risking petition, about fifteen hundred; guaranteeing against petition (at least, against its consequences,) one thousand more," replied Puffy Cheetham.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Beagles, thinking how expensive was a licence for oratory. "Well, I think I'll *risk* the petition."

If poor Beagles could but have seen the little sardonic smile that crossed Mr. Puffy Cheetham's benign countenance for an instant, he would have altered his mind. It never struck him that a *third* species of bargain might be made—to lose the election at the poll and gain the seat on petition! Mr. Puffy Cheetham had guaranteed him the election; might he not guarantee his opponent? well, well, we must leave *some* things to the reader's imagination.

However, after a little further discussion, Mr. Beagles wrote a cheque for 1,500*l.*, payable to "John Smith, Esq.," in consideration of which, Mr. Puffy Cheetham guaranteed that he should be elected M. P. for Bumbletown, at the forthcoming general election.

Beagles went away with a lightened heart—and pocket—now that he saw his way clearly to the height of his ambition—a seat in Parliament. He was quite confident of obtaining the seat, and equally confident that he should distinguish himself by his oratory. Not that Beagles possessed that complete self-satisfaction and inimitable audacity distinctive of so many rising orators of the day, and especially characteristic of Irish gentlemen, who practise at the Old Bailey bar, and which the ill-natured term impudence.

Beagles was quite deficient in this valuable, and, in one sense, modest; but, a modesty, lay an idea that he was a man of the "stuff" of an orator in him. How many there are in the world!

The stout gentleman at the evening waistcoat working its slow way up to his temples poses "the ladies," never doubts that his speech," while he has been floundering and a large fish in shallow water. The eternal snarlers, who proposes "Prosperity to the Universal Provident Institution," in a dot-and-go-on-titular, bewildered and interminable speech, has been eloquent; and even more so when his heart and assures the charitable toper his health, that he is highly "flattered" and honour they have done him.

Parliament was dissolved, the general election, and Algernon Beagles prepared his address to the electors of the borough of Bumbleton. He wrote to the reader: if he be a Bumbletonian, he is not, he will probably be neither enlightened nor perusal. It was very like election address that it was written by the candidate himself. Things are managed by others, and we are told we hear an uninitiated politician exclaim: "This address of the Honourable Captain Slowboys. I had no idea he was a man of such abilities. Slowboys, who was never guilty of writing anything, his name across a bill-stamp, could have written his own head," as the children say) that wonderful smooth, and very *promising* production, the admiration of the reader, and the enthusiasm of whom it is addressed. What does a man should like to know, if he is to have such hands? And how does Michael O'Callaghan of the Carlton and the Reform, retain the flourishing state of his finances, in spite of the O'Callaghan estates, whose county has no geographers? Why is that worthy gentleman "pen-and-ink Mike"—overwhelmed with elementary aspirants of all politics, and enacting standing little accounts, at the particular election is approaching? When you have you may have an idea why Slowboys' address Dunderhead's hustings-speech so remarkable.

Algernon Beagles proceeded to the to the nomination-day of that important business course he entered the town in a carriage and

\* No fiction this; we hear



colours (orange) in due style. Of course, also, he was cheered and hooted, lauded and quizzed, blessed and cursed, with the ordinary enthusiasm. Not that those who blessed him had any particular love for himself or his politics, nor did all those who cursed him intend to vote against him. As Mr. Cheetham said, they knew the *value* of their privileges, and intended to get it. Besides which, men sell their votes, but retain their freedom of speech, and some, in one point, of action also: and so Bill Styles, the blacksmith, votes for the orange candidate on polling day, but, nevertheless, hurls a dead cat in his face on nomination day. Is not Bill Styles a free-born Briton, and an independent elector?

The nomination ensued. One gentleman proposed Algernon Beagles, Esq., as a fit and proper, &c. &c. Another gentleman proposed Valentine Keen, Esq. The show of hands was in favour of Keen; a poll was demanded, and the business of the election commenced.—Stay, though! we have omitted to make mention of the speeches of the rival candidates: but it is of little consequence, seeing that no one heard a single word of them, and it might have been very doubtful whether either gentleman *did* make a speech at all, were it not for the fact that the “orange” paper of Bumbletown gave Mr. Beagles’ oration in full, professing their inability to catch one word of Mr. Keen’s, in consequence of the storm of hisses and hootings, wherewith he was assailed; while the “blue” journal of the same place reported the entire of Mr. Keen’s harangue, and were extremely sorry that Mr. Beagles’ was utterly inaudible. Very oddly-formed ears there are at an election!

The polling took place. We are not going to divulge the secret and mysterious arts by which red-hot “blues” were induced to vote for the ‘Orange’ candidate, by which others were rendered unable to vote at all, and by which a few dead men appeared to have risen from the tomb to record their votes for Mr. Beagles. Suffice it to say that for once in a way the ‘Orange’ was *couteur-de-rose*. Beagles was declared duly elected; Beagles was chaired; Beagles addressed the mob; Beagles had two rotten eggs in his face—a dead dog smashed his hat, and a cabbage-stalk nearly doubled him up. No matter: these are but the necessary concomitants of an election under our free and happy system. Beagles was M.P. for Bumbletown!

It is far easier to get into the House of Commons than to do anything besides vote and attend Committees when you are there. So Beagles found it. He was now a legislator, but he wanted to be an orator. Alas! there were innumerable difficulties to be overcome before Beagles could let off a speech. First, there were the forms of the House, which troubled and puzzled him greatly; he found that he had a new education to go through, and one that called for the very qualities poor Beagles was most deficient in—memory and quickness. He was astonished to find, also, how the atmosphere of the place seemed to oppress and unnerve him. He observed that platform orators who were in the habit of astounding public meetings were tame and twaddling within the walls of the House; that noisy demagogues sunk into

the most insignificant of back-bench-men; to catch the Speaker's eye at the right moment, puzzling to make out what the deuce the speaker was talking about, though his speech seemed clear enough when read in the newspapers the "hems" and "ahs" and "I beg pardons" repetitions hiding the *point*, as effectually as the sword-blade, left out by the ingenuity of the reporter. How few men would have been speakers were it not for the tact of the speaker.

Beagles studied every subject brought before the day long that he was not attending to, "cramming" himself with Hansard and Blackstone, Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and the like; he made notes of all he read, and then he was ready for any question; but alas! the House always "disputed" the matter before poor Beagles had had the chance of displaying the learning he had amassed or of practically ascertaining how much he had forgotten both.

All this was very distressing to Beagles; and alarming was the fact of a very strong movement against his return, on the ground of his age and corruption. The ominous way in which the progress—the mass of ugly evidence which he had to shake the head with which Mr. Speaker answered him when he tremblingly asked him to speak—convinced him that the worst was impending.

"You should have made up your mind to this long ago, my good sir," said the borough-agent.

"Couldn't I now?"—began Beagles.

"Too late, sir, too late," replied Cheetham, "that his doom was sealed."

Had Beagles been wise, he would, perhaps, have resigned. Beagles was *not* wise. So he came to an election.

"If," said he to himself, "I *must* lose my seat, I will at least distinguish myself *once* before I am expelled, help me to another seat before long, and as I shall know whom and what they have lost, I shall say so saying, Beagles determined to compose an oration, speech, and to deliver it somehow or other. What was he to select? There was little time to be lost: he had the evening to himself: to-morrow was the day. What were the Orders of the Day?

There was the "Sugar Question," and the "Slave-trade." Beagles selected the former. He seized upon the composition of his oration. He treated it with a certain coolness. He began with the history of sugar, the process of its manufacture; he touched on the slave-trade; on North America.



Indies; the East Indies and Mauritius; on the consumption of sugar; on the wholesomeness of sugar; on the refining of sugar—in fact on every place, every race, every thing and every event connected nearly or remotely with sugar. Then he branched off from facts into declamation, or, as he called it, the higher flights of oratory. He talked about the wisdom of our ancestors, the common sense of the English people, the august assembly he was addressing, &c. He invoked the goddess of justice in classical terms; he “implored” the House in Parliamentary terms; he appealed to the great British nation in clap-trap terms; and he wound up with a wonderful peroration in which Britannia and the House of Commons, the suffering colonies, the landed interest, the rights of the people, his duty to his constituents, his conscientious motives, and the “welfare and greatness of our immense and glorious empire” were jumbled together in a grand and dazzling final tableau that would infallibly electrify the House, and overwhelm him with a roar—of applause, of course.

Having completed the composition of his speech, the next thing was to learn it by heart. Beagles maintained that every good speech was prepared beforehand, and he referred to the oft-repeated assertion of the orations of Demosthenes smelling of the lamp. The difficulty was to learn the statistical parts of his oration. So by way of aid he made a kind of abstract of its contents—with copious notes, and the headings of each new sentence. And so with immense labour (for he began at 10 at night, and had not finished till five in the morning) he learnt his speech by heart, and delivered it in front of his *cheval* glass with great effect.

The momentous evening arrived. The Sugar Question came on, and Beagles sat in a state of great inward excitement, watching for an opportunity of springing on to his legs to catch the Speaker's eye, and, meanwhile, repeating his speech over to himself so that he might not forget it. It was particularly unpleasant to feel so nervous that night: he really wished that his hands would not tremble so much, and that his legs would not feel so weak. Once or twice, when addressed by a neighbour, he found it very difficult to get a “Yes,” or “No,” out: those little words seemed to stick in his throat, and, at last, burst out in a tremulous style—like the handwriting of a gentleman who drinks brandy and water for breakfast. Very unlucky all this on the very night he was going to make his *début* as an orator.

At least six times did poor Beagles jump up after other members had sat down, endeavouring to catch the Speaker's eye. But some one had always caught it already, and was beginning his address, and so Beagles had to shrink back again into his seat. At length he was horrified by hearing loud cries of “divide,” during the speech of an eloquent Irish gentleman who was expatiating on the wrongs of Ireland, *à propos* of the Sugar Question. But an Irish orator is not easily put down or abashed—still less easily is he kept to the subject in hand. And so the honourable member thundered away in a violent ear-piercing Cork brogue, on every-

thing *but* sugar, till he had given vent to the passion with which he always came down to the House; last he sat down, Beagles sprang up, and addressed the benchers; but a perfect hailstorm of questions from the Speaker caught nobody's eye, but put the opposing parties into the opposing line; and the oration was stifled in the moment of its delivery.

"Why did n't I select the Sewer question?" he took his seat again after the division.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Could he not turn the "Sugar" question into one on the "Sewers"? It was quite clear that the historical, statistical, and practical parts of it were useless; but might not the dramatic and imaginative parts, do as well as the other? After a little thought Beagles was satisfied—and we are convinced that he was right. He proposed to think that if our readers will take the hint, ending with "great cheering," or "the House cheered," the man resumed his seat amid loud and long applause, and so forth, on the great "field-nights" of the House. The concluding parts of them are generally very good, and the question under debate; wonderously practical, and all that sort of thing—but really as much on "things in general" as on anything in particular suited to sewers as sugar. And so Beagles, a little, pruned it, and inserted a paragraph on the general, and then returned to the House to deliver his speech in spite of every obstacle in the way.

He was rather grieved to observe that the House was not at home when he returned to it. His address was then—but still the reporters would be there, who seemed to know as much about the House as the House itself. London, was working away at the subject in the same manner. He evidently intended a long career, and the member retired, and the House counted, and more scant. He came to a conclusion, and was on his legs in an instant; more than ever on his legs; he *did* catch the Speaker's eye.

"Mr. Speaker! The eloquent address of the member for Bumbleton" (a laugh, and the honourable member, suspecting a "quizz," as he was named before), "on the great and momentous question of the colonies and colonial interests" (another laugh at the Speaker—Beagles *was getting* into the eloquent—)

An honourable member jumped up and said, "The House be counted."

The House *was* counted—there were no more to be sent—the Speaker declared it adjourned, and the appointed orator, an unhappy and inconclusive member.

He went home in a rage, and mild as



and strict his morals, he actually swore once or twice, and he drank so much *eau-de-vie* that his consumption of soda-water next day was frightful.

Next day! ay a bitter day it was for Beagles! The Bumble-town Committee made their report and their report was:—

"That Algernon Beagles, Esq., was *not* duly elected a member for the said borough of Bumbletown," &c. Then followed some awkward allegations about treating, bribery and gross corruption, personation and every other peccadillo known to elections.

Mr. Beagles no longer writes M.P. to his name. He is minus about three thousand pounds by his brief parliamentary career, and he is cured of his ambition to shine as an orator.

SPRING-TIDE.

BY CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

APRIL lay blushing in the lap of May,  
And so, mid smiles and tears, told all her love;  
The sunshine was around them; and above,  
The clear blue sea of heaven tranquil lay.  
The buds were out on ev'ry springing flow'r;  
The leaves were thick on ev'ry bursting tree;  
The viewless larks were gushing forth their glee,  
And Eden odours stole from ev'ry bower.  
The velvet turf was daisied o'er like snow,  
Their yellow bells the cowslips did disclose,  
To ring the requiem of the last primrose,  
That pale beside its brooklet dear did grow.  
The butterflies to their lov'd flowers had gone;  
The fern was springing in the wild-deer's path,  
And modestly, in her sequester'd bath,  
The nymph-like\* water-lily's white limbs shone.  
The garden-trees were creaming o'er with bloom,  
The wild wood-cherry and the plum the same;  
In purple dress the meadow-orchis came,  
In golden robes the king-cups and the broom.  
A pleasant murmur stole the woodland through;  
The singing birds a merry music made;  
And where the lime-trees threw a soft green shade,  
The belted bees their tiny trumpets blew.  
The silver streams that flow'd the meads among,  
With a light laughter went upon their way;  
The lambs, with their ewe-mothers fond, did play,  
And nightingales pour'd out their souls in song.  
And everything was full of light and love,  
And fresh'ning green and bloom were everywhere;  
Nature seem'd bursting into flow'ry prayer,  
Unto her beauty's source enthroned above.

\* "Nymphaea alba."

## RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS UNDER THE DUKE OF W

THOSE English travellers whose curious army, being, of course, non-combatants, by the name of amateurs. At this time being closed against England, except the for ourselves in Portugal, most of the propensities used to favour us with their was pleasant to see one's friends and acquaintances, and it was troublesome and difficult to dispose of them where lodging, feeding, or fighting was awkward, and *they* no doubt disagreed. George Nugent and H. Fox (subsequently in the United States) reaching the Buzacco. Fremantle, the adjutant of small in stature, was great in friendship, a young man about town," who arrived at 2 doubled up in a lump in a large quinta, the above, six and seven in a room together, fatigued and sleepy, and therefore requiring. In size, Nugent was no chicken, and F., the attempt, could not, like the frog in the in bulk; the difference being somewhat like a cock-sparrow and a balloon. Poor F. was replete with suggestive resource, full of of administering to the wants of his friends, *adaptive* (to coin a word) as well as inventive. would not fit, by way of coat he lent him from its curt proportions, resembled a garment, of flannel texture, surrounding the full-blown friend. Then, in the most honour, he *adopted*, without leave, that *raja* Turkey (the real property of the Battalion) been left, in much confident simplicity, on the verandah of the quinta, in readiness to do an adjoining mess. I speak feelingly, as from the mal-appropriation, "*et j'y éta conte!*" F. and his friends proving more than the original possessor, the bird was found nothing but its respectable skeleton by his window, considerably left there as a temptation. Finally Fremantle afforded a soft side of a deal board, on the floor, in by the soothing and hush-a-by sounds of

On another occasion, one of these *T*yclept in modern phraseology), whose c



cognizance of military position, found himself suddenly one fine morning in the midst of a French instead of an English out piquet. Although arriving early, and quite unexpectedly, he was politely requested to *remain* and make a sojourn with them; he pleaded his non-combative qualities, protested "*qu'il n' était pas dutout dutout militaire*," laid great stress upon his love of the peaceful, the beautiful, the picturesque; that he was a mere wanderer to see the country and the war, and assured the French officer he was "*purement un amateur*." He who had charge of the Gallic outpost, however, was incredulous and uninfluenced by such sophistry, and could not understand such a fine drawn distinction in so doubtful a predicament; besides, our unlucky countryman had adopted a military costume, a blue coat, cocked hat, and sword, which rendered his belligerent appearance more complete, and his peaceable pretensions less credible. Although later in life (*tempora mutantur*) he might have declared himself one of "Cobden's own," at the time all his protestations were in vain. To the Head Quarters of the enemy's army he was sent a prisoner.

Not long previous to this, a French Lieutenant-Colonel having been taken by some of our people, when the unfortunate traveller reached his destination a flag of truce was sent to Lord Wellington from the French Marshal, saying that they had taken a prisoner, calling himself an *amateur*, that he did not clearly comprehend what *that* name implied, as they had none such in their army, but if Lord Wellington would exchange him for the Lieutenant-Colonel, lately taken from them, the Marshal would return the *amateur*. Lord Wellington is stated to have answered that he was "much obliged to the French commander for the proposition, but he begged he would *keep* him." I do remember, however, an amateur whose thorough English feeling led him, at Waterloo, into the thick of the fight, and whose activity, usefulness, and gallantry were conspicuous throughout the whole of that eventful day. In a plain blue coat, and round hat, he had ridden that morning from Bruxelles, joined the Duke on the field, and attached himself to him.

As the staff of the great hero began to fall around him, and casualties occurred to man and horse, he supplied their place, and conveyed orders for the Duke to different parts of the field. This circumstance was well known at the time to all, and ought to be perpetuated, for none more honourably or honestly earned distinction that day than the present Earl Bathurst, then Lord Apsley. May other amateurs, in future wars, emulate so chivalrous and patriotic an example! But to return from this digression. After the convoy and the fresh garrison had been thrown into Ciudad Rodrigo, Marmont had no object, and Lord Wellington quite as little temptation, to fight. If the French Marshal had accomplished his purpose, the English General had equally obtained his end, having acquired, by personal observation, a knowledge of the amount of force the enemy could bring into the field when the moment should arrive for his contemplated attack on Ciudad Rodrigo.

The weather was now cold and rainy; it was a beautiful day for ducks and hackney-cocks in the neighbourhood, we certainly should not joke, the former interesting absentees, and the services of the latter in consideration of the army.

We moved to Rendo. On the 29th and on the 30th reached Val des Ayres, between Celorico and Guarda, hanging off foot of a ridge or spur thrown out from towards the Val de Mondego. This, as far as was certainly a most beautiful country. To Salamanca, Banos, and Plascencia, on watch Ciudad Rodrigo, and Lord Wellington's quarters at Frenada. These our retired frontier of Portugal, were intended to lull security and the belief of our peaceable in the winter; we, therefore, arrived at our post de Mondego under the false pretext of quarters, as the autumnal rains had set more military or exciting exploits, we were the truthful philosophy of two lines we stood in an empty house, by some French

**“ Heureux, heureux celui qui bien loi  
Goûte d'un petit plat et boit dans u**

Our only difficulty was, as an American to ourselves" so pleasant a practice. months in arrear of pay, bills on England and at a villanous exchange of six shilling the current value was five ; comestibles w and luxuries, such as tea, sugar, brandy, & occasions of the few and far between visits the army. One fellow of this calling, a *murderous* name of Sanguinetti, was the n and the most extortionate in his constan long intervals of uncertainty, bespoke mo angel — that is, in ministering to our want of his own interests, his motto evidently b

**“ Con arte e con inganno  
Si vive mezzo l'anno,  
Con inganno e con arte  
Si vive l'altra parte.”**

He was, however, one of those necessary who *rough it*, and have no choice, will. Another Battalion of our Brigade was quartered, at the village of Lagiosa; our intimacy, in good fellowship was frequent, but our numbers few; however, those fellows of our Division accused of "roughing it on a beefsteak which, no doubt, they *always* did, like the



they could get it, but never otherwise. *Apropos* to "the gentlemen's sons," as they were called, I may here narrate an anecdote in allusion to them, although it did not occur till many years after in England.

At a supper at Hatfield House, in Hertfordshire, Sir John S—— Bt., and Colonel H. B., afterwards Lord D——, entered into an animated discussion on the respective merits of the Guards and the Line; they became warm in defence of their individual opinions, and at last appealed to the Duke of Wellington, who was present. "Oh!" he said, "I am all for the Guards—all for the Guards." One of the disputants rejoined, "I told you so; those fellows in silk stockings and shoes have more *blood* about them, and blood will tell." "Ah!" said the Duke, "I did not mean *that*; I meant the non-commissioned officers." The Duke certainly gave strong proof of his estimation of the merits and good conduct of the non-commissioned officers of the Guards; for during the period I happened to serve with the first division of the army to which the Second Brigade of Guards belonged, he recommended for commissions as Adjutants, Quarter-Masters, and Subalterns in different regiments, no less than 14 non-commissioned officers of that brigade. The Duke, on this occasion, seeing the disputants were heated, probably meant to turn the warm discussion into a pleasantry, and availed himself of the merits of the non-commissioned officers for that purpose; for no man's estimation of the Guards as an *entire* corps was higher than that of the Duke of Wellington himself. However possible it may be to meet with a heaven-born minister of state (although I confess I really never *saw* one), he knew right well that in a less exalted situation there were no such things as heaven-born non-commissioned officers: *somebody* must have created *THEM* after their birth. If the Commanding Officers, Adjutants, Captains, and Subalterns did not maintain the discipline, and keep up the system which formed the non-commissioned officers, who else did? The estimation in which the Duke seemed to hold this small portion of his army may be gathered from a reference to his general orders, his dispatches, and the way in which he always spoke of them as a body. No one could accuse the Duke of being prone to compliment; downright and truthful expression was his forte; and as he seemed to think the first might deteriorate from the last, he made no use of it. He was much more given to saying what he thought of things and persons than some people found it *convenient* to hear; and whenever a man desired to deeply impress his *own merit* upon the Duke, he was pretty sure to have in return, in terse and concise words, the DUKE's estimation of *him*.

From this it may be collected that in like manner when he *did* speak favourably, it might be relied upon as equally proceeding from the sound conviction of his own mind, and that he considered the interest of truth better served by facts than by fables. Baron Muffling narrates one of these short expressions of his confidence and reliance which I will venture to copy here. He states this to have happened between the Duke and himself on the field of

Waterloo, in the morning immediately commenced, and says that he "spoke with" and had begun about the strength and weakness, and goes on to state "not fearing for his right wing the weakest particular I deemed *untenable* in a serious attack," the Duke disputed, as he had put the defence, and caused the long garden wall to be crenellated, and he added 'I have it,' an officer on whom he placed especial confidence, Colonel Macdonell, of the Coldstream Guards, fantry companies of the 2nd brigade of the Duke's expression therefore conveys a confidence in an officer in command, but on the troops. That day of trial in conduct, endurance, and courage, severely tested than those who persevered under repeated attacks by overwhelming numbers. The confidence be accorded as due through each grade of command, to those who so well fulfilled their duty, and the confidence placed in them, and the confidence placed in the commander; † those not in the chateau equally, and gained his approbation as all good officers. Every arm did on that day. In a postscript to his dispatch he says, "It gives me the greatest satisfaction, your lordship" (the Secretary for War, Bathurst), "that the army never upon any other day performed itself better. The division of Guards, Major-General Cooke, † who is severely wounded, Major-General Byng, ‡ set an example to all." As to controversies concerning the merits of the day, in relation to each other, I confess I cannot say. They will do well and perform their duty, the only question is, what should be how to serve their country.

\* Lieutenant-General Sir James Macdonell, 71st Regiment.

† This was afforded at the close of the action. Muffling goes on to narrate:—"I met the Duke at Haye Sainte, holding a telescope in his right hand, looking at a distance—'Well! you see Macdonell has been killed.'—'expression of pleasure that his brave comrade was killed.'"

‡ Afterwards Sir George Cooke, K.C.B.; 1st Guards.

§ General Sir Peregrine Maitland, G.C.B., 1st Guards.

|| Now General the Earl of Strafford, G.C.B., Coldstream Regiment of Guards.

¶ The expression attributed to the Duke of Wellington, "I have good reason for knowing," was not even with the Brigade of Guards in their recumbent position to attack the French. They could not well have thus addressed them. After, on my return to England, when it was reported that it was the invention of some goodly man, I was in my belief in it at the time, and my view has been confirmed. Besides, the words bear no internal evidence of even expression of him to whom they were



the most. This is the goal to be reached, the rest is all twaddle. But "*retournons à nos moutons*" at Val des Ayres. The autumnal rains set in, and the weather was very bad. There was at this time a good deal of sickness in the ranks of our army—for example, out of my own company alone, in strength 66 rank and file and four officers, 30 of the former were sick absent and two sick present, and of the four latter I was the only one doing duty, one being wounded and a prisoner and two sick absent. In my battalion there were at this time of officers *ten* sick absent, *four* sick present, *one* prisoner, *one* invalided and two just dead, and this in proportion was pretty much the same in other corps. I here had a touch of the ague, but a light heart and Lamego wine soon made this enemy retire. At this time too I was much pressed to try and obtain leave to go home on some important family matters, but that I also successfully resisted, although the temptation certainly was great, to see once more friends and home—however, I stuck to my colours and the service, feeling, from the dearth of officers, that I could not be conveniently spared. I did not choose to apply for leave of absence, and being fairly embarked in my profession it would have annoyed me to have been absent while active and brilliant operations were going on, and we pretty well knew that our pretended winter quarters were all a blind. I therefore remained in absence of others, in command of my company.

I had some troublesome although amusing characters to control; two of them I especially remember; one, an Irishman, McCulloch, whose cap was carried off by a shell at Fuentes d'Onor, the other a Scotchman, by name Campbell. These two fellows were comrades, although quite opposite characters; each retained the unmistakable type of his nation; the opposite quality of disposition was soothed by the mutual love of *ebriosity*. This made the intimacy more piquante; Pat was all blatheremskite, as they called it in his fatherland, with some wit, great good humour, and the smallest possible powers of *calculation*. Campbell was a clever, long-headed, canny Scot, and well educated—so much so as to have in his knapsack a small well-thumbed edition of Horace. This seemed to him in his soberer hours a great resource; from it he would quote to his comrades most unintelligible conversation, which, in his hard, dry manner, was most amusingly conveyed. From Campbell's powers of arithmetic, he became the honored *homme d'affaires* of his friend, Mr. McCulloch; and when pay-day arrived, Campbell received the money from the Pay Sergeant and explained the particulars to his friend. The first impulse with both on receiving money was, *immediately* to get drunk, and, do what one could by remonstrance or punishment, this was not to be prevented. When drunk, they were most joyously loving friends, but as soon as drunkenness ceased to be drunk, Campbell could never make McCulloch understand the "*spee*-cialities" of the account between them, when on the wrong side of *his* ledger; they were regularly brought up to me to see justice done; I generally first accomplished this by punishing them both for inebriety, but their wrangling often put to the test all my powers of gravity. The

Irishman's real or pretended want of comprehension, larded with the most ridiculous expressions and witty remarks—the Scotchman's grave face, cool logic, and authentic arithmetic, pushed with keenness to demonstration, was a never-failing scene served up monthly to my notice. In those days the very *inexhaustible* mode of recruiting the army brought us acquainted with many *indelicate* characters; the necessities of the war being great, the scruples against enlistment were few—all were fish that came to the net, and all were indiscriminately taken; many fine, gallant good fellows enlisted from right and proper motives, and did well, but still casualties by sickness and the sword prevented the supply from keeping pace with the demand, at last *anything* was taken, even unmanumitted jail-birds were admitted as “food for powder.”

This portion of the British army carried along with it its inconveniences, both in bad example and the necessity of its repression. The maintenance of discipline on service is a very different affair from managing the system of regularity accomplished at home, or in colonial garrisons. It is to the previous *tiresome* attention to trifles that is to be attributed the acquired habit of punctuality, order, and obedience. The persevering, unvarying system insinuates into the mind of the soldier at last, not merely the physical, but the moral obligation in the performance of a requisite duty. From such training it is that good soldiers are afterwards made; with the Englishman this takes time, and requires opportunities which do not occur on service; for then different and far greater difficulties arise in maintaining even the groundwork that had been established. Much depends not only on individual character but on the depth with which that character has been imbued (not to say inoculated) with the *proper* virus. In a campaign an immediate change ensues, a *strain* upon all former pipeclay ordinances occurs; more discretionary power being left at the disposition of the soldier in taking care of himself, instead of being taken care of; he is more his own master; necessity then becomes the mother of contrivance, they have a thousand things to learn for themselves which cannot be taught in barracks and garrisons, and are most essential acquirements to enable men to meet the hardships they encounter. To obtain the knowledge, under all circumstances, to shift for themselves; to make the most out of a little; to economise rest and food when opportunity affords it; to show invention and adaptation of means to ends and a conservation and economy of their physical powers; to maintain a healthy body, sound feet, and a strong stomach, reserving, according to their means, always something to put into it; in short, to keep themselves, under difficult circumstances, in good bodily condition. All this has to be learned by the young soldier and officer. On this point the Duke of Wellington was reported to have said, “that he would rather have *one* man who had served two campaigns than two men who had not served one.” While on this subject I may remark, that without food or drink there is no one of heaven's creation who feels so *small* as an Englishman; whether it proceeds from want of habit of abstinence,



or construction of stomach, the fact was evident. In other nations the early habit of vegetable diet in preference to animal food, the temperament of blood, or the effect of climate, seems to render them better able to support this kind of privation. To make an Englishman march up to his mark, or fight up to his habits, you *must* feed him; if you do not he will plunder, for go without it he will *not*.\* I have seen Spaniards, Portuguese, French, and even Germans, support this species of hardship better than the English soldier; he and his horse stand training in this way worse than any others.

Another material consideration on service is the men's shoes. After the battle of Salamanca a circumstance occurred to the first division of the army in relation to this. With no immediate means at hand to supply them with others they had fairly marched their shoes off; they adopted the system of the Spanish muleteers, and resorted to the raw hides of the fresh-killed bullocks, which had been slaughtered for their food. They placed their foot on the warm hide, and cut out a sufficiency to cover this most vulnerable part of a soldier's person, and making a sandal of it marched on with ease and glee. Afterwards the difficulty was when French shoes were taken at the surrender of the Retiro at Madrid, to induce the men to quit the easy well-fitting and pliant sandal for the hard and cumbrous leather shoe. Wisely and advantageously to palliate and correct the ills that troops in war are heir to is no easy undertaking. The difficulties are not to be appreciated until officers and men are fairly embarked in the reality of a Continental campaign; endurance of severe privation at one moment, and exposure to temptation at another, are great disturbers of health and discipline.

Morally and physically to bear and forbear is the lesson to be learned,—this is the real “*morale en action*”—to tame down the turbulent, and cultivate a good feeling in the well disposed, are the duties of the officer, amidst want, fatigue, and demoralising influences. He should have *tact* and discrimination, and a knowledge of the characters of those under him. Punishments on service will vary as much as those who may deserve them, and the manner of putting in force what crime may well merit and example exact, is often difficult and sometimes *detrimental*, paradoxical as the case may appear. The main point, however, is to keep up as kindly and good a feeling between all grades as is possible; and when I talk of punishment, I will not inflict one on

\* As instance of which I will here give the Duke's opinion, on the authority of Baron Muffling, who says, that after Waterloo, “on the march to Paris, the Prussian army made longer marches than the English; and when in the morning I made my daily communications to the Duke, I took the liberty of respectfully calling his attention to this, and suggesting that it would be better if he kept the same pace as his ally. He was silent at first, but on my urging him again to move more rapidly, he said to me, ‘Do not press me on this point, for I tell you *it won't do*. If you were better acquainted with the English army, its composition and habits, you would say the same. I cannot separate from my tents and my supplies. My troops *must* be well kept and well supplied in camp, if order and discipline are to be maintained. It is better that I should arrive two days later in Paris, than that discipline should be relaxed.’”

my reader by helping him to so somniferous discipline, but shall leave that to those. All I have to observe in this case is, the since the time of which I write, which has discipline and moral educational instruction.

October 22nd.—We heard at this time operation carried out by our friend D. Guerrilla fame, who closely watched the F. Rodrigo. In the night the enemy were a from the town their live stock to feed on being to withdraw them within the town. Julian Sanchez having obtained information his horsemen, pounced one dark rainy quadrupeds, killed those in charge of the two hundred bullocks from under the v. This loss being made evident to the Gov. came out himself, with an escort, to recon great distance beyond the range of his own received an unexpected and equally in same Guerrilla chief, who having killed a onslaught, took all the rest prisoners, in and his two Aides-de-Camp; but afterwards to make their escape. The Light, Third were at this time between the Coa and watching the garrison of Rodrigo. The seventh, together with the greater part placed, for the sake of provisions, in an frontier to as far back as the Val de Mon.

The rainy season set in with all its storms of thunder and wind driving the mountains by which we were surrounded, they received in foaming water-courses, torrents past dwellings beneath, and roads impassable. Few of the cottages could be considered in that state of repair would considerably pronounce wind, However, to be under cover at all in which did not last very long. On the 1st orders to march next morning to Açores, ceed to bivouac near Gata. We commenced nearly reached Lagiosa, when we were and very thankfully returned to Graciosa.

From its want of novelty the prospect with spongy ground for a bed, could always us without regret. Such anticipations acquaintance of mine, of antiquarian seriousness, on visiting Rome, declared the interior of the Pantheon *looked comfortable* friend meant to predicate by this is probably that he found in his temporary relief," to use a union-house phrase, while,



weather we had a constant lively sense of the inconveniences of "the out-door" system.

Soon after our return to our lately left quarter, we heard of General Hill's\* successful surprise in the south of General Girard's force at Arroyo Molinos. These movements were well planned and equally well executed. A small movable column, under Girard, had been foraging between the Tagus and the Guadiana, in the neighbourhood of Cáceres, preventing our allies, the Spaniards, under Morillo, from supporting his troops from that quarter. Lord Wellington ordered Hill to drive the enemy away, who advanced on the 26th October to Malpertida de Cáceres for that purpose. The enemy withdrew to Arroyo Molinos, leaving a rear guard at Albala. Hill saw his advantage, and promptly seized it, by a forced night march on a shorter parallel road, and reached, without their knowledge, Alcuesca, only a league distant from the enemy.† The village of Arroyo was situated in a plain, and behind it a sierra, or ridge of rocks, rose in the form of a crescent. During the night, though the weather was dreadful, no fires were permitted in the allied camp, and at two o'clock in the morning of the 28th, the troops moved to a low ridge, only half a mile distant from Arroyo. Behind this they formed into three columns, the infantry on the flanks, the cavalry in the centre, and before daylight, on a misty, stormy, October morning, which favored their approach, the left wing moved direct upon the enemy, while the other infantry column and cavalry, with the guns, directed their march to the right, and intercepted the enemy's retreat by flanking it, and reached the other side, with the view of entirely cutting off their escape. One brigade of Girard's had marched early in the morning, and were out of harm's way, but the rest, Dambrowski's infantry and Briche's cavalry were found in happy ignorance of all danger, very comfortably preparing for their march, their horses of the rear guard unbridled, and tied to olive trees, the infantry only gathering to form outside on the Medellin road, and Girard himself in his quarters waiting to mount his horse, when Howard's brigade, the 50th, 71st, and 92nd entered *pêle mêle* amongst them, the last two regiments charging down the street and the Highland pipers singing forth the old Jacobite air of "Johnny Cope, are ye wakening yet?" The enemy, that is, those who could escape, after some hard fighting and struggling, were driven to the end of the village, the 50th securing those who had been captured. The remainder of the French formed in squares outside, and covered the main body of their horsemen on their left. Cadogan, with the 71st, lined the garden walls and opened a galling fire on the nearest square; the 92nd cleared the village and formed upon the enemy's right, the Spanish cavalry skirted the houses to endeavour to intercept their line of retreat. The guns opened on the French squares, our 13th Dragoons captured their artillery; the 9th Dragoons and 2nd German Hussars charged their cavalry, and entirely dispersed it with great loss; Girard was wounded, but still

\* Afterwards Lord Hill, Commander-in-Chief of the Army.

† See Napier.

kept his infantry together, and continued his retreat by the T road; his men were falling by fifties and his situation was desperate; but on further retiring he found the road closed by the right of the allies, while Howard's brigade were pressing and cutting fast on his front. Nothing being left for it, the enemy now, than surrender, broke, and throwing away their arms and knaves, endeavoured to escape singly by scaling the almost inaccessible rocks of the sierra, which overtopped the village and the T. They were pursued even in this attempt by the 28th and 3d by General Howard, who followed them step by step up the T and many prisoners were made. Girard, wounded, and brouski and Briche escaped with about 600 out of 3000 men after wandering in the Guadalupe mountains, crossed the T at Orrelano and joined Drouet. The spoil was, all the artillery, baggage, and commissariat, together with two T taken (Brun and Prince d'Arenberg), 30 other officers and prisoners. A private of the 92nd took Prince d'Arenberg. The loss of the Allies was not more than 70 killed and wounded. Strenowitz, of the German Hussars, to whom I have before as having distinguished himself, being on this occasion too in the pursuit, was made prisoner. On the application of General Hill to General Drouet, the latter kindly released Lord Hill, speaking of the troops under him in his dispatch. Lord Wellington says, "No praise of mine can do justice to the admirable conduct; the patience and good will shown by T during forced marches in the worst of weather, their strict obedience to the orders they received, the precision with which they went to the attack, and their obedience to command during the T in short, the manner in which every one has performed T from the first commencement of the operations merits my thanks, and will not, I am sure, be passed unobserved T lordship." On the 24th of November we suddenly received order to move; we were to leave our baggage behind at Ayres, and to march directly in advance to the frontier. A hard frost, and the weather was severely cold; we left T about mid-day, to climb one of those bleak offshoot ranges of Sierra d'Estrella, the top of which last is in summer and covered with snow. In our ascent, we faced the iced wind blowing down from the mountain's hoary head, which was sufficient to try the hottest temper or chill the warmest heart; keen and severe were the effects to those exposed to it. Over this wild country we this day marched six long Portuguese leagues, equivalent to 24 English miles, and did not reach till midnight the miserable village of Regiosa, where we halted. Being very fatigued and only just recovered from an inflammation of the chest, by ague and fever, I remember this day's march right well. The weakness and raging headache were my disagreeable companions in this day's pedestrianism. It was too cold to mount men and I led him. On our arrival we had two companies of officers of our battalion put under cover at this poor place; but they could hold no more, and scarcely even these. The rest were T



about in different small villages, so as to put our men under roofs, a desirable object as far as health went at this season in these cold and mountainous regions. In thus dispersing the troops, by some blundering, our two companies found themselves deserted by the Commissary, and were left without rations. Those men who had the *savoir faire* about them, and had economised their prior stock of biscuit, now conveniently discovered it, perhaps at the bottom of their havresacks, but those who had not, were left for six-and-thirty hours without food, or any means of procuring it. Luckily I discovered in my portable larder (a fishing basket attached to my horse's saddle), one biscuit and a small piece of cheese, which was divided amongst three of us; then thanking our stars that we were on the *right* side of the door of a house, we made in our smoky hovel the best fire we could, stretched ourselves on the ground in our cloaks before it, and slept till daylight roused us once more to renew our march.

We moved three leagues to Aldea de Dona, and next day to Navé d' Aver. The occasion of our thus closing up to the frontier, was the assembly, in the neighbourhood of Tamames, of some 14,000 of the enemy, to convey fresh cattle and a commander into Ciudad Rodrigo, in lieu of those lately filched from that fortress by Julian Sanchez. Lord Wellington fully meant to cross the Azava and the Agueda to attack them with his whole force, in their charitable attempt to succour their friends, for which purpose all our Divisions had been moved in concentration to between the Coa and Agueda; but, unluckily, the weather had been so bad, and the rain so abundant, that it rendered the fords of the Azava and Agueda impassable. Taking advantage of this, General Thiebault seized the occasion, introduced the convoy and the new Governor, General Barrié, and precipitately retired, before we could get at him across these waters.

Having previously, in winter, been in the South of Portugal, or the neighbourhood of Lisbon, we were accustomed to sharp cold, and on reaching the high plateau of open country, on which Navé d' Aver stands, we felt it more severely. The rivers remained flooded, but the frost was still as hard as in a more northern latitude; the hovels of Navé d' Aver formed but a *polite excuse* for a covering. We sat, when in doors, (for *in windows* we could not call it, there being *none* beyond broken shutters,) wrapped in our cloaks, on the family household chests of the poor inhabitants, round a brazarico or pan of hot ashes, to warm the extremities of man; a joke, or a cigar in our mouth, to console the stomach, or brush up the intellect; our drink, when we could get it, some kind of wine, or alcohol, to fill the internal portion of human nature's commissariat depôt. These, together with a sincere good wish for a better abode—a battle, or anything in short, that would circulate the blood, or interest the mind, formed our desiderata, although we bore our hardships with the true spirit of well-tried, red-coated philosophers.

The bracing weather had the advantage of driving away the  
ague; in the absence of our Adjutant, who had departed o

visit to Lord Wellington, at Head Quarters, time being devolved upon me, which I nevertheless I contrived to find time to call on an officer towards Ciudad Rodrigo, for a sketch of the town and its environs. I proceeded three miles beyond them, as far as the heights of Marialva, near Carmona.

We reached the enemy's vedettes, without a patrol after us, but I had appeared before they made their appearance. A nothing further could be done with the route on the 30th November, for Navarre which we reached on the 1st December. I objected to the frequent dilapidating occupation of a good quarter, not ill supplied with a sojourn there agreeable. Sir Thomas's Quarter staff of our Division, took up chief houses, and we now began once again to strain our inventive faculties towards our own abodes. I luckily had, in my quarter with the astounding luxury of glacial palatial grandeur seldom in these days found in that country, but we were not long and glazed!

The anticipatory idea of comfort, now added to, as I found myself frequently Chief of Division. However, "a change this dream, for I was shortly after sent in company to the Quinta de Toro, a mile and a half from the road to Celorico. This had been a fine house of a Portuguese Fidalgo, who had fled before the enemy. The enemy had done much damage, but some habitable rooms with a great deal of furniture and many other signs left of the better and more comfortable witness to. I know nothing more melancholy than an old family mansion, in a state of half ruin, to "my mind's eye," to repeople it with the generations to generation, and fancy all the hope, love, beauty, and kindly feeling encompassed in bygone days, mixed, with disappointments, anxieties, or distress, and "to." To my mind there is something in the assurance or pain which sanctifies the spot where the human nature had here played.

Poor human nature had here played its tricks, and broken remnant furniture seemed to both of these—to all that *had been*, but in the Quinta of a Portuguese nobleman the Coa's tributary streams running through the woods, and encompassed by walls, I became ennobled into that *beau idéal* of English



gentleman. The banished owner (and his "Forbears," as they are called in Scotland,) often came to my thoughts, although I knew them not, or ever did know them; even their names are now forgotten, although then familiar to me. Foreign invasion had sent them forth wanderers from their hearths and home; they fled to Oporto, or elsewhere, rather than witness or expose themselves to personal insult or the ravages of war. Their forced absence was but an episode in such inroads on their country.

We found in these domains some game, and wood-cocks in plenty, which afforded us not only the pleasure of exhilarating exercise, but a profit to our table.

This was too good to last. On the 17th I was sent, with a detachment of my regiment, on a working party, to the fortress of Almeida. This frontier stronghold was almost in a state of ruin; hardly a roof was left on any house. The French siege of it in 1810, the explosion of the magazine on that occasion, the destruction of the works, on Brennier's abandoning the town, although repaired, were subsequently precipitately blown up by Packe, on the occasion of Marmont's advance against Spencer, in the summer of 1811. Two faces of the scarp and parapet of this hexagon formed work (that to the west and south) had been blown into the ditch, and the guns buried in the ruins. The works were now again undergoing repair, to place them in a state of sufficient defence against a *coup de main*. Our battering train had also arrived here, composed of seventy-eight heavy pieces of ordnance. A great number of cars were also in course of construction, to facilitate the conveyance of ammunition, and we were occupied in making fascines and gabions, and rapidly preparing, in every way possible, for carrying into effect the immediate siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. The dilapidated state of this Portuguese frontier fortress, and the arrival of our heavy artillery, served as an excuse to the enemy for our operations, which they believed were confined merely to defensive measures of precaution, in repairing and arming Almeida.

Under this blind Lord Wellington put forth all his and our energies to hasten the preparations for the siege of the Spanish frontier fortress. The Light and Third Divisions were moved nearer Ciudad Rodrigo; he called together all the general officers and heads of departments, *not* as a council, for he was *not* in the habit of asking other people's opinions on professional matters, but gave them his *own*. Having acquired the necessary information for himself he admitted of no advice from others; he well digested and reflected on what he intended to accomplish, and having made up his own mind he laid down his instructions to carry them into effect, gave his orders, and on all possible occasions superintended their execution; he really *was* a chief on whom *all* depended. What a contrast is this from Baron Muffling's descriptions of the councils of war even within the Prussian army itself in the campaigns of 1813 and 1814; the scenes described between himself, Gneisenau, and others, concerning the movements of their army, the open wranglings, coolnesses, jealousies,

and differences in the Allied German  
tion; how, with such a system and w  
they brought matters to the result the  
us no time was lost in dispute or clas  
mind prevailed throughout the whol  
thoroughly comprehended and taught o  
he required. This was an *immense*  
(though frequently under most difficu  
success. Being placed whilst at Almei  
engineer officers, we lived entirely with  
ing our work we once more returned to  
country abode of the Quinta de Toro ;  
land—dear old England—a bundle of  
arrival. No one but those who have ex  
doubtful silence can sufficiently appre  
from receiving in a distant land letters  
at other times of small import then app  
—the slight indisposition of a friend, or  
old dog, casts a deeper regret—the suc  
of those you love, bestows a greater p  
uncertain absence the thoughtful min  
affections guide their pens, afford inde  
the longing recipients of them, partic  
the *chance* that they come from friends  
On again reaching my regiment I found  
absence, had been at work as well as on  
on the same objects. Out of an old ro  
theatre, and had got up amongst them  
at Law,” while we of the working pa  
preparing for the tragedy of the sieg  
Rodrigo. The former intended theatr  
most untimely manner interrupted by t  
the latter ; but before entering on a  
another campaign, I may venture, in  
this was begun on the 6th of March, a  
closed in the December following—the  
pletely liberated from French possessio  
minor and two general actions and o  
had established his army on a firm def  
thern frontier, holding the retaken fort  
Hill’s corps was left to cover the southe  
In these manœuvres and movements of  
Division had marched 849 English mi  
on such exercise as extraordinary it  
keep our men in good wind, hardy co  
*standings*.

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## WHERE TO SPEND THE SUMMER.

## SALTZBRUN AND WARMBRUN.

THERE is no question more generally asked of self and others at such a time as the present. It is a prosperous time, a quiet one. People in general have been succeeding, money-making, speculating happily, living well. A great many clouds that lowered in the horizon have dissipated, instead of bursting. France does without a revolution this year. Italy may want one, but defers it to happier times. The English have so far forgotten their character as grumblers, that each class is inclined to take even increased taxes in good part. There is not a breath of disaffection even towards the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If there is a serious complaint stirring, it is of the superabundance of money, of too much gold, too great credit—but, after all, that is not a complaint that leads to consumption or despair.

Having, then, wherewithal to spend a summer agreeably, where shall we spend it? Abroad, or at home? That depends upon how much we have seen of home, how much tasted of similar pleasure, and traversed of domestic scenes. But, to cut that matter short, we do not write for the young gentleman who has just quitted college, and to whom all is equal and all is new, to whom the Rue de la Paix is paradise, and to whom the *pulvis Olympicus* of Hyde Park, or the Champs Elysées, are the choicest of incense. We address ourselves to folks more experienced, if not more elderly, more *blasé*, more difficile, and who want to throw away some hundred pounds or so on a summer's trip, which shall not be beaten as the Rhine, or monotonous as a railroad, and who want to bring back from their excursion some pleasant reminiscences, some new sensations, some experience, useful at least, for conversation, if not for philosophy. To persons who have arrived at ever so little exigency in this way, it is not so easy to answer the question of, how they are to spend their summer?

But even the division of would-be-travellers, into the green and the yellow, does not altogether suffice. It must be considered whether the object be a run, a tour, half auberge discomfort, and half mountain fatigue, or whether quiet, yet cheering society in a healthy spot, with facilities of pleasure, yet possibility of declining or not joining in them, if the mood or health so require it. Must you have society, as well as *délassement* and health, then go to Vichy or Cauterets, or Kissingen, or Putbus. As to the Badens and Wiesbadens, they are merely fit for those who like a crowd of the unknown and the noisy, the gambling, Rhine-wine drinking, cigar-puffing *desœuvré*. But Vichy, and Cauterets, and Kissingen, are pleasant, chiefly be-

cause the generality of persons go to the object of health, yet of health not so desirous as of objects or bores. A set of idle people, with no object but to kill time, never succeed in their prey. It is too much for them, they are round to torment and persecute, when they are up, and unable to resist. To have health is better than to have none at all, not for one's sake, but for that of the society around.

It is not my intention to write a memoir of those who are ill will consult a physician as to the cure, and hundreds who are well, and who have no physician, still require to know and to make amusement square with health for all ills arising out of acidity of the stomach, which Wiesbaden produces. The most frequented for skin diseases. Plombières is the most efficacious for our disease, its cure is gastrite. Schwalbach, in Germany, and Gastein, that have saved the lives of numbers. A physician has, indeed, a bath for every ailment, encounters a malady which defies all other remedies, then he is sent to Gastein, which is a general disease, which has no apparent cause, no name. Very rich men are subject to it, who take wonderful care of themselves, but in order, and function in activity, they must be off to Gastein. It is, however, high, and how many leagues out of the city, on the side of the Great Glockner. No one can resist the waters and the air of Gastein, if he sets off thither, let him be told that the water of Gastein, and found nothing in them!

However, we shall not bring the matter to the present, but shall lead him an excursion to a great measure from chance and contrary to possess qualities which would be desirable to people. First of all, the region is one which is seldom or ever tread. In the several visits, I did not meet a single Englishman, the consequence was extreme cheapness, in the inns, and luxuries of the Rhenish which they charged twenty years ago. It is certain, to induce a number of readers to go, and find out where this new and undiscovered place lies within reach.

It was my purpose, one of these years, to go into Austria, and to make a tour of the Alpine, which always was one of my predilections. I hied me to Calais, got on the great



wafted to Berlin without accident or delay. But at Berlin came the first impediment. The Austrian ambassador would *viser* no passport. They had got into their heads at Vienna that every Englishman was a propagandist, and that crowds were coming to penetrate into Hungary, and either disturb the amiable administration of that country, or write some account of it, which might not redound to the honour and reputation of the Holy Roman Empire. I had no such intention, and, strong in the conscientiousness of this, I took my place resolutely in the railroad to Breslau. Then mine host of the capital inn, I forget its name, over a raw and soft piece of filet, served under the name of bifeck, informed me, that the attempt to pass into the Austrian territory at Cosel was a thing impracticable, the police having become very Arguses.

"And what, then, am I to do, my good host?"

"Go back to Berlin."

"*Dank!* that dusty oven in hot weather, uninteresting itself, and leading to nothing that hath interest."

"Go, then, to the watering places of the Breslauern, where all our worthy citizens and their families go in the very hot weather."

"An excellent idea. Where is the watering place of the Breslauern?"

"In the mountains."

"The mountains? I always thought Silesia to be as flat as the palm of my hand."

"Nevertheless, if you looked to the right of the railway, as you came along, you would have seen the mountains of the Riesengebirge, rising above one another. The Alps I have heard are not finer, and the snow has but just disappeared from the summit of the Riesen."

Mountains I had seen certainly, and Alps they were, no doubt, to those who had seen no other. They are the only semblance of a mountain, indeed, to be found in the dominions of his Majesty, the King of Prussia; it is not astonishing, therefore, that the natives should make the most of them. Bohemia is singularly formed and surrounded by an almost circular range of mountains, which have no large opening in their whole circumference, except on the side of Moravia. Into this circle, walled and fortified all round by mountains, the Slavonic tribes poured, occupying it all, but not passing it. So that Slavons people one side of the hills, Germans the other. The Slavons are the most industrious cultivators of the surface of the earth, serf or master. Their vocation is to plough or dig. The rage of the Germans is, on the contrary, to dive into the earth, and rummage out its hidden treasures. The country south of this range of mountains is probably as full of mineral as that north of them. But the Germans have dug out mines in all directions, iron, coal, and even more precious metals, whilst the Slavons have kept to their cows and cornfields, and seem to consider it profanation to dig into the bowels of the earth.

Amidst Silesian mountains and lakes I therefore turned my steps, since the inexorable Austrian police barred my way southward. I took the railroad from Breslau to Schweidnitz, and its steam soon swept me from the plains of Silesia into the hills. These stand out isolatedly on the plain at first, like so many vedettes pushed out in front of a great army. And on the top of each summit a castle reared itself, each castle with a feudal story. We leave them to the lover of the Middle Ages. Any admirer or follower of Walter Scott may be assured of finding this region full of the rudest feudal and chivalric materials. The crop of legends, ballads, and traditions, is inexhaustible. Nor can there be a lovelier scene whereon to build the accidents and adventures of a story. My historic knowledge of the region, however, does not go back beyond the wars of Frederick the Second against Austria. And I could not ask the name of hill, town, or castle without being instantly brought back to recollections of the Seven Years' War. It was from behind and amongst these mountains, in fact, that the Austrians marched to the conquest of Silesia, and from Breslau that Frederick drove them back. All the towns around were taken and sacked one after the other, Schweidnitz especially. And poor Schweidnitz has not yet recovered the ill-treatment. One would say, it had been here just vacated by Hulan and Hussar. From Schweidnitz an omnibus received the passengers, and dragged them leagues up-hill to Saltzbrun. I had despaired of finding anything but coal-burners and peasants in the mountain region. But at Saltzbrun was collected all the wealth, fashion, business, and idleness of Breslau and southern Silesia. There was the promenade, and the Brunnen, the bazaar, the casino, the interminable *table d'hôte*, the never-ending music, the afternoon drive, and the evening dance. Then it was a perfect village for facility of intercourse. Every one knew everybody. Even sixteen quarters of nobility were effaced before the easy address of a stranger. There is no place in Europe where the drives are more beautiful than about Saltzbrun, the views more lovely from the summits, when you can get a summit uncovered by the forests of fir. Protestantism, be sure, has destroyed some of the remains of the country, especially by converting its monasteries into manufactories. But an Englishman will not object to that, especially as the latter are neatly kept, and do not either smoke or deposit refuse in contrast with the rustic sublimity of the scene.

Saltzbrun, whose name bespeaks its chemical and medicinal qualities, is a peculiarly local bath, and contains neither minerals nor stars. Its company were chiefly of two classes, the townspeople of Breslau, and the landed proprietors of the plains of Silesia, who, with their families, came to seek health so thousand feet higher than their often marshy abode. The great peculiarity of the region is, that here is the great point of influence between the German and Slavonic races. And generally the town element is German, the rustic element Slavonic. The German folk were, at the moment, very liber-



though not without considerable fear and horror at the extravagance of the mob. Indeed, one of the causes of the great concourse of people at Saltzbrun, was the fear of tumults at Breslau. The Hungarians were not subdued, and the greatest sympathy was felt, and, indeed, professed for them, both by Germans and Slavons. And it was very easy to see that the House of Austria and its government was popular with no class whatever. The supposed identification of Metternich's agents with the massacre of the landed proprietors and nobles in Galicia, had filled the heart of every Slavonian gentleman with wrath. All this certainly was very freely expressed, and one of the pleasures of Saltzbrun was the total absence of spies, or what amounts nearly to the same, the universal belief that any such agents existed, or were employed there.

The Slavonian gentleman of eastern Russia is not unlike the Irish gentleman, although his peculiar physiognomy, his far-set eyes, and yellow complexion, bespeak greater vicinity to China than to the Atlantic. But the females of good families are more delicate and handsome, and the children more lively than those of the Italian race. The Slavon squire seldom quits his rustic domain, and loves to drive his four-in-hand, though they may drag a waggon. He has plenty of good ales, and excellent Hungarian wine. He thinks himself a step-child of the government, and mingles always a touch of nationality and defection with his, in the main, loyal behaviour and sentiment. Then he is always indebted, and pays a large portion of his income in the shape of interest to his creditor. Fortunately, his creditor is a machine, regular, inexorable, being an institution which insists each year not only on payment of the interest, but of a portion of the principal owing. If the Irish landlord with respect to indebtedness, was put in the same strait-waistcoat, it would improve his habits of economy, however ill it might square with his reckless character and independence.

I made no secret that it had been my intention to penetrate into Austria; and I probably confessed, also, that I regretted not being able to see Hungary. Some casual observations of the kind, procured a visit one morning from a very burly, red-bearded, linen-clad fellow, who came under the pretence of wishing to sell me linen. As I did not want to lay in any stock of the kind, he proffered me some Hungarian wine and tobacco. And he ended by offering to transport me into the bowels of Hungary for so many florins. He made a mistake in supposing me possessed of political aim or zeal. And I declined being conveyed over the Carpathians by smugglers. It was evident, however, that there was brisk trade and communication between Hungary and Silesia, principally carried on, no doubt, through Cracow, but independent of that defunct republic.

Though highly delighted with Saltzbrun and its worthy society, I still in time grew tired of its promenades, however trimly kept, the assembly-room, however gay, its bands so tremendously sonorous. There was one horrid thing in Saltzbrun, which is but fair

to mention. At the back of the promenade a few feet of where its *beau-monde* ascend the town, perfectly open, and alarmingly of the line of shops shut out the sight of And this contented the authorities. But surrounding Galen with a *cloaca*, which, avoided.

At all events, however pleasant Saltzbrun learn that there was another Brun, a wat miles distant, at the foot of the same mountain to the highest part, as well as to the most them. This place was Warmbrun. It was considerably than Saltzbrun, and more frequently taken care of, as it belonged to one noble Count of Gottschalk, who took pride, and profit, in rendering Warmbrun as delightful possible.

To get from Warmbrun to Saltzbrun, the Riesen, and visit the highest peak mountains which separates Bohemia from of Russia and Saxony. It was the path from Saltzbrun to Schmiedeberg, Smithstadt but certainly the worst paved town in dominions. Its ruts were nearly the deep springless *char-a-banc*.

From Schmiedeberg to the top of the mountain of the inns near the summit, for, like the mountain, provided with several places of entertainment, or ride. A car can go but a very short distance, a traveller, should he like one, at a very village. There is a beautiful church and a commanding and choice position. The church and curate's mansion have been the residence of princes of the Prussian Royal Family. I find a more beautiful view both of mountain and such a view is almost unique in the world. It is a wonder that it should be made a pet of the mountain here corrects one of the defects of Prussian mountain regions, viz., its doing so little picturesque. Whilst the poorest mountain Roman Catholic community, is adorned with a spire, occupying that commanding site, a few of peasant habitations, the inhabitants of Hasli Thal have nothing but hovels for them to hide from the traveller, instead of showing them out to him. Here, however, on the mountain are the most beautiful churches as well as curates, which far surpass in beauty any Catholic canton in either Switzerland or

There is nothing new for the pen, an abundance of novelty to the eye, in the



pasturages of a semi-alpine region. Having reached the wooden hostels and secured a berth there, I mounted the stone steps which lead up the conical hill forming the summit. On the top of this hill was a chapel, and no doubt would still remain a chapel, were not Lusatia Protestant. And Protestants have no idea of a place of worship, which is useless to a congregation. Accordingly, the old chapel on the summit of the Riesen has been desecrated, and despite of the cross with which it is surmounted, is converted into a beer and brandy shop. There is certainly not a spot upon the globe better situated for fine air and ventilation, and yet what with a stove, the keeper's bed, and the guests' beer, snaps, and tobacco, the internal atmosphere of the old chapel on the Riesen surpassed in mephitic odour anything ever encountered by a sanitary commission.

The view from the summit is fully equal to its reputation. The eastern view over the mountains of Glatz and Silberberg is the finest, although that over the undulating plains of Lusatia is the most beautiful. Southward, the view embraces the expanse of Bohemia, with its countless spires and towers, and guides talk of Prague, and the Hradschin being discernible, but that is a myth. There is not a glimpse even of the Elbe, and the hills of the Saxon Switzerland are much too far to the west to be discernible.

The contrast was marked between the countries north of the Riesen, and south of it. The northern was full of industry and its symptoms, open mines, smoking smelting houses, with kindred kinds of industry and their attendant population. On the Bohemian side the undulation of hill and dale was broken by no such signs. Even the agricultural village and its spire were rare. If the district were closely examined, not a doubt that the centre of activity and life would be found to be some fortress bristling with cannon and stirring with recruits. Soldiers are to Austria, what mites are to cheese, they alone give it life, into these alone does the country dissolve itself, and, apparently, there is no other class to survive, save this, which lives on devouring all the others.

The day had been very ill chosen for a visit to the Riesen. It was Saturday, and on that night the inns upon the heights are filled with tradespeople, and with young people of that class, who come to spend their Sunday morning on the summit, and the afternoon in strolling home down the pine-clad declivities, and beer-house-provided nooks of the mountain. The little inn was full of noise and tobacco, and the fare very exceptionable. The Silesians have a horrid practice of reducing all the flesh of the animal they kill to a kind of mince, out of which they compose steaks and joints, cutlets, and other well-known morsels, artificially. These are often like the fruit of the desert, fair to look upon, but full of mere dust and abomination, when the teeth closes upon them.

There was one subject of conversation with high and low, the Hungarian war, and one unanimous expression of sympathy for the insurgents. Whether we spoke with the noble or the peasant,

the placeman or the herdsman, the student in his gaiter and feather, or even the women, all poured forth vows for the success of England, such a sentiment would have drawn the country and to the contest they were as no one budged. The sympathy was speculative.

The Saturday night and Sunday morning were by no means confined to the male sex, but were generally accompanied each with the lady of his house. In the inns, male and female were separated into separate rooms. Nor did such free habits imply a mixture of licentiousness.

At the foot of the Riesen I was greatly surprised by a sudden in a Tyrolese village, for Tyrol, in the picturesque build of the people, in the stature, beauty, and costume of the inhabitants, solved the riddle. These were the people of the Zillerthal, expelled by Austria for having refused to convert and declared their conversion to Protestantism. The beautiful valley which had been their home was in a sad state of depopulation: and of the few who remained, this certainly was the spot best calculated to attract the features of that home to look upon. But where the crop of Indian corn, and the sun-browned Tyrolese, showed several degrees nobler than beer and politics. There was a hill overlooking the Riesen, but it was not the Alps, nor was it bounded. Nor could the vale of Silesia be compared to the valley of the Inn. They professed themselves very happy and contented.

Warmbrun does not stand on the height, but is situated at some distance from even the foot of the Riesen. It looks for some distance on a large convenient, spacious château of Count Gotschalk apparent, and the town, the greater portion of which consists of the dependencies. The Count is owner of the place, and has spent large sums to render it tidy, convenient, and comfortable. The gardens are always open to visitors, and the château has an excellent library, and is as well learned as a Benedictine, and courtly as a Protestant country, however, so these are no doubt, Gotschalk or Warmbrun was once a convent, which passed in the Protestantizing of the monk to the lord. German convents are, though really ancient, have the appearance of more recently than they were. In fact, they were still erecting fortalices, and ensconced with drawbridge and moat, the German more modern architecture, and building of open residences with ample roofs, and turreted covering of the castle. A



fancy towers were erected to keep up the appearance of lordliness. But the German, and even the Swiss convents, are but vulgar and unromantic edifices. They have been converted into very convenient manufactories or princely residences.

We sate nearly two hundred to the *table d'hôte*. For a small watering place, therefore, Warmbrun boasted a respectable crowd. The fare was of the best, the cost most reasonable, the Ungar wein was unexceptionable. As Saltzbrun was chiefly frequented by the commonest people of Breslau, the society of Warmbrun, on the contrary, was chiefly made up of Prussian *employés*, but of a superior kind. There were crowds from Berlin and from all parts of Prussia, come to see the Riesen, and enjoy the sight of a mountain, so refreshing to eyes accustomed to contemplate nothing but plains and marshes. People's talk at Warmbrun was, therefore, not so liberal as at Saltzbrun, and somewhat more guarded; there was more reverential mention of the King and Royal Family. But the Hungarians and Schleswigers were still great favourites. A veteran Prussian officer, who had served in Hungary, was constituted as an oracle, which I myself was very glad to consult, for General Count — was a most intelligent old soldier. Though knowing Hungary somewhat myself, the General knew it and its people better. The verbal sketches were striking. The Hungarians, he said, were a melancholy and a self-concentrated people, bursting at times into savage glee, but much more generally brooding over the past, or imagining the future. They were a poetic people, he said, in mind, not in words, but silent and sad, as if conscious that they had an heroic struggle to make against the hostile race which surrounded, and could not but overwhelm them. His previsions of the return of the Austrians were perfectly correct.

The favourite drive at Warmbrun is to the ruins of a fine old feudal château at the foot of the mountain, the genuine Schloss so celebrated by chronicle and fable, of the young damsel, who offered her hand to the knight that would ride his horse round the battlements without falling, and who, having thus precipitated numbers of victims to death, was at last rejected by the successful one. The traveller who wishes to return from Warmbrun to the civilized west, will now find within a few miles of him the Silesian railroad, which runs between Dresden and Breslau, parallel with the mountains of the Riesen, though at some distance from them. So that the return to Breslau, Vienna, or Dresden, is equally facile and expeditious.

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## A JOURNEY FROM WESTMINSTER TO ST. PETER'S.

THE palace of the Popes at Avignon is called the Palais des Papes. I asked my guide to tell me something about the towers which looked big with mediæval architecture.

"Mais je crois que c'était les prisons."

"A la bonne heure—dites moi un peu qu'ils y ont demeurés captifs."

"Sais pas!" Hereupon I began to tell him that I had pretended to know that he was an ignorant impostor, and if he could not remove himself from my presence at once, I might remove myself from his. He then, in great rage, he shook up the dregs of his memory, and told me that certain Nicole de Rienze had been kept in prison, and that the name of Cola di Rienzi awakened some little recollection in his mind. He had only known him in somewhat melodramatic style, as a Bulwerian hero. I at once resolved to forget him, and to go on my way. On the way, I made inquiries as to the fate of Rienzi.

"Mais je crois qu'il prétendait se faire pape."

The reliquary instinct, which one may say is a prominent characteristic of the human animal, being so amply provided for by that extreme, the Roman Catholic church policy—I say, derives but a very vague and incomplete satisfaction from finding itself within the walls of ages past contained some celebrated individual of man, which is a very feeble quality, and which is to concentrate its attention on the character of the individual. It is fain to draw near with devout lips and knees and feet, to touch material objects. It is in kissing a pearl that rose and fell upon the rim of a richly wrought goblet drained in the ages past. It is something to sit between the arms of a chair where philosophy, brooding patience, nest of science, hatched winged thoughts, and the egg-shell long ago, and have flown on to all the corners of the earth. It is something to see the plate, and even furniture are out of the elbows on the strong sill of a deep old gothic some captive patriot warrior's sighs were but the fading hues of sunset and sighed for the day to set free.

It would have been something to have seen the Gothic portal which the portly presence of the pope entered, but unfortunately it had been walled up, and it would have been something to have trodden on the floor



footsteps, but it had been new bricked. The walls even had been new plastered and pierced with fresh windows. The ceiling had been new boarded; the lofty apartment, which formerly reached to the top of the tower, having been razed and divided into several decks that the place might hold the more dragoons, of whom a considerable number were scattered about this lower story jabbering and swearing, and cooking and eating, and smoking in a manner as much calculated to dispel any influence of historical romance which a new bricked and plastered, and windowed, and doored mediæval dungeon might retain, as it was in the nature and capacity of French dragoons to do.

Still, though it was unpleasant at the time to have one's little modicum of enthusiasm spread, or rather sprinkled, on so many square feet of modern surface, I suppose I did feel some little enthusiasm, which the reader will perhaps find it as difficult to gather and distil from this expansive little treatise on the reliquary instinct, as I did from the dirty whitewashed walls.

My guide afterwards took me to the highest point of the eminence on which the papal palace stands, from whence I saw the distant peaks of the Jura, and a wide champaign, wreathed with distant reaches of the Rhone, drawing nearer till one of them girdled the base of the tower-crowned rock I stood on. I saw the broken Roman bridge, and the ruined tower of the Templars on the further bank: and beyond, arose on a rival rock, the massive fortress of St. André, which my informant assured me "*faisait autrefois la guerre avec Avignon.*"

Descending into the town again, I hastily ransacked a few curiosity shops, where my guide felt it his duty to enhance the value of any object which might strike my fancy, by informing each successive establishment that I was in want of "*quelque chose très originale.*" Luckily, nothing *très originale* offered itself of a portable size. There was plenty of rusty old halberds, and helmets, and swords, which probably had severed the anti-papal guard of the period.

I was unsuccessful in finding even a coin struck by the anti-popes of Avignon, though one antiquary assured me he had what I wanted, and produced a half scudo piece of Pius the Ninth which I declined to give five francs for.

After dinner I collected my luggage, cloaks, engineer, &c., and set off for Marseilles. It appears that the hotel recommenders of this city and their omnibuses have been banished from the railway station, probably because in former times they were more pestiferously turbulent in their importunity than elsewhere.

At the *distribution des bagages* table they inquire and register what hotel you wish to go to; and inexorable myrmidons of the company charge your luggage on the respective omnibuses outside. This arrangement is perhaps a shade more dilatory as the registration takes time, but it saves one and one's effects from being torn in pieces by contending factions. All these benevolent restrictive tyrannies are marks of a country unfit for freedom and the competition of civilized commerce. I chose the Hotel de

Beauvau, which I found more comfortable than the Hotel d'Angleterre, where I put up the last time I passed through. I slept well, and had a very curious dream, unlike anything I have seen or dreamt before. Next morning I was soon afloat and ploughing over the blue waters of the Mediterranean, skirting the rocky ragged edge of Southern France.

So our steamboat rumbled, and splashed, and heaved, and rolled along the blue surface of the Mediterranean, skirting the ragged rim of snow-capped mountains which bounds that celebrated sea to the northwards.

I cannot quite make up my mind whether one ought to consider steamboat and railway travelling as an unpoetical method of getting over land and sea. There is a good deal to be said about sublime triumphs of science battling with the elements, but that is prose.

Poetry deals with objects which imagination makes visible to the mind's eye. Dickens, if I remember right, when he means to be sublime about steamboats or railways, emprisons a panting, throbbing, Titan galley-slave beneath the deck; or harnesses a snorting dragon with glaring eyes to the train. But keen horses with blood-shot nostrils and flowing manes and prancing hoofs—and skimming feluccas with foam-cleaving prows and sea-gull wings—these old-fashioned methods of conveyance are poetical in themselves without any stretch of metaphor.

Perhaps in ages to come when they are superseded by a still more convenient and expeditious and uglier and more prosaic brood of discoveries—when these have broken the shell of difficulty, and hopped out of the nest where science, like a patient old hen, still sits with brooding wings over all the strange eggs, whether sound or addled, which they bring her from year to year—when a new race of monstrous whirligigs and welkin-flappers have displaced the present batch; then poets who never saw how ungracefully these useful pieces of mechanism disported themselves in their day, may resolve them into their ideal elements and enshrine them for ever among the beautiful memories of old.

But at present, under the disenchanting influence of too great familiarity, I think we had better decide without further circumlocution that they are much more suggestive of prosy than poetical ideas.

The ragged sky-line of snow-topped mountains took their accustomed evening tints of purple and pink as the sun went down over Spain, and we saw the last of Southern France.

Coming on deck early next morning we saw the first of northern Italy, which looked very like northern France, until we came in sight of Genoa.

The city is spread on the side of a craggy mountain reared steeply out of the sea. From the densely clustered houses and towers and churches below, it rises in palace-sprinkled hanging gardens, up to fortress-crowned ridges and summits.

We passed the tall white light-house which stands far out into the sea on its rocky mole, and came splashing in among the silent city of ships that lay at anchor in the crowded harbour.



There was, of course, a wearisome interval, during which custom-house and police officers went and came in boats, without, as far as we could see, doing anything in particular, though they managed to talk a good deal about it.

At last we were allowed to go ashore, with our *magnus telluris amor*, somewhat qualified by exhausted patience and hunger long delayed. At the Hotel de la Croix de Malte (which is rather bad and dear) we partook of a meal, as to which I am unable to inform the reader whether it was breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, for it combined the attributes of all three.

'T was breakfast in retrospect of our morning's famine, which had been only skirmished with by means of successive little cups of coffee with a sponge-cake. And this *nuance* of its character was represented by our adherence to the tea and coffee of postponement. It was luncheon because of the time of day, and dinner because, in the eager consummation of long desire, we ate so much of indifferent viands that we wanted no more till supper.

By the time we had sauntered out leisurely to make our prefatory acquaintance with Genoa, which we were to see by guide and guide-book on the morrow, the day was well advanced; and as we climbed the mountain-flank, often losing our way in a steep labyrinth of the deepest, narrowest staircase lanes and alleys, the sunset supervened.

The tall, quaint, toppling tenements, with jutting elbow-points and shoulders shrugged, seemed goblin fantasies of street architecture, such as might haunt some feverish architect in his dreams.

High and low, leaning forward and sloping backward, they seemed to have drawn close together, mocking one another and leering into each other's crooked deep-set eyes, which gleamed with elfin fire where broken streaks of sunset slanted beneath the beetling eaves.

It seemed like some wizard-dance of disorderly dwellings suddenly struck dumb and motionless by pious exorcisms, in the height of their antics and grimaces. Each looked in act to nod or wink, or cock its chin to stare, or with mock coyness to avert its face. And still as in a dance across the way between their crooked-joisted fingers, fluttered and swayed fantastical festoons, rags of all shapes and hues at random strung.

Higher up, from terraced ledges and uneven little polygonal piazzas we could look down on sparkling strips of sea; and climbing higher still the crescent harbour bristled below a precipitous foreground of house-tops, and the crimson disk of day had almost touched the blushing ocean-rim.

On palace and spire and tower, on mast and pennant, on pier and lighthouse below, and on the grim embattled crags which still stood high above us, the burning crimson lights and deep purple shadows made the scene something like a transparency at the Surrey Gardens, only on a larger scale, rather better done and turned upside down.

We took a box at the opera, and finished off the evening with *Rigoletto*, which did not amuse me much.

Next day we saw the greater part of them recommended by Murray's "Hand-book" of them very soon. The palaces were uncomfortable. The churches were rich and frescos, and carving and gilding of religious sentiment, which practically in the dim and vague and gloomy thankful; these excellent drawing-room devotion.

There were of course a good many fine and palaces scattered among a great number. But when tourists are driven like mongrel *commissionaire*, barking hasty of tongues, there is but little opportunity of contemplation which is necessary even for good pictures, much less for any valuable.

The British tourist, who perhaps has no feeling for art as any conceivable animal, is industrious, and conscientious of sights.

It is perhaps true that he is induced to the ordeal of picture-galleries by the same reason as Chesterfield's son towards the bottom of the page to be able to say he has seen such and such. He sees them honestly, scorning to take credit for what he has seen them without further trouble.

It is true he makes ribbons of the time and space he scours over it. But are not the honours and rewards of rapid running, and bunches and bows, may legitimately be the brow of him who has run no metaphorical race? He returns in triumph a travelled man?

The world is his racecourse, and he is happy in his winning post. Oh, what an enviable man is the traveller!

Ask the British traveller a few questions in some celebrated city, and you will find his genus divides itself into three classes.

Do not suppose I mean first, second, and third way travelling. My three classes of travellers are the diluvian, and the eclectic.

They do not differ in what they see, but in how they see it. These are distinctions in which they stand towards the world.

The chaotic traveller, who is abroad for the first time, not to be in England, has a "Murray's Handbook" which he never sees the light except when he is in the contents of that stuffy receptacle to find out where to go. He opens that venerable volume except when travelling alone, a very rare case; and then he will assure him which is the right hotel.

Having got to the right hotel he is



quaintance among a party of fellow countrymen, who are always congregated at the right hotel; and in this party there are sure to be one or two diluvian travellers.

The diluvian is on his travels because he thoroughly believes in travelling, and is determined to do it thoroughly. He interprets everything literally. He has the Hand-book continually in his hand. He carries it wherever he goes. He goes to see everything mentioned in it. He reads it everywhere; he reads it before going everywhere. He marks down everything he has seen with lines and dots and crosses in its darkened margin. He reads it after he has been everywhere. He reads it to himself and he reads it aloud to everybody else.

It is from him the chaotic traveller gathers the few glimpses of information with which he sprinkles his letters home, while they are fresh, and which he incontinently forgets.

It is round him that the party of sightseers cluster after the *table d'hôte* breakfast in the right hotel, languidly inquiring what is to be done this morning. He chalks out their appointed task of palaces and churches. He has already caused the guide to be in waiting.

They sally out in a body and *do* a church. The diluvian holds his "Murray" open at the right place across the cavity of his hat, with the fingers of either hand beneath the brim and the thumbs of either hand on the sacred leaves.

While the body of chaotics, who are always in a majority, are vacantly taking a general gape at the premises, he has already attached himself to the first altar to the left of the entrance with which the Hand-book begins.

When he has mastered it and crept on to the monument next door he falls a prey to the Sacristan, who, like a black spider, comes silently out of some collateral vestry and pounces upon him unawares.

For his own part he had rather have pottered on for an indefinite length of time with the Red-book for his only guide, but the rest of the party are impatient and he is swept along in the tide, reading still as he is swept along.

His attention is sadly distracted from his book by the voluble tale of the sacristan, the unseemly jokes of the chaotics, and the acute cross questionings of the eclectic traveller of the party, who now comes out in great force.

The eclectic traveller has whipped the cream off "Murray" overnight, and he now enters the field armed with great critical acumen and a little pocket-book. He is a cosmopolitan at least in literature. He has read "Dante" and "Pascal," and he speaks French and Italian as much as might be expected.

He reads "Murray" with a rationalistic reserve, and shocks the diluvian's faith by speaking of his gospel in a tone of sceptical levity. He prides himself on forming an opinion for himself on all occasions, and is continually making a note of it in the pocket-book.

He disapproves of all doubtful pictures, and infects with a

rebellious disposition some of the bolder cl  
ballast of learning or character to lose, q  
and rail irreverently at undoubted pieces of

The result is that, on their return home,  
equally forgotten all they saw ; but the ch  
to swear he has seen anything mentioned  
at Genoa, Pisa, Florence, &c., " but he saw  
of things, that a man can't be expected to

The diluvian can quote you "Murray"  
you could read it for yourself at home, an  
undiluted guide-book matter as copious  
him.

The eclectic has also learnt his pocke  
opinions by heart, and goes on repeating  
a moment to the end of his days. The fir  
the second a profuse bore, and the third an

The first is mostly harmless, having gene  
remark on what he has seen to trouble  
other classes are dangerous men ; ten to  
secret schemes of making a book. I have  
The first, if I do not misconstrue him, will

THE ECLECTIC POCKET-B  
BY

A FREE-THINKER IN A

And the other will subsequently refute his

AN APOLOGY FOR THE HAN

Neither of which books I advise you to rea  
be snappish and dogmatical, and the se  
minous. I am myself a sample of the ch  
haps it may be a curious study for you t  
threads of our several narratives, for we me  
sure to jostle our elbows together at many  
Rome and Naples.

How travellers do run in beaten tracks, i  
the world ! People who stay at home ha  
ideas that if they travelled they would s  
untrodden lines, and scornfully desert the  
have already sickened of in often repeated

But there is an iron destiny which tram  
abroad like our lives at home, which kee  
every step from the winding bye-paths of r  
is ruled by three modern Parcæ, who  
Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos ; their name  
venience and Expedition.

Travelling ceases to be an adventurous  
be. It has become mere locomotion alor  
cosmopolitan scampism, which about as  
manners of the countries through which  
causeway over which our diligence rattles d

" Why, in the name of patience, does th



travel, then?" cries the reader. We may as well understand each other at once. I don't like the winter in England. I have no particular ties at home. I have an impression one *ought* to see Italy, and I have a friend, whom I very much value, and have not seen for two years, staying at Naples.

"One ought to see Italy," is not an enthusiastic phrase. I cannot explain why, but anything I have heard or read a great deal about loses all the freshness of curiosity's allurements for me. I feel as if it was something rather disagreeable I have to do. The Carnival will occur at Rome at an insuperably convenient time, so that I shall be obliged to be at it though I had much rather go to Naples at once.

I am quite sick of the idea of Rome, and I hate, like poison, that nauseously repeated phrase, "The Eternal City." I have heard a great deal too much about the beauty of the Bay of Naples to care anything about it. But when I get there I intend to buy a horse and ride down to the south and up to the north of Italy, carefully avoiding all places I have ever heard of.

In the meantime I am on my way to Florence. The steamboat left Genoa in the evening, and I went to bed early after a hard day's sight-seeing. Next morning we were off a lower coast with mountains, conjectured to be the Appenines rising inland.

Leghorn is a ruddy little brick-built port, which strikes one as low and unpicturesque after queenly Genoa, mountain-throned and marble-browed.

Here I left the steamer for good, and had to get my luggage through the Custom-house. My companions of Genoa went on to Civita Vecchia by sea, and their loss was remedied by the acquisition of a sporting captain, who had been in Corsica hunting the mufelon, a sort of half-sheepish, half-goatish chamois.

He told me Leghorn was in a state of siege, and the entrance of arms into the Grand Duchy of Tuscany was strictly prohibited. They were sure to ask me if I had arms, and if I did not declare them I should be in a very serious scrape if they found them on examination.

Now I had a six-barrelled revolver wrapped up in an unsuspectingly shaped parcel of brown paper, and buried in the darkest recesses of my portmanteau. No ordinary searching would find it, but that was no defence against a plain question, as to whether there were arms in my luggage.

The captain, however, was of opinion, that they would not search ourselves nor ask us if we had arms on our persons, and if I could get it out before the fatal question was put it would probably be all right.

It was rather a delicate operation, for the "customs" were standing about in numbers among the baggage, though the searching official had not yet come to mine. I opened it, and on pretence of smoothing the heterogeneous contents for more facile inspection, plunged into its penetralia and brought my heavy brown paper-parcel to the surface. After holding it carelessly in my hand some time, as if it was a thing too innocent to avoid obser-

vation, I managed to spread the plaid a li elbow, and it thus passed unobserved bene

We had selected a vetturino out of at the passport-office to take us up to t proceeded to the Custom-house in the waiting when we emerged. He was a very much dilapidated horse. As there was no half, and Pisa was little more than twelve to let him take us there with his dog-horse

It was a beautiful morning, bright and The level campagna was fresh and green mountains in the distance. The road was with slow wine-carts, driven or rather ex sileni lying on their backs, their heads pro cask, some singing, some snoring, and a few swearing languidly at their stumbling hors

By-and-by the famous tower of Pisa app city, and courteously inclined its head tow it had bowed to somebody else at right ang have seen at once that it was the real wondered at so often in picture-books. through a yellow-washed suburb and cross flowing stream, and skirting a broad qua narrow labyrinths of the city and emerged

Along this oblong space stand three ve a line. First, the leaning tower (which is marble, and girt with rims on rims of clos slants at a very perceptible angle of about perpendicular.

All the picture-books I had seen and read in travel-books and picturesque annua the idea of so light and bright and clean from the ordinary line of towers. The ins slanting tube, and as you look into it on as if you had got by mistake into Lord Ro

From the top there is a good view. railing and holding on it by one hand, le down on the leaning side of the tower, w perpendicular beneath one's feet I think ga to the usual shudder of precipitous depth.

By this feeling, however, I am not much I tried to fancy myself on the top of a ladd I could not suppose that the tower, after turies would pay me the distinguished b ment of going over on my account, as m quite strong enough to support my weight, slightest idea of leaving go of it, I found any very acute sensation of terror.



## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

GENIUS, it has been said, is of no sex, and authorship, in these days, is of no rank. Whatever may have been the case, when Pope wrote the biting couplet so often quoted when lordly authorship is the subject of discourse, noble writers fare no better than plebeians now-a-days before our critical tribunals. Neither does the wit sparkle nor is the sense refined, because my lord's name is on the title-page of a book. There is nothing talismanic in the patrician prefix. The open sesame, neither to critical nor to popular approbation, is to be found in that little word. Lordly authors have a fair chance, and nothing more. It is simply an accident which this month places noble writers at the head of our list. Lord John Russell and Lord Mahon have both contributed to the literature of the country what the country accepts gratefully, but not the more gratefully because the writers are lords.

It is certain, however, that men of rank and influence have one great advantage over other men, over mere professional litterateurs, who have perhaps a greater knowledge of the craft of authorship, but whose social position and personal connexions are less likely to cause them to be made the depositories of valuable, historical, and biographical information, especially that which is embodied in documents contained in the archives of distinguished families. These perhaps may be called the accidents of authorship, but after all they are something more than this. They are, to a certain extent, tributes paid to personal character, intellectual and moral—they indicate the trustworthiness and, indeed, the literary ability of the recipients. And we do not know how many important, historical, and biographical works may not owe their origin mainly to a faith in the possession of these qualities by some trusted individual. These qualities are doubtless possessed alike by men of high and low station; but as the materials of which we speak mainly belong to eminent personages, or the descendants of eminent personages, it is only in the ordinary course of things that they should be for the most part entrusted to writers moving in the same rank of society as the possessors of these materials; and it is probable that but for the existence of such writers, in high places, the books of which we speak would not be written at all. It is mainly in this view of the case that we look upon such writers as Lord Mahon and Lord John Russell as benefactors to literature. It is no small thing that such men should be in familiar intercourse with the actors of history and be made the channels of communication between the great departed and the living intelligence of the age. It is nothing to the point that Mr. Blank or Mr. Asterisk might make perhaps better use of valuable historical materials than Lord This or Lord That. The choice is seldom between the lordly author and the professional litterateur. It lies between the former and silence. Many eminent

men, or descendants of eminent men, would, doubtless, destroy valuable family documents or lock them up from generation to generation, in old iron-clamped boxes, if they had not possessed knowledge of some one man, able and willing to make good use of these documents, and did not feel satisfied that they could find such a man with papers of the most private and confidential character, certain that he would deal with them only as the possessor himself would most desire. In this sense the service rendered to literature by such a man, for example, as Lord Mahon, is easily to be estimated, and we trust that there will ever be such men in the high places of the earth.

But we have neither time nor space at our command sufficient to enable us to enlarge upon the subject of noble authors. We must turn at once to the volumes before us. Of the surprising industry and activity of Lord John Russell, there is no doubt. We have already noticed, at considerable length, on the recent literary contributions of the most indefatigable of English statesmen; and now we have two more volumes before us of a different kind, under the same editorship. It was more fitting that Lord John Russell should edit the "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox,"\* as left by Lord Holland and Mr. Allen, than to busy himself with the "Letters and Journals of Thomas Moore." He has evidently entered upon his present task as a labour of love. His affectionate veneration for the great statesman in whose footsteps he has followed, has carried him through the work of editorship in a genial spirit; and the result of all these conjoint labours—of the writings of four distinguished men—Horace Walpole, Lord Holland, Mr. Allen, and Lord John Russell, is one of the most interesting—we do not say the most artistic works—which has, for a long time, been laid before the public.

We hardly know, indeed, a more curious book, or one more difficult to describe. The ordinary reader will, perhaps, go straight on, taking no account of the initials—of the H's, the V. H's, and the J. R's—the brackets and the inverted commas, which indicate the authorship of the different passages. This quadruple authorship is in itself a curious study, but it is no means essential to the due enjoyment of the book. Lord John Russell has done the joinery-work with considerable skill, and it is by no means a necessity to inquire too nicely into the diversity of the materials composing the complete structure. It is enough that the volumes, if they do not present us with a complete biography of Charles James Fox, lay before us admirable materials for such a biography—that they are overflowing with interesting anecdotes and sparkling with pleasant snatches of original correspondence of the pleasantest kind—that not only the man himself, but his contemporaries and his times are brought out, with a fine flavour of reality in these pages; that we make better acquaintance with Fox himself than

\* "Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox." Edited by Lord John Russell. 2 vols. 1853.



had ever made before. To use the emphatic words of Lord John Russell "in these papers, the frank, sincere, simple, and affectionate nature of Mr. Fox pierces through all the superincumbent clay of a period of low morals and factious politics." We see him in his weakness, it is true, but still in his strength; and, in spite of his foibles, more loveable than the austere rival, whose success eclipsed, but whose reputation by no means obscured that of the great Whig leader.

No inconsiderable portion of these volumes relates to Fox's India Bill and the overthrow of the Coalition Ministry, matters in which an especial interest must be taken at the present time. We cannot help thinking, however, that Lord John Russell is somewhat too much disposed to adopt the views of the Burke-and-Francis School of speakers and writers with regard to the alleged misgovernment of India at the end of the last century. Warren Hastings was not the unscrupulous despot which those gentlemen represented him to be. The tender mercies of some people are, in effect, more cruel than the rough vigour of others, and it is hard to say how much misery may be spared to generation after generation by a little severity at the outset of a career of government. That the misgovernment of India was, at that time, of so grievous a character as to call for such extreme measures as those contained in Fox's India Bill we do not believe. Lord John Russell says that there is nothing to show that Fox's batteries were charged by Burke; but there is little doubt that, although the former may not have been directly informed and instructed by the latter, he took his facts and his opinions somewhat hastily from that particular school and did not inquire into the truth of the allegations put forth with any great amount of candour and patience. But statesmen in the last century were, after all, not more inclined to take upon trust all the vague general denunciations of Indian government, which bristle up in party pamphlets and popular orations than they are in the present day.

With the Fifth Volume of Lord Mahon's collected edition of the "Letters and Works of Lord Chesterfield"\* this most interesting series is brought to a close. The work is now complete. It would be difficult to over-estimate the judgment, the taste, and the conscientiousness which the editor has brought to his task. This edition must ever be *the* library edition of Lord Chesterfield's works. It contains many pieces never before published; and the value of the entire work is greatly enhanced by Lord Mahon's illustrative notes. It may be doubted whether Chesterfield's writings have hitherto been duly appreciated by the British public. There are very many people, and intelligent, well-informed people too, who think of his lordship only as a fine gentleman who wrote a series of Letters to his Son, not couched in a strain of very elevated morality; and so paramount is this idea of the fine gentleman in their minds, that although they may be readily persuaded

\* "The Letters and Works of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, including numerous Letters and Papers now first published from the Original Manuscripts." Edited, with Notes, by Lord Mahon. Vol. V.

that his lordship wrote unexceptionable English we are not so much surprised that it would be equally easy to convince them that the unexceptionable English of which we speak is often gravid with very solid matter, and that beneath the smooth and courtly exterior lie veins of sound sense and subtle thought, better than which are to be found in the works of many of England's literary worthies. But we have little doubt that the efforts of Lord Mahon will do much to secure for Chesterfield his proper place among English Classics. We hardly remember any work that has the advantage of better editing.

Of books of travel there is seldom any lack. People are not tired of reading about strange places. The fireside travellers are a numerous class, and there are always guides to conduct their imagination to all the corners of the earth. Captain John Elphinstone Erskine invites the reader to follow him on a "Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific."\* A British resident of twenty years in the East, who, for private reasons withholds his name, seeks to secure the companionship of the public on a visit to "The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk."† Marianne Finch takes us with her to the United States.‡ Mr. Dykes transfers us to the heart of an Indian Collectorate.§ And Mr. Robertson tempts us to follow him to Mexico.|| There is abundant entertainment in all of these volumes. Captain Erskine tells us truly that, considering the interest excited in Europe by the discoveries of Captain Cook and other navigators among the islands of the Pacific towards the end of the last century, it is surprising that we have taken so little trouble of late years to extend our acquaintance with them. It is, indeed, principally from Missionary Journals that we have lately derived our knowledge of the outer and inner life of these islanders. The present work adds much to our store of information. It is pleasantly and intelligently written. In some parts there is perhaps a little too much of the log-book about. It has been said of sailor-travellers that they touch at all countries and see none. But islands are explored with comparative facility, and we find that the best books of travels emanating from naval service, are those which relate to insular countries. "British Resident of Twenty Years in the East," would seem to be a diplomatist. He writes like a man who has had great opportunities of ascertaining the truth, and who has turned those opportunities to good account. His volumes sparkle with

\* "Journal of a Cruise among the Islands of the Western Pacific, including the Feejees and others inhabited by the Polynesian Negro Races, in her Majesty's ship Havannah." By John Elphinstone Erskine, Captain R.N.

† "The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk; comprising Travels in the Regions of the Lower Danube." By a Resident of Twenty Years in the East. 2 vols. 1853.

‡ "The Englishwoman in America." By Marianne Finch. 1853.

§ "Salem; an Indian Collectorate." By T. W. B. Dykes, Madras Service. 1853.

|| "A Visit to Mexico by the West India Islands, Yucatan, and United States." By W. P. Robertson, author of "Letters on Paraguay." 2 vols. 1853.



mated description; they exhibit a lively perception of natural character; and they are crowded with snatches of personal adventure which greatly enhances the interest of the work. But beyond all this it has, in the present state of our foreign politics, an especial importance at this time. The Frontier Lands of the Christian and the Turk are just now invested with peculiar interest, and all that relates to them, with peculiar significance. The writer of these volumes knows well the extent of Russian power of aggression and Turkish power of resistance. He does not seem to entertain any very exalted notion of the former. He says that Russia has never yet been able to organise an effective commissariat—that she could defeat a numerous army of warlike Magyars in a short campaign beyond her frontiers, but she could not keep the field in the campaign of the Pruth; that she was very glad to conclude the treaty of Bucharest; that she was in a great hurry to retreat across the Balkans and make peace at Adrianople, which she could never have done, if Sultan Mahmoud had not been deserted by Mustapha Pasha of Scodra, the Serbs and the Bosniacs—and that she thought herself fortunate in achieving the treaty of Hunkiar Skelessi, and in being able to recall her troops, without fighting the army of Mehemet Ali Pasha of Egypt. "All this," he adds, "is because she cannot provision large bodies of men abroad; she knows it well, and she, therefore, abstains from undertaking any enterprise which involves that necessity. Russia has covetousness and she has troops, but she has not yet been able to organize a commissariat department." This is something that it is very important to know. The book, altogether, gives us a more agreeable impression of the Turkish character than we previously entertained, and enlists our sympathies in favour of the people of the Ottoman Empire.

Whether Marianne Finch is maid or matron, the critic knoweth not, but "the Englishwoman in America" pleases us greatly. Many English women have visited the United States, and some have written about them; but we do not know one, Miss Martineau perhaps excepted, who has written about them more pleasantly, more thoughtfully, or in a better spirit. The volume treats almost exclusively of the social aspects of American life. It deals little with external things. It is in the discussion of national characteristics that the authoress feels herself most in her element. Her pet subject is evidently—what we will not here call, the "Rights of Women," for those words have been turned to ill account, and damaged the cause which they were intended to advance, but, the claims of female intelligence. There is hardly a more important—and assuredly not a more interesting—subject in the present day than the employment of women. It is one of the great curses of civilized life that the labour market is so little open to the competition of the female sex. Marianne Finch discourses reasonably and forcibly on this subject, and she bears emphatic testimony to the fact that the "strong-minded women" of America are, in no bad sense, masculine women; that they are not the worse daughters, wives, or mothers, for taking part in the more strenuous activities of life. If the "Englishwoman in Ame-

Before passing on to avowed works of Sam Slick's last two volumes,\* which lie between fact and fiction, and constitute neither a novel. On the occasion of the publication of Sam Slick was ranked among the essential nomination of authorship he may be believed and always welcome. There is something in his matter, and racy in his language, and his custom stale his infinite variety of thing good to tell, which, if not quite new, is about it. This time the Clockmaker himself in a vast display of proverbial wisdom, jerking out wise saws, which illustrate the modern instances do not illustrate the deal of pungent sagacity in some of the old ones at random. "I tell you what, but it ain't them that stare the most that learn the most." "No created critter wants to learn, but the grand secret of life is to hear less and say more." "Liberality in religion now consists in praisin' every other sect."

\* "Sam Slick's Wise Saws and Modern Inventions." 2 vols. 1853.



"A woman who wants a charitable heart wants a pure mind. The measure of a female's judgment must be her own feelings; and if she judge harshly, her feelings are not delicate." This is little more than an amplification of the older truth—"To the pure all things are pure." "Memory is nothin' but experience. The memory of the wrong way keeps us in the right one, and the memory of the right road reminds us of pleasant journeys. To mourn to-day over the wreck of yesterday only increases the loss, and diminishes the value of what little is left to us." Ought it not rather to have been said, "Experience is nothing but memory?" "Hope is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. He'll do on a pinch for a travelling companion, but he is not the man for your banker." It may be doubted whether there is any great amount of novelty in Sam Slick's wise saws; though the racy language in which they are dressed up gives an air of originality to them. Upon this side of the Atlantic, such sayings as, "It is easier to make money than to save it;" "Fellows who have no tongues are often all eyes and ears;" "The great secret of life is never to be in the way of others," &c., have been so long in currency, that the mint-stamp is quite worn off. All these wise saws are brought out prominently in the volumes before us, by means of the printer's italics, but they are hardly worth this parade. The "modern instances" appear to us to be much better. Sam Slick has lost none of his rich humour—none of his pungent sagacity. He has just the same keen eye to detect the weaknesses, and the same sharp tongue to expose the follies, of his brethren. As he grows older, we think his self-complacency comes out with a more unctuous flavour. Not the worst of his wise saws is this,—"*Consait grows as nateral as the hair on one's head, but is longer in comin' out.*" In one sense the Clockmaker's conceit will never come out of him; in another, it may be said that it comes out more racily every year. If Sam Slick had not so good an opinion of himself he would not be half as amusing a fellow as he is. It is his marvellous self-complacency that gives such a zest to his discourses. Modesty would spoil him outright.

Among the works of fiction which have last found favour with the public, the most noticeable is the new romance by the authoress of the "Initials." "Cyrilla" will go far to establish the reputation of one of the pleasantest lady-writers of the day. As a picture of German manners it differs in many respects from the "Initials,"\* but it is hardly less complete in its way, and as a romance it is more powerful and absorbing. It is thoroughly German from first to last. The structure of the story is German; the incidents are German; the characters are German; the sentiment is German. Everything is German but the language, and that, it must be acknowledged, is unexceptionable English. Not one of the least merits of the work is that it is excellently written. But novel readers will look for much more than this and they are just the people to find what they seek—a deeply-interesting story. The

\* "Cyrilla." A Tale. By the Baroness Tautphteus, Author of "The Initials." 3 vols. 1853.

motto on the title-page indicates that there words of deeper significance have erred, and sinned for women." of much sin—and of much suffering; powerful; a story such as few living with a hand at once so vigorous and

THOMAS À BECKET AND OTHER L  
London, 1853.

"Thomas à Becket" is a poem of reputation of the writer, of some of have had the gratification to speak. The half heroic, half chivalrous character delineated, and startle us by their contrasted with modern types of king's taries. One portion of Mr. Scott's from its bearing upon the present aspect of the great struggle for supremacy of astical powers.

Among the minor pieces which distinguished by poetical feeling and one entitled "Isis," which deserves worthy of the subject, and is full of description.

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We had purposed to devote no present notice of our contemporary contributions which have recently been and importance prevent us from assenting in our present issue, and the pleasure of Mr. Smith, Mr. Coventry Patmore, and on our table until we are better able

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